Empress 75

Chapter 75: Usurpation Simulation Game

Stunned for a few seconds, the two of them burst into laughter simultaneously.

This laughter eased the suffocating atmosphere from before.

"You go first, Sif. Ladies first."

"Is this what 'ladies first' means?"

Sif quipped softly.

Despite her quip, she cleared her throat and followed Roland's lead.

"Roland, it all started with that essay submission."

"When I first saw your submission, my initial reaction was that someone was slandering my reputation, and I wanted to kill that damn author."

She paused for a moment and then softly explained, "We didn't know each other back then, you can't blame me."

"I understand, so what changed your mind?" Roland was a bit curious.

If Sif had been determined to kill at that time, he would probably have had to escape with Lisa.

With the resources Alina controlled and the efficiency of the Sussex Military Intelligence Bureau, the odds of escaping weren't low.

That would be another story titled "Transcending to Another World, Accidentally Offending the Empress's Honor by Joining an Essay Contest, Forced to Flee with My Sister and a Spy-cum-Captain Girl."

Sif spoke softly, "A teacher reminded me that Monarch's Fury can kill, but it can't win people's hearts. I chose to forgive but didn't want to award the champion title to someone without ability. I decided to meet you."

"You know the rest of the story."

"Her Majesty the Empress certainly can't just leave the Imperial Palace, so the one who came to meet you was Count Sif."

With Sif saying this, the cause of the misunderstanding naturally became clear.

Roland didn't want to get too close to Empress Sylph, but he became good friends with Count Sif.

What a twist of fate.

How Sif became a Count was understood, but what about the Empress in the palace?

Facing Roland's confusion, Sif also revealed that the soul of the Magic Mirror was pretending to be her in the Imperial Palace.

Roland's face turned stern as he warily asked, "The soul of the Divine Artifact?"

"Although the Magic Mirror has no combat ability and can only rank the charm of elite women worldwide, it chats with me. Even if it claims to be a Divine Artifact, I wouldn't argue."

So that's the kind of Divine Artifact it is?

Roland was somewhat disappointed.

He thought he had stumbled upon a great treasure.

He asked a few more questions, falling into deep thought as if he was brewing a significant decision.

Sif felt a bit panicked; she didn’t want to lose Roland...

’s support.

Roland was the brain of the team and her mental support.

Without Roland, she could forget about reclaiming power, or even keeping her life would be challenging.

If she couldn’t rise to Tier Seventh soon and Empress Sofia failed to claim the Great Emperor’s title through civil and military prowess, there’s a possibility a certain worthless figure might be eliminated in rage.

"Roland, if you think it’s inappropriate, I’ll return to the palace and take back the Magic Mirror."

Roland slowly shook his head and said in a deep voice, "Retrieve the Magic Mirror, will you still be able to leave the palace conveniently?"

"Of course not. If I keep sneaking out of the palace, I might even be impeached. After all, I have no foundation; if I don’t behave, I’ll most likely be replaced."

"Are you worried the Magic Mirror will develop autonomy and become a new Empress?"

Sif probed the question.

Roland slowly shook his head, "I never worry about that. Although the Magic Mirror’s behavior is peculiar, the constraints of the Master-Servant Contract are absolute."

"To achieve your goal, you need to be able to move freely, so it must continue playing the role of the Empress."

Sif breathed a sigh of relief.

Staying in the palace is hardly being an Emperor; it’s more like imprisonment.

After tasting the sweetness of freedom, she didn’t want to return to that prison known as the Imperial Palace.

After a moment of contemplation, Roland’s eyes lit up, and he smiled, "Sif, let’s play an interesting game."

"What game?" Sif looked at Roland curiously.

"Usurpation."

Sif almost fell head over heels.

Usurpation? She’s already the Empress; whose position is there to usurp?

Roland pressed his hands down, signaling Sif to sit still.

Seeing Roland’s gesture, Sif knew there was a story to listen to, so she promptly sat down, resting her chin in her hands with a smile on her lips.

"Usurpation and rebellion are eternal themes in the struggle between emperors and powerful ministers."

"Those Cabinet Ministers trying to sideline you are essentially usurping. Even though you're still the Emperor, without Imperial Authority, you're no different from a puppet."

"Like the Demonic Puppet played by the Magic Mirror?"

Sif murmured, her eyes dimming a little.

Roland's metaphors were always so apt.

She was not an object; she didn't want to be a puppet.

"To deal with those who seize power, you must understand the basic principles of usurpation. There's no better way to understand than through practice."

"So, I have to usurp, usurp my own position?" Sif murmured, repeating.

"Exactly!"

After a long silence, a smile gradually spread across Sif's lips.

"Roland, you always bring surprises. This game is indeed interesting. Only by personally usurping power can you understand what these treacherous ministers are thinking, what they're doing."

"Let's do it. From now on, you're my chief advisor for usurpation!"

Roland slowly shook his head to correct, "Sif, let me clarify, you're not usurping; you're merely reclaiming your rightful authority."

Sif was stunned, was this a tongue twister?

Roland began the first lesson on usurpation with a serious face.

"Usurpation implies disruption of order, inherently loathed by people. Thus, the usurper must never admit to usurping. It can be called restoring order, reclaiming orthodoxy, removing corrupt influences, quelling chaos, but never usurpation."

Sif realized, responding softly, "I understand, usurpation needs at least a superficially reasonable and legitimate justification."

"Very good, you've already started the most difficult step in usurpation, which is legitimation. But usurping is tough at the start, difficult to execute, and even harder to clean up after. We'll discuss the other stages later; for now, find an impeccable reason!"

"I'm the Emperor's true daughter; the Empress is an impostor?" Sif suggested tentatively.

Roland slapped the table suddenly, causing Sif to stand up immediately in shock.

Roland laughed and motioned for Sif to sit down, "Precisely, that's the best reason!"

"But if I claim to be the Emperor's daughter, no one will believe me," Sif muttered softly.

"It doesn't matter; as long as you have strength, people will believe whatever you say. Next, we'll build the team, expand our power; power is the foundation of usurping and reclaiming authority."

"So we need to rebuild the Knight Order, head to the Three Overseas Provinces." Roland had talked about this before, Sif remembered clearly.

"That's right. Once we've organized the team well, we can find a suitable reason for a counterattack."

A cold light flashed in Roland's eyes as he slowly said:

"In this process, you have to imprint these forces with your mark and gradually obscure the Empress. Once we return, with just a gentle push, the poor Empress will dissolve into the vast ocean."

"Oh no, it’s Count Sif that dissolves, and you will become the true Empress."

Sif was silent for a long time before she slowly said, "I understand."

"I’ve told you about my side; now it’s your turn."

Facing Sif’s curious eyes, Roland knew it was the best time to confess now.

There’s nothing harmful to speak out, so he said calmly, "After the Late Emperor’s mishap, I realized that essay submission could lead to big trouble, so I thought about leaving Sussex. At the dock, I happened to meet someone named Alina..."