Empress 185

Chapter 185: Beer Hall Speech?

Sif did not speak throughout; she silently observed the entire negotiation between Roland and Frank.

As they descended the stairs, she couldn’t help but say, "This negotiation is completely different from what I imagined. Others always probe and pull during negotiations, but yours was direct."

Roland softly replied, "You’re right, negotiations are complex. But I’ve never thought about negotiating. Frank’s mistake is believing everything can be compromised and traded."

"Since someone is so eager to interfere, let them do it themselves."

Sif understood that the Jin Yuan people cared too much about face.

The freedom and rule of law they championed have now become retaliatory blades.

As she walked down the stairs, Sif suddenly thought of something and curiously asked, "Roland, why does your voice sound pleasant when telling stories, but your singing is so unpleasant?"

"Sif, if I feel down, I might sing all night to soothe my emotions."

"Oh dear, let’s say I was wrong. Please don’t sing, okay?" Sif quickly pleaded.

Roland’s singing was too powerful; even the Sea Demon couldn’t withstand it, and neither could Sif.

Though Sif verbally pleaded, her lips curled with satisfaction.

She knew Roland was joking; how could he possibly harm her?

The two walked downstairs and were about to cross the bustling hall when they heard a stirring voice from the stage in the center of the hall.

"People of Emperor Odin, give me some time, I have a few words to say!"

Emperor Odin was the founding emperor of the Odin Empire back in the day.

This person was addicted to alcohol and inherently violent, his large, red-nosed face and full brown-red beard his signature features.

Behind his back, people used Red Beard to describe his brutality and strength.

Mentioning Red Beard Emperor Odin, even the Val Federation People bullied into submission by other countries, would proudly puff out their chests and loudly declare themselves as Odin's people.

The Odin Empire vanished into the annals of history, but the Great Emperor's influence remained.

Roland paused, somewhat surprised, watching the young man jump onto the podium.

The young man's voice was full of charisma as he waved his arms, loudly recounting the Empire's achievements of beating Jin Yuan and kicking Wende, excluding Sussex from the continent.

"Have you heard about Odin at its peak?"

"At that time, Odin was the world's most powerful nation. No country dared to point fingers at us, not even the arrogant three major religions had to bow!"

Though slightly exaggerated, what he said was mostly true.

The Odin Empire, despite implementing the Prince Elector system, had the Odin Clan being so domineering that other Electors' Families became mere figureheads, only picking up the scraps in the last few decades.

When the Odin Clan reigned, everyone hated their autocracy.

When the Odin Clan fell, others were shocked to find the empire's pillar had toppled.

Less than fifty years after the Odin Clan's decline, the empire saw over a dozen emperors.

The empire's inheritance law transitioned from elective inheritance to tyrannicide inheritance.

In the chaos, the Odin Empire's territory was gradually nibbled away, the empire fragmented, and various powerful families declared independence.

Several Electors' Families dismembered the empire and to prevent retaliation from Odin's descendants, they massacred all direct descendants of Odin, only then were they slightly at ease.

The Odin Clan's distinct feature was their ancestor's brown-red beard, making them easy to identify; thus, their extermination was simple.

But during the Odin Clan's descendant's flight, the Empire's loyalists all grew beards and dyed them the same brown-red to shield the descendants of the Odin Clan.

Some say the Odin Clan is extinct, while others say their descendants still live.

Of course, neighboring countries and the traitors of the past support the extinction theory of the Odin Clan, but the Empire's citizens, struggling more with the empire's fall, firmly believe that Odin descendants still exist.

Minstrels even spread startling prophecies.

"When the statue of the one-eyed Giant emerges by the Rodinia River, the great Odin shall return!"

Roland stood curiously listening to how the passionate young man was inciting the masses.

The young man was initially a bit nervous when he took the stage, but after gulping down a large mug of beer, he grew increasingly fervent.

After briefly recounting the Odin Empire’s glory, he issued a soul-stirring cry.

"Who let our motherland become this way?"

The once clamorous crowd suddenly fell silent.

This topic was too sensitive; anyone who spoke would be in trouble.

There were many reasons for the Odin Empire’s demise. The treachery of the great Electors’ Families was just one of them.

If this young man’s understanding was only this superficial, Roland definitely had no interest in listening any further.

Just as he was about to leave, the young man on stage shouted hoarsely, "Besides traitors who divided the nation, there are those merchants greedy to the extreme!"

Roland stopped once again, somewhat surprised, watching the stage.

He fixed his gaze on the young man’s philtrum.

Fortunately, it was a false alarm, not a little mustache, but a thick beard.

Except for the indistinct red-nosed appearance, he looked like a typical Odin person.

"The lordship might only want our money, but the greedy merchants and tax farmers will break our bones, suck dry our marrow!"

"Fellow citizens, think about it, how many times has the price of the beer in your hands increased in the past decade?"

Roland stopped his just-started steps once again.

His wary gaze focused on the podium, fearing the man might say something odd again.

Fortunately, the young man mentioning merchants was merely offhand, resonating with the audience without diving into an analysis.

Luckily, it wasn’t him.

Roland exhaled in relief.

Except for being in a beer hall, there weren’t many similarities, and the speech quality was vastly different.

That terrifying existence was a master speaker.

Just as Roland was about to leave the beer hall, the doors were kicked open with a "bang" by boots.

A dozen soldiers surrounded the podium aggressively.

"Kid, you’re suspected of inciting rebellion, you’re under arrest!"

The young man on the stage laughed heartily and said, "Inspiring people to restore Odin Empire's former glory is considered rebellion? You can arrest me, but can you arrest all who wish to restore the great Odin?"

"Enough talking, take him away!"

The police captain, furious, stormed up and slammed the young man's head, giving him two hard slaps and loudly questioning:

"Bastard, what's your name?"

"Odin!"

Everyone fell silent.

Some bowed their heads in sorrow, others clenched their fists, some bit their lips hard, and others disguised their tears with the action of drinking.

This was Emperor Odin's permission.

Every Odin person could use Odin as a surname.

When the Great Emperor was alive, everyone was an Odin.

The young man's words echoed powerfully in the hearts of all in the beer hall.

Watching helplessly as the police escorted the young man away, the people were inexpressibly pained.

Sif clutched Roland's sleeve, asking with her eyes.

Roland slowly shook his head.

As they left the beer hall, Sif bit her lip and asked, "He’s talented. Didn’t you say we recruit talents based only on ability, regardless of origin? Why not find a way to save him?"