Empress 23

Chapter 23: Rise Again, Teacher!

Minister of Internal Affairs Wald lay on the wide bed, eyes closed, as if dead or drunk.

Sylph knew he wasn’t sick, just heartbroken.

A heartache needs a heart cure, fortunately, Roland gave her the antidote.

She mustered courage, took a deep breath, "Teacher, I will never be cowardly again!"

Wald’s eyelids twitched slightly, still as calm as a corpse.

Sylph hurt his heart too deeply; he still needed time to heal, what if she was just trying to make him happy?

"Teacher, I will build my own team; I will go across the sea to the Three Overseas Provinces."

The originally "on the verge of death" Wald suddenly became spirited; he wanted to sit up immediately but restrained himself.

This child increasingly knows how to make the old man happy; she must not succeed!

Seeing Wald still as calm as a corpse, Sylph had no choice but to bring out her trump card.

"When these traitors rebel, I will personally lead the army to suppress the rebellion and restore order!"

This is more like it, wait, what did she just say?!

Is this still the Sylph who was so scared she wanted to abdicate?

Wald instantly revived, shot up, and his previously cloudy old eyes emitted a piercing cold light.

"Your Majesty, what did you say?"

The old gentleman’s eyes widened like a bull’s, round and large.

He could hardly believe his ears.

Overjoyed, he immediately became furious.

Sylph was his student; he knew her capabilities best all these years.

A clean and beautiful vase.

She possessed a purity and kindness completely unfit for this circle.

On an ordinary noble, these would be virtues.

On the Empress, they’re all damn negative attributes.

He really wanted to die of anger on the spot, but unfortunately, although he was old, his body was robust and nothing happened.

Upon hearing Sylph’s determination, overjoyed, he immediately realized this was a cheat.

He asked her in a low voice, "Who taught you this?"

"I, I thought of it myself."

"Still trying to fool me! Sylph, your eyelashes always tremble when you lie."

"No, no they don't, I try hard to control them, how could they tremble." Sylph reached her right hand out like lightning, touched her long eyelashes, and mumbled in disbelief.

As soon as she finished speaking, she realized she had fallen for it.

Her eyelashes indeed hadn't moved, but the fact that she lied was still exposed.

The teacher knew her too well.

Facing her teacher's sharp gaze like a blade, she had no choice but to tell the truth.

Sylph shrugged and recounted Roland's entire analysis process.

Wald's pupils gradually contracted.

Seeing the teacher not speaking, Sylph hurriedly explained for Roland, "Teacher, are you willing to trust my eye for people?"

"Your Majesty's natural insight is beyond doubt."

Sylph's special ability was [Insight], although it was First Tier, most of the time it was enough to distinguish between true and false.

She said Roland was trustworthy, so he was trustworthy.

Wald smiled relievedly.

He instinctively believed hostile forces were maliciously sending someone to approach Sylph.

He was overthinking it.

With a high probability, there’s no need for a vase mascot Empress like her?

If Sylph thought Roland was worthy of trust, then he was worthy of trust.

It’s good for students to walk the right path; who advises them doesn’t matter.

After a long conversation with Sylph, confirming that she cut off her retreat and decided to make a big effort, he finally left Sheffield Palace spiritedly.

In the carriage home, Wald even secretly took out the strong liquor hidden under the seat, drank several large gulps, and hummed a light tune mixed with unclear words.

He was a bit curious about what this young Roland was busy with.

...

Roland was eating.

Home was later than usual, yet Lisa was still waiting for him.

Although he said it wasn’t necessary to wait, Lisa just smiled slightly.

"Every time you come home, the stairs creak; I’d be woken up anyway, so I might as well wait for you. You, just come home earlier instead of telling me not to wait."

Roland picked up a fork and put a delicious meatball soaked in thick soup into his mouth, mumbling faintly:

"I've decided, I need to buy a house with sturdy stairs. I'll go house hunting tomorrow!"

"Got the money?"

Lisa looked at Roland with surprise.

Though the writing competition's champion was confirmed, there was always a sense of insecurity before receiving the prize money.

Roland took out a bag full of Large Gold Coins and pushed it over.

A pound of Sussex Large Gold Coins weighed 7.5 grams; 1,500 coins were about a dozen kilograms, indeed quite heavy.

The texture of gold coins felt amazing.

Never get tired of touching them.

Let sister touch the gold coins too.

Lisa curiously opened the bag, stroked the gold coins Roland brought, and an uncontrollable smile spread across her lips.

However, her smile faded after counting the 501st gold coin.

"Why so many?"

Asking, she felt a chill down her spine.

If Byron dared shortchange even a cent, she wanted to cut him.

If he overpaid by a few, she'd gladly accept, teasing the fat man for poor math.

But it exceeded by too much.

Roughly estimated, there were at least a thousand extra coins.

Roland finished the last meatball, wiped his mouth with a napkin, glanced sideways at the small candle on the table, and teased:

"Sister, I said to light a big candle, why is it so small?"

"Roland!"

Lisa interrupted Roland's attempt to brush it off. She tightened the bag of coins and sighed faintly:

"Roland, you've changed."

"I haven't changed."

Roland said calmly, "Sister, are you trying to say I get bad when I have money? Come on, people who get bad were never good to begin with."

"No, I don't mean that."

Afraid Roland might misunderstand, Lisa hurried to explain, "I trust you. I'm just worried you'll get caught up in a whirlpool you can't escape from."

Of course, Roland understood what she meant.

She feared he'd get embroiled in various political struggles, becoming a pawn sacrificed at any moment.

Lisa had a point, if he didn't hold onto a powerful backer.

But now he did.

In name, he was Sif's strategist; in fact, he was helping the Empress plan her comeback.

Though the Empress was largely sidelined, she was by no means a mere mascot.

The powers she currently possessed included, but weren't limited to, dissolving parliament, convening three-level meetings, freely inspecting the nation, summoning the army of overseas territories, appointing some mid-level officials, and granting lower noble titles and the Imperial Knight title.

If she deemed it necessary, she could even mobilize a provincial army to protect herself.

Of course, really doing so would create the iconic scene of "why is Her Majesty rebelling," and unless necessary, she definitely wouldn't do it.

A Monarch with such powers had merely temporarily delegated regular powers like administration, judiciary, personnel, and finances due to age, certainly not a puppet.

Of course, what happens a year later is uncertain.

If the Cabinet insisted the Emperor didn't have the ability to govern the country alone, they could submit a bill to partially strip powers to the Noble House and House of Commons for decision.

If the decision found the Emperor’s personal rule harmed the nation, Sylph would lose nearly all her powers and become a literal seal.

This scenario is roughly like, "The country is still yours, and so is the throne. The Cabinet Ministers will discuss national affairs. Since you cannot manage the country, let professionals take over."

Sounds beautiful, but the benefits attached to Imperial Authority would then have nothing to do with Sylph anymore.