Empress 135

Chapter 135: Who Keeps a Proper Diary?

Sofia couldn’t fathom how Sif maintained a mental confrontation with her without collapsing.

But she didn’t care about this minor setback, and actually felt a bit of anticipation.

Sif is a future opponent full of promise.

Thankfully, Sofia had no idea what Sif was thinking; otherwise, she might have shattered into pieces on the spot.

Thus, the gratitude banquet came to an end.

The next day, Sofia left gracefully.

She didn’t take a ship; the sailing speed was simply too slow.

She went straight to the seaside, froze a small glacier, and rode it across the ocean.

In just over a day, she could land at the Empire’s northern ice-free port and switch to a carriage for the return journey.

The other envoys and dignitaries from various countries also departed.

Shortly after their departure, a convoy flying the White Rose emblem also left the Imperial Capital, heading south.

...

Dovor Harbor.

Count Sif had come again.

But this time she wasn't the focus because the Empress had arrived.

The Empress's public reason for heading south was to tour her territories and also to learn the results of the Dovor Harbor incident investigation.

The Cabinet did not oppose, just added two hundred soldiers for her escort.

The ministers were even secretly relieved the Empress was going out for a tour.

However, before leaving, the Empress added some pressure on them.

Seeing the Mirror Empress and Count Sif appear simultaneously, the ministers were all silent.

They knew the Empress was the Count, but they didn't know which was real or fake, much less the actor's identity.

Demonic Puppet?

Impossible! Demonic Puppets can only execute simple commands and don't have such intelligence.

Shadow Substitute?

That could make sense, but where to find a substitute that looks identical?

The ministers' heads were about to explode.

Fortunately, someone suggested, "Since the Empress and Count both exist, just treat them as two different people."

Reasonable, what a genius!

The other ministers glared angrily at the person who spoke and dispersed.

They weren't enlightened; they were filled with anger.

The Empress and Count looking exactly alike would be a colossal issue if something happened.

If someone with ulterior motives seized this opportunity, the damage to the Empire would far exceed that of a war, and yet someone wanted to play the ostrich?

The ministers despised the purveyor of nonsense but chose to act like ostriches themselves.

If the problem couldn't be solved, they'd simply pretend not to know.

First stage: We declare that nothing has happened. √

In the ministers' feigned deafness and silence, the Empress arrived at Dovor Harbor.

The mayor and the Port Authority director competed to host her.

Each hoped the Empress would stay at their place for ease of reporting work.

However, the Empress had a unique idea and chose to stay at the Fourth Fleet's command.

While the Fourth Fleet rushed to tidy up her accommodations, she astounded them with a request to stay in General Planck's room.

Silence fell among the crowd.

Soon, the reacting mayor and Port Authority director voiced objections, as did Vice Commander Bridges of the Fourth Fleet in a tactful manner.

Their reason was simple—not advisable.

By tradition, after a naval fleet sunk, the command would be restructured, and the original commander’s room was a forbidden zone.

The Empress did not directly reject their opposition but calmly asked, "Is General Planck alive or dead now?"

Vice Commander Bridges looked troubled and said through gritted teeth, "There is no evidence that the general is dead, so he is missing."

"Since he’s missing, why can’t anyone live there?" the Empress calmly retorted.

The retort ended all opposition.

She had already made her decision, and opposing it would be disobedience.

Bridges had no choice but to instruct the servants to quickly tidy the courtyard, clean the room, and welcome the Empress.

The mayor and Port Authority director were panicked, looking at Roland furtively when realizing the Empress refused to stay in the courtyards they offered.

Roland hinted at them to proactively report issues for self-preservation, but now the Empress was not expressing a stance—was it life or death; give us an answer!

However, Roland only gave them a meaningful look and did not express a stance.

Since the incident with Planck, his room was sealed for about three months, requiring significant cleaning to be inhabitable.

The Empress did not waste time either and went to the City Hall for a work report.

The mayor first reported this year’s basic work.

Despite the issues at heart, the mayor’s professionalism was quite impressive; the report was clear and full of data without excessive official jargon.

At the end of the report, the mayor sighed lightly and slowly said, "Your Majesty, I never expected so many foreign spies to be lurking in Dovor. After this round of investigation, seventy-five foreign intelligence personnel were apprehended, among them thirty-one from the Jin Yuan Kingdom, and from the Vladimir Kingdom..."

The Empress listened to the report impassively and made a simple decree, "Hand them over to the Military Intelligence Bureau for disposal; notify the Bureau upon transfer that I am very concerned about this matter."

She did not directly meddle in political affairs, maintaining accurate boundaries.

But she was not entirely inactive.

The phrase "I am very concerned" was pressure on the Military Intelligence Bureau.

Of course, the Magic Mirror did not understand these nuances; she merely acted as a mouthpiece.

Her peripheral gaze fell on the young owner, Sif, with some sentiment.

She was Sif's marionette, and Sif was as much Roland's puppet.

No one understood Sif's level in the political realm as she did.

But she didn't realize that ninety percent of the recent directives came from Sif herself.

Roland deliberately stepped back, pushing Sif to think independently.

An external brain is useful, but there are times when it's absent.

Sif must learn to make her own judgments.

Apart from necessary reminders, Roland would not intervene in any of her decisions, even if they were wrong.