

Tech System 221

Chapter 221 The Best Advertisement For Russian Fighter Jets

"You can leave us for now," George instructed his secretary to leave after she relayed what Emanuel's spokesperson had reported about their hypothesis of Eden having bought the pilots, resulting in Esparia's loss of the aircrafts to Eden. If these assumptions were proven to be true, Eden would get these aircrafts at little to no cost at all.

Aubrey, George's father, chimed in, "Is there any possibility that this might indeed be true?"

He wanted to seek more insight into whether his son had done his due diligence while the companies were hiring and coercing the pilots to resign from the military in order to start working for them.

"We conducted thorough due diligence, Father. I can assure you we took every precaution to prevent such a sort of scenario from happening. While hiring, we coerced the best that the militaries could approve for resignations," George responded, his tone didn't show any sign of agitation by his father's question. He knew that this question of his father wasn't coming due to his lack of trust, rather it stemmed from a desire for getting more clarity on the situation before he reacted to it.

"Then, does this mean that the pilots of Eden are better than we had anticipated?" Aubrey pressed again as he questioned.

"While I don't exactly know how it happened, it also can't be equated to be a result of our pilots being bought, we have a large leverage against them to prevent such things from happening," George replied and although he didn't mention the leverage to his father intentionally, Aubrey clearly already knew what the leverage was of their Family and Financial Influence.

Satisfied with his son's response, Aubrey delved into another concern, "If you are so sure that this isn't a case of purchased pilots, how do you plan to deal with the disrespect they have shown?"

"My plan is to give him a simple warning, to make sure that he does not do such disrespect in the future. At the same time, I will reduce his agreed-upon compensation by half once this conflict comes to a conclusion, that should act as a stern enough warning for him to not come up with such disrespectful provocations on us and just focus on continuing the fight," George explained, planning to direct the anger which was rising in his heart after thinking that a few words of some fucking president of a fucking small country had forced his father to ask him questions which hinted slight distrust on his abilities and competence, albeit him knowing it wasn't that way, he was still hurt and had just the right victim to be vented to.

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Over the next two hours after the war declaration, there was relatively no activity in terms of fighting, but that didn't mean that everything was calm. The intense military movements in Eden were unbelievably organized, especially for a country that had war declared upon them just a few hours ago.

Videos and photos of military vehicles arriving in different cities started to surface on the internet, slightly satiating the thirst of curiosity the netizens had. The scale of operations they saw was pretty astonishing for a military of what could be said to be an underdeveloped nation.

The soldiers in those videos showcased a remarkable level of experience and professionalism. Unlike all of the typical videos where the soldiers might be seen laughing, in any of these videos, every single soldier was maintaining a serious demeanor. But this serious expression was not born of fear of war but it seemed to be stemming from their experience and that they were aware of the weight such situations carry.

The discipline displayed by the soldiers was so remarkable that it made people wonder once again whether they really were soldiers of an underdeveloped nation, merely based on their discipline. What was even more intriguing was the fact that all of the soldiers in these videos appeared to be in their twenties, which greatly heightened the weirdness of the experienced expressions they had on their faces.

Meanwhile, videos started appearing from Esparia too, indicating what was going on there as well but there were too few which clearly hinted at the divergent approach of the two countries as to how they were operating. One seemed to be preparing for a defensive fight while the other seemed to be sure that nothing was going to happen to their country and were solely focusing on the prospect of invading Eden.

As these developments unfolded, many people started believing that this conflict was going to last for a very long time. With both sides gearing up themselves for it in their unique ways, indicating a protracted battle ahead. This caused a sense of anticipation to grow in the people, as they prepared to witness the unfolding of a significant and prolonged struggle.

However, all of that took a turn when an article with the heading [The Best Advertisement For Russian Fighter Jets: A Spectacular Showcase of the SU-35's Dominance during the First Face-off in Eden & Esparia War!] appeared on the internet.

