

In the Name of Empress #Chapter 21 - 20: Help Me, Mr. Roland! - Read In the Name of Empress Chapter 21 - 20: Help Me, Mr. Roland!

Chapter 21: Chapter 20: Help Me, Mr. Roland!

If faced with what is probably the most beautiful girl in the world, she looks up at you with pitiful eyes, softly asking for your help, would you agree?

Roland wouldn't.

He is never swayed by beauty.

But he still decided to give Sif a hand.

Because he's probably Sif's only friend besides the Empress, and he cherishes this pure friendship that hasn't been tainted by class differences.

The Empress is too distant, and being close to a ruler is like being close to a tiger, especially a tigress.

Sif is simple-minded and right in front of him, more likely to be his benefactor who helps him cross class boundaries.

He also wants to progress.

"Alright." A simple and clear answer.

Sif breathed a sigh of relief.

She really had no one to turn to.

Teacher Wald is mature and prudent, and when teaching her, he is stricter than her father. In some respects, he can be considered another father.

She can indeed rely on her old father, but there are some things she can't speak freely about.

Her best friend Sylph...

Though they say it's better to rely on oneself than others, she's already out of options.

If it were a matter of arts and etiquette, she could consult Teacher Mary, but she knew nothing of politics.

Her expectations of Roland weren't initially high, yet this guy managed to secure three times the benefits under Byron's soft and hard persuasion, even setting a trap to scheme against him.

At least in terms of having a "thick skin," he demonstrated this basic political skill excellently.

Since Roland was willing to help, Sif didn't hold back and explained truthfully.

After hearing Sif's account, Roland calmly asked, "First, let's clarify one thing, what exactly is Her Majesty the Empress's true goal?"

"This I know, she doesn't have much ambition for the Emperor's throne. Naturally, it's best if she can continue being the Empress, but if not, going back to her domain to be a Little Earl isn't bad either."

"Her Mon County isn't large, but its scenery is beautiful, a famous summer retreat destination."

Roland looked at Sif, unsure whether to commend her for being naive or criticize her for it.

Thinking that Sif was raised as a pampered noble girl, the kind who couldn't sleep with a pea under a velvet pillow, he understood.

The Empress's political level is probably on par with Sif's.

No wonder she angered her teacher into fainting.

Roland knew Sif was skeptical about him and needed to establish trust quickly, so he made a bold statement.

"If Her Majesty the Empress holds such thoughts, she will die in a very abstract way."

"She might fall from a height like a bird that never grew wings, might accidentally suffocate while playing hide-and-seek, or possibly die of her own beauty when looking in the mirror."

Roland paused slightly and calmly concluded, "If she abdicates, she will surely die."

Thinking of Teacher Wald's anger and disappointment, Sif felt a cold shiver down her back.

The teacher is mature and steady, and Roland's thoughts are imaginative.

They agreed, so they couldn't be wrong.

Sif's pale face instantly collapsed.

"Roland, help me!"

She explained with feigned calmness, "If Her Majesty the Empress encounters misfortune, I won't escape it either. Our fates are linked."

Roland pondered briefly and said in a deep voice:

"Even if His Majesty Sylph abdicates, there is still the possibility of restoration. In political struggles, the intent isn't what's important; having the ability makes you a potential enemy."

A very simple reason.

Sif suddenly realized.

No wonder Teacher Wald was so furious and called her naive.

Unfortunately, the teacher fainted too quickly, unable to teach these truths in time; Roland would have to take over this lesson.

Numerous iconic scenes from history flashed through Roland's mind as he slowly said:

"The Empress has no retreat. She can only tread carefully forward, either reaching the other shore or drowning in the sea."

Sif's rosy face turned pale.

She is afraid of water and can't even swim; she doesn't want to drown.

Roland's gaze passed through the window, coincidentally seeing the last touch of the sunset dye the clouds red.

He looked at the blood-like crimson clouds and said calmly, "To wear the crown, one must bear its weight. As a great nation's monarch, Her Majesty the Empress is destined to never have peace."

"Either stain someone else's crown with her blood or adorn her scepter with someone else's blood, there are no other options."

These words were not far from what Wald had said, causing Sif's heart to throb fearfully, unable to raise her head.

She lowered her head and softly asked, "What should she do?"

"Bide her time, amass strength, grow bigger and stronger!"

Roland pointed out unreservedly, "Her Majesty the Empress is now a powerless puppet."

"Who, who said that?"

Sif was somewhat indignant.

Roland chuckled, "Even the three-year-olds on Sussex Street know that the country's power is in the hands of the Cabinet, and you ask me who said it?"

Sif didn't want to hear a single word of this, but she knew it was the truth.

If there were power, she wouldn't need to leave the Imperial Palace to consult an eighteen-year-old writer about national affairs.

She nodded slightly, helplessly saying, "Does she have a chance to regain power?"

"Yes, but it's very difficult."

Roland admitted frankly, "Power, like an addictive hallucinogen, once you've tasted its sweet flavor, you can never leave."

"The Cabinet Ministers may currently have some loyalty and plan to return power to the Empress, but once they've enjoyed absolute power, they simply won't be able to do it."

Sif's face turned unpleasant.

She wanted to argue that the ministers were loyal, but such self-deceiving nonsense was really hard to say.

Power is easily addictive and one can't wean off of it.

Her father had a cute cat, which she liked very much as a child, so she pleaded until she borrowed it while her father went on tour.

Upon her father's return to the palace, she cried and refused to give the cat back.

If she couldn't even let go of the usage rights to a small cat, how could she expect the Cabinet Ministers to relinquish their power?

Sif felt a bit discouraged.

"The Empress has nothing, neither military power nor financial power, even just a small portion of personnel power, how can she fight them?"

She looked up at Roland, her eyes slightly red, "Mr. Roland, do you have a solution?"

"Of course, there is."

Roland said with a smile:

"The Empress isn't entirely without advantages. According to your description, she has a beauty not inferior to yours, by the way, you weren't exaggerating, were you? I can't believe anyone could compare to you."

"Thanks for the compliment, but she is indeed very beautiful."

Sif looked at Roland a bit speechlessly, biting her lip she retorted, "Does being good-looking help in political struggles? This isn't about marriage alliances! Even then, it's about status, not beauty."

"It does."

Roland said seriously, "The Empress's greatest advantage is her royal authority. Although imperial power is divided by ministers, the people don't know that."

"Many ordinary people have this lovely illusion. They believe the Emperor is wise, and the policies good, that it's the corrupt officials lining their pockets."

Sif was stunned.

This was the first time she had heard such a saying.

Even Teacher Wald hadn't mentioned it.

She quietly asked, "Really?"

"Seeing is believing, you can see for yourself. The Empress can't easily leave the palace, you could walk around more and listen to their voices."

"Alright, I trust you!" Sif urgently said as if grasping a life-saving straw.