Empress 142

Chapter 142: Siren’s Song

The sound of the Sirens’ singing gradually decreased.

They possess a strong appreciation for art, and facing a song that is clearly more melodious and pleasant, they can’t maintain their stubbornness and admit defeat.

One Siren stopped singing.

Two Sirens stopped singing.

Soon, more and more Sirens stopped singing.

Sif finished her performance and instinctively pinched the hem of her dress in a graceful bow.

Although the audience was few, Roland being there felt like the whole world.

As for Bridges...

The free ticket to the Empress’s solo concert was an award for his loyalty.

However, as she just kneeled, the Sirens’ song untimely sounded again.

The sailors who had just calmed down became slightly agitated again.

Sif’s expression changed slightly, and her lips moved without making a sound.

Roland judged from the lip shape that it was probably a curse.

Clearly, Sif was angry.

She bit her lip, standing in the center of the Magic Array, head held high, chest out, continuing to sing.

This time, the song had a somewhat aggressive tone.

She sang a song written for Sussex's famous dish, "Starry Skies," which simply summarizes the whole process from catching fish, killing fish, to eating fish.

Sussex people may not be good at cooking, but they are definitely skilled at sarcasm.

In the aspect of being cryptic and disgusting, they are professionals.

Although Sif never received formal education in this regard, some things are understood instinctively; the song she sang was seemingly well-structured.

Sirens are intelligent beings, able to understand simple human language.

As Sussex Language is the most commonly used language in the human world, they understand a bit.

They were furious.

Comparing Sirens to fish is akin to calling humans monkeys, full of insult.

This song is highly aggressive and even more insulting.

Unable to endure the insult, the Sirens not only sang in response but also emitted melodious shrieks.

No wonder they excel at singing; even their screams sound pleasant...

Roland’s face changed slightly, and he shouted angrily at Bridges, who was listening in a daze:

"General, don’t just stand there, set sail immediately, I mean immediately!"

Although Roland and Bridges are not subordinate to each other, and he has no right to command, the Vice Admiral instinctively saluted Roland and turned away.

After conveying the order to each ship, Bridges realized that he had confusedly accepted Roland’s command without anger.

Previously, he looked down on Roland, having little to do with Roland being a pretty boy, rather because the Knight Order Captain always likes to interfere across military branches.

Who could endure such behavior?

However, tonight’s performance by Roland made him look at him in a new light.

From the moment they set out to sea, Roland maintained a high level of vigilance.

He never thought this was a peaceful journey, being cautious at every turn.

And he was indeed correct.

Bridges hoped this was coincidence, a lucky guess, but he vaguely felt it wasn’t just luck.

Thinking this, he sighed and put away his disdain for Roland.

A quite capable, cautious, thick-skinned... pretty boy.

The fleet surrounded Her Majesty's flagship, Monarch, and navigated by Her Majesty the Empress's song, setting sail once again under the night sky, bound for Emre Port.

The sailors didn't have time to mourn their fallen comrades as they had to work even harder to fill the positions left behind.

The duet between the Empress and the Sirens continued.

The Empress's voice clearly suppressed the Sirens, but they did not give up.

Roland looked at the dark sea with a heavy expression, worry evident as he looked at Sif.

"Can you still hold on?"

Sif couldn't respond with voice, only nodding firmly.

It was still five hours until dawn, and Sif had been singing for more than an hour continuously.

This wasn't an ordinary performance; it was imbued with spirit, an all-out effort.

This method is much more exhausting than normal singing.

For Sif to endure this long was already quite impressive.

No Siren was her match, but they gave up their pride as singers, resorting to a despicable rotational battle.

A single Siren couldn't prevail, nor could multiple Sirens, thus they sang in rotation, constantly depleting Sif.

Sif’s singing could suppress the Sirens’ charm, but once she stopped, the Sirens’ song would regain the upper hand.

Faced with such a shameless tactic, the well-prepared Bridges issued a new command.

"Fire!"

Wind-powered battleships have ample space, retaining some traditional weaponry.

Such as harpoons, crossbow cannons, and tridents.

Cannons are difficult to aim at underwater targets, but harpoons and crossbow cannons can.

Bridges wasn’t in a rush to act, coordinating the ships for simultaneous action.

In naval warfare, he is a professional.

After confirming all ships were ready, Bridges issued an angry roar.

Dozens of harpoons flew through launching devices into the sea, stabbing the targeted prey.

Constant screams echoed.

Blood dyed the sea red.

Although the sailors on the ship couldn’t see rivers of blood, the incessant screams brought them immense satisfaction.

Following the harpoons were crossbow cannons.

The hit rate of crossbow cannons is low, but they are highly lethal.

Getting struck means certain death.

Watching comrades fall one by one, the Sirens panicked.

They quickly fled, not daring to linger around.

Bridges let out a long breath.

He swiftly ran to the upper deck.

Just standing on the upper deck, a mournful song began.

Upon hearing Sif’s song, all sailors instinctively halted, took off their hats, and paid silent tribute to their fallen comrades at sea.

Many sailors who lost comrades had reddened eyes, emotionally muttering, "Tom, can you hear? Her Majesty the Empress is singing a requiem for you. You can rest now."

Bridges respectfully stood still, listening to the complete requiem by Sif before reporting.

Through preliminary statistics, a total of thirty-five people fell to their deaths at sea, and unfortunately, ten were injured with two non-main ships slightly damaged.

"Losses are minimal, all thanks to Her Majesty’s singing, and... Captain Roland’s foresight."

Bridges is an honest man, not denying Roland’s contribution despite disliking him.

Listening to his report, Sif’s face darkened, sighing lightly, "Thirty-five brave warriors, these aren’t cold numbers, but thirty-five grieving families."

"Calculate the losses accurately. They are not missing; they are brave warriors valiantly fallen while fighting the Sea Demon. Compensation should be issued promptly."

Bridges swiftly saluted.

He didn’t expect the exalted Empress to mourn the passing of thirty-five ordinary soldiers and specifically guide the aftermath.

"Her Majesty’s compassion, their families will be grateful."

It wasn’t flattery; Sif’s approach is indeed compassionate, quite different from most monarchs of this era.

Sif didn’t look back at Roland, nor did she ask in front of others if she’s done well.

She knew it was surely full marks this time.

Even a demanding mentor like Roland couldn’t find fault.

Seeing the crisis averted, Bridges seized the chance to suggest, "Your Majesty, sailing at night is very dangerous. Those Sea Demons dare not return, why not anchor and maintain vigilance, wait until tomorrow to depart."

"No, we must sail, right now, immediately!"

Roland’s voice was exceptionally cold, like the sea in early winter.