In a mere ten minutes, the article started trending across all social media platforms. The video that was attached to the article was also being shared and was reposted by almost anyone who had their attention on the ongoing conflict between the two nations.

The article delved into details about where the confrontation had taken place, when it had taken place, revealing everything else related to it. This article informed the world that what they assumed to be a period of army preparations was nothing but just some background activities.

In fact, a real battle had already been fought and a winner of their first face-off had already been decided in just a matter of few minutes right after the declaration of war. This turn of events was a massive middle finger to Esparia, who had boldly declared the war and had their aircrafts being shot down minutes after their famous declaration, providing a good material for the meme culture that had been quite active and even flourished since the declaration of war.

Although the internet was slightly sated with the release of numerous videos that were uploaded and showcased the military movement, this video and the article were the cuisine that no one had expected to have as it had everything they didn't even know that they deserved to see. It was the

face-off between the two countries' air forces and for those who watched it, it definitely didn't disappoint them at all.

What further helped increase the crazy reaction was that no one watching had to feel guilty for feeling excited while watching the video. Unlike any typical war footage documenting any ongoing war most of the time, there will be loss of life, however, no life had been taken in the entirety of this new video, allowing them to publicly express how the video was making them feel, which wouldn't have been quite possible if it was any death on the video.

Yet, the only distasteful thing that left the people questioning was the question of the condition of the ejected pilots since the video had been stopped a few moments after the last plane was shot and the Edeninan pilot had left the airspace while the parachutes of the ejected pilots could still be seen in the sky.

This meant that at this moment only the reporters were aware of the existence of the new-looking helicopter and boat, keeping that part of the video hidden for a future article, poised to benefit from the following that would be generated by the current article.

The impact of this article's release was massive and among them was also a group of people aboard an aircraft carrier in the Pacific Fleet.

Using the onboard military computers to access the internet and communicate with families, one of the members heard about the video which prompted him to watch it before he soon called for his fellow colleagues to watch it since he was too flabbergasted by what he had seen to even react by himself.

With that, the group started watching the video too and if someone looked at them closely, they would realize that all of them were the pilots of the squadron that had gone to retrieve their drone that had "accidentally lost signal" and veered to Eden.

"I recognize those markings from one of the planes that had come to intercept us," said Enrico as they watched the video, coming to the realization who the pilot on the SU-35 that was doing some ridiculously awe-inspiring maneuvers was.

"Oh my god!" gasped one of them after seeing how the Eden pilot in one of maneuvers took the air-to-air missiles that were coming for him out of the equation while at the same time putting himself behind one of the F-16's chasing him, which he promptly shot down, followed closely by the ejection of the pilot.

When the video came to an end, they replayed it again and again with every single one of their faces having the same expression: Disbelief.

Chapter 222 Plan B

For the next half hour, the soldiers onboard the Pacific Fleet continued to rewatch the video of the battle between Esparian and Edenain aircrafts in silence.

No words were exchanged all this long as they were trying to mentally visualize what sort of actions they would need to make an aircraft make such maneuvers and tried to calculate those precise split-second decisions that would be required to be executed without risking entering G-lock and potentially killing themselves.

"I can't believe they earned "Ace in a Day" title in this century and that too in a matter of two minutes!" Enrico exclaimed, both in amazement, jealousy and a tinge of fear as he envisioned himself being in control of one of those planes, facing such a monstrous adversary.

"They have created monsters," Elton, the youngest among them, remarked, having memorized the entire action sequence.

"Do you think we would have emerged victorious if we had entered a dogfight with them?" Elton asked, curious to know their team leader's evaluation.

"It hurts my pride to say this, but I don't think there would be a way to come out alive if we are to face them in a dogfight but in a long-range battle, we might win and that will only be thanks to our advanced long-range weapons," Daniel, the team leader, conceded, feeling his pride as a pilot of the nation that boasted the best first and second air force in the world taking a hit. He knew that he could easily lose to a pilot who outnumbered his air time by at least fifteen to one.

