

Mech Touch 6371

Chapter 6371 The Devil Cat

Ves tried not to get too distracted by the potential of his newly devised Polymetal mechs.

He couldn't help it, though. He was a mech designer, so it went against his entire being to stop thinking about mechs.

Shortly after he came up with the idea, he realized that it was tailor-made for almost all mech designers.

No matter whether they possessed extensive understanding and expertise in nanomachines, as long as they comprehended the basics, they should easily be able to mold smart metal into a variety of shapes and configurations!

Applying the configurations of other people's designs was just the start. The true potential of Polymetal mechs lay in their ability to quickly assume the designs and configurations of their own Carmine pilots!

The more knowledgeable and adaptable the pilot, the more they could stretch the versatility of Polymetal mechs.

Mech designers not only possessed a much greater technical understanding of other people's designs, they could even apply their own works on their Polymetal mechs! What was even better was that mech designers could make changes and adaptations in real-time. Ves was doing that right now with the nanomachine plagues by constantly monitoring their conditions and transmitting technical corrections in order to optimize their performance.

As far as Ves was concerned, Polymetal mechs were wasted on dummies who did not possess the technical knowledge required to utilize smart metal to the fullest extent. This was why Ves envisioned that Polymetal mechs would definitely become the most favored version of elemental Carmine mech if they ever got released!

Every mech designer started with a strong affinity for mechs and by extension metal. This should ensure that there would always be a match in terms of hyper technology and E-technology.

Ves could already envision a future where at least 80 percent of mech designers adopted a Polymetal mech of their own. They were just too convenient for them to skip.

Not only did Polymetal mechs grant them a lot of protection and combat power, but the elemental Carmine mechs could also be used as tools to explore plenty of design applications in advance!

Instead of spending lots of time and resources to fabricate purpose-built prototypes, mech designers could just pilot their Polymetal mechs and test out their ideas on the fly! This the dual-purpose nature of his Polymetal mechs alone was enough to justify their

considerable expense!

It was unfortunate that the nanomachine plagues that Ves currently had under his command did not meet his expectations for his own Polymetal mech.

As a phase lord, his demands were very different from other mech designers.

That already became clear as he tried to work with the hyper nanomachine plagues. While they relied on powerful materials and exquisite high technologies to become so virulent, they also followed the wrong technological track.

The fleeters failed to integrate phasewater technology in this variation of smart metal, and that was a huge letdown to Ves.

He had worked with transphasic nanomachines before. The Transphasic Energized Smart Metal Armor System or TESMAS that he used to construct the C-Man was much stronger than ordinary nanomachines due to the slight amount of phasewater slipped into the systems.

TESMAS was limited, though. It was based on cruder technologies and inferior materials. The most important flaw was that it was a low-transphasic product. Trying to integrate more phasewater into the nanomachines would cause them to tear themselves apart. However, the advantage of TESMAS was that it at least followed the right technological track. As long as mech designers figured out how to increase the phasewater content of transphasic nanomachines or raise their tolerance towards spatial effects, Ves could safely combine their use with his phase lord physique.

No matter whether he improved his phasewater concentration in the future or not, he could not afford to commit his only chance to form a Blood Pact on a smart metal mech that could not keep up with his growth in the future.

Just as Ves thought about what sort of materials he had to procure and deals he had to make at Yernstall in order to develop his first. Polymetal mech, his smart metal tiger form suddenly got struck by a barrage of transphasic beams!

He had committed a terrible taboo and spaced out on the battlefield yet again! "Professor Larkinson!" Major Simon Jankowski contacted him over a short-ranged communication channel. "We have done enough to draw the arche phase lords away from Fort Rock. It is not necessary for us to defeat or kill our adversaries. As long as we can hold them in place and deny them the ability to assist the greater phase lords, we have a much better chance of solving the threat they pose."

The situation on the battlefield had changed. The cosmopolitan and alien forces that originally sought to ambush the Bluejay Fleet had fallen into an enormous disadvantage. The arche lesser phase lords had sustained a lot of damage and were completely out of position.

The Arena Lord roared his indignity in his alien language as his raiment and flesh began

to get pummeled by attacks from different sources.

The Distance Shaper tried to help wherever he could, but the circumstances were far too disadvantageous for him to exert his abilities at full strength.

So long as the enemies did not receive any reinforcements, the most likely outcome to this battle was that the phase lords would lose their courage and limp away with serious

injuries!

As far as the Bluejay Fleet was concerned, this already constituted a victory, as there was no chance for the enemies to end the threat posed by Ves' continued existence. Ves already harvested a lot of gains from this battle. He not only affirmed his own strength, but also accrued valuable experience and figured out his own combat system. He also gained the inspiration to come up with the idea of Polymetal mechs, thereby bringing his ambitious framework for elemental Carmine mechs closer to completion! Yet for all of these gains, Ves still felt hollow about them. He did not feel satisfied, and he knew exactly why.

He hungered for a true victory over his opponents. A technical win was not real enough to him. The ongoing battle had woken up his more savage desires and instincts. They completely diminished the role of his logic and rationality and caused him to become driven by his irrational impulses.

Was this why mech pilots were so impulsive?

Perhaps Ves had always been this way. It was just that there was not much room for

irrational aggression in the mech designer profession.

Only once he was fighting for real did he give full play to this aggressive side!

"Maybe it is in my blood."

He sort of felt that he was becoming a lot like his uncle Ark at the moment.

The worst part about this was that he did not even feel bad about it! Instead, he felt

better than ever!

As the Devil Cat raiment continued to wrap around his body, Ves felt a growing urge to give in to his more savage and unleash the beast that was welling in his mind and body!

A part of him felt ashamed that he was exhibiting the same sort of uncontrollable thoughts and behavior as undisciplined mech pilots, but another part of him reveled in

the power at his fingertips!

The Devil Cat began to assume a more threatening posture as it hovered in front of the vigilant arche phase lords.

The alien leaders clearly knew that all they had to do was to kill Ves

their mission.

1 order to complete

Yet when they squared off against the ominous Devil Cat, they increasingly lost their courage to confront this terrible opponent!

Ves grinned wider when he sensed the effect he had on his opponents.

"I can feel your fear." He transmitted it to the arche phase lord.

Whether they were able to receive and interpret his data transmission or not, the arche phase lords obviously looked even less willing to continue this fight.

The momentum had swung in Ves' favor!

Ves knew enough about combat that he should take advantage of the moment.

"If

are willing to come to me, then I shall come to you instead! Let test the

might of my Devil Cat against your damaged archeshells!"

The Devil Cat flew forward in an aggressive charged that forced the first-class

multipurpose mechs to follow after their charge!

Their momentum grew even more as the firepower of the mechs struck the large and unwieldy bodies of the arche phase lords at multiple angles.

Some went on to do almost nothing when they struck the pieces of archeshell that were

still intact, but other attacks inflicted more substantial damage as they struck the limbs, head or less armored portions of their alien bodies!

The first-class multipurpose mechs began to inflict more damage as the machines got close.

Their space suppressors were only partially effective against the lesser phase lords, but they succeeded in softening up the alien defenses to make their less solid body parts a

bit more fragile.

The Devil Cat eagerly took advantage of that by diving at the legs of one of the arche phase lords before raking it with its energy claws!

The arche phase lord in question shook in pain as the claws not only cut through the hide and sunk into flesh, but also injected a lot of energy into the wounds. This weakened the limb even further and made it more vulnerable to follow-up attacks!

Ves began to feel more and more invested in the Devil Cat form that he had assumed. He visualized himself as a feral feline, allowing him to increase his control over the nanomachine plagues!

The Devil Cat raiment became more responsive and often prepared to move before Ves issued the relevant commands.

The 5 arche phase lords came under more and more pressure as the Devil Cat continued

to strike them with its claws and bites! The large alien gods began to incur more and more wounds because of that. Even if most of it was surface-level damage, the successive weakening due to exposure to darkness energy was steadily beginning to sap their energies and motivation to fight!

Of course, the arche phase lords were not that easy to break. They were old and stubborn enough to counterattack whenever possible. They used their weakened spatial

abilities to fend off the first-class multipurpose mechs.

They also began to use various means of attack to weaken the Devil Cat and gain a

chance to kill the human phase lord inside!

However, the arche phase lords never excelled at offense, and the nanomachine plagues

proved incredibly frustrating to damage.

Much of the physical damage inflicted on the Devil Cat merely deformed its smart metal construction. Any deforms soon got fixed as the surviving nanomachines restored the

original shape!

One of the arche phase lesser phase lords opened his maw and released a glob of transphasic corrosive acid at the Devil Cat!

The smart metal construct did nothing to avoid this attack and allowed its surface

nanomachines to get dissolved by the acid.

Even though much of the head portion of the Devil Cat melted in a fraction of a second, there were more nanomachines that quickly reconstructed the entire feline head shape! The acid-spitting phase lord hastily tried to back off and turn his archeshell toward his incoming opponent, but the Devil Cat moved too quickly and managed to bite the arche leader's head!

The alien in question panicked and began to release unstable spatial shockwaves that damaged a lot of nanomachines, but not enough to shake off the Devil Cat!

The smart metal raiment even sought to increase its grip on its enemy and used its

limbs and claws to strengthen its hold on its prey!

"Hahahaha! You are mine now!"

Although the Devil Cat was not strong or solid enough to bite any deeper into the resilient phase lord's flesh, it was not necessary for what Ves had in mind!

As long as the fangs and claws of the Devil Cat managed to pierce through the phase

lord's hide, they automatically began to inject more smart metal inside the enemy's blood circulation system!

Two arche phase lords had become infected by nanomachine plagues!

Chapter 6372 Losing His Cool

Ves was having the time of his life at the moment!

The heat of combat completely fueled his bloodlust, causing him to 'pilot' his Devil Cat more aggressively than before!

While his reckless fighting style caused his nanomachines to get depleted at a worrying rate, Ves did not care about the losses so long as he managed to kill his opponents! However, defeating them was easier said than done. All of the clawing and biting attacks only damaged the exterior of the arche phase lords. Their flesh was not as tough as their archeshells, but the softer tissues were still a lot more damage resistant than normal! Since the Devil Cat was lacking weapons that were powerful enough to defeat the arche phase lords in direct combat, Ves could only resort to using the nanomachine plagues to devour and wreck the arche phase lords from the inside!

This was why his Devil Cat did not play coy and adopt a hit-and-run strategy. It was not only a waste of time, but also not aggressive enough for his liking!

Transphasic laser beams, weakened spatial storms and the occasional bite or stomp from the surrounding arche phase lords tried their best to put down the Devil Cat, but the feline-shaped smart metal construct proved to be exceptionally stubborn!

Ves did not let go and continued to inject more and more smart metal into the blood circulation system of his victim!

His earlier attempts on another arche phase lord had already proven that these enemies were unable to clean up the nanomachine plagues faster than their replenishment rate. While it was theoretically possible to kill one of these lesse phase lords from the inside with a modest quantity of smart metal, the process would take far too long to produce immediate results.

Speeding up this process became a priority.

Fortunately, Ves also discovered that their ability to cleanse the nanomachine infection worsened when they were distracted or became more exhausted.

The surrounding first-class multipurpose mechs played a useful role in making the situation worse for their enemies.

Their attacks were not able to penetrate deeply into the bodies of the enemy phase lords, but they were definitely able to exhaust and break the concentration of their powerful alien adversaries!

"Keep up the pressure!" Ves encouraged the mech pilots. "The more you pressure them on the outside, the more the nanomachine plagues can wreck them on the inside!"

Ves and the surrounding first-class multipurpose mechs began to develop a tacit form of cooperation.

The first-class multipurpose mechs would do their best to deflect attacks from Ves and buy him more time to do his thing. The powerful mechs also unleashed their arsenal towards the arche phase lords that had already become infected by the nanomachine plagues in order to hasten their deterioration.

The first victim that had been infected with the help of the Oceancaller visibly weakened over time.

He was under so much pain that not even the resilience granted by his phase lord physique could spare him from his suffering!

His archeshell had endured the greatest amount of attacks and had cracked the most. The terrible damage to this vital alien organ generated a huge amount of pain. The agony generated by a huge amount of nanomachines eating away at his blood vessels, his muscle tissue and most importantly his phasewater organs made everything worse!

The mech pilots quickly picked up on the weakness.

"Hit this target when he is down! Do not give him a chance to recover! As long as we can lower their numbers, this fight will become much more manageable!"

The mechs eased the pressure on the other arche phase lords in order to finish off the weakest enemy.

This caused the other enemy phase lords to lose their composure and use their bodies to shield their brother from damage as much as possible.

While their efforts were effective, it could not stop the inevitable decline of the infected arche phase lord!

