Empress 138

Chapter 138: Don’t Ask—I’m Invincible!

"Your Majesty, the sea is fraught with crises. The Late Emperor encountered a maritime disaster when returning from overseas, and together with the Fourth Fleet, over five thousand people met with misfortune. The lesson is right in front of us. Please think twice!"

Chief Minister William urged loudly on behalf of all Cabinet members.

No matter what he thought in his heart, the sincerity was expressed.

"Sir William, I understand your concern, but I am the Emperor of the Empire—and there are things I must do. I cannot retreat because of danger, otherwise Uncle Andy will surely impeach me."

Andy rolled his eyes and looked up at the sky.

Sylph used to be so honest. Who did she learn to shirk responsibility from, speaking nonsense openly?

Who would impeach the Emperor for no reason?

Unless the crime is extreme, impeachment for unworthiness would occur.

In the Empire’s seven-hundred-year-long history, only one Monarch was impeached and replaced within a month due to hundreds of foolish actions.

But everyone knows that was political struggle, not a true impeachment for moral issues.

Even the Son of the Demon descending to earth wouldn’t commit so many bad deeds in a month.

The Empress spoke calmly and resolutely, "My mind is made up, Sir William, you need not persuade me."

She raised the golden staff in her right hand and said loudly, "Sir William, during my absence, please handle all state affairs fully, except for major matters like diplomacy and war, which need not be reported."

William was a bit surprised. He looked at the Empress in astonishment and glanced at Wald with his peripheral vision, humbly declining:

"Your Majesty, I lack the ability to fulfill this role. Your Majesty's teacher, Mr. Wald, is highly esteemed; it would be better for him to preside over affairs."

"Sir William, Teacher Wald is elderly, and I don't want him to be overly fatigued. You take charge of state affairs, with other Ministers assisting—this is my decision."

The Empress, unable to govern directly, had to delegate authority, and now she was handing power to William in front of everyone to reassure him.

"Your Majesty..."

William still wanted to advise a few words, but the Empress had already picked up the scepter, holding it out with both hands.

Given the circumstances, William had no choice but to step forward "reluctantly" and accept the scepter.

Wiping his tears, he expressed a heavy heart and declared he would perform his duties diligently during the Empress's absence and not act arbitrarily, but consult with the other Ministers.

The words were eloquent, but in reality, he too shirked responsibility.

Giving him the power to make decisions seemed like a lot of authority but also burdened him with more pressure.

His shoulders already bore the weight of thirty-four provinces, and to carry the Empire’s central government would be too much.

Though the deal was made, superficial work still needed to be done. He turned to Alben and slowly asked,

"Sir Alben, have you anything to say?"

Alben stepped forward with a stern expression and began with contradiction.

"Your Majesty, I have something to say. When the Late Emperor went to sea, he took the Crown Prince, severely violating succession law, eventually causing the Emperor and Crown Prince to have incidents simultaneously, creating great chaos."

His words were unkind, not only blaming the Late Emperor but also confronting the current Empress.

Although knowing his poor relationship with the Empress, William was shocked by Alben’s words.

Can such things be spoken publicly?

Indeed, hearing Alben’s words, the Empress’s face immediately changed.

Already pale to a frightening extent, her face became even more bloodless.

She snorted coldly, "Sir Alben speaks well, but I have yet to marry, and have no offspring—where is the Crown Prince?"

Alben seemed to have confronted the Empress, speaking directly,

"Your Majesty, since you have not officially ascended the throne, it is normal to have no Crown Prince. If Your Majesty insists on going to sea, please appoint a member of the Imperial Family to act as regent according to the succession law."

"Then tell me, who is suitable?" The Empress's tone was quite unfriendly.

"I think Count Tyrone is a great choice."

Alben spoke calmly.

Even William couldn't hold back.

This was outright provocation, wasn't it? Which Cabinet Minister doesn't know the Empress is Count Tyrone?

Everyone pretends to be ignorant in normal times. Alben goes against it, refusing to let go of this?

Though William and others want to limit imperial power, they do not intend to rebel.

He stood out, furiously looking at Alben, coldly stating, "Impertinent! The matter of designating a Crown Prince isn't for you to conjecture here!"

William turned to the Empress, explaining with a smile, "Your Majesty, Alben is straightforward; he always talks like this. Don't mind him much. However, he does have a point. Your Majesty's identity is special, if possible, it would be best not to..."

The Empress raised her right hand, stopping William and Alben from continuing.

She surveyed the room, receiving new orders transmitted by Sif.

Let Uncle Andy take over!

Can it be handled this way?

The Mirror Empress was slightly surprised but decided firmly to execute the orders.

Soul contracts surpass everything else.

"Sir Alben is right, Father going to sea without leaving a Crown Prince at home was indeed rash."

"Alright then, Uncle Andy please act as regent in my stead."

The entire room was in shock.

Uncle Andy, who had just been watching with amused disbelief, was so surprised his eyes nearly popped out.

He felt somewhat distressed.

Sylph really has learned bad things.

He’s not young anymore, how many years does he have left to enjoy life?

Instead of arranging benefits for him, she assigns him to a duty like imprisonment in the Imperial Palace?

Just as he was about to protest, the Empress’s gentle voice left him unable to refuse.

"Uncle Andy, will you help me?"

Andy sighed helplessly. Sylph used to ask him for help with catching birds from trees in the same way.

Perhaps in her heart, he was just Uncle Andy.

As an uncle, he could not refuse the request of his lovely niece.

As a subject, he could not resist the Monarch.

He could only nod.