"Considering the US arsenal, I can only imagine the F-22 going head-to-head with them and having a plausible chance of winning it," he added, not counting the F-35 as that plane was primarily made for long-range engagements and due to it having no supermaneuverability, it made F-35 impossible to survive a dogfight against such monsters.

"How did they even train them to such a level? I'm sure they couldn't have even accumulated less than a quarter of our flight time?" Daveta chimed in as he felt goosebumps with the thought of remembering that they had two of those pilots fly together with them, escorting them during their drone retrieval mission.

"Perhaps not all of them are as exceptionally talented as him and this Esparian squadron might have got unlucky to meet such a monster," Elton speculated, trying to rationalize what they had watched and attributing it to something they unfortunately did not have enough of compared to that monster: A monstrous talent.

"What I'm curious to know is, who the fuck is crazy enough to send such an exceptionally talented and experienced pilot in such a perilous combat situation with nothing but guns. Are they not worried about losing their investments on him?" Daniel spoke once again, questioning the craziness of the military brass who had sent such a valuable pilot to what could be said to be a certain death situation if not for his monstrous talent, with nothing but guns onboard the fighter jet.

But before they could even respond, their discussion was interrupted by a summon to the commander's room. They immediately understood it was going to be about the pilot in the video they just watched since they were the ones who had met and flown with these monsters not long ago.

This was just one of the many reactions of people with the knowledge about how difficult and incredible a feat it was to accomplish what they had witnessed.

Simultaneously, some smaller countries who adhered to the idea of "A good pilot is only as good as the plane he flies" started exploring the possibilities of acquiring some similar fighter jets in the video, this inadvertently provided Russian arms sales a huge chunk of free and positive marketing.

Unbeknownst to them, even the seasoned Russian pilots, who were well versed in handling those aircrafts, having been using them for years were wondering how the fuck did that Eden's pilot make the plane move that way and cause it to respond and move in such a manner.

This caused a slight jealousy among the Russian pilots as it gave them the same feeling as seeing your girlfriend being happier when she is with someone else or your friends being more engaged when they are with others compared to when they are with you.

Essentially they were having the feeling of being cucked without having that particular kink.

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A brief lull settled over the war for the next six hours, with Esparia having not made any other move. This unexpected pause caused the citizens who had gained calmness to start panicking once again, who speculated that maybe they were planning for something huge or something else behind the scene in retaliation to what happened.

But contrary to their thoughts, Esparia had, in fact, meticulously prepared a very detailed plan that was based on the air force squadron taking down Eden's airforce and gaining air supremacy over the skies of Eden, paving the way for their bombers to target the vital infrastructures of their enemy country.

Their objective was to force Eden to surrender and if they didn't, they would have continued bombing them from the air since they would have complete control over the airspace and they wouldn't have had to worry about having to fight on land. In tandem with the bombing raid, they had planned to use a portion of their navy to take over the military ports and start a ground invasion.

This plan, however, was now thrown in disarray when their fighter jets were obliterated, leaving the remainder of their air force to retreat. At the same time, their assumption that Eden didn't even shoot the aircrafts down and had just bought those pilots, gaining themselves fifteen new aircraft after they had accounted the destruction of the five aircraft from the video, but with the video being of a very high quality, they suspected of it being a ploy by Eden to make them think that the remaining fifteen fighter jets were also destroyed, continued to hinder them in choosing the plan and route of sending bombers.

So thanks to these conspiracies and due to them having no evidence to assure themselves as to which one is the actual truth, they were now forced to give up on their previously well-devised plan and move to plan B.

This plan still included the mobilization of their navy which was still powerful despite having lost a fleet during their previous endeavor, but this time it was the entirety of what they could afford to send without leaving themselves open to surprise attacks from Eden.

