Empress 144

Chapter 144: Why? How? (Part 2)

"A broad ocean lies before my brother..."

Sif nearly lost her balance and fell off the high deck.

Is this a song that humans can master?

Although Sif didn't have high hopes for Roland's singing, his earnest promise just now sparked anticipation in her heart.

Roland is an artist; maybe if pushed he might really sing?

Now she understood.

When people are pushed, they only get anxious; if they can't do something, they just can't.

Like math, and singing.

Roland's singing could make a mother donkey cry, and a crow fall silent in shame.

His songs were in tune, but they were just unpleasant to hear.

Bridges, who was sweating profusely while commanding the fleet, was also silent.

He had to admit, Roland had some talent.

But singing was an exception; it was truly awful.

The Siren Sea Demons fell silent too.

Roland's rough and bold singing exceeded their understanding of music.

The disparity in human singing ability was universally acknowledged by them, but Roland easily broke through their lowest expectations.

This guy's singing was not only terrible, but also loud.

Amplified by the super sound-enhancing Magic Array, his howls echoed above the fleet's sea area.

Sif's singing vibrated the eardrums, soothing the soul.

Roland's singing pierced the eardrums, tearing the soul apart.

The sailors clutched their heads in agony, now feeling that hitting themselves with a stick didn't seem particularly painful.

Humans had some tolerance for noise pollution, but the Siren Sea Demons did not.

One of the sea demons went mad.

She could not allow music to be defiled in such a way.

She charged at the Monarch.

The second sea demon went mad too, rushing towards the Monarch, wanting to personally skewer the source of the noise.

What awaited her were harpoons, crossbow arrows, and firearms.

Sea demons were no match for human soldiers one-on-one, let alone against all sorts of anti-fish weapons.

The intelligence of the Siren Sea Demons far exceeded that of typical oceanic creatures, but they lagged significantly behind humans.

The enraged sea demons, provoked by Roland’s singing, charged headlong into the fight, even the Siren Sea Demon leader couldn’t stop them.

Soon, at least a dozen sea demons had been shot dead, and more, who were lucky enough to board the ship, were clubbed unconscious and tied up.

Seeing the situation spiraling out of control, the Siren Sea Demon leader puffed up her chest and screamed towards the Monarch.

Her scream, though loud, was exceptionally pleasant to hear.

"Humans, stop!"

Roland’s singing grew even louder.

The Siren leader was furious, but knowing that she had to give something to save her kin, she gritted her teeth and said:

"Humans, I am willing to exchange myself for my kin."

Roland’s singing became even more resounding.

Seeing the female siren attempting to entice him with a seductive pose, he suddenly remembered a famous joke.

A fisherman caught a mermaid and released her.

A companion asked him, "Why?"

The fisherman answered, "How?"

Though just a joke, it highlighted the completely different physiology between sea demons and humans, with a strong oceanic scent on them; except for those with wildly unique tastes, normal people indeed aren’t interested.

Getting a tongue injury from a gill during a kiss isn’t a delightful experience.

Most importantly, Sif was still watching him.

Roland laughed heartily and said, "You think I’m as foolish as you? Aren’t you just trying to delay the fleet’s progress to buy time for reinforcements from the high seas?"

His voice was loud, but he wasn’t addressing the Siren Sea Demon; he was speaking to the fleet.

He wanted to explain to Bridges and all the sailors why they couldn’t stop the ship.

The value of the Siren leader indeed far exceeded that of ordinary sirens, but the ship’s massive size meant stopping and restarting would take a long time and could easily lead to accidents.

Stopping could lead to big trouble.

Roland loudly issued the command.

"Full speed ahead!"

Bridges, who was commanding the fleet, gave a muffled grunt but accepted Roland’s order.

Although there was no hierarchical relationship, he knew Roland’s words equated to the Empress’s words, and it was better to execute immediately rather than wait for the Empress to repeat them.

He didn’t realize that he had subconsciously accepted Roland’s cross-branch command in emergencies.

Seeing that Roland had no intention to stop the ship, the Siren Sea Demon leader’s expression changed slightly.

To charm Roland just now, she had exposed her fragrant shoulders, even letting her shell ornament, meant to cover her modesty, "accidentally" drop into the sea.

