Empress 132

Chapter 132: To Be the Empire’s Dog Is an Honor!

"I want to go to Dovor Port again."

The Empress, played by the Magic Mirror, straightforwardly expressed her thoughts to William.

William’s heart sank; wasn’t there just an assassination attempt there a few days ago? Why go again?

He was about to persuade the Empress to choose another location when the Magic Mirror presented the prepared lines.

"The previous incident caused quite a stir, and the city government, the Port Authority, and the Fourth Fleet are all anxious. I need to hear the situation report and reassure them."

"This..."

This was an indisputable reason, and William couldn’t think of a way to oppose it.

But he must insist on the bottom line.

"Your Majesty’s security is of utmost importance and must be handled cautiously."

"I plan to have the Knight Order escort me; it is their duty. If you are not confident, additional personnel can be deployed, but let’s not make it overly conspicuous."

Every word the Empress said was perfectly measured, yet William felt suffocated.

This is too perfect.

She’s nothing like the inexperienced young Empress.

For some reason, William always felt discomfort facing the Empress.

He couldn’t predict what tricks this astute-thinking Empress would pull next.

Since there was no reason to object, William had to agree.

He thought briefly and said slowly, "The Knight Order has a total of less than three hundred, and they’re thin on the ground. I’ll dispatch two hundred more men to accompany; how does Your Majesty feel about that?"

"Sir William, your handling has always been prudent, do as you say."

William breathed a sigh of relief; it seems that the Empress really has business on this trip and isn’t just going to cause trouble.

After a few more exchanges, having discussed the specific arrangements with the Empress, William hurried off.

This time he felt too lazy to consult other Cabinet Ministers.

It’s good that the Empress is taking the initiative to go out, saving everyone the trouble of being frightened constantly within the Imperial Capital.

Every time he sees a messenger from the Imperial Palace, his heart pounds wildly.

If this keeps up, the Empress may yet take the throne, but he’ll collapse first.

Don’t mention handling thirty-four provinces; even managing the Imperial Capital alone is overwhelming.

The Empress's tour could be a major event, or it could be routine.

But before the tour, there was still one thing to do.

Entertain foreign envoys attending the Radiant Day festival.

As per tradition, a week after the Radiant Day festival concludes, heads of state and special envoys from various countries leave.

Among those attending the banquet were special envoys from major nations and some sovereigns from smaller nations.

Monarchs of major powers are busy with affairs and cannot afford divisions; envoys attend in their stead.

Smaller nations dare not be so presumptuous.

Especially those with coastlines, they are truly afraid.

Once, an arrogant monarch of a small country publicly humiliated the Sussex Empire's envoy, only to have a special fleet nearby.

The envoy fired a signal shot, and within thirty-eight minutes, the small country surrendered, not even managing to last an hour, with an astounding battle loss ratio of 1:500.

Major powers on the Rodinia Continent have the privilege to dialogue with the Sussex Empire as equals, but small countries may consider themselves fortunate to be Sussex's dogs.

They dare not slack; either the king visits personally or the prince takes over the duty.

As for some distant small countries, they simply station a prince permanently in Sussex, visiting during festivals to sing and dance.

On December 20th, 1791 New Calendar, the thanksgiving banquet was bustling with excitement.

A total of nine countries sent envoys, fifty-nine countries had either their crown princes or kings attend personally, joining the thanksgiving banquet, while some chiefs and leaders wanted to attend but didn't have the qualifications and could only settle for a meal in the side hall.

The banquet process was very fixed; many attendees had participated multiple times, and they even remembered the mostly identical speech content of each occasion.

The Empress's cool voice echoed within the Hall of Nations; specially designed walls created a resonant sound, allowing her voice to clearly reach everyone's ears.

The Empress raised her glass, and the guests from various countries followed, the atmosphere was very harmonious.

Most country representatives kept composed expressions.

After all, it's merely an attendance banquet, one would not think there would be any waves.

As everyone was raising their glasses to drink, a sudden "thud" came from the center of the hall.

Everyone looked toward the center of the venue; a hulking man with bronze skin wearing a bird-feather crown and local ethnic attire kneeled down in the center of the hall.

The "thud" sound was from his knee striking the ground.

Amidst everyone's bewilderment, the man crawled forward, moving to about seven or eight meters in front of the Empress, humbly kissing the floor.

"Your Majesty, your most loyal servant, Little Bagash from the Bagash Chiefdom, wishes your glory to shine across the world."

The name "Bagash" caused the special envoys from major powers present to suddenly realize.

So it was that small country that surrendered within thirty-eight minutes.

Indeed, no wonder he was so humble.

Seemed he had been hit into submission.

The Empress satisfactorily nodded, giving a hand signal to the maid beside her. The maid took a heavy gold bracelet from a tray and walked towards Bagash.

"Chief Bagash, please rise; this is Your Majesty’s gift to you."

This gold bracelet could be adjusted in size and wasn’t small; it seems to have been prepared well in advance.

Only such a large bracelet could fit his bulky wrist.

Evidently, it was a show.

The special envoys from major nations all showed knowing smiles.

Monarchs and crown princes of small countries bowed their heads.

Major nations could be indifferent, but they dared not; this show was a demonstration for them.

The bracelet was not expensive, yet it represented the Empire’s recognition.

From this moment, the Bagash Chiefdom officially became Sussex Empire’s dog!

That is glory!

Bagash accepted the bracelet with both hands, checked the size, and clenched his teeth to pry it open, forcibly fitting it on his neck.

His neck was a bit thicker than his wrist, and when the bracelet closed, it almost suffocated him.

But he knew he absolutely couldn’t make a fool of himself now.

The Empire’s etiquette officials reminded him, "Have you seen a dog wagging its tail at its master? Do likewise."

He was well aware of how to act like a dog; wasn’t it a collar?

Watching Chief Little Bagash’s reddened face, the special envoys from major nations held back their laughter with great difficulty.

Where did this country bumpkin come from? Is this a comedic act?

The Empire’s officials were also taken aback.

Who taught him to embarrass himself like this? Saying "act like a dog" wasn’t an invitation to literally act as one.

Seeing the situation becoming uncontrollable, the etiquette officer quickly dragged and supported the barely conscious Little Bagash out of the hall.

The entire venue fell silent.

At the Vladimir Empire envoy seats, envoy Angelina couldn’t help but let out a slight hum.

As she showed a disdainful expression, a cold voice came from behind.

"What do you think of the Empress?"

"Mediocre individual."

Angelina softly scoffed, "If this is the level of the Sussex Empire’s Imperial Family, I genuinely think you overestimate them."

"Take another look?" the cold voice behind reminded.

Angelina stared for a moment and slowly spoke, "The Empress is mediocre, but the Count Sif behind her is a remarkable person, performs well, and has substantial strength. Her eyes are aflame with spirit."

"Reason?"

Angelina softly replied, "When you gazed at her earlier, she met your eyes without a hint of backing down. I’ve never seen such courage domestically."

"Your judgment is very accurate; she is indeed my opponent."

The cold voice spoke slowly, "I am returning home tomorrow; you proceed with your training. Where Count Sif goes, you should follow closely, observe more, and think over it."

"You mean..."

"Carry out orders." The chilling cold rushed in, causing Angelina to instantly fall silent.