Ves did not care too much. He had become too consumed by his bloodlust and desire to kill that he went on to bite another arche phase lord before pumping lots of nanomachine plagues inside the body.

He had already injected so much of them and incurred so many attacks that his smart metal raiment had become a lot skinnier than before.

Ves did not have enough nanomachine plagues left to infect all 5 arche phase lords.

The Devil Cat reluctantly retreated and broke up into lots of smaller smart metal cats. "Go! Replenish yourselves!"

Ves floated in space without any form of protection other than his partially worn out spatial barrier.

That was quite dangerous if not for the fact that the enemy fleet was on its last legs and the arche phase lords were too busy trying to shield each other than launch any attacks.

Now that he had backed off from the immediate fight, Ves steadily managed to cool his heated mind.

He began to reflect on what he had done.

These arche lesser phase lords had thoroughly impressed him due to their ability to withstand a huge amount of punishment.

Their decision-making did not impress Ves as much. They were far too passive and always fell back to defense whenever they encountered difficulties. Defense alone was not enough to win a battle. The arche phase lords probably fought well if they teamed up with the phase lords of other species, but if they fought in isolation, they could easily be reduced to target dummies.

Not just regular target dummies. Valuable target dummies. Their defenses were unreal, and Ves could think of a lot of uses for their precious archeshells and phasewater

organs!

He became more and more greedy for their bodies. It would be great if he could capture their bodies in a relatively intact state.

However, if Ves wanted to kill them quickly, then he had no other choice but to allow the malevolent nanomachine plagues to eat them from the inside.

Ves did not want to make a mistake due to greed. He did not need to kill all 5 arche phase lords in order to claim victory in this battle. He just needed to survive, and he was well on his way of ensuring that outcome.

So long as the lesser phase lords could be beaten to the point that they decided to cut and run, he and the surviving first-class multipurpose mechs could direct their full attention at containing the enemy greater phase lords!

Ves did not forget that his enemies could still prevail so long as the greater phase lords managed to defeat the Dark Zephyr and deal with the overwhelming firepower wearing down their defenses.

Every contribution helped. First-class multipurpose mechs might not be strong enough to defeat the greater phase lords by themselves, but they could still support the units

that possessed the strength to scare them away.

Ves briefly frowned. "Strange. Why is my thinking so much clearer than before?"

He reflected on his thoughts and behavior in the past few minutes and discovered a disturbing pattern.

As long as he entered the heat of battle, his head became hot and filled with stupid

thoughts!

Ves expected better of himself. He was a mech designer, not a grunt. Even if actual combat excited him a lot more than he expected, he shouldn't have lost his cool so

quickly!

He tried to figure out what was responsible for his extreme mood shifts.

Was it truly because of his Larkinson blood, or was it because his darkness domain

worsened his negative desires?

Either or both could be the cause.

Another potential culprit was the physiological changes of becoming a phase lord. When

he unfolded his true body, it became far too easy for him to think of himself as greater and superior to the vast majority of humans and other sentient organisms in the Red

Ocean.

It was very hard for people to take smaller organisms such as cats or insects seriously. The size disparity alone activated age-old instincts and chemical reactions that made it far too easy for Ves to develop an inflated sense of confidence.

Whatever the

Ves needed to be more aware of how much he put himself

when he entered the fray.

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As Ves waited for the nanomachine plagues injected in 3 of the 5 arche lesser phase

lords.

They were weakening a lot faster than others, causing their threat level to drop

compared to their healthier brothers.

The first-class multipurpose mechs behaved like sharks smelling blood and intensified their attacks on the weakened enemies!

In the end, the weakest and most aggrieved arche phase lord uttered a final silent cry

before his cracked and broken archeshell dimmed entirely.

"The lesser phase lord has ceased all conscious activity!"

"The body temperature of the unresponsive phase lord is dropping at an increasing rate. No discernable brain activity has been detected. His exterior is spilling phasewater-infused blood without any sign of regenerating the wounds."

"He's... he's dead!"

The arche phase lord had either entered into a form of suspended animation or died

outright!

Ves clearly suspected the latter because he could feel the humongous spread of malicious nanomachine plagues inside the deceased enemy's body!

The nanomachine plagues had spread everywhere. They did not even spare the most

precious brain!

The dangerous plagues did not cease their activity after their victim had died. They devoured the organic tissue they came into contact with even faster now that all

conscious resistance had ceased!

"Stop! Recall!"

The arche phase lord carcass had become his spoils!

He could not allow the nanomachine plagues to break the dead body down any further! After transmitting the recall command, the vastly expanded nanomachine plagues withdrew from the body, causing it to visibly deflate, and return to Ves like a colony of eager kittens!

More malevolence than ever surrounded him and desired to form into his Devil Cat

raiment!

"No." Ves denied the nanomachines. "Spread and devour."

The remaining arche phase lords became a lot more spooked when they saw the nanomachine plagues that felled one of their brothers heading in their direction! They all incurred so many wounds that was no longer necessary for the Devil Cat to

bite into their own flesh!

The horrifying effectiveness of these nanomachine plagues had made such a strong impression on the alien enemies that they finally lost their nerve!

"They are running away!" "Their body temperatures have risen explosively! The arche phase lords are burning their

own phasewater to forcibly increase their warp factor." "The nanomachine plagues are not fast enough to catch up to them at this rate!" "Split up! One unit stays behind to guard the professor, the other unit must continue to

chase. Major Jankowski instructed. "Keep exerting pressure on the two remaining infected arche phase lords. They are already falling behind due to the deterioration of

their organs. Let us make sure to finish the job and prevent them from making a comeback."

Ves became bemused as the fight continued without his direct involvement. Now that he had managed to beat the arche lesser phase lords until they lost their

courage, Ves no longer became interested in fighting them any further. The earlier infections along with the relentless harassment of the first-class multipurpose mechs should be enough to fell at least 2 more lesser phase lords.

Though Ves just sent out a large quantity of nanomachine plagues, he was still able to reform the Devil Cat raiment by recalling the ones he sent on a scavenging run earlier.

Once he regained his protective shell, he began to shift his attention to the most important fight.

Victory and defeat would ultimately be decided by the outcome of the fight against the two greater phase lords.

By now, the Dark Zephyr and helpers had done a good job at wearing down the Arena

Lord of Ya'gwasa. His large raiment turned into tatters while his precious blood leaked from hundreds of small wounds.

Even so, the Arena Lord's fighting spirit had somehow become stronger than ever!

Not only did he become even more obsessed with trying to land a solid hit against the Dark Zephyr, but he was also maneuvering through space even faster than before! "How is this possible?!"

Chapter 6373 One Step Ahead

The fight between Ves and the 5 arche lesser phase lords might look exciting, but it was child's play compared to the main confrontation between the strongest transcendents on both sides.

The Dark Zephyr armed with a borrowed tier 3 Destroyer spear was the only machine that held back the two greater phase lords from destroying the Bluejay Fleet!

It was quite ridiculous how a single ace light skirmisher was able to hold back two formidable opponents, but the Bluejay Fleet had done everything it could to stack the deck in its favor.

Under the leadership of Admiral Tensen and other highly professional first-class military officers, every ship and system operated at their peak. The valuable time spent on analysis and targeted preparations paid off in spades as the warships were easily able to cover each other and prevent themselves from getting overpowered by the inferior enemy warships.

The Bluejay Fleet also had 325 first-class multipurpose mechs at its disposal. Although their quality was not entirely uniform, they still represented the peak of standard combat power of red humanity.

Even if their numbers were paltry compared to second-class mech forces, their power reactors were so much more amazing that their firepower could not be underestimated! Combined with the much stronger firepower of the warships of the Bluejay Fleet and the Rosfield Cannons of Fort Rock, the greater phase lords learned that confronting a top human force without bringing enough assets on their own had overestimated their capabilities!

The firepower and comprehensive solutions available to the warships of the Red Two were never easy to deal with! With the Tarrasque and the Babylon Excavator at the lead, the relatively modest number of sub-capital warships completely dominated the infiltration-oriented enemy fleet and strained the resources of the greater phase lords. Plasma bolts, hyper transphasic positron beams, exotic missiles, gravitic weapons and more continually assailed the two greater phase lords.

Above all else, the overlapping warp interdiction fields and the space suppression fields generated by all of the friendly assets continually limited the spatial capabilities of every phase lord.

The actions undertaken by the well-equipped and technologically advanced 'mortals' suppressed the greater phase lords a lot more than they imagined!

This should not have happened!

Just the Arena Lord of Ya'gwasa alone should have been able to overpower a single junior ace mech before tearing the rest of the Bluejay Fleet apart!

The Distance Shaper only accompanied the more powerful phase lord as insurance, but also to make sure that their target did not manage to flee or teleport away with the help of a powerful transphasic gizmo.

Yet even with the help of the Distance Shaper, the Arena Lord continually failed to eliminate the first obstacle in his way!

Saint Tusa Billingsley-Larkinson did not take his continued survival for granted.

He vehemently crushed any notion of conceit in his mind. Each time he and his battle partner worked together to predict a lethal strike and take actions to evade it by a distressingly slim margin, he understood extremely well that he could have easily died if he made just a single mistake in his action sequence!

He never had to test his control over his machine and his evasion skills more than today. The Arena Lord not only came into this battle with an abundance of combat experience, but he was constantly getting better at predicting Tusa's moves.

If Tusa remained exactly the same as he was at the start of this fight, then the torso of the Dark Zephyr would have gotten impaled many minutes ago!

The only way to stay ahead of the Arena Lord was to improve harder!

The threat of getting pulverized by the formidable Saint Piercer weapon pushed Tusa's willpower past its previous limits at an unprecedented pace!

174 laveres. 178 laveres. 182 laveres. 186 laveres.

Each increment of willpower strengthened Tusa's Saint Kingdom just a bit more, allowing him to boost the speed and other performance parameters of his Dark Zephyr just a bit more.

Since he piloted an ace light skirmisher, even a minor enhancement to mobility resulted in a substantial boost in survivability.

Saint Tusa relied heavily on growth of his Saint Kingdom, his growing understanding of the Arena Lord and the substantial cover of the Bluejay Fleet to keep his Dark Zephyr mostly intact.

Even so, he failed to stop his adversary from raking his Dark Zephyr four times in total! Each time, Tusa and his battle partner were able to make split-second course changes that turned a crippling strike into a grazing strike.

The Dark Zephyr no longer looked as pristine as before. The side of its torso and its limbs all incurred cuts that ran straight through the archemetal parts like a hot knife through butter!

Even if light skirmishers were among the least durable mech types in existence, the Larkinson ace pilot felt incredibly disappointed that his machine could not withstand a single blow against the rule-breaking weapon wielded by his adversary.

Tusa had high expectations for his upgraded machine. Ever since the Dark Zephyr acquired the strength of an ace mech, he thought a new era had arrived. Ves and Gloriana addressed many of the weaknesses and complaints of the previous iterations of the Dark Zephyr. The machine may still retain the configuration of a light skirmisher, but the living mech's offensive and defensive capabilities were not as pathetic as before!

At the very least, Tusa expected his Dark Zephyr's sophisticated archemetal parts to be resistant enough to withstand one or two blows from a phase lord, but for his ace mech to fail completely in this aspect made him feel incredibly aggrieved!

This actually played in his favor, because his frustrations and his resentment for his own weaknesses added a lot more fuel to his growth surge!

Ace pilots were amazing in this aspect. As long as their willpower became stimulated, they could undergo a metamorphosis in mid-battle!

That had not happened to Tusa, but his progress was still fast enough to stay ahead of the Arena Lord, if only barely.

The ace pilot was very cognizant that if he slowed down by just a little bit, his body might turn to chunks of frozen flesh and blood in the next instant!

"Why is he moving faster?!" Tusa questioned as he kept his senses sharp for another Saint Piercer strike. "Phase lords don't rely on immaterial stuff like willpower in order to improve their performance over time. They only rely on their phasewater and what they can do with it. How the hell is he moving faster despite sticking to his current size and

bulk?!"

"ALL OF THE ATTACKS THAT THE ARENA LORD HAS INCURRED SO FAR HAS LARGELY STRIPPED OFF PIECES OF HIS RAIMENT" The Dark Zephyr explained. "THE REMOVAL OF SO MUCH HIGH-DENSITY MASS HAS LOWERED HIS BURDENS AND INCREASED HIS RANGE OF MOTION. HOWEVER, THIS IS NOT ENOUGH TO EXPLAIN HIS UNNATURAL INCREASE IN AGILITY AND REACTION SPEED."

"Do you have any guesses, partner?"

