Empress 151

Chapter 151: Pretty Boy? Lucky Star! (Part 2)

Actually, he doesn't need to say it; everyone already knows.

The territories of the Imperial Family are private property, sacred and inviolable, not meant for ministers to discuss.

As long as the Empress is willing, not only can Roland be appointed as governor, but even as prince, everyone can only offer congratulations.

The crowd looked at each other, somewhat bewildered.

How did Her Majesty the Empress find these obscure legal provisions from the corners?

Especially the Temporary Administration Act, a temporary law from over three hundred years ago, long forgotten by people.

Yet, when the council reviewed the law back then, they forgot to specify when the temporary act would end.

Afterward, no one brought up this act again.

Such an obscure law was actually utilized; who's going to believe it without an expert's guidance?

Suspicious glances were cast at Alben.

This man claimed to be proficient in all laws; he must understand.

Seeing the others' suspicious looks, Alben was so angry he laughed instead.

He raised his right hand, hovering between his chin and chest, coldly said, "I swear, if I was the one advising on this matter, I am willing to endure the severest legal punishment."

Alben said it to this extent, and if others continued, it would be looking for trouble.

The matter could only be laid to rest.

William grabbed the lapel of his shirt and pulled it apart in an unrefined way.

He was suffocating.

Just as his mind went blank, the Chief of Military Intelligence, who had just left the meeting hall, returned.

He walked towards William with a confidential letter in hand.

Seeing the Chief’s actions, William became even more uneasy.

"What is it?"

He frowned.

"It’s nothing much; Her Majesty has announced Hansa, Brook, and Sailin as territories directly governed by the Empire, and local residents can obtain citizenship."

The teacup in William’s hand fell to the ground, shattering.

This time he didn’t need to ask Alben.

This is also legal.

The Three Overseas Provinces are not colonies.

Since they're not colonies, they are land of the Empire.

Although those of the True Rose Banner would certainly not recognize this, the people of the Three Overseas Provinces do.

Previously, citizenship wasn't granted to the three provinces just to keep them out of the Empire's power center.

Clearly part of the Empire's territory yet no citizenship granted, it was inherently against the rules.

This was done to balance suppressing overseas forces—a tacit rule.

Yet, Sylph utterly disregards tacit rules, doing things directly according to the law.

William was amused yet troubled.

As the greatest privileged class—Emperor, the first thing upon going overseas is to do things according to the law?

He must be dreaming.

He abruptly stood up and announced the adjournment of the meeting in a nearly self-defeating tone.

This Cabinet emergency meeting was doomed to failure.

The only consensus reached at this meeting was that no consensus was reached.

The Cabinet Ministers left the venue feeling somewhat at a loss.

They had obtained the power they had longed for.

What the Empress did ensured this power could be extended for at least three years.

However you look at it, they should be popping champagne for celebration, but they couldn't cheer up.

Every act of Her Majesty the Empress was reasonable and lawful, yet she was irreversibly advancing along the path of rebellion.

Indeed, Her Majesty the Empress is accumulating strength preparing for a revolt.

She's not pretending anymore; it's an open strategy.

And yet, they cannot react just because the Empress is accumulating power.

Should they mobilize the army to attack the young Empress defending the Empire's interests overseas and probing the cause of the Late Emperor's disappearance?

The generals might be unwilling even to mention it, and soldiers certainly won't point guns at the Empress without reason.

After the meeting dispersed, William suddenly felt very tired.

Could it be that the Empress's clear and innocent gaze was all an act?

Could it be that the Empress was acting all along, just to assemble loyalists overseas to rid the Imperial Capital of "traitorous ministers" in one fell swoop?

Impossible, absolutely impossible!

William muttered, constantly flashing before his eyes were the Empress's smiles at various occasions.

She absolutely wouldn't do such a thing; it must be the instigation of treacherous ministers!

William found the root of the problem.

It must be Roland's doing!

He returned to his residence with a dark face, starting to redeploy.

