Empress 122

Chapter 122: Do You Have a Dream, Sif?

Captain Jes glanced nervously at Count Tyrone's carriage.

He was assigned an emergency mission, and the orders came not from the brigade commander but from the Minister of the Army.

The Minister of the Army directly gave orders to him, a major and commander, which left him somewhat at a loss.

Moreover, the orders were very strange.

If the person inside the carriage claimed to be Count Tyrone, he was to protect her throughout the journey, coordinate with her to complete the mission, but absolutely must not let Count Tyrone out of sight and must monitor her actions.

If the person inside the carriage claimed to be the Empress, she was to be immediately captured and brought back.

Her Majesty the Empress was still in the Imperial Capital, and anyone outside using her name must be an impostor.

Impersonating the Empress was a capital offense.

This order left Jes somewhat at a loss, but he still resolutely carried out the order, leading the Light Cavalry unit to pursue.

Fortunately, the other party claimed to be Count Tyrone, so there was no need to take action.

As a mid-level officer in the Imperial Capital's garrison, he had the fortune to participate in the Radiant Day celebrations and knew Count Tyrone was the impersonator of the Elf Empress.

She looked very similar to the Empress, and generally, people couldn’t tell if she were to impersonate the Empress.

Luckily, she didn’t do so.

A slender arm reached out from the carriage, waving to Jes.

Jes swiftly dismounted, hung his weapon on the saddle, and approached the carriage empty-handed.

Approaching a noble with a weapon in hand is a grave offense, and he did not want to be caught by Count Tyrone.

No one likes being monitored and tracked, especially nobility.

He had to execute the orders cautiously, without defying the Minister of the Army’s instructions, but also without offending Count Tyrone.

She was after all a minister and a shadow of the Empress.

Both sides were significant figures he could not afford to offend; he was merely a minor cavalry major.

Jes stopped seven meters from the carriage, saluted, and softly explained:

"Lord Count, this is official business, please forgive me."

The carriage curtain lifted, and Count Tyrone showed a charming smile at the window.

"Captain Jes, I’m sure the Minister of the Army has his reasons for arranging this. I am the Chief Instructor of the White Rose Knight Order, and you are a commander of the Guard Cavalry, there is no subordinate relationship, no need to be so polite."

Seeing Sif up close, looking exactly like the Empress, Jes was still stunned.

His heart was pounding rapidly.

In many people's minds, Count Tyrone was the minister sent out from the Imperial Palace by the Empress, her embodiment.

To disrespect Count Tyrone was equivalent to disrespecting the Empress.

Though Jes faithfully executed orders, he had his reservations about the Minister of the Army's orders.

The Minister of the Army seemed unclear about his own position.

He was a Cabinet Minister, yet he sent people to monitor a minister under the guise of protection.

No matter how many reasons there were, this was not the conduct of a loyal minister.

But these discontents could only be suppressed in his heart.

After all, the Minister of the Army's reasons were grand and impeccable.

Facing Sif's words with underlying reproach amid her calmness, Jes felt a bit flustered but managed to compose himself.

Seeing no one around, he took a step closer and lowered his voice: "Lord Count, although we have no direct subordinate relationship, according to the military regulations, in a temporary team formation, the highest-ranking titular nobility or the highest-ranking officer present should command."

"For this journey, I will follow your orders."

Jes had made up his mind.

Looking at Jes’s determined attitude, Sif gently said, "My order is to strictly follow the Minister of the Army’s orders, remember all orders."

"He is a minister appointed by Her Majesty the Empress, representing the Empress’s authority."

Jes was stunned.

Did Count Tyrone mean to include monitoring her actions as well?

Just as he was somewhat puzzled, Sif’s clear voice sounded in his ear.

"I trust your loyalty, but what about those five hundred men? Captain Jes, take care of yourself."

Jes was so excited his whole body was trembling.

Count Tyrone acknowledged his loyalty!

That was practically the Empress’s acknowledgment.

He saluted the Count vigorously, accepting the orders.

What Count Tyrone said was right, those five hundred men couldn’t all be absolutely loyal to the Empress.

He was even more aware that he wasn’t a confidant of the Minister of the Army, he was there by chance because he happened to be on duty.

Cavalry can’t stay in battle readiness at all times.

Even if people could endure, the horses couldn’t.

Several cavalry units take turns sending elite forces to maintain a state of readiness to respond to sudden situations.

The mobile unit could buy time for the main forces to rally.

Jes was the one on duty tonight.

So he was the one who came.

He hesitated slightly, softly reminding: "Lord Count, I’m just on combat duty by chance, it won’t be long before more troops come to ’protect’ you."

"I understand." Sif nodded with a smile, showing appreciation for Jes’s loyalty and insightfulness.

Jes was so excited that he stood there trembling, saluted Sif, then made an effort to switch to a calm expression and slowly left.

Returning to the cavalry unit, Jes issued calm orders, instructing several squadrons to conduct escort missions at the front and rear of the formation.

A few squadron leaders looked at Jes in confusion, wanting to ask something but didn’t know how to open up.

As they exchanged glances, Jes said in a deep voice: "You all know the superior’s order, I won’t waste words, execute the order!"

Since Jes had spoken and his subordinates wouldn’t have to take the blame, the squadron leaders no longer hesitated and dispersed.

They also felt that tracking the Imperial Knight Order was inappropriate, fearing a conflict might break out.

Fortunately, nothing happened.

The squadron leaders all breathed a sigh of relief.

Their loyalty was far less than that of Jes, and they didn’t even have the privilege to enter Monarch Square to watch the performance.

In their view, whether it was the Minister of the Army or Count Tyrone, they were all significant figures they could not offend.

This wasn’t something that someone with a monthly salary of twelve shillings should concern themselves with.

Their priority was to complete the task and receive their allowance.

Lowering the curtain, Sif turned back to Roland and nervously said: "Did, did I say anything wrong just now?"

Roland silently looked at Sif, making her feel uneasy.

Sif timidly looked at Roland, and just when she was about to nervously admit fault, Roland finally couldn’t help but laugh.

"Sif, you need to have confidence. You didn’t do anything wrong, even if it were me, I wouldn’t have done it better than you."

Sif let out a sigh of relief, playfully punched Roland lightly, and muttered softly:

"Knowing I lack confidence and still scaring me?"

Roland did not evade, merely speaking calmly:

"If I weren't by your side, you need to learn to think for yourself."

"Why would you not be by my side, are you planning to defect? I absolutely won't allow it!"

Sif pondered and softly said: "Did someone offer you better terms?"

"Don't overthink, am I someone without boundaries?"

As soon as he finished speaking, both Roland and Sif fell into silence.

Though not spoken, their thoughts were astonishingly identical.

Mr. Roland's boundaries were very flexible.

Looking into Sif's clear eyes, Roland had no choice but to raise his hands in surrender.

"No one can offer more, trust my sincerity, okay?"

Indeed, no one could offer more.

The most beautiful girl in the world, could any other force provide that?