"THERE ARE ONLY THREE POSSIBLE EXPLANATIONS. THE FIRST EXPLANATION IS THAT THE ARENA LORD POSSESSES A PHASEWATER ORGAN THAT IS SLOW-ACTING BUT PROVIDES A GREATER BOOST OVER TIME."

"The Arena Lord is a pit fighter who has fought and won more duels than we can count. I can definitely imagine that he would implant himself with an organ that can improve his performance in long, drawn-out fights."

"THE SECOND EXPLANATION IS THAT THE DISTANCE SHAPER IS SECRETLY TRANSFERRING HIS POWER TO THE ARENA LORD. HAVE YOU NOTICED THAT THE ORVEN GREATER PHASE LORD HAS BECOME LESS ACTIVE AS THE BATTLE HAS RAGED ON? IT IS NOT WISE TO ASSUME THAT THE DISTANCE SHAPER HAS BECOME LESS ACTIVE. HIS BODY IS STILL GENERATING ELEVATED LEVELS OF HEAT, SO HE IS MOST DEFINITELY EXERCISING HIS POWERS."

Tusa narrowed his eyes. He could not afford to direct his focus towards the more

distant greater phase lord, but just thinking about this large orven space wizard unsettled his heart.

"I think you are right. The Arena Lord and the Distance Shaper may belong to different species, but there has to be good reasons why they teamed up with each other. Their specializations and abilities synergize well with each other."

"THE THIRD EXPLANATION IS THAT BOTH OF THE AFOREMENTIONED THEORIES ARE TRUE AT THE SAME TIME. IN FACT, MY CALCULATIONS INDICATE THAT THIS IS THE MOST PROBABLE OUTCOME. POWER DOES NOT COME FROM NOWHERE. THE DISTANCE SHAPER IS SOMEHOW ABLE TO TRANSFER HIS POWER TO THE ARENA LORD, WHO CHANNELS IT INTO A SPECIALIZED PHASEWATER ORGANS THAT AUGMENTS HIS PHYSICAL CAPABILITIES."

If that was true, then Tusa may be racing against time.

If the Distance Shaper continued to feed his strength to the Arena Lord through an unknown mechanism, then the latter would eventually become strong and fast enough to catch the Dark Zephyr!

This was bad because there was a limit to how much Tusa could improve during a single fight. As amazing as his improvement may be, there was no instance where a fresh junior ace pilot managed to promote to a senior ace pilot during a single engagement. Such exaggerated growth spurts were impossible to attain in practice!

"Solutions?"

"WE NEED MORE HELP, AS LONG AS YOU CAN LAST LONG ENOUGH, THE MECHS THAT HAVE DEALT WITH THE ARCHE LESSER PHASE LORDS WILL TURN AROUND AND REINFORCE OUR POSITION."

"Not enough. There is not much more that the Bluejay Fleet can do." Tusa instantly shook his head.
"These greater phase lords are much more resistant towards small caliber

firepower."

"THEN WE NEED TO FIND A WAY TO DISRUPT THE COOPERATION BETWEEN THE ARENA LORD AND THE DISTANCE SHAPER."

That was a challenge because Saint. Tusa and his ace mech failed to detect the channel that the Distance Shaper used to transfer his power to his fellow greater phase lord. The ace mech flew in the space that separated the two greater phase lords many times but failed to detect anything suspicious.

It was either an abstract mechanism that completely flew over the top of Tusa's head, or it was buried deep within a dimension that was out of his reach. The Dark Zephyr offered another suggestion.

"IF WE CANNOT FIND THE CHANNEL, THEN WE STRIKE AT THE SOURCE INSTEAD.

WE HAVE YET TO ATTACK THE DISTANCE SHAPER. I BET THAT THIS BIG PHASE LORD IS MUCH LESS ABLE TO COPE WITH OUR ATTACKS THAN THE ARENA LORD."

Tusa did not immediately accept this idea. "I have been thinking about targeting the Distance Shaper many times, but it is a bad idea to shift my attention away from the Arena Lord. As soon as I attempt to move away, he will try to thrust his Saint Piercer into

your back."

"THEN WE NEED TO RESORT TO OUR ABILITIES TO CIRCUMVENT THIS ATTACK,"

"Our Banish resonating ability won't work against the Arena Lord. His body is too solid and massive to cut off a portion of his limbs. Banishing the Saint Piercer won't work either. I don't know what this weapon is made of, but it is probably so solidly built and saturated with phasewater that it's impossible to cut off a piece of this long weapon." If Tusa was a lot stronger, then he could have been able to cope with this situation a lot

better, but his growth so far was not enough to give him the qualifications to Banish anything related to the Arena Lord.

"THAT LEAVES OUR ULTIMATE ABILITY. WE ONLY HAVE ONE CHANCE. IT IS ALL-OR-NOTHING, SO WE MUST USE IT AT THE RIGHT MOMENT AT THE RIGHT TIME. IF WE WANT TO ATTAIN THE BEST RESULT, WE NEED A DISTRACTION. IN

ADDITION TO THAT, YOU NEED TO COMBINE YOUR BORROWED WEAPON WITH THE DARK WIND PASSAGE ABILITY."

"Those are heavy demands."

Saint Tusa rapidly considered this plan and agreed it was probably their best shot to turn this situation around.

As he continued to focus on keeping his Dark Zephyr a step ahead of the Saint Piercer,

the units that previously fought against the arche lesser phase lord finally began to swing and add their firepower to the effort to stop the greater phase lords!

Ves became available as well. If there was one person in the Bluejay Fleet that could produce a distraction, it would definitely be the infamous Devil Tongue!

Chapter 6374 The Most Stubborn Enemies

Both sides knew that they had entered the final phase of the battle.

The combined cosmopolitan and native alien fleet had crumbled apart. The vast majority of the stealth-capable ships never stood a chance against the much more prepared

combat vessels of the Bluejay Fleet.

1 arche lesser phase lord had already fallen while the 2 more were slowly getting devoured from within. The remaining 2 arche phase lords had lost all of their fighting spirit and wanted to flee from the source of the hyper nanomachine plagues as fast as possible.

The enemy small craft had been wiped out without any exceptions. The cosmopolitan mechs and alien phasefighters were quite capable, but their pilots were not as skilled and their tech was not as good. What was worse was that they enjoyed a minimal numerical advantage.

In short, 3 of the 4 asset groups that the enemy force relied upon to ambush the Bluejay Fleet and assassinate Ves had already been taken off the board!

There was only 1 asset group left in contention, but it also happened to be the most powerful and troublesome.

Everyone knew that as long as the Arena Lord and the Distance Shaper vanquished over the Dark Zephyr, it was game over for the Bluejay Fleet.

Both sides understood the score. There was no ambiguity about this matter. There was no possibility for outsiders to intervene either. The weak spacetime bubble that continued to wrap around the Mazepan System might only last for a short time, but it was quite good at isolating the star system from the rest of the Red Ocean.

As Ves began to approach the site where the Dark Zephyr fought against the Arena Lord, he began to think how he could overcome this final hurdle.

At this time, the nanomachine plagues had spread far and wide. He had sent out a lot of swarms on scavenging trips. They devoured every scrap of debris and junk floating in the vicinity in order to reproduce as many nanomachines as possible.

Unfortunately, the mixed material qualities of all of this debris caused the derivative nanomachines to possess mixed properties as well. Only a fraction of the derivative nanomachines were as powerful and resilient as the original stock.

As the swarms slowly completed their task and obediently returned to Ves' true body, the mech designer already started to think about how he could possibly threaten a greater phase lord as resilient as the Arena Lord.

Although it looked as if Ves had not yet made his move, the truth was quite different. He had already instructed the nanomachine plagues to infect the Arena Lord in secret. Once his spatial barrier collapsed and his raiment started to get stripped, the lesser phase lord began to suffer more cuts and open wounds. These were all vulnerable to infection by pathogens that were too small to be seen with the naked eye. Nanomachines were no exception to this rule. Ves bet that the Arena Lord was so big that he would never notice a tiny stream of nanomachines that were far too dispersed to make their presence obvious.

It was too bad it didn't work. The hyper nanomachine plagues were still able to operate inside the bodies of the lesser phase lords because their phasewater

concentration was not too great.

The Arena Lord had broken past this mortal threshold a long time ago. Even if he had yet to replace his blood entirely with phasewater, he had clearly made substantial progress, enough to further expand the size of his true body and turn his physique into a biological wonder that was impossible to grow by pure organisms!

The environment of such a terrible physique became so hostile that the nanomachines all got crushed without exception!

Ves grimaced. That immediately removed a powerful solution from consideration. He could only use the nanomachines to produce his raiment and relatively simple equipment. That was actually a considerable waste as their names already signified that they were much better used in an offensive capacity. Repurposing them to form his own set of gear was a suboptimal solution, as he had already tested earlier in his fight against the lesser phase lords.

As Ves stopped at a healthy distance from the Arena Lord of Ya'gwasa, the Dark Zephyr had already backed off from his opponent and taken stock of his current condition. The Dark Zephyr was no longer in good shape. Although he had fared very well against two greater phase lords, all of the heavy maneuvering had stressed his flight system and boosters by a considerable extent. The ace mech had also depleted much of his energy reserves, which meant that he was not able to persist for much longer.

The battle damage also looked rather concerning to Ves. The Dark Zephyr possessed so little capacity that every piece played an important role in elevating the living mech's performance. Even relatively minor instances of damage could cause the machine to become unbalanced, leading to further inefficiencies.

Fortunately, the Arena Lord had not come out of this fight unscathed. His true body had lost two layers of protection and was down to resisting incoming attacks with his thick hide and outermost layers of armor,

Even so, he was still able to rely on his flesh and bones to resist the powerful kinetic attacks of the Rosfield Cannons!

The Bluejay Fleet placed a lot of hope in the battleship-grade cannons, but they were unable to punch too deep in the massive body of the Arena Lord.

"Lord Richard," Ves contacted his fellow Senior Mech Designer who designed and built the Rosfield Cannons in a hurry. "How many salvos do the Rosfield Cannons have left?"

The Rubarthan mech designer did not sound good. "Not much, Ves. We have 14 salvos left. We do not have any opportunities to fabricate additional rounds from all of the salvage as the warships capable of doing so were all committed in battle. Once we have fired all 42 rounds, we are out. The other weapons mounted on Fort Rock are beginning to run dry as well. There are still a few torpedoes left for the launcher that you have built, but their effectiveness against the Arena Lord has proven to be limited."

42 rounds fired from a triple-barreled gauss cannon turret represented a lot of damage, but an existence as unreasonable as a greater phase lord was still able to withstand this much punishment with their bodies alone!

Ves had already noticed how many shots from the Rosfield Cannons the alien powerhouse had already incurred. The nuser phase lord was still able to put up a good fight as hardly any of the damage degraded his combat effectiveness!

A silent moment stretched as both sides temporarily suspended their attacks and studied each other.

They all had reasons to enjoy a little reprieve.

The fighting had been so intense for the greater phase lords and Saint Tusa that they

could dearly use a break to recover some of their energies and address the damage that

they incurred.

They also tried to use the time to formulate new battle plans.

"IT APPEARS THAT THE MORTALS AND THE LESSER GODS OF THE ARCHE RACE HAVE FAILED TO DEFEAT YOU HUMANS. COWARDS. THEY ARE ALL COWARDS. NONE OF THEM POSSESS THE COURAGE TO FIGHT TO THE DEATH. IF THEY DID, THE COWARDLY ARCHE COULD HAVE BEEN ABLE TO CLEAN YOU ALL UP BY THIS TIME. TO THINK THAT 5 OF THEM ARE STILL UNABLE TO DEFEAT A FORCE COMPROMISING OF JUST A SINGLE ABOMINATION AND HIS MORTAL FIGHTING FORCE! WHAT A SHAME!"

The Arena Lord was clearly upset that the 5 arche phase lords failed to accomplish anything in the end. The nunser leader had been hoping that the additional backup would sway this fight in his favor. Now, it looked as if the opposite would happen! "You and the Distance Shaper stand alone on this battlefield. You are heavily outnumbered, Arena Lord." Ves transmitted to the two greater phase lords. "We do not have to resume this fight. Your chances of beating us are slim so long as you cannot eliminate Saint Tusa over here. If you retreat right now, I promise on behalf of the Bluejay Fleet that we will not pursue and threaten you any further for today. If you insist on continuing the fight, then you may not enjoy the results. We still have weapons left in reserve that can make your life miserable."

That was partially a lie. The Bluejay Fleet did manage to retrieve a number of dangerous and unusual weapons of mass destruction from its vaults, but not all of them were meant to destroy a greater phase lord, so their effectiveness in this situation was

anything but certain.

The Arena Lord may have suspected this as well, because he exhibited open contempt.

towards what Ves proposed.

