Empress 141

Chapter 141: The Inevitable Unexpected (Part 2)

Information was gathered on the flagship, and Bridges quickly walked to the captain’s office to report to the Empress.

He was full of respect for the Empress, but not so polite towards Roland.

Although he didn’t openly rebuke, he often said things like "the navy and the army are completely different" or "please don’t let army outsiders point fingers at naval affairs."

But he underestimated Roland’s thick skin. In the face of Bridges’ veiled sarcasm, Roland only felt the sea breeze brush past his ear.

As long as no one insulted him outright, it didn’t concern him.

Seeing Roland unaffected, Bridges’ stereotype of him as a shameless playboy deepened.

Just as Bridges was about to take his leave, Roland suddenly spoke astonishing words.

"Let the fleet set sail."

This statement left Bridges completely dumbfounded.

Sailing a large fleet at night, is this madness?

In the era of sails, under poor lighting conditions and low observational capabilities, night navigation was extremely risky.

If it were a single ship, it might be understandable, but so many ships sailing at night—what else could this be but madness?

Bridges couldn’t tolerate it and directly complained to the Empress.

"Your Majesty, if you believe the Knight Order Leader understands naval warfare better than a Vice Admiral, I can resign."

This remark was directed at Roland, expressing Bridges’ anger.

Although Sif trusted Roland, she knew the fleet could not be controlled without Bridges, and hurriedly signaled Roland to explain.

"Roland, you must have a reason for your sudden idea, why not let us hear it."

Bridges almost passed out from anger.

Her Majesty the Empress was truly enchanted by this playboy, nearly losing her mind.

It was heartbreaking.

Facing Bridges’ heart-wrenching expression, Roland calmly said:

"General Bridges, don’t you think it’s strangely quiet outside?"

"Listen."

He pointed outside the window and said in a deep voice, "General Bridges, you are also an experienced sailor. Other than the famous doldrums, in which sea areas is it so quiet at night?"

Hearing Roland’s words, Bridges’ face looked uglier.

"There is wind, don’t you hear it? The sound of the wind is clearly not small."

Roland didn’t say anything, he simply walked towards the door.

He casually raised a handful of freshly torn paper scraps.

The paper scraps floated into the sky, carried by the wind, slowly falling to the ground.

There was wind, but it was not strong, far from matching the power of the wind’s sound.

Bridges’ face turned ashen; he thought of something terrifying.

He drew his firearm from his waist, trembling, he loaded a signal flare into the barrel, and fired a red flare into the pitch-dark night sky with gritted teeth.

The crimson trajectory tore through the night sky, sending an emergency command to all ships.

Immediately raise anchor and sail.

The captains of each ship were somewhat confused, constantly using light signals to ask the flagship if the order was correct while executing the command.

They quickly received a clear answer.

The orders were correct, execute them!

The Monarch moved the fastest, storming into the darkness, paving the way for the fleet.

Bridges roared out orders, demanding a swift operation.

The Monarch led the charge, followed by other battleships and cruisers quickly setting sail in a temporary formation.

Every available light on the ships was turned on to avoid collisions.

Their target was clear, Emre Port.

No matter what happened, reaching the port safely was a minor issue.

Though the Monarch moved swiftly, no trace of joy appeared on Bridges' face.

He was careless.

When he heard the sound of the wind outside while sleeping in the cabin, he felt very reassured, never noticing the mismatch between the wind's size and the sound.

Damn it, why was it Roland who discovered the problem?

Bridges was very regretful.

He spent each day energetically teaching others, and now it seemed laughable.

The one who attended his class gave him a lesson today.

The name of this lesson was to remain vigilant at all times.

He could only quietly pray in his heart that the problem was slower than the Monarch.

Unfortunately, his prayers went unanswered as soon after the fleet set off, an accident still occurred.

While Bridges was feeling anxious, a beautiful, gentle song arose on the sea, as if a deep-sea maiden was displaying her vocal talents.

Sea Demons!

Bridges' face turned particularly ugly.

He roared hoarsely: "It's the Siren Sea Demons! Quick, block your ears!"

