Empress 113

Chapter 113: We Are the Champions

Just when Angelina was filled with momentum, intending to say something, her attitude suddenly softened.

Gritting her teeth, she coldly said, "I will get to the bottom of this matter. I won't affect your country's Radiant Day celebration, but the traitor must be brought to justice."

The show continued.

When the host announced the title of Adam's play, his voice was trembling.

He's no fool; he knows he's landed himself in trouble.

Regret for not being able to resist taking Finley's money and playing tricks during such a national celebration.

Bean-sized sweat beads rolled down the host's forehead; his voice trembled slightly, subconsciously searching for Finley's presence, but found nothing.

After this turmoil, Adam's state was somewhat affected.

He was ignited.

If someone chased him to a foreign country and wouldn't let go, should he still be a coward?

Before the performance began, Adam glanced at Angelina, with a smile mixed with wildness and disdain.

"Oh my, the Imperial Envoy from Saint Rasha Palace is about to arrive!"

Adam started speaking with a perfect trilled pronunciation.

He used proficient Sussex Language, but anyone could tell he was portraying a Rurik People.

Oh no, in this drama, they are called Rakshasa People.

The play was originally called "Rurik Imperial Envoy," but due to reality involving a nation name, possibly causing diplomatic disputes, it was eventually renamed "Imperial Envoy."

The story's context changed from the Rurik People to the Rakshasa People.

But looking at Adam's Rurik-esque appearance and speaking style, everyone knew what he was performing.

When satire drama appears to be satirizing the Rurik People, it's unmistakable.

If it weren't for the previous conflict between the envoy and the Empress, the audience might not have resonated much.

There would even be many neutral spectators subtly sarcastic with phrases like "our country too," "but what's this got to do with my twelve shilling monthly salary."

But now it's different.

It was the Rurik People who openly provoked the Empress first.

The people needed a satisfying counterattack.

Adam's satire drama came at just the right moment.

So much so that some audience members felt this play was conceived spontaneously.

Roland returned backstage, waiting to go on stage with Sif.

Watching Adam’s passionate performance, Sif showed a heartfelt smile.

"So amusing, those officials panicked over a fake envoy."

"Because they have guilt in their hearts."

"Those greedy Rurik vampires," Sif softly commented.

Roland laughed and teased, "If not for caring about your feelings, today’s play should be titled Sussex Imperial Envoy."

"Our country too?"

Roland said nothing.

Sif said nothing either.

Of course, Sussex is the same.

Sussex people also have two arms and a mouth, not essentially different from Rurik People. They too have various issues born from power.

"Is this play meant for me?" Sif softly asked.

"For you to think of this shows the play wasn’t performed in vain." Roland felt genuinely delighted.

"I understand now, I will change all of this." Sif’s eyes shined brightly.

"How do you plan to do that?" Roland was curious. This is a problem unsolvable both ancient and modern, not even finding a successful model to emulate.

"Draw a red line, and anyone who crosses it will be dealt with." Sif spoke resolutely.

"If all the officials are gone, who will serve Her Majesty?" Roland wondered.

"You’re saying greedy people can’t be eliminated, right?" Sif’s voice was gentle.

"Indeed that’s the case."

"I know too. You said that clear water doesn’t have fish swimming. Therefore, I set an uncrossable red line for them. This red line isn’t low, they can live well and earn noble titles, manage their lands and family business."

"If they still trample such a lenient red line, it’s greed beyond measure and must be eliminated." Sif’s eyes burned with fire.

This time, Roland was genuinely surprised.

This idea carries a bit of the mindset regarding high salaries discouraging corruption.

Problems birthed by power may not be eradicated, but they can be controlled.

As long as they’re controlled within a certain range, not affecting the growth of larger aspects, it’s benign.

Roland wanted to praise Sif a few words, but time was running out.

Adam’s performance was nearing its climax, about to end.

Backstage staff reminded him and Sif to prepare for their entrance.

Just as Roland was about to set off, Sif suddenly grabbed his hand, softly asking, "You’ve memorized your lines, right?"

Roland laughed and teased, "I only have a few lines in total; just make sure you don’t forget yours."

"Of course, I won’t forget." Sif proudly puffed out her chest.

Not only wouldn’t she forget, Sif always felt these lines were what she would naturally say.

The Elf Empress is an empress, and she is an empress, they are the same.

Her Majesty the Empress, after struggling with many hardships, returns to her homeland, seeing the familiar Flower Sea, she knows exactly what emotions she would feel.

What she doesn’t quite understand are the emotions when reunited with a long-lost lover.

After all, she’s never been in love.

Books have various knowledge, and many love stories, but she always felt they weren’t quite right.

She remembered Roland’s reminder.

"Love has no template; how you imagine love to be is how the Elf Empress’s love is."

When Roland spoke, for the first time, his eyes lacked light, they were evasive.

She realized, in this aspect, he too was pure white.

They are the same.

As Sif and Roland prepared to take the stage, Adam’s performance reached its climax.

He played the Imperial Envoy earnestly, proposing marriage to the Mayor’s daughter.

"Mr. Mayor, you wouldn’t want Her Majesty the Empress to know about the years of profiteering, would you?"