"I AM NOT A COWARD. I HAVE ALREADY TAKEN THE FAILURE OF MY ALLIES AND MINIONS INTO CONSIDERATION. IF YOU THINK YOU CAN FRIGHTEN ME INTO WITHDRAWING BY BOASTING ABOUT YOUR NUMBERS, THEN YOU ARE A FOOL. I WILL ONLY BOW DOWN TO A MARTIALLY SUPERIOR ENEMY, NOT A NUMERICALLY SUPERIOR ENEMY. YOUR NUMBERS MAY GIVE YOU A SENSE OF SECURITY, BUT ALL I SEE IS A WEAKNESS TO BE EXPLOITED! LET ME DEMONSTRATE!"

The Arena Lord brazenly ignored the Dark Zephyr and flew towards Fort Rock! The powerful greater phase whale finally acknowledged that it was best to wreck this space fortress first in order to reduce the spatial suppression effect on his physique! Although the suppression grew stronger as the powerful greater phase lord came closer, the Arena Lord possessed such solid control over his physique that he was able to resist the effect to an extent!

The action made the Arena Lord provoked a large response. Pretty much every surviving mech and warship opened fire on the greater phase lord, taking great care to target his

existing wounds.

Yet the damage proved far too disappointing as the Arena Lord not only possessed a large enough body to incur so many wounds, but also relied on phasewater adaptations

within his body to reinforce his body even further!

The Rosfield Cannons fired also after salvo at the greater phase lord as fast as the improvised weapon system could accomplish, none of these powerful shots could deter the powerful alien's passage!

The only mech that could possibly pose a credible threat to the Arena Lord was the Dark

Zephyr.

Saint Tusa felt torn for a moment. Should he pursue the Arena Lord and do his best to slow the powerful enemy down, or should he turn around and target the Distance

Shaper?

"Chase after the Arena Lord." Ves instructed. "Losing Fort Rock too soon is a big blow to

us. Also, it should be easier for you to land a solid hit on the Arena Lord now that he is fixated on another target."

Tusa nodded second as he considered the argument. "You're right. I will not let this alien

run without letting me impale my Destroyer spear into the alien's massive body. What

will you do, Ves?"

The mech designer in question did not stare at the Arena Lord, but instead looked speculative as he stared at the Distance Shaper.

"I think I will have a chat with the other greater phase lord... with a hefty escort of

mechs."

"Why? What purpose is there in talking to our mortal enemies?"

Ves chuckled. "I don't know. Maybe I can stall the alien, or persuade him to abandon his worthless mission and run away. Who knows."

As Ves steadily flew over to the Distance Shaper, he did so under a heavy escort.

This made his approach look more aggressive, which was not his intention. The orven phase lord had not really talked since the beginning of this confrontation. He appeared more than content to let his more vocal partner do all of the talking.

He could no longer do so now that he was in charge of his own words.

"IT IS A MISTAKE TO THINK I CAN BE BULLIED BY YOU AND YOUR ILK. ULTIMATE VICTORY SHALL BE OURS."

"Whoa there Mr. Distance Shaper. Let us not get too hastily. There is still room for negotiation...

Chapter 6375 The Final Charge

"REJECTION."

"What do you mean?"

"THERE IS NO CAUSE FOR NEGOTIATION. YOU ARE THE HUMAN CALLED THE DEVIL TONGUE. YOUR SPEECH IS A WEAPON. THE BEST WAY TO DENY YOU THIS WEAPON IS TO AVOID ENGAGING YOU AT ALL. THE ONLY ACCEPTABLE RESPONSE IS TO FIGHT!"

Damn, the Distance Shaper was unwilling to play into Ves' plans!

If they started to talk, then Ves could distract and stall the orven phase lord to the point where the powerful orven phase lord no longer rendered any assistance to his fellow peer.

Obviously, the Distance Shaper saw through this scheme and denied Ves at the first step.

In the next second, a fairly strong spatial storm erupted all around Ves!

Many of the nanomachine plagues that formed his raiment started to get torn apart from all of the violent spatial activity!

What alarmed Ves the most was that the nanomachines could not offer any significant resistance against the raging storm!

Their lack of transphasic properties made them a lot more vulnerable to extraordinary attack than was normally the case!

"Goddamn fleeters! Why are they still fooling around with outdated, dead-end

technologies! Why can't they replace their stock of nanomachine plagues with more modern transphasic variants?!"

He was being unfair towards the Red Fleet. The fleeters were well aware that numerous weapons of mass destruction have fallen behind the times. They were already in the process of replacing or upgrading their older stock.

The problem was that their production capacity was limited. It took time to renew all of their expansive stockpiles. Their main warfleets enjoyed the highest priority and received the latest toys first.

A less important reconnaissance cruiser that had been diverted to a protection mission had fallen so low on the priority list that it would probably take a year or more before the Babylon Excavator received a newer batch of strategic goods.

In any case, the sudden elimination of a lot of nanomachines caused Ves to become directly exposed against the storm.

What alarmed Ves quite a lot was that this area attack was so effective that it even managed to bypass his spatial barrier!

"Sure enough, a greater phase lord always has tricks up his sleeve!"

While

spatial storm did not inflict too much damage on Ves' true body, but that did not mean he enjoyed it either! He quickly withdrew in order to escape the range of the greater phase lord's attack.

"Cover the professor!" Major Jankowski roared. "Overload your space suppressors if you must!"

The surrounding mechs all converged upon Ves and used their space suppressors to weaken the effect of the storm on Ves.

Although the Distance Shaper's attack did not fade entirely, the assistance of all of the mechs at least reduced the damage to a more tolerable level.

Ves merely felt as if he was being subjected to a severe electrical massage treatment rather than getting torn apart in every direction.

The orven greater phase lord began to form a ball of violent warp energies in his hands. "\$&#@\$. "

"YOUR RELIANCE ON YOUR TECHNOLOGIES WILL BE YOUR UNDOING. ONLY GODS CAN DEFEAT GODS. AS SOON AS THE ARENA LORD OF YA'GWASA ELIMINATES THE GREATEST INHIBITING SOURCE, I WILL SUBJECT YOU TO TRUE TORMENT!"

Ves and the others had no choice but to take the Distance Shaper's threat seriously! Fort Rock had indeed played an indispensable role in stacking the deck in their favor. The aliens originally wanted to rely on the 5 arche lesser phase lords to demolish this space fortress, but now that they had been defeated, the Arena Lord simply decided to do the job himself!

"Tusa!" Ves transmitted to the Dark Zephyr! "You need to make your move quickly! It will be too late once he destroys Fort Rock!"

"What do you think I am doing?!" Tusa spat back as his Dark Zephyr swooped in and disintegrated another chunk of phase lord flesh with the Destroyer weapon. "This damn Arena Lord is just too large! If I try to attack a more important organ, he is always ready to push me back with his Saint Piercer. If I try to attack something less important, he will just take the wound without slowing down."

Everyone had expended a lot of resources by now. However, the greater phase lords had much greater endurance and staying power, which meant that they would definitely be able to take advantage of the moment that Fort Rock went down!

As the Arena Lord closed in on Fort Rock while fending off a storm of attacks coming from multiple directions, the greater phase lord remained undaunted even if his body started to shed phasewater-infused blood at an increasing rate.

Ves felt pressured by this situation. He had used up a lot of cards, but still had a few left that he could employ.

For example, he could attempt to test the spacetime bubble's isolation capabilities by trying to call in the Destroyer of Worlds with the help of Emma's spiritual fragment.

He could also use up the Worclaw energy that he had managed to accumulate in his true body.

A lot of time had passed since he last expended it, which meant that there was enough energy to fuel a powerful attack.

Then there was the radiant lottery ticket that he had yet to expend.

Ves was very reluctant to use up these resources, though. They were trump cards that he might need to withstand greater dangers during his visit to Yernstall. Sure, the Red Two implemented the highest security measures in this critical central star node, but Ves would be a fool if he took all of this security for granted.

He had made a lot of enemies in the last half-year. Wading into politics meant that he had displeased a large amount of interests. This ambush was just one of the consequences of stirring up a lot of trouble.

As long as his enemies wanted to eliminate him badly enough, it was not unthinkable to prepare another ambush for him. Perhaps this time his next attackers would learn from the mistakes made from this attempt!

"You need to believe in your ability. You can't stop the Arena Lord without taking a risk. You have been saving up your Ultimate Ability, am I right?"

Saint Tusa nodded. "You are right. I have already warmed up the Ultimate Module in preparation for activating my ability at any time. What target do you suggest? I am thinking about attempting to sever one of his upper limbs. As long as his grip on his Saint Piercer has weakened, I can take much greater risks in my attacks."

Ves had paid attention to the Arena Lord's physique and combat footage. He did not have much hope for his plans.

"It's not enough. Even if you can sever one of his limbs, the Arena Lord is liable to grit his teeth and continue forward. You need to be a lot bolder than that. Nothing less than a decisive blow will cripple this greater phase lord. You need to overcome one of your fears and execute an attack that will either kill you... or give you a devastating new weapon against other phase lords."

Tusa had a bad feeling about this. The way Ves talked to him was similar to when the crazy mech designer proposed to poison his body with a drop of phasewater-infused

blood!

"What... what are you talking about, Ves?"

"The Arena Lord may still be in fighting shape, but his defensive layers have been stripped. As long as you aim your Dark Wind Passage Ultimate Ability inside the Arena Lord's massive torso, you can carve your way inside his chest and abdomen cavity where most of his phasewater organs reside. If his internal organs hasn't crushed your ace mech somehow, you can do a lot of damage that will definitely weaken and deprive the

Arena Lord's powers."

"Are you crazy Ves?! Do you even know what you are talking about?!"

"This is not a whim. This is a viable idea. I think you can pull it off. The central premise of this idea is to take advantage of their larger sizes. The larger they become, the more space they offer inside their bodies. This is perfect for an ace light skirmisher like your Dark Zephyr! You can not only cement the defeat of the Arena Lord with a single gambit, but also threaten to do it again to the Distance Shaper."

Though Tusa wanted to reject this crazy plan, the more he thought about it, the more he thought it might actually work!

Since there was not enough time for Tusa to perform a proper cost-benefit analysis, he allowed his gut to steer his decision.

His eyes narrowed. "A part of me wants to do it. I don't want to deny this wish." He already thought about the steps he needed to take to pull it off. There were many sketchy parts to his plan, but they could not suppress the excitement welling in his

heart.

"LET US DO THIS." The Dark Zephyr eagerly said. "IF YOU WANT TO EMBODY TRUE FREEDOM, THEN YOU CANNOT LIMIT YOURSELF TO MORTAL FEARS. A MORTAL DOES NOT DARE TO INVADE THE ARENA LORD'S CHEST CAVITY. A GOD HAS NO SUCH INHIBITIONS."

The mention of freedom triggered a strong desire inside Tusa.

"Blackwing!"

"Chip chip!"

The companion spirit jumped inside the Ultimate Module and started to channel more true resonance to it. The Dark Zephyr quickly started to darken as shadowy energies accumulated inside the mech frame.

The ace light skirmisher no longer circled around the Arena Lord either. Instead, the living mech charged at the enemy powerhouse on a straight trajectory!

The Arena Lord of Ya'gwasa most definitely noticed this change. He may appear to be advancing towards Fort Rock, but his true purpose was to bait the Dark Zephyr into launching a foolish attack that he would be able to impale with his Saint Piercer! While Tusa had carefully chosen the angle of attack, the Arena Lord turned around so

abruptly that the ace pilot barely had any time at all to steer his machine away from a direct strike!

While Tusa was barely able to steer the Dark Zephyr away, he did not command his

mech to turn around entirely.

Instead, the ace light skirmisher skimmed past the Saint Piercer and continued on until

he was about to collide against the greater phase lord's lower torso!

"Dark wind passage!" Before the collision was supposed to occur, the Dark Zephyr pointed the eager tier 3

Destroyer spear forward and turned into an incredibly fast black streak that actually

punched right through the Arena Lord's body!

The Arena Lord instantly convulsed in pain! The injury he received this time was much

more serious than the previous attacks!

"HOW?!"

"It's because I am fast!" Saint Tusa laughed!

The harebrained scheme devised by Ves actually worked!

The charge attack worked out a lot better than the ace pilot expected!

Even if the results were successful, Tusa instinctively judged that his Dark Zephyr would

only get past a few sturdy flesh layers before being forced to a standstill. What actually happened was that the tier 3 Destroyer weapon pierced through many organic obstacles, thereby enabling the Dark Zephyr to sink much deeper before the Dark Wind Module expended its charge.

