Empress 45

Chapter 45: How Did I End Up in the Cabinet?!

The Empress received Roland and Sif in her bedchamber, which made Roland somewhat surprised.

But Sif understood that the Magic Mirror had just gained control over the Puppet Demon Doll, and wasn't flexible, able only to sit on the bed like a wooden stump.

Seeing Roland's uneasy demeanor, Sif smiled and said, "Since Her Majesty doesn't mind, there's no need for you to overthink it. She must have her reasons for doing this."

Upon entering the bedchamber, Roland immediately understood the reason.

Her Majesty the Empress was unwell, wrapped in a thin blanket sitting by the bed, her face somewhat pale.

The moment he saw the Empress, Roland's first impression was shock.

Sylph and Sif couldn't be said to merely resemble each other; they were completely identical.

But they only shared appearances; their temperaments were entirely different.

Sif was a vibrant and youthful girl, whereas Sylph didn't exhibit a trace of energy.

Beautifully pale, not like a living person, more like a lifelike doll.

Roland silently critiqued.

Sif and the Magic Mirror shared a connection, instantly exchanging all information.

Although Sif’s decision was a bit odd, the Magic Mirror exhibited no emotional fluctuations, or maybe human emotions were too complex for a Divine Artifact.

Sif handed the "Empress" the manuscript of "In the Name of the Empress" that Roland had written.

The Empress manifested by the Magic Mirror sat quietly at the bedside, occasionally coughing lightly, casually flipping through the book.

It could understand every word, but putting them together gave it a headache.

Its human thinking almost entirely derived from mimicking and learning from Sylph.

Since about the age of four or five, Sylph’s mother had passed, and her father remarried, but did not make the new wife the empress.

Not an empress thus not legally Sylph’s stepmother, so naturally there wouldn’t be conflict.

The Late Emperor Edward was someone who could distinguish clearly.

After losing his wife early, as Emperor, he needed someone warm and considerate beside him, but such a person was just a tool and could never replace his wife.

The melodrama of a stepmother harming her stepdaughter never played out.

But Sylph, having lost her mother, could only rest alone each night.

She would talk to herself every lonely night, even conversing with her mother out of thin air.

Finally, after she cried for her mother for the 575th time, distressing the Magic Mirror to the point of questioning its existence, it couldn’t tolerate any longer and emerged telling Sylph to hush.

From then on, the Magic Mirror transitioned from resenting the little nuisance to caring for her, eventually establishing a master-servant soul contract with Sylph.

With the Magic Mirror as her companion, Sylph was far from lonely nights, while the Magic Mirror, through her incessant chatter, became the entity that understood her best.

The Magic Mirror impersonating Sylph showed no flaw whatsoever.

Though it was the first time Roland met the Empress in person, he had already had contact with the Empress through Sif serving as a communicator, so after a brief exchange of pleasantries, Roland began the lesson.

Considering the Empress's ailment today, he only simply explained the content of the first story.

Seeing Sylph listening intently, frequently nodding, Roland decided to strike while the iron was hot and involve some on-site teaching interaction.

He gave an example on the spot, using various treacherous power ministers seen in historical books before his transmigration, simulating a court where an emperor was sidelined, setting the emperor numerous dilemmas.

He tentatively asked, "Your Majesty, if it were you, how would you break the impasse?"

The question was quite challenging, but fortunately Roland's expectations weren't high.

As long as Sylph could recognize someone must be removed, someone can be used, even if she misjudged entirely, it would be considered acceptable.

The Mirror Empress pondered a moment and said slowly:

"Roland, none of the ministers you've mentioned seem to be good people?"

Though it’s quite naive to label political figures with simple good and bad tags, at least the Empress distinctly discerned the composition of these people, which itself was a good thing.

Roland gazed approvingly, nodding in affirmation.

Sylph snuggled the blanket tighter, calmly stating:

"These people are in high positions, dealing with them all at once isn’t easy."

Roland’s eyes lit up, a faint smile crept onto his lips.

Not bad, although starting from scratch, Sylph was improving rapidly.

Compared to the previous act of directly sending Alben away, she had indeed grown a lot.

