Empress 101

Chapter 101: The Last Drink, I Swear

"Adam, this is the first draft of the script I wrote, take a look."

Roland met Adam in a small tavern, handing the completed script to him.

Roland had stayed up all night revising it.

He was self-aware and wouldn't casually tamper with Gogol's artistic essence.

He just tried to localize it.

The audience must immediately understand that this Rakshasa Kingdom is a metaphor for Vladimir, and these damned corrupt officials are Rurik People.

Last night, humming the divine Rakshasa Sea City tune, he found inspiration, and wrote vigorously, bringing the classic from another world into an unrestrained localization.

He was very certain that anyone who saw the performance would resonate with it.

Even the poorest textile worker in the Camden District, upon seeing how rotten the Rurik People are, would instinctively puff up their chest, feeling proud to be a Sussex person.

This celebration is settled.

Satire is all about cursing around the corner, making the insulted person so angry yet unable to talk back.

Even if Empress Sofia were here, she wouldn't be able to refute it.

Of course, if Sofia were indeed here, Roland definitely wouldn’t write such a script; he’d unhesitatingly plagiarize a hymn to praise the courage and tender-heartedness of the Rurik People.

He might even push Adam off the stage and perform himself.

Art must be flexible, after all.

But Sofia isn’t here in person, so why should he be afraid?

Satire, full-on satire, ruthlessly!

Adam looked at Roland’s manuscript, muttering softly, "Mr. Roland, isn’t the level of satire in this script a bit too intense?"

"Too intense? I think it’s not enough."

Roland’s contemptuous gaze fell on Adam’s face, seemingly stabbing his heart like a knife.

"What, are you scared?"

Adam’s face turned red, his hands trembling, as if gravely insulted. He grabbed the glass of wine in front of him, gulped it down forcefully, wiped the wine stains by his mouth, and said harshly:

"Since you’re not afraid, why should I be? Let’s perform it just like this! I’ll go register shortly, tomorrow is the deadline, changes can’t be made."

"Go then, remember to credit me as the original author." Roland said, smiling.

"Sure, sure, I know you want to make a name for yourself." Adam replied with a cheeky grin.

Seeing Adam’s carefree manner, Roland felt a little uneasy, and softly reminded him:

"Remember, no drinking or visiting special service zones these days, understand?"

Adam snorted nonchalantly, about to speak, but Roland stared at him coldly and said:

"I’ll only say this once, if you mess up my business, you’ll spend your next life performing for the stinking fish and shrimp at the bottom of the Tamas River. Someone’s watching you, don’t seek death."

Adam shivered violently, his drunkenness fading instantly.

He quickly swore and cursed towards Roland to show his sincerity.

Roland waved him away, indicating he could leave.

After Adam left, Roland swirled the wine in his glass, lost in thought.

Isn’t this going a bit too smoothly?

According to his experience, if you find something going exceptionally smoothly, it’s mostly an illusion.

The winner of the Radiant Day celebration performance is determined entirely by the public.

This was Finley’s plan, and he was confident about winning.

The public voting eliminates behind-the-scenes manipulations and purely tests hard strength.

How could a pretty face like Roland be a match for a Literary Giant like him at the time?

This logic is completely airtight.

Yet Roland still thought it wasn't that simple.

Roland had read Finley's works, among which there were classics that left him in awe.

Could a fool write such great works?

He didn't believe it.

If Finley wasn't foolish, then was it arrogance?

That didn't make sense either.

If this was happening before he killed Calvinson, Finley's arrogance might be understandable, but how many big things has he accomplished this month?

Counter-killing Lori, winning a writing contest, killing Carl, restructuring the Knight Order.

Doing one thing could be luck, two coincidental, but three or four, still luck?

Finley should believe he has the strength to create miracles.

Even if only to reduce the margin for error, he shouldn't place all his bets on one card.

Roland quickly drank up his glass of wine and left the tavern swiftly.

He needed to find Raikkonen, or even Alina.

He had to gather as much intelligence as possible.

Despite Sif not wanting him to look for Alina unless necessary, now it was necessary.

In emergency situations, some rules can be bent.

The calm before the storm was suffocating him; at least he needed to see what was hiding beneath the fog.

Just as Roland left in a hurry, Adam strolled along the Tamas Riverbank.

The riverside street was bustling, with many young couples in love among the crowd.

Seeing those young ones making vows of eternal love, Adam spat on the roadside, cursed a few times, and regulated his breathing.

He was a bit nervous too.

This performance was vital for Roland, but even more critical for him.

He desired more than just fame and fortune.

He was a wandering Rurik person. His father was a Transcendent, ultimately falling on the road from Tier Nine to Tier Eight.

His father couldn't speak at death, only clinging to his hand, refusing to pass.

His mother and siblings talked about several matters, and his father shook his head each time, until Adam flashed an eight-finger gesture in front of him, at which point the old man finally closed his eyes.

All his life, his father just wanted to experience the Tier Eight world.

His father failed to achieve it, leaving this wish to his most frequently punished son.

Adam wore a bitter expression, taking a small bottle of strong Rurik liquor from his pocket, gulping it down.

It was spicy and unpleasant.

What could be so good about this stuff?

But it was liquor from home.

After his father's death, unable to endure the increasingly tight domestic censorship, Adam chose to go abroad.

He learned singing in Talia, poetry in Jin Yuan, and ultimately drifted to Sussex.

He heard his father talking about the legend of Return Day.

When Return Day arrives, the threshold for becoming a Transcendent will lower.

He would always have a chance to fulfill his father's wish.

Even if he couldn't achieve the grand aspiration for Tier Eight, he could at least land himself in Tier Nine.

"This is the last drink, I swear!"

Adam mumbled to himself, seemingly persuading himself.

After finishing the drink, he casually tossed the bottle onto the river, then quickly fled before the angry patrol officers could catch him.

Haha, truly exhilarating.

Adam turned into a narrow alley, about to catch his breath, only to find people standing at both ends of the alley.

Half-jokingly, he teased, "Gentlemen, don’t scare me, I have thirty-five shillings on me, how about you have a drink, and let’s be friends?"

He was answered with the glint of a knife.

A dagger flew towards him, accurately hitting Adam.

If he hadn’t dodged quickly to avoid vital areas, that one stab would have cost him half his life.

Trying to kill me, huh?

Then come on!

Adam’s eyes reddened, pulling a short sword from his pant leg, charging forward.

He knew that in times like these, only recklessness would pave the way to survival.

"Pshhh!"

The short sword pierced the body of the person blocking him from the front.

Adam let out a wild roar, like a wounded grizzly bear, and pounced.