Empress 120

Chapter 120: The Empress Goes on Tour

Although Sif previously chose [War Princess] as her advancement profession, it doesn't prevent her from immediately changing if a better option arises.

The Elf Race is different from humans; almost no tales exist of those from the bottom rising to the top. The superiority of one's bloodline determines their life's path.

The Imperial Family has the finest bloodline among the Elf Race.

The Elf Princess, beautiful and powerful.

This is the best choice.

While it was a passive choice in Sif's unconscious state, given the chance, she would make the same decision.

Humans choosing Elf Princess as an advancement profession cannot be fully compatible, but it's not a major issue.

Sif enthusiastically invited Roland to the backyard for a sparring session, under the pretense of testing the combat level of her advancement profession.

With neither side using full force, both had their moments of attack and defense, resulting in a draw.

They spoke of toughening each other up, but neither was willing to go all out.

This is probably why sparring doesn't compare to real combat.

Seeing Sif's beaming expression, Roland recited the Tightening Spell, instantly bringing her back to clarity.

"Your opponent is not me, it’s Sofia."

Moments ago full of heroic spirit, Sif now looked as listless as a frostbitten eggplant.

Seeing the Tightening Spell’s overwhelming effect, Roland quickly tried to soften the blow, jokingly saying, "Sofia may not have been stronger at your age; your potential is not inferior to hers."

After wrapping up their spar, Roland bid farewell to Sif.

"Are you going to Dovor Port to find Alina?" Sif asked softly.

Roland nodded, "It’s the closest port to the Jin Yuan Kingdom she mentioned. After all, she is our friend and has helped us before. I can’t just stand by if she’s in trouble."

"I plan to go personally."

Roland cleverly used "we" instead of "I," hinting that Alina had also helped Sif.

Despite having reservations about Alina, Sif followed Roland’s suggestion.

"We’ll go together." Sif quickly decided.

"I plan to ask you to stay and temporarily manage the Knight Order."

Sif shook her head, refusing Roland’s refusal, "There’s no need. Lisa and the others can handle daily training. I’ll go with you."

"The Fourth Fleet headquarters is in Dovor; General Planck is the Fourth Fleet Commander."

Roland suddenly realized Sif intended to use the opportunity to visit the now-leaderless Fourth Fleet.

Compared to the disloyal army, the Imperial Navy’s loyalty is relatively trustworthy.

The Fourth Fleet Commander having met with mishap, and the appointment of a new commander still contested between the Minister of the Navy and the Grand General, the fleet’s mid-to-high-level officers must be restless; now is a good time to approach them.

Roland looked at Sif with increased admiration, just about to commend her, when Sif continued:

"While living in Tyrone Earl’s Domain, my Captain of the Guard used my name to pull strings for his son’s entry into the navy; he is in the Fourth Fleet."

Roland nodded with a smile, "Good, at least he’s one of your close confidants."

"Not at all; when I found out, I was angry and dismissed the Captain of the Guard."

Roland: "..."

He was speechless, not knowing where to start with the commentary.

Originally thinking there had been some benefits offered to others, it turned out there were none at all, yet she dared to seek them out for information?

Sif also realized the unreliability of this matter and embarrassingly stuck her tongue out.

At the time, in her youth, was she wrong to dismiss the Guard Captain for abusing power for personal gain in anger?

She merely found a random reason to go together, without much thought.

Seeing Sif’s embarrassed expression, Roland guessed her thoughts and smilingly said:

"Since they are old men from Tyrone Earl’s Domain, they should know you’re the Empress, right?"

"Don’t worry, they wouldn’t dare speak carelessly." Sif nodded solemnly.

"No, what I mean is, you should give your old subordinates a chance to pledge loyalty to the Empress."

Sif had a sudden realization.

The dismissed Captain of the Guard had been angry about his inability to follow Count Tyrone; surely he would now be delighted to follow the Empress.

"They should know I don’t have actual power, right?" Sif expressed concern.

"You have legitimate imperial authority. You must have witnessed this power during the Radiant Day celebration."

Sif recalled the scene, a slight smile forming at the corner of her mouth.

She increasingly understood the source of Roland’s confidence in helping her reclaim power.

In recent years, the Sussex Empire has indeed been declining, with even colonies breaking free from its control, yet people still remember the glory of the White Rose Banner waving around the world with the fleet.

Having tasted the peak of honor, who would want to fall?

People may not trust the Cabinet but are willing to believe in the Imperial Family representing the White Rose Banner.

"Alright, I'll have the coachman prepare the carriage. It takes at least two days to reach Dovor Port, and we also need to prepare food and water."

Although riding horses would be faster, Roland didn't oppose Sif's arrangement.

The carriage with the White Rose emblem is a status symbol, very handy.

After a day of riding, covered in dust, and even a little disheveled, who would believe Sif's identity then?

In matters of how to act as nobility, Sif is more knowledgeable than he is.

The coachman prepared the carriage and personal belongings, the maid packed the change of clothes, and the Guard Captain assembled Sif's private guard, everything meticulously in order.

Despite not wanting to create a big spectacle, the group still numbered over fifty people.

This was already the smallest possible number.

Any fewer and...

"No one would believe my identity." Sif's reasoning was very reasonable.

Roland chose to acquiesce.

No one is all-knowing and omnipotent; in displaying Imperial Family charm, Sif is more adept than he is.

Don’t babble nonsensically in areas where the other knows more than you do; it will severely undermine your authority.

This way of traveling, the benefit is a very comfortable journey.

The downside is that even the blind could see that Sif was traveling.