She was very confident in her appearance and figure, convinced that no human male could resist such exotic allure.

But Roland gave her a resounding slap in the face.

Not only in the singing contest but through his disregard for her female charm.

That damned human male could surely see, yet he simply didn’t care.

The Siren Sea Demon leader angrily leapt out of the sea, letting out a piercing wail as if to signal a direction.

Bridges quickly rushed to the ship’s bow, personally manning the crossbow cannon, adjusting the direction, and firing sharply.

A giant crossbow arrow flew out with the sound of wind and thunder.

The Sea Demon leader instinctively dodged but the arrow brushed past her body, leaving a burning sensation on her chest.

Holding the spot on her chest where she was grazed, her wailing became even more anguished.

The sea surged, and a fierce wind arose.

From her vantage point on the high platform, Sif looked worriedly at the sea and asked softly, "Roland, is a stronger enemy coming?"

"Don’t fear; male sea demons are slow. Most elite warriors can’t catch up, and only a few speed-specialized sea demons can arrive."

"These sea demons have very low defense. Crossbow arrows and harpoons will suffice, so there’s no need to worry."

Roland’s assessment was very accurate; 90% of the sea demons chasing the fleet had fallen behind.

Only the Swift headed Sea Demons, known as the Ocean’s Light Cavalry, had caught up.

These sea demons, with heads resembling marlins, could easily cut through waves, with bodies closer to fish than human.

They were extremely fast, but their combat power was far inferior to the Deep Sea Naga covered entirely in scales.

The Sea Demon leader was already furious, caring not for anything else.

This was the ocean; even the weakest sea demon felt stronger than humans.

That was their ingrained perception.

But she neglected one fact.

Once humans fell into the sea, they were indeed weak, but once sea demons boarded the deck, it turned into land combat, which was disadvantageous for them.

Roland didn't give further orders; he didn't favor micromanaging and chose to trust Bridges.

He didn't think his micromanagement skills could surpass the thirty years of maritime experience Bridges possessed.

All his orders merely provided strategic guidance, not detailed control.

Bridges looked up at Roland on the high platform, receiving a nod of assurance from Roland, feeling slightly relieved.

Captain Roland understood military matters.

When it was time to delegate, he refrained from interference.

The Swift headed Sea Demons' charge turned into a death charge.

The sailors, filled with pent-up anger and tormented to the brink of despair, finally found a way to release their frustration, showing no mercy.

Their skills in land combat couldn't match that of professional soldiers, but it didn't mean sea creatures could dominate them on their ship.

The sailors, uninterested in wrangling with these sea creatures, took up firearms first as a form of greeting.

After three rounds of coordinated volleys, the sailors switched to melee weapons, employing tridents and scimitar-shield combinations with great synergy, sending the seafood creatures scurrying.

After leaving behind over a hundred corpses, the female Siren Sea Demon leader and the arriving Swift headed Sea Demon leader finally recognized the vast combat strength gap between them and the human elite warriors.

If not by deceit, they stood no chance.

Despite their reluctance, they chose to retreat.

The eastern sky turned pale as the sun was about to rise.

Sunlight was lethal to sea demons.

Their delicate skin would become blistering hot and crack under the scorching sun.

The sea creatures retreated.

Leaving behind nearly two hundred dead bodies and dozens of captives.

The sun rose.

The ocean was bathed in gold and red, like blood filling a golden vessel.

Bridges stormed up to the lower deck, staring coldly at the prisoners and demanded:

"You, understand human language?"

The sea demon defiantly turned her head away.

"Bang!"

A gunshot rang out, and Bridges blew the smoke off the barrel, leisurely saying:

"Those who can’t understand human language don’t deserve to live."

"Who else can’t understand human language?"

"Bang! Bang! Bang!"

A barrage of gunfire erupted.

Any sea creature unable to understand human language was dragged by the infuriated sailors to the ship’s bow, shot dead on the spot, and thrown into the sea.

Bridges looked at the remaining dozen prisoners, a sinister smile creeping onto his face.

"Next, I shall demonstrate humanity’s top culinary... techniques in handling seafood."