Empress 146

Chapter 146: Trusting the Wisdom of Future Generations (Part 2)

"Nervous? Although I’m not interested in seafood, my fellow humans are quite diverse and tolerant in their tastes, and many enjoy seafood. Don’t worry, once you land in Emre, you can eat until you die."

The female Sea Demon tightly shut her eyes and remained silent, but her trembling body betrayed her true feelings inside.

"Just kill me!" the female Sea Demon said through gritted teeth.

"Slap!"

A loud slap was the answer she got.

Roland looked at her with eyes that seemed to pity a foolish creature.

"Falling into my hands, do you really think you can choose life or death? Unless you can provide sufficient intelligence."

The female Sea Demon stubbornly turned her head away, refusing to look at Roland.

Her face burned with pain, but she didn’t care.

Since she was captured, she never expected to survive, they wouldn’t get any information from her.

Roland looked at the female Sea Demon as resilient as a chaste woman, with a slight smile at the corner of his mouth.

Not talking, are we?

Then let’s up the intensity.

The fatigue interrogation method is good, but too slow to have an impact, anyone can use it, doesn’t highlight his methods.

Roland took out a Magic Scroll, placed it on the outer auricle of the female Sea Demon, and activated it.

The female Sea Demon looked at Roland in horror, only to be surprised to find that her body seemed unchanged, her hearing even sharpened.

"Auditory Enhancement Magic, the effect is very simple, enhancing one’s hearing tenfold in a short time, commonly used as auxiliary reconnaissance magic."

The female Sea Demon seemed to realize something, her expression changing slightly.

She instinctively wanted to cover her ears, but found herself bound tightly, unable to move.

Before she could even protest, Roland began to sing.

An excruciating song filled the air.

Under the enhancement of tenfold hearing, each lyric was deafeningly loud, yet they weren’t deafening.

The female Sea Demon let out a scream, her soul almost torn apart instantly.

How she wished she were deaf.

For the Siren Sea Demon, skilled in singing, losing hearing is the greatest tragedy, yet now it was her only hope for salvation.

Unfortunately, she wasn’t deaf, instead, she possessed excellent sound discrimination ability.

Already outstanding in hearing, with the tenfold hearing aid, the pain she endured surpassed the limits describable by language.

Roland had once used foam to rub against glass, the sound extremely unpleasant.

The pain the female Sea Demon felt now far surpassed the torment of that noise by hundreds and thousands of times.

She broke down instantly.

She endured less than a minute, sweat pouring down her body, a putrid smell seeping from below, she had lost control.

She tried to faint, but Roland splashed her head with a bucket of cold water, forcibly interrupting her.

The other Sea Demons in the room were suffering greatly, but the female Sea Demon’s agony was far above theirs.

Finally, she screamed, pleading for mercy.

"I’ll talk, I’ll say everything, please stop!"

Roland smiled slightly, finishing the last line with flair.

"The outstanding performance ends here, I need your confessions. High-value intelligence can buy back freedom, medium-value intelligence can exchange for a dignified, painless death, and low-value intelligence can redeem a ticket to my exclusive concert."

The Sea Demons turned pale.

Those damn humans, so harsh.

Medium-value intelligence couldn't even buy freedom, only a painless death?

But they had no room for negotiation.

Unless they wanted a ticket to Roland's exclusive concert.

For them, it was a torment a hundred times worse than death.

The Sea Demons were utterly desperate, giving up almost without a fight.

Most of their intelligence didn't even reach the threshold of medium-value in Roland's eyes, who cared about the trivial matters of their clan?

Graham or Gram, who was the legitimate Sea Demon, did it matter?

This seemed actually useful.

At least it proved that the Sea Demons had internal divisions exceeding class conflicts.

Roland recorded all the information carefully, preparing to hand it over to Alina for analysis later.

The biggest fish was still the defiant female Sea Demon from before.

Contrary to stereotypes, inside the Sea Demon race, bloodline determined strength and status.

