Empress 93

Chapter 93: Above the Duke

Wald Mansion.

The old gentleman listened to Sif's statement, seemingly not too surprised, only raising his eyebrows slightly.

"Teacher, aren't you surprised?"

Wald sighed softly:

"Why should I be surprised? The countries with the strength to oppose our nation can be counted on one hand, and the Vladimir Empire is one of them. I've long suspected them, just lacked concrete evidence."

"Teacher, then what do you say we should do?"

"Do nothing, just do what needs to be done and wait for the right moment. Pretend nothing has happened until the time is ripe."

Wald calmly said, "Sylph, you are good at performing arts, this should be no problem for you. Roland, that lad, won't show any flaws either. I've seen all kinds of grand occasions, there won't be any issues."

"But definitely do not expand the scope of those in the know."

Sif quickly nodded, softly said, "Teacher, I understand. I have discussed with Roland, only the three of us know. You are the ones I trust the most, I can't trust others."

Hearing Sif consider him as one of the most trusted, Wald felt pleased, his wrinkles smoothing out quite a bit.

But the thought of his name being paralleled with Roland’s made his feelings somewhat complex.

Ten years of mentor-student bond wasn’t worth more than a brat’s company of a month or so.

This must be what youth is.

Wald laughed at himself.

Sif looked a bit puzzled at her teacher, asking inexplicably, "Teacher, what’s wrong?"

"It’s nothing, just wondering if you had thought of something. If your plan goes smoothly, Roland will wield too much power."

"All the Cabinet Ministers’ power gathered in his hands. Have you thought about how to settle him?"

"Roland is my friend, he won’t let me down. It’s just power, as long as we can defeat Sofia, what’s the harm in giving up imperial authority."

Sif said calmly.

These were her heartfelt words.

She liked power, but not to the extent of surpassing everything.

If Roland could help her defeat Sofia, being a happy puppet wouldn’t be so bad.

Roland is different from those power-hungry officials, he certainly won’t bully her.

Looking at Sif’s clear and innocent eyes, Wald didn’t know what to say for a moment.

Sif, although his student, was also his lord, and some words couldn’t be too straightforward.

He could only subtly remind, "If it really succeeds, with his contributions, even being granted the title of Duke might not be enough, do you understand what I mean?"

He had made it clear enough.

Higher than a Duke, that would be a Prince!

Sif suddenly understood, nodding repeatedly.

"Teacher, I understand."

"As long as you understand." Wald smiled with satisfaction.

This child, although often absent-minded, is sometimes quite smart.

Now that she understands everything, there’s no need to explain too clearly.

The conversation reached its point.

After finishing the serious talk, Sif accompanied the teacher for a few more cups of tea, exchanged some words of care, and then took her leave.

Sitting in the carriage towards Sheffield Palace, Sif felt a sense of emotion.

Above Duke is Grand Duke.

The Sussex Empire has no kings below the emperor, the Grand Duke is effectively a king.

The Duke of Jinquehua Dynasty is the only Grand Duke in the Sussex Empire, able to use king's insignia within their territory, retain the king's crown, and possess independent economic, military, and personnel powers.

Virtually a state within a state.

The Duke of Jinquehua has lived up to this honor.

Their loyalty has stood the test of time.

Should Roland also become an entity equivalent to the Duke of Jinquehua?

Sif was agreeable, but she was somewhat worried about the opposition from other nobility, especially from the Duke of Jinquehua.

An existence like a Grand Duke, having even one is already plenty.

Besides, where would the territory come from?

Sif thought long and hard, her eyes suddenly brightening.

She thought of it.

The Three Overseas Provinces!

If they succeed, Roland's prestige and status in the Three Overseas Provinces would certainly be unparalleled.

Making him a Grand Duke in the Three Overseas Provinces, his descendants would inevitably fight wholeheartedly to defend the family territory.

In this way, Roland's family gains territory, title, and power.

To expand their territories further, they must strive by themselves.

Such bestowal does not affect the True Rose Banner lords in Sussex homeland, they might have opinions but not too much.

Sif's lips slightly curled upwards, forming a smile.

She was indeed smart, fully comprehending her teacher's teachings.

Wald Teacher wouldn't check her answers on this problem, nor could she discuss it with Roland, only she could solve and review herself.

Sif satisfiedly gave herself a perfect score.

Just as she realized her plan, the carriage slowly drove into Sheffield Palace.

She restrained her smile, fully alert.

Probably due to having been busy outside these days, Sheffield Palace seemed unusually unfamiliar to her.

The carriage stopped in front of the Rose Garden.

This was the boundary between the front and rear courtyards.

Outside ministers are not allowed to ride carriages into the backyard, and her current position was also that of an outside minister.

Just as Sif was about to enter, she saw, out of the corner of her eye, the Minister of Culture and Education leave the backyard from another direction.

Thoughtful, she returned to her chamber and saw the Magic Mirror.

Upon seeing her, the Magic Mirror immediately started complaining.

"Master, you're having fun outside while I'm stuck here serving a sentence. Originally, I just needed to quietly lie there, but now I also have to deal with all these ministers."

"Do they come often?" Sif asked curiously.

"Not really, I'm just afraid of not handling them well," the Magic Mirror whined softly.

Sif smiled and comforted, "Alright, I'm just a puppet. You can perfectly simulate me, you'll definitely manage."

"Master, do you need to update the thought pattern?" the Magic Mirror asked, somewhat weary.

"No need. Since it's playing the puppet, the older me is more suitable." Sif squinted her eyes, vigilantly watching the Magic Mirror.

The Magic Mirror let out an "Oh," without saying anything further, just nodding silently.

Sif, using the Power of the Soul, inspected the soul contract with the Magic Mirror, confirming the contract's integrity before relaxing.

As a routine, she asked, "Magic Mirror, Magic Mirror, who is the most beautiful woman in the world?"

"It’s you, my master."

Sif nodded with satisfaction, then asked, "Who is second?"

"It’s Empress Sofia."

"Has there been any new changes in the rankings?" Sif asked casually.

"Yes, a girl named Lisa has entered the list, currently ranked fifty-third."

Sif looked at the Magic Mirror in surprise, then relaxed.

Miss Lisa, after all, looked quite good, had a decent figure, and was a Transcendent, so it wasn’t surprising she made the list.

Rank fifty-three was far behind her, not worth bothering about.

After finishing her routine inquiry, Sif chatted briefly with the Magic Mirror, then prepared to leave.

Just as she was about to step out of the room, she suddenly stopped and asked, "By the way, did anyone come looking for me today?"

"The Minister of Culture and Education just stopped by, said they wanted to hold a public cultural festival, and also conduct a popular novel contest on Monarch Square, with minstrels performing the novel content and citizens voting to choose a champion."

"I did not oppose," the Magic Mirror said softly.

Sif nodded, saying nothing more.

According to her previous behavior pattern, indeed she wouldn’t oppose.

The Magic Mirror was doing well.

It was better at being a puppet than she was.