Empress 121

Chapter 121: The Empress Goes on Tour (Part 2)

If a convoy of more than fifty people bearing the Imperial Family insignia leaves the capital unnoticed, then Sussex has a big problem.

There’s no way to hide, so just leave openly and righteously.

Sif conveyed the command to the Magic Mirror, to immediately invite all Cabinet Ministers to a banquet, expressing gratitude for their exemplary work during the Radiant Day celebration.

This is a very reasonable reason.

No one can refuse.

Just as the banquet began, Sif’s convoy swiftly departed the Imperial Capital, heading towards the southern coastal city.

This was her first departure from the Imperial Capital since her ascension, and seeing the bleak sky, Sif surprisingly felt a joy akin to a bird escaping its cage.

She hummed a merry tune, gazing out at the gray sky, feeling unexpectedly refreshed.

"What are you looking at?" Roland asked curiously.

"Freedom," Sif said softly.

The word freedom spoken by an authoritarian monarch creates a peculiar sense of dissonance.

But on second thought, many emperors are confined by tedious rules within the Imperial Palace, gradually becoming useless; an emperor longing for freedom more than ordinary people is indeed not a joke.

Roland’s gaze gradually softened.

He remembered his sister’s reminder.

Sif is often as simple as a blank sheet of paper, such a girl is easy to pursue, but to make her utterly unable to leave your side is not easy.

Her ideals must be realized.

Roland suddenly froze, what are Sif’s ideals?

Defeating Sofia doesn’t count.

That’s not an ideal; it’s a necessary desire to survive.

Since he didn’t know, he might as well ask directly.

"Sif, do you have dreams?"

"Dreams?"

Sif suddenly recalled last night’s dream and contemplatively asked, "Can dreams be impractical?"

"Naturally, if not, why call them dreams?" Roland encouraged Sif with his gaze.

"I want to become the perfect Elf Empress as I was in the dream!" Sif’s eyes were full of longing.

Roland: "..."

He suddenly felt a headache, smilingly reminding, "Sif, you should understand the difference between dreams and fantasies, right?"

"Of course, if it's a fantasy, then it is to plant the White Rose Banner all over the world, to have the sun forever hover above the Empire's territory 24 hours a day."

Sif stuck out her tongue a bit embarrassedly, "You see, fantasies are more impractical than dreams, right?"

"That's not necessarily true. As long as Sofia is defeated, overseas territories are expanded, establishing an empire where the sun never sets might not be impossible. However, the sun's glory entirely relies on the monarch's prestige and powerful military force; when fortunes decline, it's a burden."

"Can it really be done?" Sif's eyes glistened with a curious light.

"I can't guarantee it, but it's worth a try."

Roland lifted a small basin of cold water and splashed it onto Sif's head, "The prerequisite for all this is to first get past Sofia."

"I will surely win."

Sif's tone was very calm, neither excited nor forcing herself.

Her eyes burned with intense light.

This time, Roland was the one who was surprised.

Could the achievement of establishing an empire in another world where the sun never sets really be accomplished in Sif's hands?

It would definitely be a cruel journey piled high with corpses and blood.

Fortunately, there is no country or force similar to Seres in this world; Roland doesn’t have any particular attachment to this world, helping Sif achieve her dreams is no concern.

Upon reflection, Sif was right, becoming the Elf Empress is indeed easier than establishing an empire on which the sun never sets.

Roland’s inheritance memory contains at least seven methods: bloodline awakening, bloodline activation, bloodline fusion, Ancient Tree body tempering, that can transform humans into Elves.

Sif is already an Empress, as long as she completes the Elvenization, who can say she isn’t the Elf Empress?

Why an Elf Empress rules a human empire isn’t important at all.

As long as Sif feels her dream is realized, then it is realized.

Roland smiled and said, "Whether dreams or fantasies, who says they can’t come true? Do you have any more realistic wishes, the kind that must be fulfilled?"

"I want to find the true cause of my father’s death. I have a premonition that his death is related to Sofia. Besides Stanley’s testimony, there’s the principle of gaining advantage. If I can grow stronger, Sofia is the biggest beneficiary, making her the most suspicious."

