Empress 114

Chapter 114: We Are the Champions 2

"If you become my father-in-law, we'll be family. Why would I harm you?"

These playful lines were Roland's appropriate adaptation from the original work.

No change to the plot of the original, just a different expression.

The audience burst into laughter, mocking the mayor as a big fool.

They see clearly, but those in the situation naturally don't.

Almost without any thought, the mayor agreed to the young man's proposal and packed his daughter off overnight to his "Imperial Envoy" in mind.

In the original, the young man was scared he would be exposed and fled overnight, but Adam found it unconvincing.

Pretending to be an envoy is a serious crime punishable by execution and family exile.

Dare to pose as an envoy, but afraid to take the mayor's daughter?

Roland understood that Adam knew the Rurik people well and adopted his advice to revise the script.

The mayor's cowardice, the officials' panic, and the audacity of the false envoy were perfectly presented on stage.

The audience erupted in cheers.

Some rejoiced, while others worried.

Joy was crazily shifting from the Vladimir Empire’s delegation to the Sussex people.

Angelina was almost faint with anger.

Her hand trembled slightly, her lips nearly biting into blood.

Just as she was about to explode in anger, she felt a trace of coolness from behind.

"Anger is the Devil, kill it."

Angelina was startled, her rapid breathing gradually evened out.

She closed her eyes, her trembling lashes restoring calm.

With her mind at peace, the cheers and mockery outside were not so piercing.

Seeing Angelina’s change, the mysterious figure with a blue veil seated behind her showed a slight smile.

Perhaps soon, the Empire will gain another tier-eight Transcendent.

...

Adam’s performance concluded.

At the drama’s last moment, the content young man got up from the mayor’s daughter’s bed, swiftly gathered the valuable gifts and bags of gold coins, and ran off.

As he fled, he didn’t forget to mock further.

"Haha, go ahead, report me to Saint Rasha Palace, say I took your illegal gains."

The audience burst into roaring laughter.

Indeed, dare to report?

As the mindless officials searched for the missing envoy, the postal director with a voyeuristic penchant for opening others' letters angrily found the mayor.

He had discovered the letter left by the young man.

It turned out it was all a scam.

The young man ridiculed all the officials present and gave each a derogatory nickname.

When the officials fumed with rage, wanting to send someone after him, a loud off-screen voice resounded outside the city hall.

"The Imperial Envoy has arrived—!"

The real Imperial Envoy had arrived.

The whole venue exploded with laughter like thunder.

The stage play ended with the officials in bewildered astonishment.

When Adam led the entire cast to bow, the cheers came wave after wave, almost overturning Monarch Square.

Below, Finley’s face darkened slightly.

He knew clearly he had lost.

Not in the actors’ performance or script quality, but in the scope.

Standing on the "national interest" stance craving peace, he ultimately appeared to bow down.

For the domineering True Rose Flag Sussex people, this feeling was unpleasant.

Had it not been for the Macbeth Clan’s reputation boost and planting supporters in the crowd, he might have lost even more miserably.

He had calculated everything except for Adam and Roland being able to defeat him head-on.

One can deceive, but the audience’s cheers won’t change.

Could he press the audience’s heads and force them to vote for shows they disliked?

In Finley’s self-mockery, the last program of the Radiant Day celebration took the stage.

"The Empress Returns," starring Sif and Roland.

This is a very simply arranged drama.

To summarize simply, the Empress appears, comes to the Flower Sea, meets her lover, and they sit by the Moon Well, singing about their longing for each other, finally walking hand-in-hand toward the Flower Sea.

But Roland knows today’s performance is invincible.

Simplicity is the ultimate elegance.

The audience wants to see the Empress; here she comes; how could they possibly lose?

By then, it was already nearing dusk, getting late.

Melodious music began, the stage curtain gradually opened, and the lighting props fully prepared.

The pre-prepared magic induced a small Flower Sea on site.