He aimed to collect Roland's scandals, to overthrow this false-faced traitor.

He sat in the small study pondering for a long time, his mind still muddled.

He was somewhat curious, wondering what the Empress was doing at that moment, and what Roland was up to.

There's no need to think; surely, the Empress was sweetly yielding power under Roland's coaxing, while Roland must be busy managing his own faction, it must be so!

...

Roland, who was drinking tea at the Hamberg Governor's Mansion, suddenly sneezed.

He softly muttered, complaining about the recent day-night temperature differences causing colds.

Entirely different from William's imagination, Roland was quite idle now.

On the contrary, William, who thought Sylph was idle due to being sidelined, was actually busily engaged.

Roland returned governmental affairs to Sylph under the guise of letting her undergo training, becoming the detached overseer.

Although Sylph voiced objections, Roland’s reasons were very convincing.

"Sylph, if you can’t manage even three provinces, how will you govern a super Empire with thirty-four?"

Though Sylph wanted to ask what Roland would do if she handled everything, she held back.

Because she could foresee Roland’s reply.

"Naturally, I’ll be there to keep watch for you."

Roland truly treated her as close.

Forget it; anyway, as a Count, also assuming Vice Governor duties, working for the Governor seemed justified.

Tired as she was, Sylph understood this was beneficial for her, as a busy workload indeed hones skills.

It’s been a week since coming to Hansa Province.

Time seemed sped up, passing quickly like a fast-paced clock.

She initially didn’t need to be so busy, but clearly felt, of the recent three provincial governors, at least two were obviously slacking.

Of course, she knew the reason.

Someone got promoted, but it wasn’t her.

Would anyone be motivated?

She also understood Roland’s poor image in the eyes of these people.

She felt wronged and believed it was unfair to Roland.

"Roland, do you really not care about these things?"

"Which things?"

"Don’t play dumb; you know what I’m referring to." Sylph stared at Roland, not giving him a chance to feign ignorance.

Roland spread his hands, smiling, "I do care. But what can I do, plead them not to speak? Even someone as mighty as Sofia still faces rampant rumors, like people saying she has a different lover every night."

"Even if she truly indulges excessively, she’s still a woman, and has a few days each month when she doesn’t need a lover. Such absurd rumors, yet many still believe them."

He smiled and said, "Only wastrels aren’t envied. Don’t think about these things; instead, focus on solving real problems."

"I can’t figure it out."

Sylph murmured in distress, "I know what they want, but I can’t appoint them as governors; they don’t understand our true intentions."

"That cannot be compensated for with loyalty and diligence."

She was right; only she and Roland knew about what they were conspiring.

No one could handle being governor if Roland wasn’t, yet the provincial governors wouldn’t think this way, only feeling hurt.

Sylph pondered at length but couldn’t find a good solution.

"What they want is rank and title, and I can’t grant it now, only after officially ascending the throne."

"If you want to draw a pie, be sure to note two things."

Roland raised two fingers, softly saying, "First, make those eating the pie believe they can eat it. Second, make those eating believe they can eat it soon."

"You must let them quickly taste sweetness."

"So let’s let them make more money?" Sylph tentatively asked.

"Of course not; they’re already taking quite a bit, and it’s fortunate not to have them cough it up; giving more would only make them think you’re foolish."

"Then what to do? I truly can’t think of anything this time." Sylph was slightly embarrassed.

Roland leaned close to her ear and softly said:

"Officials' greatest pursuit is authority and status, so start from there. We can release rumors that you came to the Three Overseas Provinces to secure a title for me."

"You're planning to confer the Hansa Province to me; to avoid others discussing, Sailin and Brook Provinces will also be conferred."

Sylph's eyes lit up.

Conferring titles isn't easy, especially with hereditary ranks not diminishing, carrying high value.

The benefits of advancing in official posts are far less than formal title conferring.

One is immediate gain, the other long-term family benefits.

Even just rumors can already excite officials.

"If they really achieve merits enough for conferring titles?"

"Then confer them!"