This happened to deliver the Dark Zephyr into a more ideal location. There were dozens of strange phasewater organs located in every direction, and while a pair of them had squished the ace light skirmisher, the tier 3 Destroyer spear was already starting to break them apart!

The Dark Zephyr concentrated his Saint Kingdom and exploded with power!

The Arena Lord appeared to have no measures inside his body that could repel an enemy as powerful as an ace mech!

Since that was the case, the Dark Zephyr could go on a complete rampage, though only long enough before the greater phase lord devised a quick solution.

"Let's wreck this place up, partner!"

"I LOVE THIS SPEAR. CAN WE KEEP IT, TUSA?"

"We should bring it up with Ves after this battle. We need to win first, though!"

"HAHAHAHA! NOW THAT WE ARE INSIDE, THE ARENA LORD IS TOAST!" Diving inside the body of a greater phase lord was the most ridiculous feat that Saint

Tusa and the Dark Zephyr had pulled off so far! The two intended to make the most of this situation!

Chapter 6376 Death Spiral

When the Dark Zephyr activated his Ultimate Ability, the ace light skirmisher reached a state of excitement that he and his battle partner had never attained in the past.

The initial discovery of the pocket space, the hours-long flight back to the Bluejay Fleet and the life-threatening exchanges against the Arena Lord all honed Saint Tusa Billingsley-Larkinson and his living mech in a way that he had never experienced in the past few months.

During his tour through the frontlines, Saint Tusa mostly accompanied stronger ace pilots who all fought as the head of large mech armies.

No matter how many forces the native aliens dispatched in a star system, the human defenders could always count on a sufficient number of mechs, starfighters, defensive works, warships and champions.

Just like how the Whispering Willow covered the Dark Zephyr from the rear and bailed out the junior ace mech when it got in trouble, Saint Tusa had become accustomed to fighting with a safety margin during his months-long tour.

Did he grow from these experiences?

He did, but much of his gains came in the form of knowledge and wisdom. He knew how first-raters fought against the native aliens. He learned how ace mechs should

coordinate with mech forces. He also discovered his limits and shortcomings when fighting against alien powerhouses.

His resonance strength grew as well, but much of it could be attributed to the aftermath of his fairly recent breakthrough and his genuine joy at being able to pilot a proper ace mech after many months of waiting.

Aside from a few occasions, Saint Tusa did not actually harbor that much fear for his life. He enjoyed so much backup that it was hard to imagine that he would actually fall on the battlefield.

Such confrontations could no longer be regarded as fruitful in terms of growing his resonance strength. He would not be able to evolve to a senior ace pilot anytime soon if he kept serving as a cog in a large machine.

That was why the Battle of Mazepan benefited him in a different way. He was fighting with a much weaker and less adequate support structure this time.

Although the Bluejay Fleet and Fort Rock provided indispensable aid to Tusa, the additional help only served to lessen the severe disadvantages that put the ace pilot in lethal peril!

It was only now that he was the only high-ranking mech pilot in the Bluejay Fleet that he bore an immense amount of pressure.

The life and death of everyone on his side depended on his performance!

Though an ace pilot that pursued freedom disliked being shackled by such a heavy responsibility, he did not reject this role, nor try to shirk his duty.

Instead, he accepted his responsibility and fought harder than ever before. He was not only fighting for himself, but also the people he cared about!

He was participating in a greater struggle between red humanity and its enemies. Tusa could not see any upside to letting the treacherous cosmopolitans and the genocidal native aliens gain the upper hand.

Therefore, helping other people was equivalent to helping himself!

He would only be able to enjoy the greatest degree of freedom in the Red Ocean if human civilization still remained standing. Only in a society where humans like himself could roam around undisturbed would he be able to attain his greatest ideal.

Tusa had no desire to live as an outcast in a galaxy that completely rejected him due to his race.

As he fought against the Arena Lord of Ya'gwasa and continually squeezed his potential to evade the deadly Saint Piercer strikes, he learned a valuable lesson today. Freedom needed to be fought for. Nobody had the luxury to take it for granted. It was the instinct of living beings to dominate other living beings. Only by becoming stronger would Tusa be able to defend his own right to be free and unrestrained!

Spontaneous insights like these could only be spawned from lengthy accumulation or high-pressure situations like these!

When the Dark Zephyr finally triggered his Ultimate Ability and blazed forth with the power of shadow and phasing, Saint Tusa somehow managed to break through an invisible barrier and unlocked another part of his hidden potential!

The people surrounding the site felt it most clearly. The mech pilots of the first-class multipurpose mechs that bravely flew closer in an attempt to apply their space suppression fields onto the Arena Lord all felt the glory of fighting alongside the shadowy but valiant ace mech.

Many of these highly trained and experienced first-class mech pilots showed genuine admiration for Saint Tusa and his equally fantastic ace mech!

Despite the fact that the odds were stacked against him, Saint Tusa managed to free himself from the constraints placed on him and defied his own fate!

The sheer explosion of willpower emanating from the thick shadowy streak became seared into the minds of the surrounding mech pilots for the rest of their lives.

Each of them felt privileged to witness this exalted moment of glory!"

"The Dark Zephyr has burst open the Arena Lord's chest!"

"Open fire on the cavity! Inflict as much damage to the phase lord's internal organs as possible!"

"Make sure to check your fire in case the Dark Zephyr reappears!"

While the surrounding mechs and warships eagerly took advantage of the opening generated by the Dark Zephyr's Ultimate Ability, the Arena Lord himself began to roar in genuine pain!

"#\$E&@#!"

"INSOLENT HUMAN! YOU DARE INVADE MY OWN BODY! HOW FOOLISH OF YOU! DO YOU NOT THINK I WOULD STRIKE BACK AT YOU BECAUSE OF THAT? MY DIVINE BODY SHALL BE YOUR GRAVE!"

The Arena Lord was in more pain than he had ever been for many years!

In all of the duels and matches he fought in the past, few opponents managed to overpower him to the point where he incurred significant damage to his internal organs.

Each time it happened, the Arena Lord would preserve the memories of these abject failures and take measures to never let himself be put in such a vulnerable situation

again!

The fact that he managed to survive those past crises and grow stronger in the end fueled his confidence that he would be able to overcome this challenge as well!

The Dark Zephyr may have breached inside a part of his true body where the machine could inflict massive damage to his phasewater organs, but it was not easy for the ace light skirmisher to finish off the Arena Lord from the inside!

A light skirmisher was still a light skirmisher. If another ace mech such as the Mars took the place of the Dark Zephyr, then the ace hybrid mech would have easily been able to unleash several times more devastation to the surrounding phasewater-infused organs! At this time, the Dark Zephyr made quick work of the organs that were within striking range of his tier 3 Destroyer spear.

The advantage of wielding this spear was that nothing inside the Arena Lord's body could resist the destructive potential of this powerful Destroyer weapon.

No matter whether the highly volatile speartip brushed against a phasewater organ, a giant string of flesh or a piece of solid bone, the tier 3 Destroyer weapon empowered by Blackwing's shadow energy and Tusa's willpower hungrily disintegrated the organic matter!

If there was one downside to using this weapon to fuel the ongoing rampage, it was that the destructive contact surface of the spear was too limited!

Unlike a Destroyer sword, the Destroyer spear was clearly a more economical product as only the speartip produced enhanced results. The shaft was completely useless in this

regard!

Combined with the massive size of the Arena Lord's internal organs, it would take a long time to inflict enough damage to cripple the greater phase lord!

At least the greater phase lord never prepared any defensive measures that could

defend the interior of his body against an intruder as powerful as the Dark Zephyr.

Not even transphasic enhancements could block the sheer lethality of the Destroyer weapon. All of the phasewater reinforcement practically failed as the Destroyer particles broke the multi-dimensional effects that caused materials to become a lot more damage-resistant than normal.

Saint Tusa felt as if he had become completely aligned with the tier 3 Destroyer spear now. It no longer behaved like a rebellious horse that was constantly bucking to get rid

of its master.

At this time, Tusa, Blackwing, the Dark Zephyr and perhaps the Destroyer weapon itself

all desired the same outcome.

That was to destroy as much of the Arena Lord's body as possible!

This unity of intent and desire caused the Destroyer spear to become a lot more

cooperative than before!

The speartip solely channeled all of its destructive potential outwards upon physical contact with a hostile target.

The fact that it subsequently retracted its power and exhibited no sign of disobedience reassured Tusa a lot. He became more encouraged than ever to use the spear to hollow out the Arena Lord from within!

Saint Tusa even began to plan for a talk with Ves about keeping hold of the spear. As much as he acknowledged that the Larkinson Clan saved up the weapon for Venerable Rosa Orfan, who knew how long it would take for her to break through. Wasn't it better if Tusa kept hold of this powerful weapon and used to enhance the Dark Zephyr's

lackluster killing power?

"CAREFUL TUSA!"

Tusa already sensed the incoming threat and controlled his ace mech to squeeze through the limited maneuvering space inside the phase lord's body.

His Dark Zephyr managed to push to the side just in time to evade the thin but

incredibly sharp tip of the Saint Piercer.

It turned out that the Arena Lord was ruthless enough to point the sharp end of the

Saint Piercer towards his own body and attempt to impale the Dark Zephyr from the outside!

"What a ruthless greater phase lord!"

Seeing that the Saint Piercer had missed, the pained but furious Arena Lord pulled out

the Saint Piercer and thrust the weapon into his body at a different angle!

"Hah! You missed!" Despite the dark and confining environment, Saint Tusa had abundant confidence in his

ability to evade the piercing weapon strikes.

It was true that he was not able to detect the Saint Piercer directly. Its properties made

it especially resistant towards his intuition as well as his domain field. However, the Arena Lord was immune to Tusa's senses. His Saint Kingdom which was

still able to operate inside the greater phase lord's body at reduced efficiency was able to detect the alien flesh getting pierced by the potent spear.

As long as he paid attention to any pieces of flesh getting parted, Tusa should have

enough time to command his machine to evade, thereby preventing a devastating

outcome!

Of course, this was easier said than done, because the Arena Lord deliberately tried to flex his abdomen so that there was much less maneuvering space available!

A larger mech would have easily gotten stuck at times, but the Dark Zephyr's slim mech frame and barren loadout resulted in an incredible advantage in this situation! Unlike multipurpose mechs whose mech frames bulged with dozens of integrated weapon systems and other versatile gadgets, the designers of the Dark Zephyr Mark III Revision 2 kept the archemehch basic and simple, just like a traditional light skirmisher! This produced an amazing circumstance where the light and nimble ace mech was still able to exert his freedom of movement in one of the most confining and disgusting spaces imaginable!

All the while, the Arena Lord kept sustaining graver injuries.

Not only was the tier 3 Destroyer spear wreaking havoc on so many phasewater organs,

but his attempts to nail the body intruder with the Saint Piercer only resulted in

repeated self-injuries!

At the same time, the surrounding mechs and warships eagerly took advantage of the Arena Lord's distraction and inflicted even greater damage on his exterior! The Arena Lord had fallen into a death spiral!

Chapter 6377 Greater Phase Treasures

Ves long held the opinion that bigger was not always better.

As a mech designer, he knew that he could scale up his mech designs and use the extra capacity to improve their performance.

Yet as mechs grew larger, they also bore greater burdens. The machines became increasingly more expensive while the improvements began to slow down.

The goal of mech designers had always been to strive for efficiency, not maximum performance.

This was why mechs reached their current proportions and stuck with them for centuries. Multiple generations of trial and error had caused the mech industry to come to a consensus on the ideal size and mass of mechs.

At the current level of human technology and resource availability, it made little sense to deviate from this pattern. There were only a few exceptional situations where mechs of different sizes could offer greater value, but it was generally not worth employing them because deviating from the prevailing standards always came at a price.

In any case, the point was that from the perspective of a mech designer, Ves always thought of phase lords as inferior combat units.

It may be ironic for Ves to form this conclusion considering that he was a phase lord himself, but he genuinely believed this was the case.

When Ves compared the relatively compact and agile Dark Zephyr to the massive and unwieldy Arena Lord, he could clearly tell that his own creation clearly possessed a much higher ratio of combat power per cubic meter!

In other words, the Dark Zephyr derived a lot more power out of the relatively limited quantity of exotics, hypers and phasewater that comprised his mech frame.

The Arena Lord may be more powerful in an absolute sense, but if his true body was cut down to the size of the Dark Zephyr, the latter could easily tear apart the phase lord without breaking a sweat!

Bigger was not always better.

The current situation perfectly showed the consequences of chasing after greater mass without prioritizing efficiency.

The Arena Lord had fought and worked hard to acquire a PPS and increase his phasewater concentration past the limit of a lesser phase lord.

rampage in the

Yet by doing so, his body became so large that his internal cavities not only became large enough to fit a whole mech, but also allow such a machine to commit. process!

