Empress 112

Chapter 112: Passing the Buck, Part 2

"Please welcome Igor, the Rurik minstrel from the Vladimir Empire!"

Directly using Adam’s real name was also Finley’s arrangement.

Don’t you enjoy performing satire plays?

Now the envoy from the Vladimir Empire is sitting in the box. He’s a state guest, so go ahead and satirize.

There are many who shout slogans about dedicating themselves to art, but how many truly dare to do so?

There surely are some, but not many.

Such people of integrity certainly don’t include the minstrels who change brides in the Red Light District every night.

Lustful individuals don’t deserve it.

Finley looked at Adam with contempt, full of the condescension of a victor.

He didn’t know what the final act was, as this was the only thing the Minister of Culture and Education refused to reveal.

If he doesn’t say, so be it. It’s not important.

Even if Roland himself flew into a rage and took the stage, so what?

This promotion spot is something he has set his sights on.

After his promotion, he will immediately challenge Roland to a duel of honor, under the pretense of avenging his brother, and personally take Roland down.

After Calvinson's death, there were many clamorous voices in the family, saying he wasn't fit to be the clan leader.

What a bunch of useless people.

Could his schemes be understood by fools?

Finley put his hands behind his back, raised his head to the sunlight, feeling pleased.

As he expected, Adam, whose real name had been exposed, truly became flustered.

He even thought of escaping the moment he heard his real name.

But he quickly realized that he is now a member of the White Rose Knight Order.

No matter how arrogant the Rurik people are, they cannot kill the Empress's knight in the Imperial Capital.

They have a reputation to maintain too.

With regained confidence, Adam walked onto the stage with his head held high.

The biased introduction by the host, the despicable tactics of exposing his background, none of these mattered at this moment.

He was going to expose the scandals within the Vladimir bureaucracy face-to-face.

He stood on the stage, poised, with a smile on his face, ready to deliver a heavy blow.

His fellow performers took their positions, and the prop master set the background.

The band played music, and the background music began.

It was a tune from his hometown.

With a smile on his face, Adam cleared his throat, took half a step forward, ready to speak.

"Wait a moment!"

An interruption came suddenly.

Angelina appeared on stage like a phantom.

Facing the host, she said softly, "I am Angelina, and in my capacity as the plenipotentiary envoy of the Empress of the Vladimir Empire, I request that the performance be paused."

Though she said "request," it was as good as an order.

A plenipotentiary envoy represents Sofia’s authority, almost equivalent to the Empress herself being present.

The host dared not neglect, quickly stopped the performance, and looked helplessly towards the box where the Cabinet Ministers were seated.

While he was looking to the Cabinet Ministers for help, they were holding a small meeting.

Who would negotiate with the Rurik people?

If it were a private transaction, any minister present could handle it.

But this was in full view of everyone.

In full view, a weak stance would be scorned by the proud Sussex people, but a firm stance would offend the Rurik people.

A dilemma indeed.

Who would be willing to be the scapegoat?

The ministers cast their eyes on Chief Minister William.

William maintained a calm expression but inwardly harbored ill intentions towards the womenfolk of these colleagues.

He just now had been booed into confusion; to go out again would destroy his reputation completely.

But as the Chief Minister, bearing the weight of 34 provinces of the Empire, he had no choice but to express himself.

Under the scrutiny of the ministers, William gritted his teeth, getting up, and walked briskly.

Wald, who had been resting with closed eyes, slowly opened them in surprise, looking at William.

He always disliked this man’s slickness, did not expect him to show such responsibility today?

The other ministers rose as well, looking at William with a mix of sympathy and expectation.

William strode like a whirlwind to the center stage.

He glanced at Angelina but said nothing, turning directly toward the Empress's box.

"Your Majesty, how should we respond to the request from the Vladimir Empire's envoy?"

A neat transfer of responsibility.

Yet there was no flaw to be found.

The Empress has not yet taken on full responsibilities, but she is, after all, the Supreme Leader. Matters involving diplomacy, military, and other significant issues cannot be decided by the Cabinet alone, and they must report to her.

