Empress 35

Chapter 35: Hold the Champagne—Save It for Victory!

Before Wald’s illness worsened, Roland quickly retorted:

"Mr. Wald, don’t get angry yet! Think about it, which of those traitors in history hasn’t sworn allegiance to their monarch?"

"And think again, which of the ministers in the cabinet hasn’t sworn allegiance to His Majesty Edward? Their oaths surely include assisting the new ruler."

Wald’s anger stalled at the corner of his lips, eventually turning into a sigh, a trace of melancholy.

The answer to this question is very clear, there’s no need to be stubborn.

He did not answer, just looked at Roland with slight dissatisfaction, speaking in a deep voice:

"Don’t evade the issue! Even if some have gone back on their oath, you’re not like them, you won’t easily break your oath."

Such an ego boost, spare me the moral blackmail!

Roland would not be moved to tears by such trust.

In political struggles, the higher the bottom line, the larger the weaknesses. Keeping one’s oath is both good and bad.

He simply bypassed Wald’s topic, calmly saying:

"Count Sif and I are friends, helping her is equivalent to serving the Empress."

Wald looked at Roland with a complex gaze.

Doesn’t seem like he’s lying.

When people lie, they can’t avoid dodging or blinking, their eyes cannot be as clear as water.

No matter how skilled the actor, they can’t deceive his observations.

Even if he can’t see through it, Sylph who has the ability of [Insight] certainly can.

Roland was not lying.

Such a cunning fellow, yet he hasn’t realized they are the same person?

Wald thought silently, perhaps this is the blindness of the lamp, Roland preconceived them as two people from the start, so even if there are clues, they’d be mentally supplemented and ignored.

Since he didn’t identify them, he didn’t want to reveal it.

Let’s consider it a game for young people.

The old gentleman just sat up but relaxed back, calmly asking: "Will you pledge allegiance to Count Sif?"

"If I must choose a target for allegiance, then I choose Count Sif."

Wald shifted his position, turning his face towards the window, suppressing a smile.

This was Roland’s first time bringing him joy.

Roland occasionally misjudges too, brightening the old man’s mood.

"Alright, I won’t ask anymore. This is your young people’s business. Go on, I’m tired."

Roland initially thought the old man would force him to formally pledge allegiance, but unexpectedly, he let it slide easily.

Which is also good.

Only those who value oaths will consider the backlash of the oath.

Once sworn allegiance, one must pledge like vassals to a monarch.

How restrictive.

Fortunately, Sif never brings up this matter or acts like a High Tier noble.

Though the barrier exists, Sif always opens the door to walk across, making the barrier disappear.

Thinking about the difference between Empress Sylph and Count Sif, Roland becomes firmer in his perspective.

Long live friendship!

Leaving the Wald household, Roland looks up to see a carriage parked by the roadside.

He recognizes this carriage.

Count Sif’s vehicle.

Just as he wondered why Sif was here, the carriage curtain was lifted by a delicate, fair hand, a gentle voice with a hint of tease.

"Can’t recognize my carriage? Get in."

Roland quickly boarded the carriage, sitting across from Sif.

Sif was engrossed in reading a book.

Although cramming might not be effective, reading more is always beneficial.

By reading the , one can draw successful experiences from wise monarchs throughout history and summarize the failures of foolish rulers.

How wonderful...

Wait!

Roland’s expression slightly changed.

It’s plausible for Her Majesty the Empress to read such books, but why is Sif reading it so intently?

Could it be?

The bold idea that was just suppressed became active again.

Could it be that seeing her good sister being inadequate, the royal blood inside Sif is stirring?

Sif is a branch of the Imperial Family, by rights lacking qualifications for succession, however His Majesty Edward’s branch is always sparse in family members, only having Crown Prince Feino and the second Princess Sylph as offspring.

If Sylph encounters an "accident", Sif might really have a chance to ascend the throne.

Though it is late autumn, pea-sized sweat beads slowly rolled down Roland’s forehead.

Even though Sif is his friend and he is willing to support, regicide and rebellion potentially risking the family’s life is a major issue, needing careful deliberation.

Sif closed the and placed it aside casually.

She pulled out a handkerchief, handing it to Roland.

"Here, wipe it off. You look drenched in sweat, did I put you in a difficult position?"

Roland took the handkerchief, wiped off the sweat beads, and half-jokingly said: "He didn’t trouble me, it’s you and Her Majesty the Empress giving me problems."

Sif felt somewhat apologetic too.

She knew, whether it was the pressure Roland felt from Teacher Wald or Wald’s anger-induced illness, it was all directly related to her.

With a soft sigh, she spoke quietly: "I’m sorry."

"We’re friends, don’t mention it. You helped me win the championship and solve crises, facing your troubles, I wouldn’t retreat either. But some things need a solid foundation before hope can be realized."

Roland was hinting to Sif, regardless of her plans, without fundamental strength, it’s infeasible.

Some words can’t be spoken outright, remembering frame-by-frame analysis videos he watched before crossing over, he carefully considers his words.

It’s like he said something, but also like he said nothing.

If attentive, one can certainly understand. If not intentional, the statement is inoffensive.

Sif indeed "understood."

She was fully aware Roland was reminding her, now is not the time to reveal flaws, only after consolidating the foundation in the Three Overseas Provinces could there be a chance to seize power.

Contemplating her misstep that turned Alben into an enemy, causing the maneuverability to vanish, Sif felt somewhat guilty, she bowed her head, quietly asking:

"You will support me to the end, won’t abandon halfway, right?"

Roland’s heart skipped a beat.

Good heavens, you really have this ambition?

After roughly a three-second pause, Roland figured it all out.

Sif and Sylph both born to the Imperial Family, both embarking on the path to nobility, their coexistence probability is actually very low.

Unless someone willingly stays at Tier Nine, never advancing.

Roland didn’t rush to answer but stared into Sif’s eyes.

Seeing Roland’s delayed speech, Sif puzzledly looked up, meeting Roland’s profound gaze.

She instinctively wanted to evade but chose courageously to face directly.

"Help me, Roland!"

She spoke firmly.

"Alright, I’ll stand with you through thick and thin, never walk alone."

Roland’s blood began to boil.

Damn it, be manly!

If delicate girls like Sif can muster such determination, what are you afraid of?

Afraid of family burial upon failure? What a joke, he hardly has any family.

Sister Lisa? Probably would die fighting alongside him.

No! He won’t fail!

Sylph still ignorant, Sif has already awakened.

Adding his backing, he has no idea how he could lose.

The champagne stays uncorked, not to be opened tonight, wait until victory to uncork!

Seeing the fighting spirit in Roland's eyes, Sif was also fired up.

The fighting souls of the Sussex Clan's ancestors burn fiercely.

Roland has nothing, yet he's so confident, what is there for her to fear?

She has the legitimate power endorsed by the Noble House, possesses two private domains of the Earl's Domain, has Teacher Wald maneuvering within the cabinet, and countless loyal subjects at home.

Along with Roland's support, she has no idea how she could lose.

The champagne stays uncorked, not to be opened tonight, wait until victory to uncork!