Blocking one's ears was useless, because the Siren Sea Demons' singing had the magical power to pierce the soul.

"Splash"!

A sailor on one of the ships, unable to resist the temptation, jumped into the ocean.

In the pitch-dark night, leaping from nearly ten meters on a deck into the winter ocean, the outcome was easily imagined.

Bridges continuously issued orders, requiring sailors to quickly enter the cabin and swiftly tie the seduced companions to the masts and railings to prevent them from jumping overboard.

His orders were very timely, and all the crew members of each ship retreated to the cabin and locked the doors.

Although the song was full of temptation, the majority of the crew remained intact.

Yet there was still a problem with this method.

Sailors hid in the cabins, leaving the ships unmanned, adrift, and chaotic.

In the confusion, a destroyer collided with the nearby cruiser, severely damaging the destroyer.

Bridges was in despair, continuously issuing orders.

All his orders were timely and highly professional, minimizing the fleet's losses.

But the ships were still unable to be effectively controlled, and the Sirens could besiege the fleet with impunity and attack wildly.

Bridges painfully realized that this was not an ordinary Sea Demon singing seduction incident but a premeditated large-scale operation.

The Siren Sea Demons participating in the operation numbered at least dozens, acting in unison, aiming to annihilate the Fourth Fleet.

Bridges sharply thought of the fate of His Majesty Edward and Planck, and his face darkened further.

Thinking of Her Majesty the Empress on board as well, he regretted so much he wanted to commit suicide.

He stared blankly at the pitch-dark night sky, shouting curses.

Damned sunrise, why hasn't it come yet!

The Sirens are creatures from the night and the deep sea, rarely acting during the day.

As long as they held until daylight, the fleet would be saved!

Though destined to lose a large number of sailors, now was not the time to worry about such things.

As long as Her Majesty the Empress was unharmed, losing however many people is a small loss.

Even if it cost his own life.

As long as the Empress was safe, the generous pension would be enough for his family to live a prosperous life. He was only a vice admiral currently, but after his death, he would be posthumously promoted according to custom, and if the Empress remembered his merits, his son might even inherit his posthumously conferred title.

Thinking of this, light suddenly appeared in Bridges' expressionless eyes.

He tore down the fluff inside his leather hat, plugging his ears, and quickly sprinted toward the captain's office.

He must guard Her Majesty the Empress.

Running, he worried, wondering how the Empress was faring now. What was she doing? Could that damned playboy protect the Empress?

Little did he know, that Her Majesty the Empress, upon whom everyone placed their hopes, was clearing her throat, preparing to have a singing duel with the Sirens.

The ability of Transcendents to resist the seductive songs is much stronger than ordinary people.

Though the song was full of temptation, Roland and Sif were not significantly affected.

Roland didn't rush to rescue a particular distressed sailor but carefully observed the Sirens' patterns of movement.

After observing for a moment, he softly said: "These creatures' songs are indeed beautiful, but I wonder how they compare to the Elf Race."

"Not as good as me," Sif said calmly.

Roland thought of the Radiant Day celebration when Sif harmonized with ninety thousand people within the square and even more outside with her song.

Her song possesses a soul, capable of conveying the true voice of the heart to the people.

She would never incite the populace to jump into the water, but she could directly touch hearts deeply.

The Half Donkey People, Raven Race, and Deep Sea Sirens are races renowned for singing, on par with the Elf Race, and Sif's singing stood its ground against the extinct Elf Imperial Family.

Inspired, Roland said aloud: "Good, let them know who the true diva is."

He retrieved a magic scroll from within his coat and placed it on the ground with a slap, triggering a super amplification magic array on the spot.

Sif understood the gesture, and standing in the center of the magic array, she cleared her throat and began to sing.

She sang the Soul Calming Melody from the ancient memories of the Elf Race.

The serene song flowed like a clear spring into everyone's hearts.

The sailors who were just fiercely agitated and about to leap into the ocean gradually calmed down.

Bridges happened to rush to the top deck.

He was dumbfounded by what he saw.