This was a humongous vulnerability, especially when your enemies employed a lot of mechs!

This battle taught Ves a very valuable lesson about phase lords and the importance of size. He became a lot less eager to improve his own phasewater concentration. Doing so would just make him bigger while diluting his combat power even further.

Before he took the initiative to improve his phasewater concentration, he needed to put a lot more effort into cultivating his phasewater organs and strengthening his physique! At the very least, Ves needed to mitigate the chances that other mechs could employ the same tactic against his true body!

As the Arena Lord continually tried and failed to impale the Dark Zephyr by stabbing his own Saint Piercer through his body, the greater phase lord obviously began to weaken at an accelerated rate.

The only reason why the Arena Lord still posed a formidable threat was because the Bluejay Fleet needed to destroy a lot more body mass before the nunser phase lord became crippled.

This was obviously one of the instances where bigger was actually better!

The Arena Lord's incredibly high durability and vitality had thoroughly impressed the Bluejay Fleet. His means of attack were relatively simple, but his ability to withstand attacks and keep fighting ranked at the top among greater phase lords at his level! Even so, possessing a lot more meat simply meant that the Arena Lord could only prolong his eventual defeat.

Unless he managed to attain an improbable hit on the Dark Zephyr, the nunser phase lord ending became sealed!

Ves instantly began to imagine the immense gains from such a victory.

First, Saint Tusa would definitely harvest a lot of growth from winning this bout. Even if he enjoyed a lot of help, it was undeniable that a junior ace pilot managed to vanquish against a greater phase lord!

Such a feat would become so noteworthy that Tusa would definitely earn a lot of glory and prestige from this victory!

Second, the titanic body of a greater phase lord contained a huge amount of treasures.

Even if the Bluejay Fleet was not able to salvage the entire corpse due to the proximity of so many hostile elements, Ves and his allies should still be able to salvage the most precious and valuable phasewater organs.

Nothing was more valuable than the phasewater production system!

This was the defining organ that separated lesser phase lords from greater phase lords. Only the phase whales were able to reproduce them, and they had long been incredibly stingy at awarding them to the phase lords of other races.

Ves had long desired to attain a phasewater production system for himself. Even if he was not in a hurry to fast-forward his evolution to a greater phase lord, it was still better if he had this powerful organic system on hand when he was finally ready to take the next step in his body cultivation.

Who knew how many years would pass before Ves and the Larkinson Clan attained another opportunity to harvest an intact phasewater production system?

This was the most direct opportunity for him to claim a PPS in advance!

Of course, he also wouldn't say no to obtaining a handful of high-quality phasewater organs. They were part of the reason why the Arena Lord of Ya'gwasa managed to last so long. Ves could never resist the allure of phasewater organs that could increase his defenses and allow him to survive greater dangers than before.

"Tusa!" Ves communicated through the limited Larkinson Network as he knew that it was unlikely that he could reach the Dark Zephyr through a conventional transmission. "You need to cripple and kill the Arena Lord as fast as possible! Don't give him any chance to activate any trump cards or commit suicide by blowing up his body. Above all else, do not damage any organs that comprise the

phaseswater production system! It doesn't matter if you cannot recognize them as the Dark Zephyr should have the relevant files in his database. If possible, you can sever the veins that connect the PPS from the rest of the Arena Lord's body."

That should hopefully be enough to remind Tusa not to accidentally ruin the most valuable organs inside the Arena Lord's body.

Just as Ves was ready to sit back and wait for an inevitable win, a surprising development took place.

"Professor! The Distance Shaper's heat emissions have risen by 20 percent! His bioactivity is continuing to spike!"

"He is accelerating while also resisting our space suppression field! He is drawing out his true strength!"

"Slow him down! Do not let him converge on the Arena Lord!"

Ves cursed under his breath. He had always suspected the Distance Shaper of sandbagging.

He found it strange that the Arena Lord fought so hard while the Distance Shaper hardly seemed to do anything.

The mysterious orven phase lord did not even lift an additional finger when several arche lesser phase lords started dying!

The fact that he was only willing to expose his true power now must be because he could not afford to let the Arena Lord die!

This made a lot of sense. Lesser phase lords emerged across alien societies every year. Alien individuals only needed a bit of luck, the right methods and lots of phasewater in order to get started as a lesser phase lord.

The conditions to evolve into a greater phase lord was much harsher in comparison. Just the most critical demand of obtaining a PPS had caused a huge number of lesser phase

lords to stagnate!

As badly as Ves wanted to claim the Arena Lord's PPS, the Distance Shaper probably

found it even more urgent to deny it from red humanity!

Ves quickly deduced the Distance Shaper's intentions.

"The Distance Shaper serves as the failsafe of the enemy team! He has probably been

conserving his energy in order to get ready to escape with the Arena Lord. Do not let him reach his fellow phase lord's side!"

As a phase lord, Ves could sense the growing spatial activity inside the orven phase lord's

body.

It felt as if the Distance Shaper was preparing to teleport, but in a much more powerful way than Ves could manage by himself!

One mech after another began to assail the Arena Lord and Distance Shaper with

greater intensity. They even took greater risks and closed in so that their space

suppressors impaired the power of their enemies even further.

However, the greater phase lords were pulling out all of the stops in an attempt to

survive and flee with their lives and organs intact!

To the humans, this was no longer about survival. It was about winning. Nobody wanted

to end this hard-fought battle by letting their chief enemies flee! Only by killing them on the spot would they gain the satisfaction of punishing these enemies for attempting to ambush a tier 3 galactic citizen.

Ves followed after the Distance Shaper with a diminished swarm of nanomachine

plagues.

Unfortunately, he lacked the power and the equipment to intervene in a battle of this scale. He would only be putting himself in needless danger if he came any closer. The remaining enemies may even be able to turn this battle around by performing a decapitation strike on himself!

"Damnit, why is this taking so long?!"

The Arena Lord still remained in fighting shape! Even after poking over a dozen holes through his body, his strength and fighting spirit hardly dropped. It would probably take at least a minute or two before he lost his resistance.

The Distance Shaper would be able to reach his buddy a lot sooner than that! As the Distance Shaper's body began to emit more and more heat, it actually looked as if

the greater phase lord may be able to accumulate enough power to break the spatial suppression and succeed in getting away!

Ves could not bear the thought of letting the Arena Lord and his valuable PPS get away!

He quickly improvised a plan in a hurry!

"TUSA!" He communicated through the Larkinson Network! "I am about to supercharge

your mech with Worclaw energy through a very special method. It will empower your next attack far beyond its usual limits. I will leave the decision on how to use this opportunity up to you. No matter what you decide, do not give the Arena Lord a chance

to escape from this battlefield!"

"Got it, Ves."

Ves thanked himself that he kept the Larkinson Mandate close to him. If the relic was located outside of the weak spacetime bubble, then it wouldn't have been possible for him to communicate with Tusa with so much ease.

"Blinky!"

"Mrow!"

Ves began the complex, multi-step process of connecting to the Dark Zephyr Mark III, which had since been elevated to the masterwork mech, and sending over his companion spirit.

Since the actual distance between Ves and the ace mech was not that great to begin

with, Blinky arrived almost instantly.

The cat then proceeded to empower the entire mech. The tiny Worclaw Crystal glowed

bright as Ves actively channeled a large amount of his Worclaw energy reserves to his companion spirit.

He knew it was risky, but he wanted to claim a PPS so badly that he was willing to expend 80 percent of his slow-recovering Worclaw energy at once! This would leave him with a paltry reserve

of just 20 percent to deal with any subsequent crises that may occur with Yernstall, but he didn't care about that anymore.

Just as the Dark Zephyr became more charged with extraordinary energies than ever, the ace light skirmisher finally made his move just as the Distance Shaper came close enough to commence his emergency evacuation ability.

For a moment, a bright but shadowy streak seared into everyone's eyes.

It was as if nothing else existed besides that streak.

Once Ves and the other humans recovered their sight, they watched with astonishment

at what just happened.

The Dark Zephyr Mark III had just pulled off the Dark Wind Passage Ultimate Ability

again! The ace light skirmisher held the tier 3 Destroyer spear forward and sped forth through a shadow dimension with so much momentum that he not only punched another hole through the Arena Lord's torso, but also went on to collide against the Distance Shaper!

In just a fraction of a second, the Dark Zephyr forcibly breached the Distance Shaper's spatial barrier, penetrated his much weaker physical body, and burst out of the greater phase lord's back with indomitable momentum!

The result was that the two greater phase lords incurred massive injuries!

The injury to the much less physically imposing Distance Shaper was especially acute!

Whether Saint Tusa deliberately aimed for it or not, his Dark Zephyr Mark III just so happened to punch through the phasewater organs that were meant to breach the spatial suppression fields and teleport the greater phase lords away!

This meant that the Distance Shaper had lost the capacity to escape the battlefield with

the easiest method at his disposal!

Ves instantly perked up when he made this realization. Obtaining a single phasewater production system would be great. Obtaining 2 of them was even better!

Chapter 6378 The Crowning of Saint Tusa

Ves practically salivated at the thought of harvesting the corpses of two damaged but relatively intact greater phase lords.

He pretty much took the Arena Lord's downfall for granted.

He did not expect for the Distance Shaper to incur a heavy blow as well!

If Saint Tusa could fell the Distance Shaper as well, then that would not only turn him into one of the most heroic junior ace pilots in the Red Ocean, but also turn him into a legend, thereby accelerating his progress and turn him into a legendary warrior a lot sooner than anticipated!

The material spoils gained from felling two greater phase lords would be especially rich! Ves was even planning to urge the combat carriers to throw aside their mechs and hollow out their interior just so that they could carry more phasewater organs! "Don't let up our attacks! Keep pressuring the greater phase lords and prevent them from running away!"

The friendly forces had only briefly paused after Saint Tusa pulled off his ambitious attack. They soon began to open fire with everything they had left!

The Rosfield Cannons opened fire, causing the vulnerable Distance Shaper to sustain severe injuries to his massive head!

The primary and secondary gun batteries of the Tarrasque and the Babylon Excavator both targeted the newly generated holes on the Distance Shaper's body.

Even if the heavy attack salvos ended up destroying a few more phasewater organs, it was more important to cripple the Distance Shaper's ability to manipulate the fabric of space.

So long as enough of his organs got wrecked, there was no way he would be able to make a comeback!

However, just as the Dark Zephyr managed to circle around to drive his lethal tier 3 Destroyer spear through the Distance Shaper's exposed body, the orven phase lord reacted faster than anyone expected!

The tall phase lord's body abruptly became 3 times hotter!

"The Distance Shaper is burning his blood!"

"STOP HIM! DO NOT LET HIM SUCCEED!"

The Distance Shaper attracted a lot more firepower, yet the orven phase lord proved to be more resilient in the face of so many attacks.

Even as plasma bolts melted his four giant eyes and missiles detonated inside the gap in his abdomen, the Distance Shaper channeled so much energy that he was finally able to use his boosted strength to overcome the resistance generated by all of the space suppression fields!

Contrary to his earlier plan, the Distance Shaper did not attempt to approach the heavily injured Arena Lord and rescue his fellow greater phase lord.

Instead, he spent enough to raise his arm,

The Arena Lord knew what to do. He did not waste any time to voice his ego and straightforwardly tossed the Saint Piercer to his erudite orven peer.

"STOP THAT WEAPON!"

The warships could not adjust their aim quickly enough to track the spear.

The only ones who could respond in time were a dozen or so first-class multipurpose mechs. Their pilots proved the value of their training and augmentations and rapidly directed their machines to fire available ranged weapons at their disposal at the narrow experimental weapon.

A large amount of energy beams, plasma bolts and other attacks struck the weapon. More importantly, a few first-class multipurpose mechs still retained enough physical ammunition to launch gauss rounds that should definitely have enough power to knock the Saint Piercer off-course!

Yet even as the gauss rounds accurately struck the Saint Piercer in flight, their progress came to a halt as they collided against a weak but sufficiently powerful remote spatial barrier!

The Distance Shaper had foiled the attempts to knock the valuable weapon off-course!

Everyone became disappointed when they saw the injured but still functional orven greater phase lord take hold of the Saint Piercer!

"He's about to disappear!"

"Do not let him get away!"

"Disrupt the enemy through any means you can!"

Not even the interference generated by the approaching Dark Zephyr's space suppressor and Saint Kingdom could produce enough hindrance.

The Distance Shaper's mastery over space was far too profound. His control over space at close proximity was much stronger and couldn't be shaken so easily!

