Empress 40

Chapter 40: Magic Mirror, Magic Mirror, Who Is... It's You, My Master!

Sheffield Palace, Empress's bedroom.

This imperial palace, located on the northern bank of the Tamas River, is not in the Sheffield Province, but rather in the Imperial City District.

It's named in commemoration of the founding monarch of the Sussex Empire, titled the Earl of Sheffield, to show that they have not forgotten their roots.

Of course, the overall backward development of Sheffield Province is due to the numerous local ruffians, and has nothing to do with the great Emperor.

The Earl of Sheffield also being the Emperor residing in Sheffield Palace, not located in Sheffield Province, is quite reasonable.

However, the current owner of this castle is not the Earl of Sheffield, but Count Tyrone.

Sylph sat quietly at the bedside, staring blankly at the stars outside the window.

Although she was chosen as the new Emperor, it was only to confirm her status, and she hadn't formally ascended the throne.

Legally, the current Emperor is still her father, Edward.

If he's alive, show the person; if dead, show the body.

You say His Majesty Edward is dead, so where is the body?

The Sussex Empire has yet to mourn the Emperor.

Some people are dead, but still have to live.

Because many people need him to be alive.

Like the Cabinet.

Even when she comes of age and rules, Sylph has to temporarily fulfill the Emperor’s duties in the capacity of Crown Prince, and must wait until the three-year term is over to announce the old Emperor’s death.

By the time the three-year period ends, the Cabinet Ministers’ power would have already solidified, making it extremely difficult to regain authority.

Although Roland constantly encouraged her and provided reassurance, she still struggled to maintain optimism, and was engulfed by melancholy and depression when alone.

She couldn’t even decide who she was; could she really control the entire Empire?

Sylph withdrew her gaze and silently looked at the freestanding oval mirror by the bedside.

"Magic mirror, magic mirror, who is the most beautiful woman in the world?"

She asked softly.

She certainly knew the answer; listening to the magic mirror’s wonderful voice was the most soothing moment for her.

No matter how downcast her spirits were, hearing the answer would make her happy.

"It’s you, my mistress."

The magical mirror’s serene voice responded.

Sylph smiled contentedly and softly reminded, "Wrong, it’s my mother."

Magic Mirror: "..."

It didn’t want to respond to that.

Sylph insisted her mother was the most beautiful because that was her biological mother, but the magic mirror was unwilling to echo such favoritism; it maintained its professional ethics.

It’s a divine artifact, not a sycophant.

In this era, maintaining beauty is costly, and having one’s name on the female charm ranking of the Magic Mirror means you’re either wealthy or noble, at the very least a Transcendent.

Ordinary people could also appear, but only fleetingly.

For a girl of humble origin, appearing on the Magic Mirror charm list isn’t a benefit.

Being kept as a canary by the rich and powerful is already a rare good ending.

Unfortunately, Sylph’s mother wasn’t on the list.

The Magic Mirror Female Chart only has a hundred slots.

Below the top hundred, the Magic Mirror can’t be bothered to take notice.

Sylph offering no payment yet wishing to buy a spot, the Magic Mirror can’t be bothered.

Seeing the magic mirror not respond, Sylph pouted, saying nothing more.

Normally, this would be the end of her conversation with the magic mirror, she’d go to bed, and the mirror would continue standing guard.

But today she had something on her mind that kept her awake, and almost instinctively murmured, "Magic mirror, magic mirror, can you hear me?"

"Mistress, I am here. Do you wish to consult the female charm list?"

"No, I want to share my thoughts." Sylph sighed softly.

"I am listening, but I can’t guarantee understanding, nor offer advice." The magic mirror was candid, as after all, artificial intelligence is somewhat ahead of its time.

"That’s alright, just listening is enough."

Sylph organized her thoughts and carefully recounted the entire misunderstanding with Roland.

The magic mirror was as calm as a mirror.

Being good at listening was its advantage.

After telling the story, the night was deep. Though she had little hope, Sylph still tentatively asked:

"Magic mirror, what do you think?"

The magic mirror claimed to be a divine artifact.

It’s said that divine artifacts have souls, maybe it understands?

The magic mirror remained calm as ever.

Its only skill was listening, which was its flaw.

Just when Sylph was utterly disappointed, perhaps not wishing to see her so dejected, the magic mirror uncharacteristically said an extra sentence.

"I don’t know."

Sylph: "..."

She shouldn’t have had too much hope for this worthless mirror. Who claimed divine artifacts possess souls?

Lies!

"Ah, if only there were two of me, one to be the Empress, one to be a Count."

She muttered softly, lying back down on the bed.

The soft velvet delivered a cozy sensation, yet she quickly frowned.

The maid was too careless; there was clutter under the velvet bedspread?

Feeling slightly annoyed, she lifted the bedspread to find a small, unnamed pea.

The damned pea made her already unhappy due to being stretched too thin even more irritable; Sylph stared blankly at the magic mirror and suddenly thought of a possibility, her eyes brightened.

"Dear magic mirror, I remember you can duplicate?"

The magic mirror looked cautiously at Sylph, this kid was fine, just couldn't keep things hidden, that little glint in her eyes clearly meant no good.

Sylph quickly explained her idea; simply put, she wanted the magic mirror to use its duplicating ability to create a demonic puppet identical to herself to stay in the imperial palace, while she acted outside under the identity of Count Sif.

The magic mirror pondered over it calmly and said, "Mistress, I can only duplicate the past you and cannot make decisions that surpass your logical thinking. Unfortunately, you are still far from being an excellent Emperor."

The magic mirror's disclaimer Sylph understood; it can stand in for her, but when trouble arises, don't blame it.

Sylph's lips curled up in delight, exclaiming, "Don't worry, I've always been a puppet, your task is just to be the puppet of a puppet."

She proudly puffed up her chest, but soon realized there was nothing to be proud of in being a puppet; the fleeting joy brought by a brief burst of intellect vanished.

Just you wait, one day I'll make those who control me like a puppet regret it!

Miss Sif clenched her fist and silently vowed.