Empress 128

Chapter 128: Saintess Fuchou

"Please confirm whether this body is your nation’s envoy, Alina."

William looked coldly at the Jin Yuan Kingdom envoy, Dilas.

Dilas stared dumbfoundedly at Alina lying in the transparent coffin and was about to step forward but was stopped.

Count Tyrone Sif said coldly:

"She may be dead, but her dignity cannot be desecrated. Gentlemen, please step outside and let a woman examine her."

Dilas was somewhat dismissive but complied nonetheless.

He signaled the only female diplomat accompanying him to go forward and examine.

William and Dilas waited outside the door.

After a thorough examination, the female diplomat came to Dilas with a grave expression, lowering her voice to report:

"Mr. Envoy, I am very sure; the deceased is Envoy Alina."

"Are you certain?"

"One hundred percent certain. Miss Alina had a mole on her waist, known to very few, and her face is unharmed, with all her features clear and intact, and her personal belongings are her own."

Dilas looked at the female diplomat in shock, falling into silence.

He had just received orders from his country to ask the Sussex Empire to help capture Alina, yet now Alina lay here.

Could it really be such a coincidence?

Although Secretary Lina was very clear, such a significant matter must be personally verified.

He stood up, saying with some apology:

"Mr. William, Miss Sif, it’s not that I don’t trust Secretary Lina, but it’s best to witness such a significant matter firsthand before reporting back to the country."

"Do you think Alina’s corpse could also be faked?" Sif said coldly.

"Absolutely not; I promise just to take a look. That’s my insistence!" Dilas raised his voice.

William glanced at Sif, signaling her that it was just a look, so let him see!

Sif calculated the time. The false death effect should last at least ten more minutes, so she did not persist, only coldly reminding:

"Mr. Dilas, desecrating a corpse is considered a grave crime in the eyes of the Goddess of Fengrao’s followers, please be respectful."

Dilas inexplicably felt a little irritable.

If it were the living Alina, such sensitivity would be understandable, but she was already dead now! No matter how beautiful a woman is in the world, what could he possibly think of a corpse?

Though slightly annoyed, he nodded in agreement.

Dealing with these nobles and imperial family who seem polite but are actually arrogant is impossible to communicate with!

Dilas Envoy thought angrily.

Luckily, our Jin Yuan Kingdom is no longer a world ruled by emperors and nobility; even super families like Buananaba must be settled.

He increasingly understood the necessity of domestic cleansing actions.

Dilas entered the room where the corpse was kept, accompanied by Sif, standing a meter away, looking at Alina.

Although Alina was merely lying there quietly with her eyes closed, he could confirm it was her.

He saw the pendant hanging from Alina’s breast pocket.

He sighed slightly, somewhat wistfully saying, "Could I take a look at that pendant? It’s a gift my daughter gave to Alina."

Sif said nothing, stepped forward, took off the pendant, and handed it to Dilas.

Dilas touched the iris-patterned pendant, seeing his daughter’s name inscribed on it, and was even more certain.

"I’d like to take it as evidence; is that okay?"

Sif nodded, casting her gaze toward the doorway.

Dilas knew this was a signal to leave, shook his head, and walked out.

He had just stepped outside the door, not yet speaking, when he heard William’s somber voice.

"Mr. Dilas, I am very curious why your nation’s envoy would hide in Dovor Port and overnight attack our nation’s nobility? This is a serious diplomatic incident, and we need a reasonable explanation!"

Today’s theme was pressure; the foreign minister was clearly unfit, so William himself stepped in.

Dilas did not expect William to be so aggressive, his aura overwhelming before he could speak, causing him to feel guilty and say weakly:

"I don’t know either. Alina claimed two days ago that she felt unwell and left the Imperial Capital heading south. We thought she just wanted to go to the seaside to clear her mind. Who would have thought it would end like this."

Dilas hurriedly took out official diplomatic documents, handing them to William with a forced smile, explaining:

"Alina’s father conspired to restore the throne, aiming to become emperor in the Republic; he has been brought to justice. She might have gotten wind of this, leading to such foolishness."

William casually browsed the diplomatic documents, then looked at Dilas with a mocking smile.

"Is it really such a coincidence? Alina just committed a crime, and your diplomatic missives arrived at the same time. Do you think I can believe this?"

Dilas was greatly irritated but knew this matter put Jin Yuan Kingdom in the wrong.

No matter how he explained, Alina was still acting as a Jin Yuan Kingdom envoy when she attacked Sif.

Dilas knew that Count Tyrone was the Empress's alternate identity, and he became more and more afraid, not daring to argue, and his gaze toward William softened significantly.

"Miss Sif, Mr. William, I also deeply regret this incident. Alina attacking Miss Sif was purely personal behavior after she was stripped of all positions by our country..."

"Is a simple regret enough?"

William did not intend to let him off so easily, coldly saying, "If Alina had succeeded, have you considered the consequences?"

Cold sweat dripped down Dilas's forehead as he took out a handkerchief to wipe the sweat off his brow, biting his lip as if contemplating how to respond.

Clearly, William was not planning to let him off easily, aiming to extract a hefty price.

The thought of the consequences if Alina's assassination succeeded made Dilas's legs slightly weak, almost unable to stand firm.

If it led to a war between the two countries, with their moral standing at a disadvantage and relative weakness in national power, the probability of Jin Yuan Kingdom suffering losses was high.