Empress 59

Chapter 59: Permission Granted

Roland let out a long breath, somewhat embarrassed.

This was the third time he had entered the dream realm, and he had long realized that the Flower Sea Dream Realm was different from ordinary dreams.

In ordinary dreams, the Dream Maker couldn’t control his actions at all; his actions and will were completely dominated by the dream.

In the Flower Sea Dream Realm, not only did he have a clear consciousness, but he could also act on his own.

He found it hard to regard the Elf Maiden as just a dream illusion and was more willing to see her as a living being.

A special being.

In any case, he had played a little trick, and Roland wanted to show a bit of gratitude to the Elf Maiden.

He smiled and said, "Sif, would you like to hear a story?"

"A new story?" The Elf Maiden looked up at Roland, her curiosity piqued.

To be fair, Roland’s storytelling skills were vastly different compared to the lyrical poets of the Elf Race. Whether in artistic expression or vocal quality, there was at least a gap of five grades.

But his stories were novel.

Like the stereotype, the Elf Race was stubbornly conservative and inflexible.

The stories of the Elf Race were wonderful but lacked innovation. For example, love stories always featured you and me under the World Tree, bathing together in front of the Moon God Hall, with a fruit hanging on the World Tree branches—a storyline that would tire with repetition.

Roland’s fresh stories greatly satisfied the curiosity of the Elf Maiden.

Looking into her lake-like clear eyes, Roland cleared his throat and got into the mood.

"Today’s story is called ’The Empress’ Cup Still Clear, Roland Kills Carl with Three Shots’."

The Elf Maiden remained silent, resting her chin on her hand, her eyes burning with the flame of anticipation.

Her posture of listening filled Roland with enthusiasm.

He surprisingly wasn’t sleepy anymore.

The story was very vivid.

Upon hearing that Calvinson was killed with three shots, the whole place was shocked, but Roland stopped telling the story, leaving the Elf Maiden unable to resist asking:

"What happened next?"

"Then, well, everyone just continued drinking and enjoying as if nothing had happened."

The Elf Maiden’s brow furrowed slightly, and she gently asked, "That’s not what I meant. Didn’t you gain anything extra from killing him?"

"Yes, I got a [Knight] Profession Soul Bound Card, soaked in blood."

"Is it called a Soul Card now?" Elf Sylph's voice was so soft that only she could hear it.

"What did you say?" Roland didn't catch it, so he directly asked.

"Nothing, how do you plan to handle the card?" The past's terminology held no meaning, and the Elf Maiden didn't wish to explain.

Not mentioning it was fine, but when brought up, it gave Roland a headache.

It's already troubling in reality, but why continue to be troubled in a dream?

But he still answered truthfully.

"I would like to have them all, but it's simply impossible."

Elf Sylph looked closely at Roland and sighed lightly, "It's a pity indeed, you really don't have the ability to fuse the cards."

Roland was stunned by the hidden information in these words.

Could there be someone who can fuse Soul Cards?

Seeing through Roland's astonishment, Elf Sylph smiled and explained, "Yes, pure bloodlines within the Elves, Earth Spirits, and Dragon Race can fuse them."

Seeing Roland's slightly disappointed expression, Elf Sylph smiled and said:

"Don’t be disheartened; my memory is fixed in the past. Humans are a new race that appeared later, not necessarily inferior to the previous High Tier Races. Even if you can’t fuse them, you can choose to keep the Double Card. Use [Writer] in normal times, and switch to [Knight] when you need to fight."

Can you do that?

Roland’s eyes lit up.

Before he could speak, Elf Sylph calmly nodded.

"It’s very simple, come over here."

With a nervous heart, Roland approached the Elf Maiden.

This was his first time getting so close.

Sitting down opposite the maiden, the distance between them was only half a meter.

The embroidered blooms of the Flower Sea exuded a heart-soothing fragrance, yet there was no anticipated fragrant scent on the maiden.

Noticing the flash of surprise in Roland’s eyes, Elf Sylph’s gaze became somewhat melancholic.

"Roland, I experienced three deaths. The first death turned me into a soul body; I was unwilling, and when heading to the Nether River, I seized the chance to escape but was caught and killed by a Netherworld enforcer, my soul body annihilated. Later, I was lucky to become a spirit body and escaped into the Netherworld, only to be hunted down by a Netherworld Judge. I continued to flee, and my spirit body was scattered again. Once scattered, no one cared anymore, as this was the most thorough death."

"To resurrect me, one must cross the Nether River, traverse the Netherworld, collect the fragmented spirit pieces from the deepest part of the Sea of Annihilation, reassemble them, and re-endow them with soul and body."

"But that is merely theoretical; in fact, even the greatest deities can't accomplish it, so I died very cleanly. My consciousness only exists in your dream realm. Death is unfortunate, but compared to the comrades who disappeared completely, my existence may not be so unlucky."

Elf Sylph looked up at Roland and spoke softly: "Roland, let's make a deal; you give me new stories, and I'll trade you ancient memories."

Three deaths?

Although Elf Sylph spoke lightly of it, just hearing terms like Nether River, Netherworld, and Sea of Annihilation made one's skin crawl.

Thinking about how Elf Sylph ran through these terrifying purgatories for survival, only to ultimately meet her demise, filled his heart with sorrow.

He solemnly nodded, accepting the exchange.

Elf Sylph reached out to press Roland's forehead, but her fingertips passed through him like a phantasm.

With eyes locked, silence reigned.

Perhaps Roland's stories allowed her to forget all worries; she unexpectedly overlooked the fact that she had no physical form, just consciousness.

Elf Sylph withdrew her fingertips, gazed at Roland, and slowly said: "You can hold Double Cards simultaneously, but the price is double the difficulty in leveling up. What's your choice?"

Roland didn't hesitate at all; he chose to have them all.

Though lacking a physical form, fortunately, Soul Cards have no weight, and Elf Sylph can manipulate them with her consciousness.

Watching the Soul Cards being skillfully manipulated by the Elf, and recalling her threefold death, Roland thought to himself, what kind of powerhouse would Elf Sylph have been if she were alive?

He couldn’t imagine it.

Yet even such a powerhouse couldn’t escape the shackles of life and death.

The depths of this world were far greater than he imagined.

Following Elf Sylph’s instructions, Roland closed his eyes, stretched his limbs, and let his soul sink into the sea of consciousness within his brain.

When the Elf Sylph maneuvered the cards into position, Roland was a bit surprised.

Was it so simple?

As the primary card entered the sea of consciousness, Elf Sylph slipped in the second card.

Isn’t this just a glitch exploit?

Roland silently pondered, as long as the hand speed is fast enough, could a third card even be inserted?

As if sensing Roland’s thought, Elf Sylph smiled and said: "Indeed, a third card can be inserted, but the burden would be too much. The cost of having Double Cards is doubled promotion difficulty, and the subsequent difficulty increase is exponential—three cards four times, four cards eight times."

After reminding Roland of the considerations in using Double Cards, Elf Sylph remained silent, quietly closing her eyes.

As the gentle breeze blew, creating ripples across the Flower Sea filled with fragrance, Roland knew this was a polite invitation to leave.

After expressing gratitude to Elf Sylph, he turned and left the dream realm.

Watching Roland's fading back, Elf Sylph's gaze gradually became desolate.

If there was a hope of life, who would choose to die?

But she had no opportunity.

Roland's emergence brought a stroke of brightness to her dim world.

It's quite nice actually, having new stories to listen to.

The Chapters of the old era had long ended; returning to yesterday was just a fool's dream.

She wouldn't do such a senseless act that defied nature.