Empress 115

Chapter 115: The Wine Does Not Intoxicate, People Intoxicate Themselves

Even a hundred years later, people will remember the Radiant Day celebration of the Magic New Calendar 1791.

It was a long-awaited mild winter in Sussex, with warm sunlight bathing the earth.

Every Sussex person attending the celebration would joyfully recall the scenes of that day.

The focus of their discussions was the majestic and beautiful Her Majesty the Empress.

They naturally forgot that the host mentioned the performer was Count Tyrone Sif.

They needed the Empress, not the Count.

While some were happy, others were desolate; on the night of the celebration, at the Vladimir Empire Embassy, someone angrily smashed three vases in the cold.

But there were many more troubled than her.

For example, Mr. Finley.

After the celebration, Mr. Finley, who gladly took third place, refused to attend the banquet using the excuse, "Although the priest says I’m healthy, I just feel unwell," and went straight home.

He locked himself in the little dark room, drinking strong spirits one glass after another, trying to numb himself.

He succeeded.

That night, he felt as numb as he was intoxicated.

The more he wanted to defend his family honor and restore the glory of his ancestors, the more disappointed he was now.

The opportunity to win through honorable means and earn a promotion was gone.

He could no longer be promoted...

No, he still had a chance!

Finley’s eyes sparkled with a fiery light.

The normal path was blocked; there must be a narrow winding path leading to his goal.

As long as he killed Roland, he still had a chance.

But killing Roland was certainly not easy, and dealing with the aftermath was even harder.

Roland was the Empress’s first favored minister, and acting against him would enrage the Empress.

Even as recently as yesterday, he wouldn’t have cared much for the Empress, who was yet to take full control and seemed like a puppet, but now he was somewhat fearful.

The Empress’s appeal was too strong now.

That overwhelming roar of "Champion" was the surging tide of public sentiment.

Although Finley didn’t consider ordinary people, the accumulation of thousands of them still made his heart tremble.

It was those ordinary citizens who caused him to lose the championship, so he naturally dared not ignore the power of ordinary people.

Even the Cabinet Ministers had to reckon with this power.

How did he have any chance?

Unless he wanted to drag his family down with him.

Should he give up?

Finley gritted his teeth, his whole body trembling.

He was unwilling to accept it.

The family was indeed important, but what meaning did it have for him without him?

Hatred and jealousy made Finley’s face extremely distorted.

As he was being torn apart by negative emotions, almost on the verge of exploding, the butler’s voice sounded outside the door.

"Sir, a guest from Saint Rurik Palace requests an audience."

"Not seeing! Wait, Saint Rurik Palace?"

Finley became alert.

His eyes were vacant, and it was a long time before he slowly spoke, "Please ask the distinguished guest to wait, I'll be right there."

He had no power to refuse; he was already too deep in this.

Since cooperating with the Rurik People, there was no turning back for him.

He could only deceitfully comfort himself that although Empress Sylph had the people's support, she was still nothing before Empress Sofia.

Once you're on the pirate ship, there's no turning back.

Since he embarked on the road of treason and glory-seeking, he might as well continue to the darkest end.

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The night the celebration ended, many people popped champagne, but the happiest weren't even Roland and Sif; they were proud but not unbridled, yet in the top floor office of The Sun's headquarters, someone was as joyful as a child.

Mr. Rupert, the Duke of Jinquehua Dynasty's most unconventional figure, known as a media mogul and playboy, was dancing in the office and even opened champagne, which was extremely rare.

The Empress's bloodline was awakening, he was very sure.

Perhaps Sylph hadn't realized the historical mission she bore, but the cogwheels of history had begun to turn and could not be stopped.

The curtain has risen, and the actors should take the stage.

The Duke of Jinquehua Dynasty had a place in the promised land foretold by the prophecy book.

And the premise of having this position was to follow the returning Elf Empress.

The editors at The Sun listened to the excited shouts coming from upstairs, all somewhat perplexed.

They couldn't gauge the president's intentions.

Should they sensationalize the Empress's scandals or conduct positive publicity?

Fortunately, Chief Editor Duke, with his wide experience, quickly made a decision.

Working overtime to print two versions overnight.

One version to praise, and one to criticize.

Report to the president the next day after he wakes up!

No matter what decision the president makes, the responsibility will not lie with the editorial department.

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The celebrants, naturally including the champions themselves.

Using frugality as an excuse, the palace banquet was kept very simple, only entertaining foreign envoys, officials responsible for the celebration, and some representatives of the performers.

The Empress gently praised the Minister of Culture and Education for handling matters properly, as a capable minister.

The Minister of Culture and Education silently accepted the praise, but when he lowered his head, his face showed a hint of desolation.

This was not the result he wanted.

Her Majesty the Empress was becoming more and more reliant on favoritism, a path from which she could no longer be pulled back.

These loyal ministers, seeing Roland's increasing power and fame, didn't even know with whom to share their concerns.

Of course, the Empress was good, but what about the future under Roland's influence?

The Minister of Culture and Education was very anxious.

No one cared how anxious the Minister of Culture and Education was, at least Roland didn't.

After the palace banquet, the group moved to the Earl's Mansion for the formal champagne celebration.

This bottle of champagne had been stored for quite some time.

Sif invited Teacher Wald, but the old man politely declined, using the excuse that he didn't want to interfere with the young people's gathering.

Sif was perplexed; her teacher never used such an excuse to refuse her, nor would he say something about affecting the young people's gathering.

What was going on?

Nonetheless, her teacher’s absence indeed made her breathe a sigh of relief.