Empress 108

Chapter 108: Sunlight Shines, All Is Revealed

Leaving Alina's residence, Roland's brow was furrowed tightly.

Damn Rurik people, they still extended their paws.

The Shadow Sanctuary is the elite among the Rurik Nightwalkers. They navigate the darkness, solving problems for Empress Sofia that cannot be resolved in the light of day.

They possess formidable strength and are ruthless and merciless.

Angelina's ruthlessness is evident in her actions.

If it weren't for Raikkonen's luck, he would've been dead.

And nobody would even know who did it.

Angelina's public role is as a diplomatic envoy to congratulate for Radiant Day.

As everyone knows, diplomatic envoys do everything except actual diplomacy, so her visit is certainly not simple.

Sitting in the carriage, Roland's brow gradually relaxed.

Fortunately, it was Angelina who came, not Sofia.

The relationship between the Sussex Empire and the Vladimir Empire is neither good nor exceedingly bad.

Although they have had several large-scale confrontations for overseas interests, both sides declared them misunderstandings and have not formally gone to war.

In this era, not formally declaring war counts as friendship.

It’s quite normal for them to send a diplomatic envoy to congratulate for Radiant Day.

During the Melting Snow Festival, Sussex would also send envoys to offer congratulations.

Even if they secretly wish to tear each other apart, they must maintain appearances.

Roland’s emotions gradually calmed, sorting through the intelligence obtained from Alina, a possibility began to emerge.

Angelina is the most trusted inner court official of Sofia.

If Empress Sylph and Count Sif are truly two people, then Angelina’s status is similar to that of Count Sif.

If attending a celebration, there’s no need for Angelina to be sent.

Roland boldly speculated that she came to observe Sylph closely on Sofia’s behalf.

In Sofia’s eyes, Sylph is a walking promotion material. They must at least come to see how this material is developing, if it’s big enough, and consumable.

Cruel, but quite logical.

Back at the Knight Order, Sif had just come looking for him to rehearse a play.

"Roland, I went through the script again yesterday. We can modify it like this..."

Sif happily pulled Roland, joy lingering in the corners of her lips and dimples.

The performance brought her immense joy.

Performing with Roland doubled that happiness.

Not only did she want to participate in the performance, but she also wanted to win the championship!

She knew Roland needed this championship and also knew Roland planned for Adam to perform.

But she held Adam in low regard.

Railing against foreign corruption might provide temporary relief, but it's too heavy and only awakens resentment in people's hearts.

She wanted to bring the audience a bright and sunny performance, winning the championship amidst flowers and applause.

Looking at Sif's clear smile, Roland pressed down his few worries.

The worries of the Knight Order should be solved by him.

Running to the Emperor to complain over small troubles, what's the use of such a leader?

...

Radiant Day finally arrived.

After Raikkonen’s failed reconnaissance, everything returned to peace and quiet.

But Roland knew this was the calm before the blizzard.

He and Finley would ultimately face off on stage.

Finley representing the Sussex literary arena’s Polaris Macbeth Clan while Roland represented... himself and the Empress.

Radiant Day lasts a total of three days.

The first two days are the warm-up, gradually pushing the atmosphere to its peak.

The third day is the main event.

Radiant Day is the most important festival for the Sussex people.

This day is also the Empire’s National Day, and it could be one of the rare sunny days of winter.

There is a folk saying that if the sun is seen on Radiant Day, it bodes well for the next year.

December 17th, the third day of Radiant Day.

Monarch Square, a sea of people, the streets were utterly empty.

The sun shone fiercely, illuminating everything, causing much of the winter smog to instantly dissipate.

What a good omen.

The bright sunlight ignited even greater enthusiasm among the masses.

Unprompted, they crowded towards Monarch Square.

Good news: This square was designed with the entire city gathering in mind since its inception, able to hold everyone with room to spare according to the population limit.

Bad news: The city had only ninety thousand people then, now it has eight hundred and fifty thousand.

Though many wanted to see the beautiful Empress up close, few were fortunate enough.

The army strived to maintain order, keeping latecomers out of the square.

However, the crowd was unyielding, chanting slogans.

"We want to see the Empress!"

"Long live Her Majesty the Empress!"

The soldiers weren’t surprised by the crowd’s enthusiasm, but the Cabinet Ministers sitting on the high platform had somewhat stilted expressions.

Empress Sylph was merely serving as regent for the Emperor, yet to assume full power, yet already had such a strong appeal. What will it be like once she officially ascends?

The ministers avoided Wald, exchanging glances in secret.

They didn’t speak, yet completed a silent exchange of information.

The long horn sounded.

The Empress’s carriage approached from the direction of Sheffield Palace, slowly moving towards the square.

The crowd was so dense that the carriage couldn’t pass through at all.

The crowd all wanted to see the Empress, but they didn’t know there were two empresses inside the carriage at this moment.

Seeing the carriage unable to advance, anxious soldiers raised whips to drive the crowd.

"Stop!"

The curtain lifted, a fair jade hand reached out, then a gracefully elegant girl stepped out.

This girl held a verdant scepter, wore a crown adorned with countless gemstones, and was dressed in finery, emitting an air of dignity with a touch of frostiness.

The entire scene fell silent.

The people in the front row who saw the Empress were moved to tears.

"Her Majesty smiled at me."

"Shut up, Her Majesty was obviously looking at me."

Empress Sylph gently waved to the crowd before stepping confidently forward.

Behind her, maids held the train of her floor-length gown.

Beside her, the guards tightly held their weapons, fearful of any rabble-rousers approaching.

"Make way, the Sussex people will never harm their own queen."

The gentle voice made the soldiers lower their long spears and the crowd voluntarily parted the way.

Even squeezed together, they made space for the Empress.

Sitting inside the carriage, Sif was dumbfounded.

She finally realized the power of legitimacy Roland spoke about.

As long as the Emperor doesn't act out of line, people's trust in the Emperor is almost blind.

The thirty-four former emperors of the Sussex Empire, while not all wise, were rarely utter fools.

After all, the Emperor doesn't need to directly extract the marrow from the people, but corrupt officials might.

So in the hearts of the people, the Emperor is good, the bad ones are the officials with festering feet.

Seeing the Empress's true form, they were even more convinced of this.

Such a delicate, beautiful girl, who could be knocked over by a gust of wind, how could she have any malicious intent?

Moreover, she trusted everyone so much.

Seeing Her Majesty's fair, almost bloodless skin, they felt even more distressed.

Managing such a vast country, look how tired it made Her Majesty, her face looked pale.

Empress Sylph advanced steadily, walking along the path cleared by the crowd.

She ascended the platform and raised her scepter.

"May the sun shine on every inch of land."

"God bless Sussex."

"Let the celebration performance begin."