"If it really is her, I definitely won’t let her off!"

Seeing the faint water glimmer in Sif’s eyes, Roland sighed softly.

He knew the cause of his father’s death but didn’t know whom to take revenge on.

Father was too committed to traditional knightly spirit, choosing to engage in a knight’s duel with the enemy when covering the retreat of the main force.

What welcomed the old man were a barrage of cannon shells.

The era has changed, dying on the battlefield might have been the best ending for the old knight.

Seeing the atmosphere in the carriage getting a bit heavy, Sif adjusted her mood and changed the topic.

"Do you think they will catch up?"

"They certainly will." Roland answered without hesitation.

"Then why are we hosting a banquet for them at the Imperial Palace? Besides, even if they catch up, they have no legitimate reason to drag me back, right?" Sif was puzzled.

"Think again?" Roland guided gently.

Sif fell into contemplation, after a long time, she muttered with some frustration, "If they think I am the Empress, they have no reason to stop me; the Empress has the right to tour the nation. If they think I am Count Sif, they have even less reason to stop; I have no official position and am a free nobility."

"I really can’t think of a reason; they cannot possibly send people to follow us, can they?"

Roland gently clapped his hands, smiled, and nodded, "You’ve got it right. If I’m not mistaken, the troops escorting us will soon arrive."

"Ah?" Sif widened her eyes, appearing somewhat confused.

Roland quietly reminded, "Are we a rule-of-law country?"

"Of course!"

Sif replied crisply and neatly, maybe feeling this answer was too abrupt, she quickly added:

"At least in procedure we are."

"Right, at least in procedure we are. So they have no reason to persuade us to return, but they won't let you leave their monitoring sight, thus they can only send an escort."

Roland smiled and said, "The Empress's tour, escorted by troops, is reasonable and legitimate, you can't find any reason to oppose."

"Then what do we do?" Sif was a little distressed.

"Nothing to do; just let them follow. Being willing to abide by the game rules indicates they haven't gone completely mad yet, and there's still plenty of leeway."

Sif understood it too.

This is politics.

No matter how much one might wish to strangle the opponent personally and seize the spoils, one must still abide by the game rules.

After the Radiant Day celebration, Sif's prestige grew increasingly high; the Cabinet Ministers' faction of power-sharing faced mounting pressure.

How dare they let Sif completely disappear from their sight.

Sif is their nightmare.

A nightmare they don’t understand.

Roland glanced at Sif, reflecting inwardly; not only do they not understand her, even Sif doesn’t know what she will do next.

This is probably the newbie’s ability to overwhelm the expert.

Roland’s guess was right.

As the convoy slowly advanced and prepared to find a night camping ground, a squad of about five hundred light cavalry rushed along the avenue to catch up.

Sif held Roland’s hand gently, saying softly, "Let me do it."

Roland certainly wouldn’t stop her; Sif willingly taking on practical exercises was a good thing.

He didn’t remind Sif of what identity to claim.

The Empress’s power to tour the nation and the nobility’s free passage rights are both absolute.

But the Empress happens to be in the Imperial Palace at this moment, declaring oneself as the Empress might be mistaken for impersonation.

The convoy stopped, Sif calmly sat in the carriage, listening to the coachman’s somewhat panicked voice, slightly dissatisfied, she lightly rebuked:

"Why panic, go ask which unit dares to stop Count Tyrone’s carriage?"

Sif’s calm voice steadied the somewhat flustered coachman, who suddenly remembered the transcendent status of high tier nobles and instantly perked up.

The coachman stood boldly in the middle of the road, raising his whip, he asked the cavalry captain sternly:

"Who are you? Why do you chase Count Tyrone’s carriage?"

Upon hearing the term Count Tyrone, the leading cavalry captain pondered and replied loudly:

"Count Tyrone, I am Jes, captain of the 9th light cavalry squad of the 3rd regiment of the guard cavalry; I am under orders from superiors, awaiting your command to assist you in completing the tour mission."