Even though most of the time it's just procedural.

But today was different.

William, in public, tossed this difficult issue to the Empress, and there's no fault to be found, meanwhile establishing a reputation for respecting the Empress.

With ill intent, he glanced at the nearly ten thousand spectators below the stage.

Let's see what answer the Empress you revere comes up with.

Wald cursed inwardly but could only sigh, unable to prevent it.

Suddenly he felt he was really getting old.

In this era of seeing who can be more shameless, he found himself a bit too reserved.

There was silence throughout the venue.

The crowd’s gaze focused nervously on the Empress’s box.

They were a little anxious too.

They believed the Empress was a good ruler, but she was still young. Could she handle such a situation?

The Empress’s gentle voice came from the box.

"You are merely an envoy, unqualified to engage in equal dialogue with me. Sofia might be more appropriate."

Soft yet cool, her voice carried unquestionable authority.

Angelina’s complexion changed slightly.

A plenipotentiary envoy, after all, is not the Emperor of the Empire.

To have an equal dialogue with Sylph, she indeed wasn’t qualified enough.

The more than ninety thousand people in the audience erupted in earth-shattering cheers.

Well said; truly worthy of being everyone’s Empress.

Your status, do you also find it suitable to question our Empress?

Amidst the cheers, there was also derogatory banter against the Rurik people.

Although in the eyes of the Magic Empire's people they were all considered the Barbarian Race, even barbarians have their distinctions.

Sussex people, Jin Yuan people, and Talia people are relatively civilized and elegant barbarians, while Rurik people and Haiyin people are the more savage ones.

The old Sussex people of the True Rose Banner inwardly despised the crude Rurik people.

Her Majesty's response truly gave them a sense of vindication.

Satisfaction is all well and good, but the issue still needs to be addressed.

Can Adam's play continue to be performed?

With raised volume, Empress Sylph called out:

"Where is Sir Roland?"

Roland, understanding the signal, exchanged a look with Sif and quickly stepped forward.

"Here, Your Majesty."

"Adam is your subordinate; this matter is your responsibility. From this moment until the issue is entirely resolved, you will fully represent me in dealings with Angelina."

Marvelous.

Wald’s wrinkled old face instantly relaxed from frustration.

His good student had finally seen the light.

But he didn’t know the command had passed through two hands.

Roland informed Sif, Sif notified Sylph, and then Sylph gave orders to Roland.

It was as if Roland was ordering himself.

He accepted the orders proudly, coldly looking at Angelina.

Various methods can be used to deal with the Rurik people, but being cowardly is not one of them.

"Envoy Angelina, your country and our country are both nations ruled by the law, affairs and conduct must be governed by legal processes."

Angelina stared intently at Roland, vaguely sensing something amiss.

This guy started with a big-label appeal that couldn’t be rejected.

After all, one couldn’t claim the Rurik people are just barbarians and ignore the law.

If she dared to say so, the Empress would surely make her suffer.

She could only respond coldly, "What are you implying?"

Roland snorted angrily, loudly questioning, "Since we are both nations of civilization and law, if you wish to accuse our citizen Adam, you should file an international lawsuit through the legal department rather than loudly disrupting an important celebration held in our country."

"Is this how your country’s Empress taught you diplomatic etiquette?"

Roland opened with moral coercion, non-stop continuous moral coercion, disregarding facts, directly imposing labels and stances.

Yet what he said was reasonable and watertight, leaving no room for error.

This approach, distilled from the essence of billions of internet arguments in the 21st century, was essentially a crushing blow at this time.

Upon hearing Roland’s reprimand, the crowd below erupted in earth-shattering applause.

Truly worthy of being Her Majesty’s... partner; he handled the situation with such composure!

Perhaps it was affection shining through; many people suddenly found Roland not entirely useless, at least he could help Her Majesty solve problems.

William added to the Empress’s troubles.

Roland resolved trouble for the Empress.

The contrast was clear.

Amidst the audience’s jeers, Angelina’s fair face had no trace of blood, her eyelashes frosted with a layer of chill, evidently enraged to the extreme.