Empress 123

Chapter 123: Want to Make a Deal, Alina?

Roland knew that Sif lacked a sense of security.

The Late Emperor suddenly passed away, and one second she was still enjoying the leisurely life of the nobility, where her biggest worry was which dress to wear to the next party, and the next second she became the Empress.

The enemies she had to face overnight turned into seasoned politicians who had been rolling in the political arena for years, becoming the terrifying Empress Sofia.

Who could feel secure in such a situation?

Roland hoped to help her grow, to build a protective barrier for her.

However, Sif's response was somewhat unexpected.

She was willing to learn, but she couldn't feel secure without him.

In Sif's clear eyes, there seemed to be a little person praying with hands clasped, asking for his help.

Roland capitulated.

He couldn't refuse, nor did he want to refuse.

The convoy advanced through the night.

Though traveling at night was somewhat dangerous, it was a race against time now, and they couldn't worry about so much.

Captain Jes wouldn’t enforce the orders too strictly and would cut some slack; Sif could take this opportunity to meet with the members of the Fourth Fleet.

Once the confidants of the Minister of the Army arrived, it would be inconvenient.

Though unclear about Sif’s purpose in going to Dovor Port, Jes executed the orders with great fidelity.

Facing opposition from the subordinate captains, Jes said coldly:

"Those unable to march at night can rest here; I won’t keep idlers here."

Jes rarely got angry, but ordinarily held high prestige.

Seeing his anger, several subordinate captains immediately changed their expressions, thumping their chests to assure that they certainly had no problem, claiming that the nonsense was spouted by their subordinates, and they would restrain their troops to catch up.

While Sif was rushing through the night, the Cabinet Ministers, who had just attended the Imperial banquet a short while ago, also held an emergency meeting to discuss countermeasures.

They considerately did not notify Wald.

After all, the old gentleman was advanced in age, and it was best not to disturb him for such late-night overtime matters.

In this impromptu meeting, Alben was exceptionally lively.

He waved his cane, explaining how to legally restrict Sif’s actions from a legal perspective.

Seeing Alben’s excited expression, those who originally suspected him of colluding with the Empress in secret were also put at ease.

They frequently nodded, expressing their approval of Alben's vast knowledge.

Alben cited numerous sources, expounding on the hazards of the Emperor's arbitrary actions.

William slightly narrowed his eyes at Alben, his suspended heart slightly easing but a doubt continually lingered in his mind.

What benefit did Alben stand to gain from all this?

Was it just to advance a step forward in the Cabinet's ranking once Wald retired or passed away?

He always felt that Alben's ambitions were not limited to this.

Alben's attitude was seamless, but the more perfect he was, the more uneasy William felt.

While William was tormented by suspicion, the moment Alben turned around, William saw the flames burning in the Minister of Justice's eyes.

Those were flames of anger and revenge.

He understood: Alben had been rejected by the Empress, all his schemes had collapsed, and that was why he became angry out of humiliation.

Mature politicians wouldn't make such mistakes, unless they were truly angry.

Once he understood this point, everything Alben did could be explained.

William's lightly furrowed brow gradually relaxed.

Realizing progress was hopeless, Alben naturally had to vent his anger on the naïve Empress who had given him hope for advancement only to snuff it out with her own hands.

Very reasonable.

Seeing Alben venting, William smiled and said:

"After all, Her Majesty the Empress is young, so it’s normal not being able to stay in the Imperial Palace. Rather than obstruct, it’s better to guide. We should actively arrange outings, hunts, and vacations for her."

"But we must separate her from ordinary people; I do not want to see a farce like the Radiant Day celebration again."

After William completed his concluding remarks, the other Cabinet members nodded in agreement.

They only sought Imperial Authority, not the throne.

If Her Majesty the Empress could behave obediently, who would mind keeping a cute mascot?

It’s just a pity that Her Majesty the Empress did not recognize her situation.

As ministers, they could only humor her like a child.

After the meeting ended, the Minister of the Army and the Grand General respectively dispatched elite troops to strengthen the "protection" for the Empress.

Although the order in Sussex was good, there might occasionally be bandits, and they couldn’t feel at ease letting the Empress sneak out on her own and cause trouble.

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The two-day journey, amidst the arduous day and night travel, took just a little more than a day to reach.

By the time they arrived at Dovor Port, it was already night.

The military port was still bustling at night.

The big port on the left side of Dovor is a civilian port, with countless merchant ships setting off from here daily to the nations of the Rodinia Continent, along with many privateering ships carrying adventurers looking for wealth at sea.

Dovor Port's main trade partner is the Jin Yuan Kingdom.

Over ninety percent of the two countries' trade ships dock here to unload.

This is the shortest distance across the strait.

A distance of three hundred nautical miles takes roughly two to three days.

Taking a detour to other seaports, more time is lost at sea, and the cost of land transport increases steeply.

Unless it is goods ordered by remote areas, all other trades between the two countries are completed here.

Sif attended the welcome banquet organized by the Dovor municipal government and Port Authority.

She is a Minister to the Empress, a member of the Imperial Family, representing the Empress's authority; how dare the local officials become negligent?

As an accompanying official, Captain Jes also accepted the invitation.

The banquet proceeded in a friendly, harmonious, and cordial atmosphere, Sif was very happy, and with a smile, she drank three cups with the present officials and naval officers.

By the end of the banquet, it was already late at night.

Sif luxuriated in a hot bath, then lodged temporarily in the most luxurious premium guest suite of the Port Authority.

Her elegant and composed demeanor impressed every banquet attendee greatly.

Worthy of the White Rose Clan, her temperament is indeed elite, indeed authentic.