The Empress paused in thought, then lightly coughed a few times before slowly speaking: "I thought of something. Invite these ministers to celebrate the Emperor’s birthday together and then ambush them with a few hundred Imperial Guards, using a signal to eliminate them all!"

She blinked her adorable big eyes, looking at Roland with a hint of pride.

This was Sif’s level a few days ago.

A perfect reproduction.

Sif’s mouth twitched slightly, unsure of what to say.

Roland: "..."

He now felt somewhat sympathetic towards Wald.

Sylph’s learning attitude was commendable; she persevered even when ill.

But her political acumen was undoubtedly lacking.

However, Roland had originally not held any expectations for the Empress, so he wasn’t disappointed or fainted by anger.

He merely sighed softly, countering: "Your Majesty, how do you plan to bypass the Commander of the Imperial Guard, mobilize the Imperial Guards, and assassinate the Grand General in charge of the Imperial Guard?"

"By creating a time gap. Summon and kill the Commander of the Imperial Guard before all ministers enter the palace, then announce that the Imperial Guards are joining the rebellion suppression with promotion and noble titles, followed by an ambush in the grand hall, slaughtering all treacherous ministers."

Impressive and thorough, truly worthy of you, Sylph!

Roland struggled to find words but couldn’t decide from where to critique.

Theoretically, it’s a flawless perfect plan.

Only if every detail is executed flawlessly, and the enemies continuously act foolish, there would be a sliver of hope.

The chances of success were far less than those of the Marquis overturning Sima Zhao, but not entirely nonexistent.

Roland didn’t know whether to praise Sylph’s bravery or criticize her foolishness.

To say this plan doesn’t work, at least on paper, there is an opportunity.

To say this plan does work, well, he wouldn’t dare follow through anyway.

Just as Roland was at a loss for words, Sif looked at the Empress, calmly stating:

"I don’t think it’s feasible."

Roland finally recovered, casting his anxious gaze toward Sif.

Despite not having high hopes, he was still waiting for Sif’s answer.

Sif’s brain was operating at high speed.

Thanks to Sylph, she had already ruled out a wrong choice.

When her brain was on the verge of overheating, she suddenly remembered Roland’s words after refusing Alben.

"With so many treacherous ministers, it’s impossible to catch them all. But these treacherous ministers might not all be allies."

"As Emperor, one should remain detached and let the treacherous ministers fight each other!" Sif bit her lip, speaking aloud.

"But what if these treacherous ministers band together, first sidelining the Emperor, then dividing the power?"

Roland suddenly stood up, continuing to question with intensity.

Sif was startled by Roland’s aggressive demeanor, instinctively stepping back half a step.

But she quickly regained her stance.

"I can’t believe there isn’t a single loyal minister, when the Emperor is in trouble, where is the loyal minister to rescue?"

"Of course, there are loyal ministers, but how do you distinguish them?" Seeing that Sif had already adopted a normal line of thinking, Roland seized the opportunity to pose a new question.

He had a faint rise in expectations.

He even overlooked that the blanket-wrapped Empress was the primary teaching target.

Sif halted, boldly lifting her head as she said, "I certainly know, you are the loyal minister!"

"Roland, with the Empress in distress, could you stand idly by?"

What? How did this get turned onto him?

Wasn’t this a simulated Utopia country?

But he couldn’t deny it, so he simply went along with Sif’s words, saying: "Although somewhat underhanded, you guessed the answer correctly."

The Empress, wrapped in a thin blanket, finally found her chance to speak.

She nodded, cleared her throat, softly saying:

"Lord Roland, I’m aware of your ability and loyalty. To commend you for all you’ve done, I appoint you as Captain of the Imperial Knight Order. The Imperial Knight Order is the imperial family’s direct guard unit, and the appointment does not require Cabinet approval. I’ll notify the Heraldry Institute for immediate effect."

"Thank you, Your Majesty!"

Roland restrained his expression, responding with a serious Knight’s Greeting.

Haha, the efficiency of getting things done is really fast, the title of Imperial Knight is secured...

Wait, wasn’t it supposed to be Imperial Knight? How did it become Captain?

Although the role of Captain of the Imperial Knight Order isn’t within the organizational sequence, its status is roughly equivalent to that of a ministerial official.

He just aimed for slight improvement, how did he suddenly leap to ministerial level?