The tall ancient natural tree couldn't be created on site, so they created a particularly beautiful tree adorned with Magic Lamps through alchemy.

The audience held their breath.

Just now, at the announcement, they heard the Empress.

Though they didn't expect the stage actors to mirror the charisma of their national Empress, they loved her still and wanted to see the Empress's grace.

The elf empress in a light green long dress appeared.

Originally somewhat noisy, the square fell silent instantly.

The train of time stands still at this moment.

The audience is in tears.

This is their Empress!

The Empress knows they want to see her, so she took the stage personally to perform and meet them.

In the crowd, a man in his seventies wipes away his tears, saying this is the best Empress he has seen.

He wasn’t lying; the Empire’s last Empress reigned over two hundred years ago.

A strong middle-aged man stands on tiptoe, just to catch another glimpse of the Empress.

The plot doesn’t matter anymore.

The audience is going wild for the Empress.

Someone started it, and then more and more people began shouting the stirring slogan, "Long live the Empress!"

Until the Elf Empress began to sing.

The Magic Teleportation Array carried her gentle and crisp voice to everyone’s ears.

In the distance, the audience couldn’t clearly see the Empress’s figure, but they could hear her voice, pure as heavenly music.

The world was so quiet.

Only Sif was singing.

Standing on the stage, Roland finally understood his place.

A VIP listening spot.

Playing the role of the emperor consort, he was utterly captivated by the Elf Empress's melodious voice.

He was absolutely certain that even in another world, Sif could become a national treasure-level singer with her voice.

This is talent.

A godsend as natural as eating a meal.

Unfortunately, that doesn't work in this world.

This world speaks with strength.

He gently looked at Sif, listening quietly.

Sif's singing was gentle and melodious, expressing her emotions.

When she turned to Roland, his heartstrings were plucked.

Under the World Tree, the silent Flower Sea bloomed again.

They swayed and danced, welcoming their king's return.

Everyone was enchanted by Her Majesty the Empress's song, but in the area where the Vladimir Empire delegation was seated, someone became restless.

Angelina clenched the short staff in her hand, wanting to stand up.

The Elf Empress Sif must not continue performing.

She intended to use the short staff given by the Empress to summon a blizzard and disrupt everything.

Just as she was about to get up, a voice came from behind, slightly disappointed.

"This is flawless beauty, appreciate it with your heart."

Angelina obediently sat down, quiet as a kitten.

When Sif finished singing the last song, according to the script, Roland was supposed to step forward to greet her and say the simple welcoming line.

But Roland forgot.

He stood there, his gaze tenderly falling on Sif's cheeks and shoulders.

He looked at her carefully, following her beautiful face, to the long eyelashes, the straight nose, and then her graceful figure.

He looked so intently, as if to etch this beautiful moment in his mind.

He couldn't tell if the person in front of him was Sif or the Elf Sif.

Couldn't tell if this was a dream or reality.

Couldn't tell if this was a stage or a flower sea.

He couldn’t tell.

But he knew that saying anything would ruin this extreme beauty in silence.

He was moved.

This time it’s real.

Bad news: Sif doesn’t know yet.

Good news: Sif doesn’t know yet.

The applause began.

Shattering the peaceful beauty.

The show couldn’t go on.

The mutual gaze at this moment had already become art.

The applause gradually gathered into a sound wave, echoing above the square.

The outcome was clear.

With so many audience members flooding in and the time approaching night, for the sake of safety, the Minister of Culture and Education considerately changed the voting segment to immediate live support.

He announced the names of the contestants and the original authors in turn, and the audience expressed support with cheers.

When the names of other contestants appeared, they received applause.

When Finley’s name appeared, applause and boos were mixed together.

When Adam’s name appeared, applause and cheers were continuous and enthusiastic.

When the Minister of Culture and Education announced the names of Sif and Roland, there was only one chant left in the audience.

"Champion!"

"Champion!"

"Champion!"