Just as the Dark Zephyr was about to drive the tip of the tier 3 Destroyer spear straight through the alien's skull, the greater phase lord completely disappeared from sight!

"He's gone!"

"Activate scanners and look for any strong spatial outbursts! Where is he!? If he is not too far away, we still have a chance to intercept the orven bastard!"

"Sir! The listening devices that we have planted in orbit of the nearest planet have detected a strong spatial spike! Our optical sensors have just made visual confirmation that the Distance Shaper has appeared! The Saint Piercer still remains in his hand!" "Where exactly did this spike occur?"

"It is the exact coordinates where the recently detected pocket space is located!" Ves grimaced. He deduced that this must have been the Distance Shaper's backhand. The orven greater phase lord had not impressed the Bluejay Fleet with his lackluster and restrained fighting prowess. Even if many of his spatial abilities were constrained due to all of the suppression, he could have done a lot more to help his own side by wielding his powers at close range.

The fact that he did not do so meant that the Distance Shaper prioritized his escape and survival above completing his mission.

Ves somehow felt insulted by that. Why couldn't his enemies send a proper warrior in his place? Why did they have to send a coward who secured his own escape routes before ever thinking about winning the battle?

At the least Arena Lord had managed to earn everyone's respect through his bravery and commitment to the fight.

Ves found it profoundly sad and ironic that the coward with a civilian background would be able to slip away with his life intact, while his much more valiant and accomplished arena hero suffered the consequences of their failure.

Of course, Ves did not harbor nearly enough sympathy towards the Arena Lord to spare his life. He still wanted to secure the greater phase lord's precious organs! "Professor! Another massive development has occurred! Our enemies have torn down the weak spacetime bubble! Our quantum entanglement nodes are not able to reestablish contact with the galactic net, but some of our alternate interstellar communication methods have managed to restore low-bandwidth connections with the Red Association and the Red Fleet."

This was a shocking turn of events. The spacetime bubble that kept the Bluejay Fleet trapped in the Mazepan System existed no more!

As long as the forces managed to finish off the sole remaining threat in the form of the Arena Lord, they would be able to transition back into FTL travel within 15 minutes at

the earliest!

Ves nodded in acknowledgement. "Prepare to resume our journey, but not before we kill the Arena Lord and loot the most valuable spoils from his massive body." Theoretically, the Arena Lord still had a chance to defeat his enemies and complete his

mission.

The premise was that he would be able to demolish the Dark Zephyr and kill Ves fast enough before he was able to return to a friendly starship and enter into FTL travel. There was no chance that this could happen. The Arena Lord had finally incurred so much damage that his strength and speed had dropped significantly below their peak

levels.

Phasewater-infused blood had leaked from so many grievous wounds that there was not much of it left to fully sustain his remaining intact organs.

Most importantly, the Arena Lord had lost the only weapon that could restrain the Dark

Zephyr.

Without the unnaturally sharp and effective Saint Piercer, the Dark Zephyr had nothing

to fear anymore!

Saint Tusa did not waste any time. He knew his mission well. His ace light skirmisher

flew closer and started to cripple the Arena Lord's limbs with precisely targeted strikes

with his tier 3 Destroyer spear.

The Arena Lord attempted to fight back, but his injuries were so severe that the disparity of speed had grown much greater than before.

So long as one party's mobility far exceeded the other party, the former enjoyed an absolute advantage!

Both sides knew it. The Arena Lord was merely delaying the inevitable. A sense of weakness and malaise began to spread from the soon-to-be-defeated phase lord.

As the Dark Zephyr surgically severed the muscles that controlled the nunser phase lord's limbs, the Arena Lord became increasingly more infirm.

No one came to the rescue.

Even if the native aliens possessed the capacity to bail the Arena Lord out, they clearly did not want to take any chances.

Just in case the aliens wanted to make an attempt., Ves and many others had already retreated to their respective ships.

The Tarrasque and numerous other starships had spooled up their superdrives and could depart from the star system at any time.

However, the native aliens clearly did not wish to put their own lives on the line to rescue one of their own.

Perhaps they belonged to a different race and had no good feelings about the arrogant nunser phase lord.

Perhaps the greater phase lords that previously sustained the weak spacetime bubble

had already begun to flee this star system in the hopes of evading pursuit and returning

to alien space.

Perhaps the native aliens were afraid that a lot of backup could drop into the star system and turn the tables against the greater phase lords now that the spacetime bubble had

popped. Whatever the case, the Arena Lord eventually accepted the reality that rescue would not be forthcoming.

He tried to gaze at the circling Dark Zephyr with a complex alien expression.

"DO NOT DELAY ANY FURTHER. FINISH IT, HUMAN FALSE GOD. CLAIM YOUR GLORY

AND INHERIT MY CROWN. FROM THE MOMENT MY GODBLOOD NO LONGER FLOWS THROUGH MY VEINS, YOU SHALL BECOME THE NEXT ARENA LORD OF YA'GWASA. OUR LAWS WILL RECOGNIZE YOU AS THE RULER OF MY PLANET AND THE OWNER

OF MUCH OF MY RICHES."

"What?" Tusa asked, his utter confusion at this 'inheritance' breaking through his intense focus.

"Are you kidding me? How can I possibly take control over planet?"

"YA'GWASA DOES NOT RECOGNIZE RACE. ANY MEMBER OF ANY SPECIES HAS THE

RIGHT TO CHALLENGE THE INCUMBENT CHAMPION TO A LEGITIMATE FIGHT AND CLAIM THE TITLE OF ARENA LORD UPON VICTORY. IT MATTERS NOT WHETHER YOU DEFEAT ME IN A FAIR DUEL OR A BATTLE SUCH AS THIS. YOU HAVE PROVEN YOUR STRENGTH EARNED THIS VICTORY. NO ONE ON YA'GWASA CAN DENY YOUR RIGHT TO INHERIT MY PLANET. THE CRAVEN GODS WHO FLED WILL EXECUTE MY LAST WISH AND TRANSMIT FOOTAGE OF THIS BATTLE TO YA'GWASA. LET ALL OF MY SUBJECTS SEE THAT THEIR ARENA LORD FOUGHT AND DIED WITH HONOR."

The Arena Lord's sentiments sounded strange, but as a soldier and a champion, Saint Tusa fully understood what his opponent desired. "Very well. I shall give you the ending that you deserve."

The Dark Zephyr no longer tried to nibble away the Arena Lord's strength. The ace light

skirmisher had already done enough damage to cripple the greater phase lord anyway.

Everyone silently watched as the Dark Zephyr followed a straight trajectory to the Arena Lord's head.

A single thrust was all it took.

The destructive speartip of the tier 3 Destroyer weapon easily penetrated the hard skull and destroyed enough brain matter to completely eliminate the Arena Lord.

The phase lord's massive body finally began to weaken and cool down at a faster rate. So

much flesh and organs were losing activity that it was difficult to imagine that it could pose a threat anymore.

Unless the phase lord unexpectedly grew a backup brain in another part of his body, the most threatening opponent on the battlefield had finally succumbed! The soldiers finally started to cheer!

Not only that, but they also began to celebrate Saint Tusa's impressive feat of defeating

an overmatched opponent!

"This victory shall go down in history!" Major Jankowski excitedly exclaimed. "Saint Tusa

has proven himself to be bane of all phase leaders. No phase lord or phase whale can

hinder his movements or stop his attacks. He is their nemesis and can never be defeated by them. Let us celebrate the rise of the Phase Bane!" Whether it was a calculated move or not, Major Jankowski's announcement spread a fire through the members of the Bluejay Fleet!

Others quickly accepted the new title that the expert candidate had bestowed upon the

greatest contributor of this battle!

"Phase Bane!"

"Phase Bane!" "Phase Bane!"

Chapter 6379 Dissatisfied

The Battle of Mazepan had finally come to an end.

Relief spread throughout the soldiers that had won a relatively short but exhausting battle against the cosmopolitan and native alien forces.

The expanded Bluejay Fleet had suffered very modest losses, but the outcome could have been much worse.

If the greater phase lords managed to defeat the Dark Zephyr, there was nothing in the Bluejay Fleet's arsenal that could prevent the Arena Lord of Ya'gwasa and the Distance Shaper from tearing everything else apart.

This made the weary mech pilots and soldiers even more grateful towards Saint Tusa. He did not exactly defeat the formidable Arena Lord in single combat, but he and his ace light skirmisher had most definitely contributed the most in slaying the nunser phase lord!

As the Bluejay Fleet quickly began to shift to post-battle operations while remaining on guard for potential follow-up attacks, the victorious Dark Zephyr returned to the hangar bay of the Tarrasque in glory.

As the Dark Zephyr moved to the workshop compartment, Ves had already returned and shrunk to his normal human size. Even though he had fought hard as well, he still needed to do his duty as a mech designer.

Soon enough, the Dark Zephyr slowly powered down and entered an inactive state. The Larkinson mech technicians that were permanently assigned to service the ace light skirmisher proceeded to scan and inspect the battle scars the machine had incurred.

As an archemeh, repairing the Dark Zephyr became a much more complicated process than usual. It was impossible for mech technicians to repair damaged archemechs by relying on ordinary methods and expertise.

Gloriana anticipated this in advance, so she made sure to train mech technicians in the basics on how to repair archemechs. She also fabricated a considerable amount of spare archemetal parts that came in handy in situations like these.

If the Dark Zephyr incurred more severe battle damage, then it was impossible to repair the living mech on the Tarrasque. Ves would have to wait until he could bring the Dark Zephyr to Yernstall or New Constantinople VIII where he could purchase specialized materials and tools.

If the damage was especially extensive and catastrophic, then only Gloriana could restore the archemeh to his former glory. That was an especially troublesome demand. It was the main reason why he and his wife decided to limit the use of archemeh to their very best and most important products.

As the mech technicians proceeded with their work, Ves half-paid attention to their progress by keeping an eye on the projected workstation.

Tusa meanwhile floated down from the cockpit and approached with a mixed expression.

As soon as Ves was able to taste the ace pilot's Saint Kingdom, he could sense why his cousin felt so complex at the moment.

Saint Tusa felt incredibly satisfied and exalted after he managed to slay a greater phase lord. This was a feat that even senior ace mechs struggled to attain. For a junior ace pilot, like himself to not only become the main contributor to the Arena Lord's death, but also land the killing blow was a glorious feat that would elevate his status in the mech community to a height he could only dream of in the past!

However, the young ace pilot also felt a bit ambivalent after hearing the Arena Lord's last words. As much as they stood on opposing sides in a war, both of them managed to find enough common ground with each other. Their intensive fight to the death had caused human and alien to thoroughly

recognize each other as worthy and honorable warriors. For the Arena Lord to look beyond the division created by race and history and acknowledge Tusa as the legitimate inheritor of his title affected the ace pilot's mentality a lot.

Then there was the title that Major Jankowski bestowed upon Saint Tusa. The RA mech commander had made this declaration at the right time. All of the mech pilots and other soldiers had just fought and won an exhausting victory. Each of them had gone above and beyond to ensure that the lesser and greater phase lords wouldn't be able to run them all over. Since the Dark Zephyr not only managed to keep up with two greater phase lords, but also eliminate one outright, calling him the Phase Bane seemed incredibly fitting!

The problem was that. Tusa did not appear to embrace all of these developments. He still looked as if he was struggling to believe that he had actually managed to fell a greater phase lord.

"Everything has become a lot more complicated for me." Tusa frankly admitted the source of his unease. "Before I became an ace pilot, life used to be a lot simpler for me. I had responsibilities, but they only amounted to doing my job and fighting at my best. Now, I need to do much more than that. I have to serve as a role model and engage in public relations. This is much more troublesome to me. I don't like to waste my time with all of this nonsense."

"It is not nonsense, Tusa." Ves responded. "As you have already mentioned, the additional duties and responsibilities that society imposes upon you are essential to your heightened status and position. Mech pilots exist to defend our race and civilization. They can do that directly by winning their fights, but they can also help everyone out by serving as inspiration to many people who lack your strength. Fame, reputation, glory and prestige are all tools that allow you to shape public opinion and benefit from that in turn. This battle will serve another crucial step in forging your legend as a high-ranking

mech pilot."

There were lots of ace pilots who would kill to be in Tusa's place!

For him to show so little appreciation to all of the fame and glory he attained from this battle was a reflection of his much simpler background and mentality.

Unlike the first-raters who grew up in a society that was obsessed with status and reputation, a former member of the Bright Republic like Tusa simply wanted to be a good soldier.

