Empress 162

Chapter 162: Magic Mirror, Shut Up!

Lightning ripped through the night sky, as torrential rain poured down.

The weather has been quite unusual these past few days.

It is said that the last time there was this much rain at year-end was over a century ago.

Just a few days ago, Roland took advantage of a similarly heavy rainfall to successfully ambush and capture over four hundred Sea Demons.

He should have liked this kind of rainy day.

But he felt inexplicably restless.

Even when Lisa prepared an authentic Elf delicacy, he had no appetite.

He knew very well, it was because of Sif.

Scolding for a wrong answer, it wasn't the first time he did this.

In the past, there were times he was exceptionally strict, and Sif had been aggrieved to the point of tears.

With old Mr. Wald not around, he had to temporarily play the role of the strict teacher.

Not everything can be laughed off.

Like politics.

Like learning.

When politics and learning are combined, they must be taken seriously.

He understood that the stern teaching methods would make Sif uncomfortable.

He fully understood.

He didn't want to do this either.

Being with the girl certified by the Magic Mirror as the most beautiful in the world, and yet talking about the grim topic of politics instead of romance, was indeed absurd.

But she knew these reasons long ago.

Why was her reaction so intense today?

The silent crying Sif had just held back made Roland's heart twist painfully tight.

Looking at the raging thunderstorm outside the window, he suddenly hesitated.

Sif must be terrified of a stormy night like this, he still needed to go see her.

Roland walked out of the room, into the courtyard, and looked at the building opposite.

That's the Empress's palace.

The fifth floor housed the Empress's bedroom.

The fourth floor was Count Sif’s residence.

There were no lights; the windows were all dark.

After a brief hesitation, he strode toward the building opposite.

Even though it was late at night, the guards at the door, upon seeing him coming over, dared not stop him.

The guards looked skyward, pretending to be like plaster statues.

This was the only countermeasure they could conjure up.

If they "saw" Roland, they were supposed to stop him and question his purpose according to protocol.

Asking such questions would cause trouble.

Asking the Empress’s lover entering the Empress’s bedroom late at night—how could that be the guards’ concern?

Pretending to be oblivious was not foolishness but a wise choice to keep their jobs.

They believed Her Majesty the Empress would not blame them, after all, Roland was the lover she chose herself.

Roland arrived at Sif’s room on the fourth floor, gently knocking and calling out her name.

No response.

If Sif were inside, no matter how angry or upset, she would not remain unresponsive.

It was clear that Sif was on the fifth floor.

He hesitated a bit, pondering whether to go up another floor. But standing at the staircase, he stopped.

This was the tacit understanding between them.

If Sif appeared as the Empress, they were in a monarch-minister relationship.

If Sif appeared as a Count, they were in a friendship.

Clearly, tonight Sif was the Empress.

Thinking of the question left for Sif earlier, Roland knew she was now reflecting seriously.

In that case, he decided not to go.

Even as friends, entering a young girl's bedroom at night was a bit reckless, let alone going into the Empress's bedroom as a subject.

Since Sif was mentally alright, he wouldn't disturb her.

Roland turned and left.

The guards, who had felt relieved to avoid trouble, stared in astonishment as Roland emerged from the building again.

As his entire body stiffened in tension, Roland glanced back at him.

The guard nearly urinated in fright; he wanted to speak but didn’t know what to say.

Just as he was about to lose his mind, Roland smiled, patted his shoulder, and slipped a Large Gold Coin into his breast pocket.

"Stand guard well, soldier."

Only after Roland walked away did the guard finally regain his senses.

Walking back to his bedroom, Roland’s lips curled slightly upward, no longer entangled.

Whether Sif could figure things out or not, there were some things he had to say and some things he had to do.

Authority is a sharp sword.

Look at that poor guard earlier, he would not get a moment’s peace tonight.

All because of witnessing something he wasn’t supposed to.

This is the terrifying nature of power.

If the user cannot control it, it harms both others and oneself.

Sif’s growth was fast, but far from enough.

The Three Provinces isolated overseas, with vastly different policies from the mainland, were almost like an independent small Kingdom.

This was Sif's trial stage, and no less his training ground.

They both had to learn to grow.

Perhaps, next time he should use gentler words when teaching Sif.

She was certainly his friend, but she was also a young girl in her teens.

What young girl isn't concerned about face?

Yes, that's how it should be done.

...

Empress's bedroom.

Sif's eyes were red from crying.

Returning to the bedroom, the more she thought, the worse she felt, and not wanting Roland to see her crying at night, she simply ran to the fifth floor, sent the Magic Mirror to stand guard, and leapt into bed sobbing under the covers.

Originally, she only intended to cry a little, yet the tears kept on falling.

Unable to hold back, she could only confide in the Magic Mirror.

Much like she did every time she cried as a child.

Patiently listening to Sif's grievances, the Magic Mirror remained silent.

Seeing it not speak, Sif annoyedly asked, "Hey, say something!"

"Master, I am a Divine Artifact, not a human emotional consultant."

Sif: "..."

That’s right, expecting the Magic Mirror to understand human emotions was unreasonable.

She whispered in slight disappointment:

"Magic Mirror, how many masters have you served before?"

"If you’re asking about officially recognizing a master, you’re the third. If you mean offering counsel, then I’ve met many noblewomen."

Sif whispered teasingly: "How many is many?"

"Do you remember how many pieces of bread you’ve eaten?" the Magic Mirror retorted.

Sif was slightly taken aback, her eyes suddenly brightened, and she softly asked:

"Then can you recall any similar situations to mine?"

"Yes, many," the Magic Mirror said leisurely.

"Really? I knew you were knowledgeable, tell me, tell me."

The Magic Mirror looked at Sif calmly, saying serenely, "It’s no big deal; you’re just experiencing heartbreak."

Sif stood there stunned, only regaining her senses after a long pause from dizziness.

Angered by the Magic Mirror’s words, she protested.

"What nonsense are you spouting? How could I be heartbroken? How could someone as noble and beautiful as me, the Empress, get heartbroken? Is there someone more charming than me?"

"Wait, I’m caught up in your rhetoric, I haven’t even been in love, how can I be heartbroken? If you don’t clarify, we’re not finished!"

"What do you intend?" the Magic Mirror asked curiously.

Sif was stumped by the Magic Mirror, unable to speak for a while.

The Magic Mirror might not be a true Divine Artifact, but it had the traits of one.

For example, it had self-awareness.

For example, it was nearly indestructible.

At least Sif couldn’t destroy the Magic Mirror.

She stared at the Magic Mirror and muttered softly, "Could there be another possibility?"

"Yes."

"Tell me, tell me!"

"You might also be jealous of other women," the Magic Mirror said calmly.

"Magic Mirror, shut up!"

Sif angrily dug herself into the blanket, covering her head with the down quilt, utterly refusing to speak.

The overseas palace was just too simple, after all.

There wasn’t even a proper velvet quilt, making it uncomfortable to sleep.

Furious.