Empress 145

Chapter 145: Trusting the Wisdom of Future Generations

When Bridges was preparing to cook seafood, Sif had already been dragged into the captain’s cabin by Roland.

Roland’s reason was that she sang all night, was exhausted, and needed a good rest.

"You don’t want to ruin your voice and sound ’wonderful’ like me when singing, do you?"

Sif originally wanted to show her stance of "being with everyone in the fleet," but Roland’s threat was really intimidating, and she didn’t dare to take the risk.

She was so frightened that she hurried back into the captain’s cabin, gnawing on the pear Roland handed her to calm her nerves.

It’s said that pears soothe the throat, so it’s better to eat more.

In fact, Roland wasn’t just worried about her voice; he was also afraid she would be scared by the imminent bloodshed on deck.

This was foreseeable. After all, sea demons aren’t considered human.

Getting human citizenship isn’t that easy.

Back then, the elves and earth spirits fought a fierce and bloody battle to compete for the rightful human status.

The Theia Plane is a bit larger than Earth, with a planetary surface area more than three times that of Earth, but resources are ultimately limited and can’t accommodate too many human branches.

Currently, only sapiens and sub humans hold legitimate human citizenship.

Even adding the once-existing high-intelligence humans, that's just four more branches with elves, earth spirits, beastmen, and the demon race.

Sea demons also want to covet the precious human citizenship?

Dream on.

Even if they learn human language and mimic human habits, they are still 'it' and not 'them.'

Bridges won't be polite to them.

Before the execution and interrogation, Bridges exchanged a glance with Roland standing on a high platform.

This was a tacit understanding between men.

Bacon is delicious, everyone likes it, but the harrowing screams and blood on the ground during the slaughter are not beautiful.

Keep the Empress away from this bloody scene.

Don't let the seafood juices splash onto the pristine petals of the White Rose.

This is the consensus between Roland and Bridges.

Seeing Roland easily dismantle the Empress's resistance and lead her to rest in the captain's cabin, Bridges suddenly felt that Her Majesty the Empress's companion seemed acceptable.

If the pretty boy it is, so be it, since Her Majesty likes him.

Watching the Empress leave the slaughterhouse, Bridges, transformed into a butcher, had a cold gaze, a ferocious expression, and clenched his pistol as he approached the seafood captives.

He vaguely had a bad premonition that the disappearance of his comrades in the Fourth Fleet, as well as the Late Emperor and the Crown Prince, might be related to these sea demons.

Even if they're not the culprits, they're associated.

With a burst of gunfire, a dozen seafood were shot dead on the spot and thrown into the sea.

Born in the sea, died in the sea, they completed a cycle.

Over twenty sea demons remained, looking fearfully at Bridges, who was as terrifying as a demon.

Seeing Bridges' approaching steps, a sea demon stammered, "You humans claim to be civilized, yet you also..."

"Bang!"

The sound of gunfire rang out again, cutting off the protest.

Bridges coldly said, "Take them to the kitchen, interrogate them thoroughly, and have the chef prepare ingredients for fish stew."

Sea demons are intelligent beings capable of speech; killing them is possible, but using them to make stew is a bit hard to accept.

Bridges was just scaring them, putting some pressure on these sea demons.

But the sea demons couldn’t tell truth from falsehood; they were scared soul-less by Bridges and confessed one after another.

Unfortunately, these sea demons were all low-level cannon fodder, not even mid-level officers, with limited and not very useful intelligence.

The most useful information was that their original homeland was in the distant Deep Sea City States, and they were forced to leave their homeland a few years ago, something many sea demons grumbled about.

Bridges organized the intelligence and presented it to Sif.

Seeing Sif share the intelligence with Roland without reservation, Bridges excused himself.

It was dawn, and there were a few hours until Emre Port; he needed to make various preparations.

Looking at Bridges’ report, Sif was still thinking, while Roland had already started sneering.

"I don’t believe the warriors boarding the enemy ship first weren’t led by officers; I’ll go take a look."

As Roland was about to leave, Sif pinched his sleeve and shook her head slowly. "Leave the bloody work to others; I don’t want you to be like that."

Roland was stunned.

He was carefully protecting Sif, and wasn’t she doing the same?

This world has too much ugliness; Sif’s most sincere wish was for Roland to be less tainted by it.

Roland said with a smile, "Don’t worry, I won’t engage in brutal interrogations, I’ll just have a chat with them."

Since Roland agreed, Sif felt relieved.

She was just a bit curious about how Roland would make these creatures, who couldn't understand human language, behave.

Of course, there was a way.

For example, communicating through music.

Roland locked the sea demons in a well-sealed lower deck cabin and locked the door.

The sea demons, seeing Roland's kind smile, felt inexplicably nervous.

Roland's gaze wandered over the sea demons, as if searching for a weakness.

Some female sea demons, with pleasing appearances, blushed shyly at Roland's gaze, while others boldly puffed out their chests.

One particular female sea demon had a noticeably more delicate face than the others, and her proud curves and rosy, agile tongue caught Roland's attention as he walked over.

The sea demon lowered her head slightly, with a mix of charm and a hint of shyness.

Normally, a man, faced with this exotic temptation, would be hard-pressed to resist, but Roland saw the fleeting coldness in her eyes as she lowered her head.

Grabbing her chin, Roland mocked with a cold smile, "You nasty little thing, are you fantasizing about me losing my mind and you biting it off savagely?"

"Sorry, I’m not interested in a seafood-flavored cup."

Although she didn’t quite understand what "cup" meant, the female sea demon felt a wave of humiliation.

She closed her eyes, her body trembling slightly.

Grabbing her by the neck, Roland lifted her up, as the devil’s whisper sounded in her ear.