Empress 110

Chapter 110: Sussex People Don’t Like It (2)

This program will set the tone for the entire performance.

Amidst the cheers of the crowd, the show begins.

The acrobats from the Sassanid Kingdom were the first to take the stage.

They presented traditional circus acts, sword swallowing, fire-breathing, animal taming, juggling, dazzling the audience, who were thrilled.

There were many spectators, but the stage was set high, allowing even distant viewers to faintly see.

The spectators on the outskirts could only vaguely see some flickering flames through the jostling heads and hear the roar of large, galloping beasts.

They were itching with curiosity but couldn’t see clearly, so they wanted to push forward.

The people at the front refused to give way, while those at the back wanted to move ahead, almost causing a conflict.

Just as part of the impatient audience was making intimate suggestions about each other’s mothers, the earth-shattering roars of a tiger and a lion made everyone’s hearts skip a beat.

The highlight of the circus, the tiger and lion battle, had come on.

To satisfy people’s curiosity, the Sassan Circus had many exciting acts up their sleeves.

For instance, balancing huge stones on the chest and elephants stepping on jade.

Unfortunately, the elephant they brought this time had diarrhea from traveling across the ocean and couldn't perform.

Thankfully, they still had a second guarantee for audience engagement.

The tiger and lion battle.

These weren't ordinary tigers and lions but exotic beasts.

A bloodthirsty cave lion weighing over 500 kg, and a northern giant tiger weighing nearly 600 kg were both thick-skinned and powerfully strong exotic beasts.

Their strength was more than ten times that of ordinary lions and tigers, and the momentum they displayed when striking each other was impressive.

The Sussex people had never seen such mighty lions and tigers, and they watched, entranced, with even some jesters imitating the sounds of lions.

The jesters might have just wanted to add to the fun, but to the giant tiger, it sounded like a provocation.

What kind of small tiger dares to run wild on my turf?

The giant tiger leaped towards the sound, pouncing seven or eight meters into the crowd.

Piercing screams erupted.

Although the professionally trained giant tiger wouldn't intentionally harm anyone, the sight of hundreds of kilograms of beast descending from the sky was terrifying.

Though no one died, some unlucky ones got caught up, injuring a leg.

As is well known, the screams of the slightly injured are louder than those of the seriously injured, and the screams of the seriously injured are louder than the dead.

With the piercing screams sounding, chaos ensued in the crowd.

With a stampede imminent, members from the Sussex Imperial Family's private box and the Vladimir Empire's envoy box stepped out simultaneously.

Empress Sylph raised the Scepter and issued orders to everyone through a sound amplification magic array.

"The giant tiger has been controlled, everyone immediately stop moving."

Her voice wasn't very loud, but it carried infinite magic power.

Though the spectators were frightened, they cautiously stopped moving, no longer causing chaos.

On the other side, Angelina leaped into the crowd like lightning, placing her cool palm on the frantic giant tiger's forehead.

"Behave, don't hurt anyone."

Her clear voice carried a hint of coolness, like a sedative, calming the giant tiger down.

The giant tiger not only calmed down; it behaved like a kitten.

Inside the carriage, Sif muttered quietly upon seeing this scene: "Who is this person? Why does she like showing off so much?"

Roland smiled and said, "Probably someone from the Rurik Shadow Sanctuary, they always keep a low profile."

Sif didn’t think much of it and continued preparing her lines.

With the intervention of the Empress and Angelina, the order on the verge of collapse miraculously returned to normal.

The crowd stopped moving around, and the tiger obediently returned to its cage.

Two priests in white passed through the crowd, treating the unlucky ones on site and healing them.

Had this occurred under normal circumstances, the fellow might not have found a priest for treatment; he was very lucky.

But if it were normal circumstances, he wouldn’t have been pounced on by a giant tiger either; he was also quite unlucky.

The surrounding people laughed, admiring his good fortune while mocking his bad luck.

But soon, these guys fell silent.

The Empress arrived.

Empress Sylph, holding her Scepter, walked into the crowd to reach the unlucky man.

"Sir, are you all right?"

The unfortunate man nearly fainted with excitement.

Her Majesty the Empress spoke to him!

