Empress 92

Chapter 92: The Empress’s Decision

"You said my father was killed by the Vladimir Empire?"

Sif’s eyes were red, her body trembled slightly, and tears flowed uncontrollably.

Roland remained silent, not comforting her.

The pain of losing a father cannot be empathized with; one can only emerge from it on their own.

Sif’s tears rolled down her cheeks but she never cried out loud.

Her father was the Emperor, very busy usually.

She could see her father often when she was young, but after growing up, she rarely met him.

After the age of fourteen, she lived in her own palace, seeing her father no more than a few times a year.

Until her father and brother met with disaster, she was pushed to the forefront again.

Edward might be a competent Emperor, but certainly not a fit father.

Sif’s feelings for him were not deep.

But he was, after all, her father.

When the fleet was in distress and her father went missing, she still held onto a glimmer of hope.

What if her father was kidnapped or went missing by accident?

Now that hope is shattered.

Since it was a premeditated trap, the possibility of her father surviving doesn't exist.

Obviously, someone needs her to be on stage.

Sif's mind raced, quickly thinking of a terrifying possibility.

Sofia wants to break through Tier Six, and either she gets crowned with the title of Great Emperor as a woman, becoming the first historically recognized female Great Emperor, or she needs a Tier Seven Empress as a stepping stone.

She's probably proceeding on both fronts, both trying to become the Great Emperor and cultivating a stepping stone.

Prior female Empresses of other nations were not Transcendents and could not serve as stepping stones, yet they had potential to compete with Sofia for the female Great Emperor title, so Sofia forced them to abdicate.

Sylph is different; she is a Transcendent and can also follow the authority route.

She has the potential to be a stepping stone.

Sofia is willing to risk completely offending Sussex to kill the old Emperor and Crown Prince, allowing Sylph to ascend smoothly.

Sylph's ascension foundation is unstable; to regain power, she must exhaust all efforts, accelerating her growth under pressure and increasing her chances of becoming a stepping stone.

Everything is within Sofia’s calculations.

Though they never met, Sofia’s intertwined schemes and her combat prowess, standing before the ceiling of the Sixth Return Day, still made Sylph shudder.

Her anger and sadness were diluted by reality, and she gradually calmed down.

Roland still didn’t speak, waiting for her decision.

After a long time, Sif slowly said, "One of us, either I or Sofia, can survive."

Roland looked at Sif in surprise.

This is the only correct choice.

Sif made the choice even without relying on his encouragement, which surprised Roland somewhat.

Sif calmed her emotions and shared her speculations with Roland.

Roland was even more surprised.

He knew Sif was smart, but she often made simple and foolish choices politically.

But today, Sif was entirely different from usual.

Whoever is attached to her, please stay longer!

Roland silently prayed.

Sif not only made a logically closed speculated prediction but also provided the reason to fight to the end.

"The shipwreck killed not only my father and brother but also over five thousand people. Their deaths plunged over five thousand families into grief."

"If I don’t seek revenge for them, what right do I have to be Emperor?"

After speaking passionately, Sif’s courage seemed exhausted, and she looked at Roland vaguely, muttering, "Am I right in doing this?"

"Absolutely right!"

Roland applauded, expressing appreciation for Sif’s decision.

He said seriously, "This is a life-and-death struggle, and we must not retreat. If we retreat, the enemy will come at us even more fiercely."

"If we retreat, they will take the Three Overseas Provinces and trap us in Sussex."

"If we retreat, a disappointed Sofia will find another Empress to become her stepping stone."

"If the enemy leaves us no way to live, then we must eliminate the enemy!"

Roland said firmly.

Hearing Roland’s firm voice, Sif, who was dazed, seemed to have found a beacon in the darkness.

"You’re right, Roland. What should we do next?"

Roland was a bit speechless, wondering where the courage to point out the mountains and fight Sofia to the death had gone?

He guessed that earlier, Sif had an extraordinary performance spurred by the news of her father’s death.

One cannot expect her to be at her peak forever.

But having had such a highlight moment means she has potential.

The future is promising.

As for now, isn’t he still the smart strategist?

Roland cleared his throat and calmly said, "Do what needs to be done, and don’t let anyone see we’ve learned the cause of the Late Emperor’s death."

Sif looked at Roland with some confusion, her voice soft and vague.

"Do what needs to be done?"

"Yes. Since we don’t know yet the cause of the Late Emperor’s death, everything proceeds as usual."

"I understand." Sif took a deep breath, working hard to adjust her emotions.

A few seconds later, all traces of tears on her cheeks disappeared, and there was even a faint smile on her lips.

But Roland saw the glacier-like sorrow in the depths of her eyes.

She is a good actress, but this is ultimately the pain of losing a father.

Roland was not good at comforting, so he could only fill Sif’s time with busy work, leaving her no time to think more.

"Sif, we still have a lot to do. First, you need to return to the Imperial Palace to sign a pardon decree. This is an internal matter of the Knight Order, and you have the authority to pardon Stanley."

Sif bit her lip and nodded forcefully.

Roland gambled his life and reputation, swore she would not let Roland become a liar.

"This matter must be reported to Mr. Wald."

"But it must not be expanded."

Sif quickly added, "Besides you, me, and Teacher Wald, no fourth person must know about this matter, including our relatives."

"I know, especially not ones like Lisa, who can’t keep things to themselves," Roland proactively followed Sif’s thoughts.

Seeing Roland proactively exclude Lisa from the matter, Sif felt a little embarrassed and quickly explained:

"Roland, I’m not targeting her; I just feel we alone can bear this heavy secret."

"I understand."

Roland nodded with a smile, "Keeping a narrow circle of secrets is the basic principle of confidentiality."

"If there’s nothing else, let’s each start taking action."

Seeing Roland about to leave, Sif quickly called him, "Wait, Roland. Are we really going to proceed with the coup simulation battle?"

"Very necessary."

Roland said seriously, "If the Magic Mirror is foolproof, this simulation will let you understand the basic process of power ministers seizing power and usurping, and later you’ll know how to deal with power ministers."

"If the Magic Mirror encounters an accident, this simulation is a real battle."

Sif understood Roland’s meaning.

The Magic Mirror is her Divine Artifact, bound by the Master-Servant Contract, and theoretically, there should be no problem.

But accidents always happen.

If the Magic Mirror really poses an issue, she can easily regain power while simulating the coup.

Only by preparing for the worst can one greet the best results.

Let’s do it.