Empress 74

Chapter 74: I Am the Empress

The Silver Knight didn't expect Roland's actions to be so swift.

They were a bit bewildered.

If you ask the proponents of change to stand up, not many would be willing to.

If you ask the opponents to stand up, likewise, not many would rise.

Neutral parties are always the most numerous.

Roland's gaze slowly swept across the room, like a sharp blade, piercing each knight's heart.

A few knights, who were eager to stand, recalled Roland's means and sat back down.

What's wrong with this chair, it's even got burrs—are they not letting people sit?

Most knights chose to respect reality, while some were unwilling.

Tradition is tradition precisely because someone insists on it.

Despite Roland having the Empress's favor, immense strength, and making compelling arguments, they just couldn't accept giving up the glory of close combat.

The elderly knight who had just spoken proudly raised his head and stood up.

Seeing him stand, a few more knights stood up.

Their eyes were steadfast, as if they were martyrs sacrificing for their ideals and beliefs.

Looking at their devoted and heroic expressions, Roland knew that these people were beyond saving.

They were remnants of the old era and refused the ticket to the new era.

Just let them go...

His peripheral vision caught Sif’s eyes filled with reluctance, and his words softened immensely.

"Though you are stubborn, your loyalty is admirable."

"From today onwards, you will be reassigned from combat roles to logistics, with no change in pay or benefits."

"Meeting adjourned!"

The knights didn’t expect Roland to decide this way.

In their imagination, Roland would surely be furious and then expel the dissenters from the Knight Order, even settle scores.

However, Roland merely reassigned them from combat roles, even retaining their benefits.

What kind of maneuver is this?

Though they didn’t quite understand, most knights felt that Captain Roland was generous and kind.

The knights dispersed one after another.

A few dissenters were left standing awkwardly, unsure of what to do.

They had no choice but to leave dejectedly.

The vast conference hall was left with only Roland and Sif.

Roland noticed Sif’s gaze was a bit erratic, knowing she wanted to speak, and proactively locked the door.

He sat down across from Sif and waved his hand in front of her, "Sif, what’s up?"

"Ah, nothing, the sunshine is really nice today."

She blurted nonsense.

Roland looked at Sif’s beautiful golden eyes and smiled teasingly, "Indeed, it’s quite beautiful, the golden sun is right there in your eyes."

Sif’s cheeks flushed slightly, and she murmured softly, "Roland, I have something to tell you."

It seemed to be no small matter.

Roland poured Sif a cup of red tea, mimicking Sif’s usual listening posture, resting his cheeks in his hands, and smilingly said:

"Go ahead, I’m all ears."

Sif bit her lip, picked up the teacup, carefully took a sip, and cleared her throat.

Just as Roland was getting a bit anxious in the wait, she picked up the teacup again and took another small sip.

"Sif, at this rate, the tea will run out."

Roland reminded her, itching impatiently.

"Well, Roland, if I didn’t have the chance to tell you something at the time, and I tell you now, does that count as deceit?"

"Of course not!"

Roland firmly confirmed.

Sif breathed a sigh of relief, placed the teacup on the table, her eyelashes quivering like dragonfly wings.

"Roland, I am the Empress."

Roland picked up his teacup, took a few sips, his mind racing.

What did Sif mean by this?

If she is the Empress, then who was the Empress he saw with Sif in the palace that day?

Clearly, Sif wasn’t the Empress.

Roland quickly recalled the scene where Sif replaced the ailing Empress to host an art salon.

Sif had a greater aura than the rightful Empress, resembling a true monarch more.

Then, there is only one truth!

Roland put down the teacup, his expression serious, and said, "I understand now, you wish to replace her!"

Sif: "..."

She watched Roland intently, bit her lip, and solemnly said, "I'm not replacing her, I am the Empress herself, the real deal!"

Roland leaned closer to Sif, whispering in her ear, "I know, you don't need to explain. Since you are honest with me, I won't hide it. I had planned from the beginning to support you to replace her. After all, we are friends."

"Ah?"

Sif was dumbfounded instantly.

Wait a minute, the information in Roland's words was too much.

He wants to help her, a Count, replace her, the Empress?

She instinctively asked casually, "Then how do you plan to deal with the Empress?"

"That depends on you. Secret execution or confinement, either is fine."

Sif's mind went a bit chaotic, she grabbed Roland's shoulder forcefully, staring closely at him.

"Roland, look at me, I am the Empress, that one is fake, a puppet."

"Fake?"

Roland looked into Sif’s eyes and realized she wasn’t joking.

Countless images instantly overlapped.

So the one who came out to meet him that day was not Count Sif but Sylph herself?

wtf, he had just said all that.

He intended to help Count Sif overthrow Empress Sif.

Ugh, doomed.

Their eyes met, both were a bit bewildered.

Sif released her hold on Roland, sat back in her seat, holding her teacup, dumbfounded.

Roland also sat back, holding his teacup, mind frozen.

With just one sentence, he managed to simultaneously commit two major felonies: treason and deceiving the sovereign.

No one does it like you, Roland.

Neither dared to look the other in the eye, unsure what to say, they could only sip their tea in silence.

The teacups weren’t large, they would inevitably run out.

Both reached for the teapot at the same time, their hands touching in mid-air, then recoiled as if shocked.

Silence enveloped the hall, resonating thunderously.

Ultimately, it was Sif who broke the silence.

She took a deep breath and slowly said, "Roland, this is a misunderstanding."

"Yes, yes, this is definitely a misunderstanding!" Roland discreetly wiped his sweat.

Sif tilted slightly, using the motion of playing with her hair to wipe the sweat from her forehead.

"Since it’s a misunderstanding, there is no deceit!" She said decisively.

"You’re right, no deceit, and therefore no..."

"No treason and deceit, absolutely not!" Sif quickly added.

Roland was so moved he couldn’t speak.

Exactly, Sif, understanding is everything!

Both sighed simultaneously, cautiously glancing at each other.

Sif gently said, "Roland, our conversation today must forever remain in this conference room, not to be taken outside, okay?"

"I fully agree." Roland remained serious, but his heart was leaping with joy.

Sif with a smile said, "Between us, there is never deceit, only sincerity."

Roland was about to echo when he suddenly thought of Alina.

He once had thoughts of openness, and that led him to meet Alina.

Sif might not inquire about meeting Alina now, but in the future, she might become curious.

While the atmosphere today was right, why not lay it all out!

Observing Roland’s constantly changing expressions, Sif also felt a bit uneasy.

There are things Roland might not ask now, but could become curious later.

While the atmosphere today was right, why not lay it all out!

Both looked up at the same time, speaking in unison:

"Roland, let’s play a truth game, shall we?"

"Sif, let’s play a truth game, shall we?"