Empress 111

Chapter 111: Passing the Buck

Offending national sentiments on Radiant Day?

Roland almost burst out laughing.

Is Finley really this foolish, or does he have a hidden agenda?

After a long silence, Roland turned his gaze to Sif and asked softly, "Sif, what did you think of the performance just now?"

"I, well, although I'm confident in my acting talent, it's ultimately a hobby and can't be compared to these professional performers who make a living from acting."

"It's disheartening to say this, but we are likely to lose."

Sif's small face drooped, and her beautiful eyelashes wilted.

Roland stared at Sif in astonishment and instantly understood why Finley did what he did.

Finley, Sif, and even William, who delivered a speech on stage earlier, are all lofty social elites.

They fundamentally don't understand the grassroots.

Finley was worried that the Empress would use political resources to bribe the judges, so he preemptively bribed the Minister of Culture and Education to give the power of selection to ordinary people.

He thought he understood the masses better than the Empress.

He thought he was guaranteed to win.

His thought was half right.

He indeed understood the masses slightly more than the Empress, but it didn’t mean he was more popular than the Empress.

Poor Finley didn’t know what kind of opponent he would face later.

Like William, they are not stupid, just simply out of touch with the masses.

Roland’s lips slightly curled upwards, and he calmly said, "Sif, we’re sure to win."

Sif abruptly raised her head, her small mouth agape in surprise, "Huh?"

"I’ll explain the reason later, but Adam is about to go on stage. We don’t have much time left; shall we go over the lines once more?"

"Okay!"

Even though Sif didn’t understand the source of Roland’s confidence, she chose to trust him.

Roland said they could win, so they surely could win.

Her feelings of dejection were swept away, and she was filled with fighting spirit.

...

Though there were boos, the supporters of Finley were still in the majority.

Although being rudely mocked by Rurik people on Radiant Day was somewhat unpleasant, the citizens of the Imperial Capital had a high level of art appreciation.

They just didn’t recognize the Rurik people; they were not against Finley’s artistic creation.

Some even admired that this is the spirit artists should have.

People were very dissatisfied with the ongoing external conflicts with no gain. Finley dared to speak for them, and most people acknowledged that.

If only those actors were our own countrymen, it would be even better.

Someone thought quietly.

But some felt that if the actors weren’t Rurik people, they wouldn’t be able to deliver such a shocking wake-up call to the Cabinet members.

In their view, Finley was on their side.

Plants placed among the crowd kept spreading the narrative that "Mr. Finley does it for everyone’s good" and "He’d rather bear the infamy himself," quickly suppressing the dissatisfaction.

Applause drowned out the boos.

Sheep always follow blindly.

If the leading sheep jumps into a pit, the sheep behind will also follow "plop" and "plop."

People are sometimes like this too.

When the applause drowned out the boos, those who continued to boo became outliers, stared at angrily by the surrounding crowd.

The applause grew louder, reverberating across the sky.

Seeing this scene from behind the stage, Finley felt finally relieved.

The hands that were uncomfortably twisted behind his back finally relaxed.

He won.

The next to take the stage was Adam, whose performance was also very splendid.

If it were a fair competition, he might not be guaranteed to win.

So he didn’t give Adam the chance of a fair competition at all.

The hosts were all his people, so how could Adam compete with him?

With a smile, Finley’s bribed program host understood his signal and, instead of eagerly announcing the next performance, "followed the crowd’s enthusiasm" to introduce the play’s author, Finley.

This was obviously smuggling private goods in.

Listening to the inciting words of the host, Sif, who had just finished rehearsing her lines, looked slightly cold and asked solemnly:

"Roland, does this behavior count as inciting the masses to oppose national policy?"

It’s known that Sussex’s national policy is continental balance.

The Rodinia Continent can have many strong countries, but not a superpower.

They maintain the balance of power through a strong fleet, international trade, and overseas territories.

The current strongest country on the continent is the Vladimir Empire, which has the potential to become a superpower.

To contain them is the national policy.

Using the masses’ love for peace to coerce and influence national policy, the intent is unjustifiable.

Roland looked at Sif in surprise, she was progressing so quickly.

The appreciative look made Sif a bit embarrassed, and she softly explained, "Don’t look at me like that. Instigating others to fight while profiting from it, all the old Sussex people understand it."

"At least the nobles understand." Seeing no resonance in Roland’s eyes, she quickly explained.

Roland silently ridiculed internally; there’s a term for this behavior, called stirring the pot.

To avoid the topic steering into an indescribable direction, he smiled and said, "The host is just a puppet pushed to the front stage, targeting him is useless, we need to catch the mastermind behind the scenes."

"Just catch the mastermind? But I don’t want to let any of them go." Sif muttered softly.

"Good!"

Roland raised an eyebrow, genuinely admiring, "Understanding the need to eradicate the problem, you already have the basic qualities of a politician. Don’t worry, once the mastermind is caught, the smaller fry as tools of the crime naturally won’t escape."

Sif breathed a long sigh of relief, her eyebrows gradually relaxing.

Looking at the host’s inciting tone, she no longer felt that annoyed.

You all enjoy jumping around now, but wait until the reckoning to see how you cry!

Sif silently added the male and female hosts to her list of traitors.

Traitors who betray the country all deserve to die.

Seeing the atmosphere almost right, the host finally unwillingly introduced the next performer before the crowd grew tired and it became too evident.