Ves raised his arm and patted Tusa's shoulder. "You'll get used to it. After today, you will definitely notice the benefits of forging a great reputation. You have contributed more to red humanity than almost any individual mech pilot already. If the Arena Lord remained alive, he could have used his Saint Piercer to kill two or three ace mechs and who knows how many other troops. You managed to end his threat before he could use his superior martial prowess to break the defenses of numerous star systems." These words helped to stabilize Tusa's mood. "Hm, you are right, Ves. I am proud of what I have done. I am also happy that I have managed to do a lot of good for everyone. I just... don't know what to do with the two titles that others have pushed onto my lap." Ves smirked at Tusa. "I happen to know a thing or two about titles. The first thing you should know is that you should never take them lightly. Titles have power, as they shape the cognition of many people towards you. In a dwarf galaxy where we are flooded with E energy, the power of titles has increased. To put it in extremely simple terms, they may be able to give you a small boost of power due to the passive thinking produced by a population of people. It would be even better if your title spreads to the native aliens. They can contribute their thought power to you as well, causing you to become an even greater bogeyman to them than before."

"Does that mean that. I will soon become known to all of the native alien residents and visitors of Ya'gwasa as their new Arena Lord?" Tusa asked in a half-despairing tone. "You don't like the title that the former Arena Lord has foisted upon you, Tusa?" "No! I have no desire to take over an alien planet. I can't even visit it because it is located deep within alien space and is firmly occupied by hostile aliens. I truly have no desire to take over the previous Arena Lord's mantle. Can you figure out a way to transmit a message to Ya'gwasa on my behalf? I want to tell the administrators over there to appoint one of their own as Arena Lord."

Ves chuckled. "I don't think you can transfer lordship over an arena planet such as Ya'gwasa so easily. I haven't studied their customs, but I can easily guess that stuff like this only gets transferred through combat rather than words. I think that starting from now, many phase lords will seek you out and kill you in honorable combat in an attempt to claim the title of Arena Lord. These ambitious aliens won't accept a verbal admission of defeat. Arena Lords are supposed to be the strongest out there, so nothing less than a bout will comply with their martial rules."

The ace pilot already started to groan after hearing that. "Damn it! If I knew that I would

become a target for so many fighting maniacs, I would have put more thought on whether it was appropriate to kill the Arena Lord."

He did not really mean that. No matter what, eliminating a greater phase lord was a massive contribution to red humanity. He would be betraying his commitment to defend his race and civilization if he held back due to such a selfish reason.

"Well, since you are the new 'Arena Lord, you can't get rid of it so easily." Ves advised.

"You don't have to acknowledge it or show it off if the very notion of it displeases you. Just remember that genuine titles are precious. It is best if you treat this as a strategic resource and keep it in reserve. It will at least give you the privilege to choose your title to an extent. If you do not like the alternatives, you can always fall back to this one and

let it become your public moniker!"

The expression on Tusa's face showed how unlikely that would come to pass.

"I will take your words under advisement. Speaking of other titles, did you come up with the idea to crown me with the title of Phase Bane?"

"Surprisingly, no." Ves responded. "It's quite sharp of you to deduce that this is a calculated move. I am told that Jovy Armalon came up with it. He has done so as a way to help you, and by extension me. It is possible for mech pilots to acquire officially recognized titles while they are still regular mech pilots or expert pilots, but it is quite rare. Once any pilot becomes a saint, it practically becomes a necessity, as that will mark your transition from a mortal to a god."

"I understand that, Ves, but why Phase Bane?"

"I think the mechers want to influence you into becoming a better duelist and assassin

against enemy phase leaders." Ves said. "Jovy Armalon is a Survivalist, which means he is always thinking about how he can help red humanity survive in a hostile universe. We are not doing well in the Red War at the moment, so he wants to tip the balance in our favor by encouraging you to embrace a title that will encourage you to develop more effective ways to kill phase lords and phase whales."

Tusa grimaced. "That is not a bad idea, but... I am not comfortable with the responsibilities and expectations that come with this title. As good as this title sounds...

it doesn't sound like me. You know what I am all about. I would rather carry a title that reflects my speed or my ability to evade everything the enemy throws at me. Pushing the title of Phase Bane onto me feels like you are trying to force me to fit in the wrong box. I don't like it. Ves."

Chapter 6380 Guilty Tusa

Most people in Tusa's position would be happy.

Not Tusa.

The ace pilot who came back after accomplishing the near-impossible feat of killing a greater phase lord actually behaved as if he did not like all of the honor and recognition that he rightfully deserved!

This was good, because it showed that Saint Tusa's mentality remained relatively pure and simple.

It was also bad, because his lack of appreciation of all of his gains may cause him to miss out on a lot of good stuff.

Ves felt obligated to offer guidance to Saint Tusa so that he would not squander the fruits of this victory.

"Phase Bane is a good title." He opined. "Do not be so quick to reject it. Maybe you should take a break and enjoy a good rest. Once you have reset your mind, you can think about it from a fresher perspective. Getting called the Phase Bane is not the worst that can happen to you. It is an excellent choice if you like to be aggressive and want to emphasize your offensive ability. You have obsessed quite a lot about your lack of killing power. Bearing this title will remind everyone that you are quite a good killer despite piloting a light skirmisher."

The ace pilot's expression only grew more complicated after those words.

"You and I both know that the only reason I managed to kill the Arena Lord in the first place is because you lent the tier 3 Destroyer spear to me. During the battle... I became increasingly more in sync with it. I am no longer afraid of wielding it as before. Is it still appropriate for me to bear this title? I do not think so, but... I will mull over it. You are right. I need to go to sleep and address this issue tomorrow."

"That is a sound course of action. Do not forget that you also have the right to reject a title that others are trying to foist upon you. The Red Association will never register an official title without receiving your express consent. If you can't make up your mind for the time being, then tell the mechers that, and they will leave this matter open-ended for the time being" Ves said encouragingly. "By the way, how much has your control over the Destroyer weapon improved?"

"Much." Tusa looked more enthused. "After I have baptized the Destroyer weapon with the blood and soul of a greater phase lord, it feels as if I have completely earned its approval. I already noticed on the return journey that my willpower can easily keep the spear in check."

The pilot began to look increasingly more longing as he spoke about the tier 3 Destroyer spear. He showed none of the fear and vigilance that he previously harbored against this notoriously volatile weapon.

Ves smiled. "It is not too surprising that you managed to tame the Destroyer weapon. Your resonance strength grew explosively during your fight. Did you know that it peaked at 201 laverses? Even if it dropped immediately afterwards, this has become your new regular limit. Since your resonance strength has improved by around 50 percent, the burden of keeping the Destroyer weapon in check has become a lot lighter. Combined with your lack of fear and increasing appreciation towards its amazing destructive potential, you should have no problems using it going forward."

"Ah, but that is the issue." Tusa gave Ves a mirthless smile. "Should I continue to use the spear? Every time I use it, I get the feeling that I am using a piece of property that isn't. actually mine. You bought it for Venerable Rosa Orfan, right? She can do much more with this weapon than I once she becomes a saint. I don't want to get too attached to this weapon because of that. What if I am reluctant to give up the Destroyer weapon once she finally breaks through and asks me to give it to her? The spear should be hers, but if I fought so many battles with it already... I fear I may not be willing to surrender it to her, at least not without a fight."

That would be a fight that Rosa Orfan would definitely lose. Saint Tusa had broken through first. His resonance strength had developed a lot more and he had also become more adept at utilizing the strengths of an ace pilot.

If the two truly had to duel each other to determine possession of the Destroyer weapon, then Tusa would pretty much secure his hold over it. This was a relatively straightforward way to solve this problem, but not a fair or satisfying one.

Ves struggled to come up with a better answer.

"Look Tusa, the tier 3 Destroyer spear is neither yours, nor hers. It belongs to the clan. The decision of who gets to make use of it will be made by me or the head of the Larkinson Army based on what benefits our clan the most. I will not tell you to give up the spear to Rosa Orfan as soon as she breaks through. I may have bought this weapon with her in mind, but the needs of our clan trumps her selfish wants and needs. Merit also matters a lot. If she wanted to claim the spear so badly, then

she should have broken through faster and prove beyond a shadow of a doubt that she deserves to wield it more than you. Her continued lack of progress makes it so that we cannot make the most optimal use of this very expensive asset. As long as you keep making use of the spear to win our battles and deliver glory to our clan, no one will deny that you have earned enough merit to continue to hold on to the Destroyer weapon"

The ace pilot understood Ves' decisions and agreed with them. Determining possession of the coveted spear through merit and necessity was much fairer than resorting to other criteria.

The ace pilot felt much more at ease after he mulled over the arguments. "Thank you, Ves. I don't feel as conflicted about using the Destroyer spear as before. If you do not mind, I would like to keep making use of it. I have... become addicted to its destructive power. I am much more confident in my ability to kill your enemies with this spear in my hand. I think I will undergo more spearmanship training in order to wield it more skillfully in battle next time. If I had practiced much more with this weapon, I could have worn down the Arena Lord's defenses sooner."

A part of Tusa still felt guilty towards Rosa, but he could not ignore his own desires.

Ves did not really know whether he made the right answer. Rosa Orfan would be devastated if she finally became an ace pilot, only to learn that she wouldn't gain the qualifications to wield this dream weapon.

"It would be better if I can procure a pair of Destroyer knives for your Dark Zephyr." Ves said. "Just one knife is already enough I think. I will try and look out for them at Yernstall. Maybe I can establish a deal with a Terran ancient clan that is willing to trade with them in exchange for concessions."

Neither Ves nor Tusa had much hope that a Terran group would be willing to exchange such a precious set of weapons.

In any case, now that Saint Tusa no longer felt as conflicted about making use of the tier 3 Destroyer spear, the discussion took a different turn.

"When you begin the process of fixing the Dark Zephyr, can you make a modification?"

"Sure. What is it you like to change, Tusa?"

"The Arena Lord is the first big kill that I am truly proud of. I want to commemorate it with a trophy that I can mount on my Dark Zephyr. I don't want you to fuse a big piece of bone onto my machine, though. I don't want my ace mech to attract too much attention on the battlefield. It needs to remain subtle, but not to the point of becoming invisible. Do you have any good ideas?"

This was a typical design problem, so Ves already came up with a few suggestions that should satisfy his client's criteria.

"I can think of three ideas on the top of my head. The first is to salvage pieces of the Arena Lord's bones and use them to cobble together a crown. Once I install it onto the head of your Dark Zephyr, you can choose whether to keep them bone white, or coat them black so that they blend in with the rest of your mech's color scheme. Either way, this crown will not only make your ace mech look and feel more dignified, but also may also grant small but unpredictable enhancements. This is a fantastic option if you want to embrace your status as the Arena Lord of Ya'gwasa. The crown will symbolize your victory over the former lord and your right to dominate your new holdings."

Tusa scowled. "I already said that I do not want anything to do with this Arena Lord business. A crown is too flashy and conceited to me. Do I look like an ace pilot with delusions of grandeur? Owning a planet is a burden rather than a blessing to me. Pass." Ves shrugged. "Got it. The second idea I came up with is to use pieces of bone to decorate the interior of your cockpit. Since this won't change the exterior of the Dark Zephyr, I can safely create a grand image that can inspire you when you are in need."

This idea appealed to Tusa a lot more, but he still shook his head in the end. "It's a decent proposal, but I think it would be disrespectful to the Arena Lord to celebrate my victory over him in this way. This alien used to be a gladiator. He attracted

attention when he was alive, and I think he is the sort of alien that wants to draw

attention even though he has already died."

"Then maybe you will like my third suggestion. The hooves and particularly the

forehooves are very important to the nunser race. What if I shave off fragments of the two forehooves of the Arena Lord and install them on the bottom of the Dark Zephyr's feet? Each step that your mech will take on a solid surface will remind you of the Arena Lord. I think this is a good choice if you want to be subtle without making the changes invisible. I do not think that too many people will be sharp enough to recognize the detail on their feet, but those that do will know what they represent."

This time, Tusa did not offer an immediate response. He weighed this option for over a minute before he slowly nodded.

"Let's go with transplanting the hooves, then. You won't actually make my Dark Zephyr taller or look as if he is wearing high heels, right?"

Ves laughed. "Of course not! I will just shorten the bottom of the feed and put the hoof

materials in their place. Making your machine even a centimeter taller will already start to mess up the tight and precisely calculated balance of your machines. Gloriana will scream at me if I try to apply such a change."

Tusa did not want to rashly change the height and proportions of his ace mech either. He was already thoroughly in tune with all of the Dark Zephyr's physical properties.

"Okay. Will I notice any other changes?"

"You will, but I cannot fully predict how these changes will manifest." Ves warned. "I have

not inspected the hooves of the greater phase lord. Who knows whether the body parts of this powerful alien leader will produce any noticeable effects." He needed to check all of the other loot earned by the Larkinson Clan as well.