"I, I, I am fine, not hurt at all."

The unlucky fellow struggled to stand straight, unsure where to place his nervous, fidgety hands, wishing he could cut them off.

The Empress comforted the frightened nearby spectators, her gentle voice like a spring breeze soothing each heart.

As she returned to the throne, the second program had started.

A very spectacular soprano performance.

A singer specially invited from Talia, performing the song "The Sun in My Heart."

Listening to her beautiful and moving singing, the audience present remained silent but they already knew who the sun in their hearts was.

The program went on continuously.

Artists from all over the world took to the stage one after another to showcase their talents.

Professional and wonderful performances earned rounds of applause from the audience.

Time, when enjoyable, always flies particularly fast, and after the foreign artists' performances were over, the host announced the next stage: a theater competition.

The cheers rang out when it was announced that the final champion would be decided by the crowd.

Having narrowly escaped disaster, the crowd now had the opportunity to feel like true dominators, and they were naturally elated.

Following a selection process, a total of seven works were selected for the final competition.

The first few works were very impressive, each with its own merits.

The crowd was somewhat torn over who to cast their crucial vote for.

They were a bit conflicted.

But soon, they no longer needed to be conflicted.

When Finley's name was announced, the entire audience fell silent.

Who is Finley? Anyone who loves literature knows.

Even if they don't understand literature, the Sussex people have heard of the famous Macbeth Clan.

Is he also participating?

Many people shouted the Macbeth clan's surname, while others smirked and dismissed it.

With the Macbeth clan participating, is there any suspense in the competition? Just give them the award already.

Finley invited actors from Rurik, a national-level performance troupe.

When a few actors took the stage, Adam, waiting backstage, looked serious.

Experts don’t need to act; just by judging the aura, one can tell if they have the skill.

Adam, of course, was aware of their prowess.

After all, he used to be colleagues with some of them.

Adam was about to look down when he saw a figure who shouldn’t be there.

Angelina.

Hadn’t she joined the Shadow Sanctuary? What was she doing here, does she understand theater?

Adam frowned slightly.

Angelina indeed doesn’t understand theater, but she understands Ice Control.

The weather today was nice; under the sun, it was even a bit warm.

This won’t do, it wasn’t conducive to the performance.

So Angelina came, she intended to artificially create a world of ice and snow.

The theme of this performance represents Vladimir’s Frosty Winter spreading across the entire continent, with the Sussex people choosing friendship and peace as the chill approaches.

This was a performance with a clear political message.

It’s about warning the Sussex people that as enemies, what awaits them is winter; as friends, it will still be bright sunshine (though with heavy smog).

In all fairness, this performance was of high quality.

Not only were the actors of extraordinary caliber, but the script also had dramatic twists, starting with several young soldiers trudging on snowy terrain, then shifting to the foolishness of mid-level officers and the incompetence of high-level officers.

And most importantly.

Both sides’ soldiers simultaneously voiced their desire for peace.

It was an exceptionally well-done anti-war themed script.

Especially against the backdrop of several small-scale conflicts between the Sussex Empire and the Vladimir Empire, peace was extremely precious.

Many in the audience had lost relatives, friends, or neighbors in these conflicts, and even more had relatives who had lost limbs in these skirmishes.

If this performance occurred during normal times, it would surely resonate.

But it was Radiant Day.

The Sussex people were proud.

They were the pioneers in resisting the Magic Empire’s rule; they were adventurers exploring the ocean, they were trailblazers of the steam revolution.

Sussex is number one in the world.

This concept, like a mental brand, existed in the consciousness sea of every Old Sussex person.

Though Sussex experienced three consecutive mediocre emperors in recent years, with the emperor and cabinet vying for power, draining significant resources from the empire, and with Empress Sofia's rise destabilizing the empire's number one title, these didn't change the ingrained thought patterns in their minds.

On this sacred occasion of Radiant Day, the performance of a foreign anti-war propaganda play with threatening nuances at the Imperial Capital Monarch Square.

The Old Sussex people did not like it.

The Old Sussex people could not tolerate it.

Finley had arranged for planted cheerleaders to start clapping in applause.

But there were also boos.

The booing wasn't loud, yet it was piercing.