Empress 147

Chapter 147: Blending into Segments

Roland returned to the captain’s quarters and shared the intelligence with Sif.

Sif patiently listened to Roland’s report and couldn’t help but laugh.

"I’m sorry, I know this is impolite, but I really can’t help it. I didn’t expect that singing terribly could be used as a weapon."

Roland: "..."

Oh well, Sif indeed sings much better than he does, let her laugh.

Sif’s laughter didn’t last long. She rested her chin on her hand again, looking at Roland, continuing to listen.

Her eyes lit up as she listened to Roland’s account of threatening to bind all the Munina prisoners’ fates together.

"Is this what you usually refer to as ’moral blackmail’?"

"Exactly!" Roland was pleased.

"Just like when a teacher punishes the whole class because one student did something wrong?"

"Basically, though the latter has a more specific term, collective punishment." Roland explained.

Sif’s smile slightly faded as she softly said, "I really don’t like that method, but since it’s used against enemies, I completely agree. What’s your plan for dealing with them? Help them integrate into human society?"

"Of course not. They are reproductively isolated from humans and breathe with gills. They are the ultimate evolutionary form of fish, not a branch of humans."

Roland spoke decisively.

He would never want Sif to be brainwashed by Holy Mother ideas at such a young age.

As a politician, kindness isn't necessarily a great quality.

Roland solemnly said, "In ancient times, the ancestors of the Beast Race, the Arachnid, waged a protracted war with the Dragon Race that lasted billions of years. At that time, our human ancestors were still scattered primitive creatures, and now we are the true overlords of the realm."

"The struggle between intelligent species is extremely brutal, a life-and-death situation with no room for compromise."

"Are we supposed to kill all the Sea Demons?" Sif's tone carried a hint of severity.

Roland was taken aback.

The speed of transformation from adorable princess to bloodthirsty empress was too fast, making him somewhat unresponsive.

Isn't this murderous intent a bit too strong?

He paused for a moment and slowly said:

"It's not something we should worry about. Many people complain about the stupidity of those who accepted the sub humans into human society back then, but in reality, it's a reversal of cause and effect."

"It’s not that human acceptance led to the sub humans’ expansion in strength, but that the sub humans had enough strength that we had no choice but to accept."

At that time, the total number of sub humans had already reached forty percent of the human population, and they independently developed a technological tree suited to their species, so continuing to play the ostrich was futile.

Moreover, sub humans and humans were not reproductively isolated. If one were to forcibly call them talking cattle, wouldn’t that insult humans too?

The Sea Demons are different from the sub humans.

They are inherently a marine species, making it difficult for them to venture deep inland.

Unless they evolved into a branch suited for terrestrial survival.

But that branch has already reached its endpoint, which is Homo sapiens.

Once a fish comes ashore, it’s no longer a fish.

Roland decided to leave these brain-burning issues packaged for future generations.

For now, his enemies were the power ministers of the Imperial Capital and the local forces of the Three Overseas Provinces; in the future, it would be Old Macbeth and Sofia.

The Sixth Return Day was drawing closer and closer, leaving no time to deal with these trivial matters.

Seeing Roland deep in thought for a long time, Sif couldn’t help but ask, "How do you plan to settle these Sea Demons?"

"Establish a quarantine zone in the heart of the Three Provinces, place them under house arrest, and understand the true state of Sea Demon life by observing their behavior."

"Huh?" Sif hadn’t expected such a solution at all.

"They wouldn’t dare to lie in their confessions, but their cognitive perspectives are different from ours. It is better to observe rather than blindly trust their testimonials."

Sif nodded, accepting Roland’s explanation, but still a bit doubtful, "There are only over twenty of these captives. Isn’t that too small a sample size? Is it really enough?"

"They are bait; soon there will be more big fish biting."

Roland leaned close to Sif’s ear and whispered the entire [Fishing Plan].

Munina’s confession value wasn’t too high, but during Roland’s leading questioning, she "unintentionally" revealed a lot of hidden information.

Such as the maximum distance Sea Demons could fight inland and the extent of their combat effectiveness decay.

Based on the intelligence extracted from Munina, Roland made an approximate judgment.

The maximum distance Sea Demons could come ashore was twenty kilometers.

Beyond that distance, their combat effectiveness declined to less than half and could only be maintained for short periods at night.

As long as the location of the confined Sea Demons is "carelessly" exposed, the worried Munina would definitely find a way to rescue them.

She is the big fish.

Listening to Roland’s tightly-knit plan, Sif nodded frequently and soon posed a new question.

"If the fishing succeeds, what’s the next step?"

"Use the new spoils as bigger bait to catch more fish." Roland said calmly.

"Are they really that foolish?"

"The Sea Demons might not be foolish, but the chief of the Graham Tribe has no choice but to come."

With both daughters captured and no successors, he must come even knowing it’s a trap.

Roland is fishing not for fish, but for a father concerned about his daughters.

It is indeed quite inhumane, but fortunately, they aren’t people, they’re fish.

Roland found Alina, who was lying idly in the lowest independent cabin, and handed her all the intelligence.

Not being seen for a few days, Alina’s face was still pale, but her spirit had improved quite a bit.

Although her eyes still seemed confused, they were no longer vacant.

Hearing there was work to do, Alina instantly perked up.

"Sea Demons? They were the ones that attacked the fleet last night?" Alina was somewhat surprised.

Alina’s surprise also astonished Roland.

"Have you had any interactions with them?"

With a calm expression, Alina said, "More than just acquaintance, I even participated in the study of the societal nature of Sea Demons and Fishmen. You should know, Jin Yuan is the Land of Freedom, where thirty percent of the population are sub humans."

"You even accepted Sea Demons and Fishmen?" Roland frowned slightly.

At least sub humans and humans share the same genus, but Sea Demons and Fishmen don’t even belong to the same classification.

"My father was dedicated to establishing an ideal world of equality for all, supporting the sub human equality bill and also attempting to introduce Sea Demons and Fishmen into human society."

"His ideology was that intelligent life forms could share the living space, exchanging and trading to share each other’s development achievements."

This time it was Roland’s turn to be surprised.

If Alina’s father were still alive, one would really have to ask him what comes next after ’odd changes, even remain the same’.

"Unfortunately, he has passed away." Alina sighed.

"Fortunately, he passed away." Roland thought to himself.

Whether that old gentleman was a transmigrator or not, it’s better that he’s gone.

Overly advanced or retro ideas may not necessarily be good things.

Take, for example, the widely recognized transmigrator, Mr. Python King.

Some said he was a retrograder, others said he was a transmigrator, and his thoughts, unmatched with the times, caused an immeasurable disaster.

Roland never intended to forcefully implement anything beyond the era.

He would rather integrate into segments than fiddle recklessly.

This is also the reason why he walked away as soon as he heard the words "Utopia of Freedom" in the library.

Roland vaguely felt that the death of Alina’s father wasn’t straightforward and might involve more internal struggles within the Jin Yuan Kingdom.