Female mermaids with higher bloodlines had more outstanding looks and figures.

The female Sea Demon who received a solo performance from Roland had both, only second to the female Sea Demon leader who led the operation last night.

Seeing Roland clearing his throat again, preparing for a personal concert, her proud head lowered instantly, becoming extraordinarily docile.

She confessed everything.

Her name was Munina Gram, a high-level Sea Demon and priestess of the Graham Clan, last night's sneak attack on the fleet, she was the deputy commander.

"Who is that Sea Demon prettier than you?"

Roland suddenly asked.

"That's my sister, the next clan leader, Munina Gram. Her strength far exceeds mine, she will definitely avenge me!"

Roland couldn't be bothered with Munina, such meaningless verbal disputes were only for children.

He wanted more information.

"Roughly how many individuals are in the entire Sea Demon race?"

"Many, many, countless." Munina's expression turned proud.

Pride for what hammer!?

Roland silently mocked, foolish enough not to understand even math.

He rephrased, softly asking, "How many attacked us last night?"

"Not too many."

"Including the male Sea Demon reinforcements?"

"Quite a few."

"What about your tribe?"

"Many."

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After numerous questions, from Munina's various adjectives, Roland made a rough judgment.

Not too many were about a hundred, quite a few were on the scale of a thousand, many were tens of thousands, and many, many were probably at least several million.

This was just the number Munina knew.

Conservatively estimated, the total number of the Sea Demon race had exceeded ten million.

According to Munina's account, their productive capabilities were roughly equivalent to the early Iron Age, with social organization transitioning from late slavery to early feudalism.

They occupied numerous large islands in the deep sea, built Deep Sea City States, engaged in marine fishing and aquaculture, relying on the ocean for food to sustain the race.

It’s widely known that the ocean is a treasure trove, even in the 21st Century, humanity has only just begun to unravel the mysteries within, it’s quite normal for the islands the Sea Demons inhabit to remain undiscovered by humans.

Munina herself was not particularly valuable, nor was her tribe considered particularly strong in the entire Sea Demon race.

Precisely because of their marginal status, they were deployed as cannon fodder.

In Munina’s exaggerated accounts of her race’s strong individuals, Roland continuously reminded her to stay calm with loud slaps and even louder songs, deducing their strength through their so-called strong individuals’ destructive capabilities.

Roland crudely and simply set the average combat power of a five-year human veteran as one soldier.

Munina’s combat power was about 3-5 soldiers, ordinary female Sea Demons 0.2-0.3 soldiers, her sister Munina about 10 soldiers, already touching the threshold of a Tier Nine Transcendent, just one breakthrough away from the level of an Entry-level Transcendent.

Male Sea Demons’ single combat power started from 2 soldiers.

But their organizational capabilities were poor.

According to Roland’s judgment,

male Sea Demon could easily beat 2-3 human veterans.

male Sea Demons could only fight 10 human veterans.

male Sea Demons could barely contend with 50 human veterans, with a high chance of losing.

Their low intelligence and rough organizational command put them at a disadvantage against humans when in groups.

The main stronghold of the human world had reached pre-modern army levels, any country could easily sweep through the entire Sea Demon race.

If they were to set foot on land.

Munina's confession was very detailed and useful, yet it gave Roland a headache.

How to deal with the Sea Demon race in the future?

This group has already become a force to be reckoned with, unless they could muster the courage for genocidal measures akin to the U.S. frontiersmen's scalpings, otherwise they might end up as a human offshoot like the sub-humans.

With a slight headache, Roland made his decision, trusting in the wisdom of future generations.

Surely, they could find ways to coexist with the Sea Demons.

Right now, he had more important matters to attend to.

Roland cast his gentle gaze on Munina, "Munina, do you want to live? Don't rush to answer, your response determines the fate of all prisoners. If you choose life, everyone can live. If you choose death, they will all die because of you."