Empress 64

Chapter 64: A Blaze in Winter

"Roland, let's move as soon as possible. Miss Sif's workers have been working overtime these days, the new house is ready, and the furniture is all set."

When Lisa cheerfully announced the good news, Roland, who had just picked up his knife and fork, was stunned for a moment before realizing she was talking about the house on Belphar Street.

These days, he had been busy attending banquets, killing and seizing treasures, engaging in intrigues, and had almost forgotten about the little house under his name.

Looking at Sister Lisa's joyful expression, Roland's feelings were a bit complicated.

He wanted to remind Lisa that the house wouldn't be lived in for long before they set sail, but the words dissolved on his lips.

Rather than rely on Lisa to keep secrets, it was better to start with himself.

Lisa's feelings were written all over her face.

Moving to a new home yet not being happy, anyone could tell she had something on her mind. If you unravel the threads, you might just uncover their secret plan.

The Military Intelligence Bureau is useless, but it doesn't mean the ministers' intelligence network is ineffective.

Fortunately, there's still some time.

At least, they have to wait for the Knight Order to be reorganized before setting sail.

Whatever the case, it would take three to four months.

Winter in Sussex is not cold, but it is somewhat damp.

The massive fireplace in the new home is perfect for dispelling the winter chill.

In such an atmosphere, why shatter Lisa’s beautiful dream with cold reality?

He smiled gently, chewing the steak in his mouth, and swallowed it.

"Okay, but there’s one more thing to do before we move."

"What is it?" Lisa was a little curious, what could be more important than moving?

"Go to the post office and resign. Say goodbye to Mr. Truwa."

Lisa’s smile froze at the corner of her lips.

Moving to the new house would place them too far from the post office.

Moreover, Roland is already the leader of the Knight Order; he can’t continue staying at the post office.

A month ago, he was still an unknown little writer, but now he has become a renowned author in the empire’s literary world.

Not only that, he often frequents the Imperial Palace and has lively conversations with the Countess.

The ambition flowing in Roland’s eyes, she could no longer understand.

Although she has successfully embarked on the path of the Transcendent, Lisa is well aware that the distance between her and Roland has not shortened, but rather is widening.

She stifled a sigh, disguising it with laughter, "We'll all miss you at the post office."

"Why miss me? You should also resign." Roland said calmly.

The spoon in Lisa's hand trembled slightly, and some of the rich fish soup accidentally spilled on the table.

She quickly got up to find a cloth, not daring to make eye contact with Roland.

"I've grown accustomed to the post office. Besides, I need the salary; I can't just keep living off you indefinitely."

"I'll introduce you to a new job."

Roland smiled as he extended the invitation, "You've studied accounting, and your math skills are excellent. The Knight Order needs a logistics officer; I would trust you with that role."

"But I'm not a knight at all, nor do I have any credentials; others won't be convinced. Appointing someone close to you will surely provoke criticism, damaging your reputation."

Roland finished the second bite of steak, his knife and fork stopping in mid-air, and lightly teased:

"Damage my reputation? Could it be worse than being called the 'pet of Her Majesty the Empress'?"

Lisa: "..."

Oh right, Roland's reputation is already terrible, it couldn't get much worse.

Compared to the scandal of being under the Empress’s skirts, nepotism is nothing.

Is it possible that such a bad reputation could have a positive effect?

Lisa couldn’t feel happy at all, even feeling wronged for Roland.

"It’s so unfair! You didn’t do anything, what right do they have to tarnish your name like this!"

Roland shook his head with a smile, "Unfair? Me becoming the leader of the Knight Order seems unfair to a lot of people. Besides, this kind of slander isn’t directed at me, it’s directed at the Empress."

"Sister, break down the word fairness."

"Just ice?" Lisa seemed to have understood something.

"Yes, fairness is like ice – crystal clear, beautiful yet chilling. However, once you approach it with warmth, you find it quickly melts into a puddle, disappearing."

Roland quickly finished his lunch, stood up calmly.

"Come on, sister. Change into something nice and happily bid farewell to your friends."

Although Roland’s unilateral decisions were a bit domineering, Lisa wasn’t angry at all; the smile on her lips couldn’t be concealed.

After the meal, Roland changed his clothes, waiting downstairs for Lisa.

That wait lasted forty minutes.

Roland wasn’t the least bit impatient; he quietly gazed at the gray, clouded sky.

A girl’s time taken descending the stairs is directly proportional to her beauty.

So it has always been, in both ancient and modern times.

Though his sister’s beauty couldn’t compare to Sif’s, she was still the district flower of the poor area; even in a noble salon, she’d stand out, so waiting a bit longer was reasonable.

Gazing at the gray sky, half of Roland’s good mood vanished. Although he had lived in Sussex for eighteen years, he still couldn’t get used to the damn fog.

It’s said that Brook and Hansa are sunny and moist with sea breezes; they’re good places.

How he longed to go there soon.

Just as Roland mentally completed an "Overseas Adventure," Lisa finally appeared.

Hearing the "clack, clack, clack" of high heels against the stairs, Roland turned to glance back, his gaze quickly captivated by the slightest blush in Lisa’s dimples.

She wore a dress she seldom wore, her bright lipstick particularly striking, and her flaxen hair tied up neatly.

Paired with a delicate bag and semi-transparent crystal high heels, she didn’t look like she was going to resign.

She looked more like she’s attending a banquet.

Roland’s gaze drifted to Lisa’s ankle, lingered briefly, and he teased softly:

"Very pretty, are you planning to just walk over there like that?"

Given the road conditions of the time, the odds of spraining an ankle in high heels were high.

Lisa pinched the hem of her dress, spun gracefully, and said with a smile, "Of course not, just letting you see first, how is it?"

With a light twirl, the crimson dress flared like flames in the midday winter sun.

Roland didn’t speak, only the flame in his pupils danced.

If not good with words, then a focused gaze is a sincere compliment.

Perhaps it was from being together day and night and witnessing first-hand Lisa’s growth; Roland had always thought of Lisa as beautiful, but had no concept of just how beautiful.

Now he knew.

Lisa slightly bowed her head, biting her lip to remind him, "Hold on to me, I need to change shoes."

Her heart was beating a bit fast.

Walking in high heels is, indeed, exhausting, even for someone who is a Transcendent.

She never questioned who was more beautiful, her or Sif.

She wanted neither flattering lies nor hurtful truths.

She quickly switched to ankle boots and meticulously wrapped the crystal high heels, carefully placing them in her bag.

These were a gift from Her Majesty the Empress, too precious to wear casually.

But today was different.

Resigning from the post office was the beginning of a new Chapter in life.

A journey of a thousand miles begins with a single step.

Wearing dazzling crystal shoes, the crimson dress transformed into flames, shining brightly on stage, turning around gracefully amidst the envious gazes of the general manager and colleagues.

Like a dream.

But it's about to come true.

Walking side by side with Roland, Lisa's mind once again conjured up the scene of the soirée.

When would she be able to stand at the center of the stage like Her Majesty the Empress and become the most dazzling star?

But she knew it was a fantasy.

The ugly duckling will never turn into a swan.

The one that will turn into a swan is merely a young swan that appears to be an ugly duckling.

The stories Roland brought were always so real.

So cruel.