Empress 77

Chapter 77: Did You Really Forget?

When Roland finally finished a day's work and returned home from the Knight Order, it was already late at night.

He tied the ride horse in the backyard stable, looked up at the window on the second floor of the new home, and suddenly felt an illusion like another world.

He had lived in the slums for more than eighteen years and was long accustomed to the dirty and cluttered environment. Suddenly moving into a clean and tidy new home was indeed a bit unsettling.

It felt like just a few days ago, he was still in the slums.

Well, he was indeed living in the slums just a few days ago; no wonder it felt so familiar.

Thinking of the thrilling day at the Knight Order, Roland was a bit relieved that he hadn't let Lisa tag along.

He had guessed that today wouldn't be peaceful, so he simply allowed Lisa to wait at home for news, using that she was not an official member of the Knight Order as a reason.

When his sister asks later, just reporting the happy news without the worries would be fine.

He walked straight up to the second floor, just in time to see the orange candlelight seeping out from the dining room, illuminating the corridor.

The light was just right, perfectly lighting up his way up the stairs.

With such a considerate arrangement, there was no need to think to know that Lisa was waiting for him.

Entering the dining room, Roland sat down opposite Lisa, who was writing, and asked with a smile:

"What are you writing, sister?"

"Invitations for the old friends to a feast."

Lisa looked up at Roland, stood up with a smile, "Getting back so late, must be tiring, right? Let me go get you some food."

Now that the conditions at home are better, there’s no need to keep food in a hot water basin but rather in a dedicated warmer box.

Taking out the prepared food from the warmer and placing it on the table, Lisa blew out the surrounding candles and then lit the prepared candlestick.

The orange-red candlelight shone on their faces, emitting a soft glow.

Roland looked at Lisa wearing a beautiful red dress and asked with a smile, "Dressed so beautifully, and made such good dishes, wow, even champagne. Is today some special day?"

Hearing Roland’s words, Lisa was slightly stunned, squinted at Roland, showing no sign of joking. She felt slightly disappointed but still maintained her composure, and smiled to remind:

"Today is the last day of October."

Roland suddenly realized, smiling as he replied, "The last day of October. Then tomorrow is November, the damp and cold winter is upon us. Sister, is the fireplace warm enough at home?"

Lisa lowered her head slightly, hiding her disappointment.

She didn’t even know what she answered.

He wasn’t doing it on purpose, nor did he forget, just too busy recently to think of it.

It must be that way!

Lisa bit her red lips, even without noticing the lipstick was smudged.

She was trying hard to comfort herself; Roland went to the Knight Order headquarters early in the morning for work, not getting back until past nine at night, he was indeed busy and tired.

She could understand Roland, at this time, he probably had nothing but dinner, a bath, and some rest on his mind.

Lisa kept giving Roland excuses for forgetting something important, forcing a smile, wanting to quietly finish this meticulously prepared dinner with him, but she had no appetite looking at the sumptuous meal.

Her eyes rimmed slightly red, eyelashes trembling greatly.

This year he could forget her birthday; what would he forget next year?

Perhaps one day when he moves into a bigger new home, he might forget to leave a room for her.

Thinking of such a harsh separation, Lisa’s breathing became a bit disorderly.

"Let’s eat, sister, I’m hungry."

Roland hadn’t noticed Lisa’s emotional change; he couldn’t wait to pick up the knife and fork, aiming at the juicy steak before him.

"Many things happened at the Knight Order today, I..."

"Roland, don’t talk while eating." Lisa sternly reminded. It was a rule from when Roland’s father was still alive, which no one mentioned after his passing.

"Yes, sister." Roland nodded with a smile, and buried his head in eating.

Watching Roland eat so happily, Lisa found it hard truly to be angry, but she was just upset.

Today was her twenty-first birthday.

When her parents were alive, they would always spend it with her, even if it was just adding a chicken leg, a few blessings, and a small gift, she would be happy for half the day.

After their parents passed away, it was Roland who spent her birthdays with her.

Although more often it’s her using her birthday as an excuse to let him have a better meal, having Roland by her side made even the simplest celebrations warm memories.

Yet he forgot.

He actually forgot the birthday of the sister who’s been with him day and night.

Lisa could find a thousand excuses to ignore it, but couldn’t find any to cover her sad heart.

"What’s wrong, sister?" Roland asked softly.

"Nothing, the mustard stung my eyes."

Lisa slowly turned her head, struggling to hold back tears.

Roland would never intentionally make her angry; he was just too busy.

When he remembers, she certainly wouldn’t forgive him.

No, she should gently forgive him, not scold him, making him guilty for life!

"Sister, there’s a red spider on the window behind you!" Roland exclaimed in surprise.

Lisa was flustered, clumsily turning around.

The fear girls have for spiders is unrelated to strength, purely psychological.

As she turned her head, she felt a coolness in the deep of her neck.

She turned back in surprise, suddenly realizing a delicate ruby necklace hanging around her neck.

Roland’s actions were slick, putting on the necklace, locking the clasp, all in one go.

Wait a minute, what’s going on with this necklace?

Lisa was stunned.

"Happy birthday, sister." Roland’s mouth slightly curved, his smile radiant.

Lisa looked at Roland in a daze, her eyes red.

She couldn’t hold it anymore, letting tears flow down her cheeks.

"Sister, don’t you like this gift?"

"Don’t like it, not at all." She pouted.

"Then give it back, I’ll bring it to Miss Sif tomorrow as a gift."

Lisa took a half-step back, clutching the necklace tightly, murmuring softly, "Who said I don’t like it? I, I thought you forgot."

"Even if I forget when I came into this world, I wouldn’t forget sister’s birthday."

Roland picked up the champagne placed beside the candlestick, gently twisting open the cap, pouring for both of them.

Raising the glass, Roland sincerely said, "To sister becoming more and more beautiful, cheers!"

Lisa particularly loved hearing this, she quickly raised her glass, clinking it with Roland’s, and finished it in one go.

The slight rise of alcohol made her cheeks a bit redder in the candlelight, complementing the large ruby adorning her chest.

Although she was startled, considering Roland’s sincerity, she accepted it.

This meal was the happiest Lisa had been since moving into their new home.

They chatted and ate until late at night.

They drank a lot; Roland talked about what happened during the day.

Less of the danger, more of the teasing, Lisa listened happily and laughed continually.

What a wonderful night.

The only downside was that Lisa had a low tolerance for alcohol; she didn't even know how she got back to her room, took off her shoes, and got into bed.

When the first grey light of dawn woke her, her head was a bit swollen.

She exclaimed, instinctively covering her chest.

Her clothes were neat, and the ruby hidden in the creamy skin clung closely.

A warm current from the gem surged to her heart.