Empress 163

Chapter 163: We’re All in the Same Boat Now

"Lord Governor, Her Majesty the Empress requests your attendance at the court meeting to hear the work reports from provincial officials."

The palace maid respectfully conveyed the Empress’s command to Roland.

Roland was taken aback.

Sif rarely notified him of meetings in such a formal manner unless there were significant matters at hand.

He didn’t mind; he was even somewhat pleased.

This signified that Sif was gradually accepting her identity as Empress.

Roland quickly changed into the Governor’s uniform and walked towards the Empress’s Palace opposite with a smile.

The palace meeting hall was on the first floor.

As soon as Roland arrived, he saw that the military and political chiefs of the Three Provinces were all present.

Usually, before the start of meetings, Sif would always discuss matters with Roland in advance, at least rehearsing the script; rarely did she take full charge by herself.

It seemed that today she was going to lead the meeting.

She was growing, forming her own ideas; this was a good thing.

To defeat Sofia, Roland's help was certainly important, but Sif also needed to become stronger herself.

A good thing, all good things!

Upon entering the meeting hall, Roland had just taken his seat at the Governor's place on the right side of the Empress's main seat when the drawn-out voice of the ceremonial officer was heard.

Empress Sylph has arrived.

Roland squinted, seeing Sif dressed as the Empress and the Magic Mirror as Count Sif.

As anticipated, today was a candid performance from Sif.

After the meeting began, observing Sif's composed and calm demeanor, he was more convinced that last night's tutoring was highly effective.

After he had exploited loopholes to make the Three Overseas Provinces a territory directly governed by the Emperor, the Empress was naturally and rightfully the highest leader of the Three Provinces.

It was reasonable and legal for her to hear reports, unrelated to whether she was exercising direct governance.

Previously, provincial officials were far removed from the center of power and were not qualified to report directly to the Empress.

Now that they had the opportunity, they naturally adopted an active attitude, eager to recount everything they had done.

The Governor of Selin Province, Bordeaux, was the first to present, delivering a work report at length.

Matters originally trivial, he could speak about with great flair.

Quite the tale-spinner, but regrettably Sif didn’t enjoy listening to nonsense.

Roland silently criticized.

Bordeaux finally finished speaking, still somewhat unsatisfied, but knowing he had already spoken for half an hour and could not continue further, he concluded his report with a smile and returned to his seat.

Several key figures and Roland simultaneously turned their eyes towards Sif, awaiting her response.

Sif did not directly evaluate Bordeaux’s work report or express an opinion; instead, she revealed an enigmatic smile and softly said,

"Gentlemen, the establishment of the Rodinia Northern Governor’s Territory is a special necessity to address overseas affairs and investigate the cause of my father’s disappearance. Its significance is profound, and the mission is immense."

Roland couldn’t help but feel like commenting.

The few bureaucratic phrases he had casually uttered were absorbed verbatim by Sif.

You should learn from the good, not everything indiscriminately.

The words Roland had grown tired of fell on these officials’ ears with quite a different impact.

The mission is immense!

They were thrilled, bodies slightly trembling, eyes shining brightly.

This was the Empress affirming the existence and significance of the Governor's Territory.

They were all important officials of the Governor's Territory; affirming the Governor's Territory meant acknowledging them.

After thoroughly affirming the significance of the Governor's Territory, Sif took out a prepared document for Bordeaux to read on her behalf.

Bordeaux, flattered, picked up the document and read it aloud.

This document was one of commendation.

Riding the wave of joy from the great victory in the Canal Battle, rewards were given to some officials to boost morale.

This commendation document had little practical significance.

As long as a slightly credible reason could be found, everyone was rewarded.

For those with no reason at all, commendation was given regardless.

Praising everyone sometimes equates to praising no one.

Yet, in the eyes of these officials, although there were no promotions or titles, the Empress's approval was just as important.

Every official present was mentioned, all displaying smiles and exchanging glances of satisfaction.

Her Majesty the Empress, though young, was a wise leader who noticed all of their accomplishments.

After the commendation, Sif’s expression suddenly turned solemn. Instead of letting the next provincial governor report, she said in a deep voice,

"Gentlemen, yesterday I received a letter of accusation. You are local officials, familiar with local conditions; help me verify its truth."

"Bordeaux, read the letter of accusation for me."

A letter of accusation?

The officials sensed something ominous, their expressions slightly apprehensive.

In an isolated overseas position, the future seemed bleak, and they had no choice but to seek financial gain.

The Three Provinces thrived in trade, factories were numerous, making it quite easy to siphon some money.

Among the officials present, who was truly clean?

They were somewhat worried that the young Empress might be misled by slander, misunderstanding their loyalty.

Bordeaux, somewhat nervous, opened the letter of accusation, his face darkening even before he began to read.

Seeing him remain silent, the Empress gently asked, "Lord Bordeaux, are you alright? If you’re unwell, we can have someone else read it."

Being addressed to this extent, Bordeaux knew there was nowhere to retreat.

Reported is reported; he indeed was not clean, but were the others clean?

If anyone dared to bite him, he would not hesitate to retaliate.

If he was to fall, everyone would fall together!

He cleared his throat and loudly began, "Accusing the Governor of Selin Province, Bordeaux Dahan, of colluding with the Samaritan merchant Saul for illicit trade..."

After reading through his own accusations, Bordeaux was drenched in sweat, appearing as if he had just been pulled from the water.

Seeing the second page of the letter, his spirits were suddenly uplifted.

See, what did he say, not a single one missing!

"Accusing the Governor of Hansa Province, Ados Lemi, of embezzlement and bribery, and excessively appointing compatriots, even arranging illiterate villagers into educational department positions..."