Empress 140

Chapter 140: The Inevitable Unexpected

The sea breeze was pleasant, and the sunshine was bright.

For Sif, who was accustomed to the Imperial Capital, the deep blue vast sea held endless magic power, constantly stirring her curiosity.

Leaving the Imperial Capital's prison, breathing the free air, her mood was exceptionally bright.

After setting sail, Count Tyrone temporarily disappeared, and she resumed her role as the Empress, while the Magic Mirror quietly rested in her bedroom.

Her entourage consisted of two hundred and thirty knights from the White Rose Knight Order.

Before departure, Roland openly stated that this journey would take a long time and had a high degree of danger, and he must seek everyone's consent.

Those not willing to go were not forced; after all, the headquarters needed people to remain on guard.

What surprised him was that nearly all the knights voluntarily requested to participate.

Some sensed an opportunity for achievements, some served the Imperial Family's interests, and others simply went with the flow.

Very few truly did not want to come.

Roland appointed a mature and reliable Silver Knight as the garrison captain, and everyone else set off.

This included Norton, who had just begun laboratory construction.

Upon learning of the sea voyage, Norton hesitated not at all and chose to follow.

Roland had done him a favor and was his hope for revenge.

He brought along his newly transformed daughter, Nana.

Roland's dissuasion stopped him from altering himself, but he couldn't reverse his daughter's transformation, so he could only continue.

Roland was somewhat surprised by Raikkonen.

This kid was too young; Roland intended to have him stay in the Imperial Capital to build a close-knit intelligence network, but he refused with a smile.

Roland saw in his eyes a longing for achievement and a desire to rise above.

In that case, he would go too.

Roland originally planned to construct two intelligence networks, one in the open and one in the shadows.

Raikkonen was the visible intelligence network, while Alina was the existence lurking in the shadows.

After setting sail, most people were happy, chatting and laughing, except for Roland.

His mind remained tense, not daring to relax at all.

The first day passed without incident.

During a lesson for him and Sif, Bridges specifically mentioned how safe the Dovor Strait was.

"This strait is far from the deep ocean, has many passing ships, good climate conditions, and no Sea Demon disturbances. Your Majesty need not worry too much."

Sif highly praised Bridges' professionalism, while Roland chose silence.

The second day, calm seas.

The crew used crab nets to catch quite a few crabs and seafood.

The pure natural seafood, without additives, tasted fresh and flavorful, and everyone liked it.

Roland, however, had no appetite, even if Lisa personally cooked.

His brow furrowed even tighter.

Not many noticed his odd behavior, and those who did merely thought he had something on his mind.

Only one person was an exception.

After dinner, in the captain's cabin, Sif curiously watched Roland and softly asked:

"Did you discover something?"

"I didn't discover anything, and Bridges also said there's no abnormality, yet I still feel something is off."

Sif was a bit speechless; she tapped the table with her fingertips and teased with a smile, "Existence is existence, non-existence is non-existence, after all, it's what you taught me."

"I know saying this is somewhat unreasonable, but I just feel the silence around is terrifying."

As a transmigrator, being able to go out safely is a rare phenomenon.

If adding Sif, born troublemaker, nothing happening is unusual.

Sif didn’t know what Roland was worried about, but her confidence in Roland surpassed even his own.

If Roland suspected something, then there must be something.

She suddenly stood up, her voice slightly low, "Now let’s have all ships conduct a roll-call, check everyone, see if there’s any problem. If there’s no problem, we can sleep peacefully too."

She implied to Roland that if there’s indeed something, it should be discovered and dealt with early.

If there’s nothing, then stop being paranoid, and sleep well.

Sif smiled and said, "In about fifteen hours, we’ll reach Emre Port; there are still many things to do onshore, I have to get a good sleep."

Not wanting to ruin Sif’s good mood, Roland smiled along.

Sif was right; paranoia is meaningless.

Using the absurd reason of transmigrators easily encountering trouble as a basis for paranoia is even more inappropriate.

Then let’s conduct another check.

Upon receiving the order, Bridges furrowed his brow slightly, intending to say something yet proficiently raised his right hand in salute.

"As you command, Your Majesty!"

After all, they would reach the port tomorrow, treating it as an emergency drill was fine.

There was no need to escalate the situation and conflict with the Empress's favored minister.

Although the Empress never mentioned Roland, Bridges had long assumed Roland was behind this mischief.

How could the kind and great Her Majesty the Empress make things difficult for everyone?

It must be the instigation by that pretty face!

Despite the internal complaint, Her Majesty the Empress's order must be executed.

Bridges executed orders very efficiently.

He ordered each ship to conduct a roll-call immediately and report the condition of the vessels.

The captains of each ship were somewhat helpless.

The ships had already anchored, and the sailors were asleep, conducting a full-ship roll call at this time was just an inconvenience.

They quickly pinpointed the source of the trouble.

Firstly, they ruled out General Bridges, who loved his soldiers like sons, wouldn't do such a thing.

Next, they ruled out Her Majesty the Empress, who was kind-hearted and wouldn't do such a thing.

It must be Roland, the shameless pretty face!

Amid everyone's internal complaints, the fleet roll call began.

Fortunately, all ships had anchored, and the roll call only affected the sailors' rest, not navigation.

After some fuss, each ship shot out signal flares, indicating there was no problem on board.