But they weren't sending all their fleets as one group like the previous venture, no, they sent each fleet in different directions and the delay in action on the war was caused by this decision since the navy fleets had to wait for all of their other fleets to reach their designated mark before they could start entering Eden's water and attack.

There were a total of four fleets, with three already in position, waiting for the fourth one to arrive at its designated location before they could start making their move to Eden and initiate their attacks and take over Eden's navy bases.

Each of these fleets was accompanied by seven modified midsized tankers, making a total of them to be 28. Each tanker was carrying tanks, vehicles, supplies and last but not least one thousand soldiers who were completely geared and prepared for a nomadic-style invasion.

Once the ports were secured, the military would start the invasion, starting with disembarking and then spreading using the vehicles that were carried in those tankers to start infiltrating the cities nearby, paving a way for bringing more forces into the country and help expedite their territorial expansion.

Ten minutes later, an encrypted message reached all the four fleets, after it was decrypted, it revealed a succinct note: "This is the fourth fleet; we have arrived at the designated location," This message confirmed their successful arrival at their marked location and at the same time signaling the start of the mission.

But for the next seven minutes, a thought stillness prevailed. As the clock ticked and it was now midnight, the first hour of Sunday, the fleets immediately sprang into action. They started moving at their maximum speed while also being as much dispersed as possible to minimize the vulnerability of the possibility of an entire fleet being taken out with just one bomb like how it had happened in the first time, and they didn't want to face the same humiliation again after experiencing it.

This way, they were using their hard-learned lessons to forge a new path.

And this was a sign of a very smart and ardent student who was only lacking experience. Experience which they would have enough of by the end of the war.

Chapter 223 BRTTTTTTTTTT

As the fleets moved, the tankers that were carrying soldiers and other equipment for impending land battles started heading in a different direction from the main fleets, executing a plan they had come up with.

They continued to advance as quietly as possible, while also hoping to not attract any undue attention to themselves, praying fervently that their movements would go unnoticed. Their objective was to land the soldiers so that they can start the ground assault to seize control over the port. Once successful, they would dock and unload all their vehicles from their tankers before they embarked on the next mission of capturing the cities.

When the tankers reached about fifteen kilometers from the shores, they came to a halt. Their halt was followed by the deployment of high-speed boats which started coming out of them, rapidly descending into the waters and were swiftly being filled with heavily armed soldiers, who were ready for combat.

While this was happening, the fleet continued moving ahead, while maintaining their course, coordinating with the tankers through their communication channels. Their coordinated movements resulted in them reaching the effective range of their destroyer missiles by the time all of their combat soldiers had already loaded into the high-speed boats and had started moving for their landing zone.

With the high-speed boats en route to their landing zones, their four almost outdated guided missile destroyers sprang to life. The lids of the vertical launchers opened up at once as the pencil-like missiles started being propelled out of their tubes by the controlled explosions. After being propelled into the air and reaching a height of fifty meters, the projectiles adjusted their trajectory and locked onto their designated targets— the nearest port within their reach.

The SM-6 missiles coming out of those vertical launchers surged toward their designated targets as fast as they could, while the fleet that was now assured that the ports would soon be overwhelmed by the appearance of missiles started deliberately slowing down their advance, moving as slow as possible despite aware that their presence had already been discovered by Eden's military.

While they were closing in, the other fleets also initiated their own barrage, firing whatever they could while still keeping a vigilant watch on their radars, wary of potentially being ambushed by those monstrous fighters and bombed to oblivion. And because of that, the soldiers on board remained tense, feeling the weight of the operation.

But just when the missiles were about a kilometer away from hitting the targeted port, a series of red dots forming a line started appearing in the sky that was then directed towards the missiles. Following that, an abrupt explosion occurred and before they could even express what they were feeling, the sound of what the explosions that had happened just before their eyes finally started reaching their ears.

"BRTTTTTTTTTTTTTT"

"Shit"

No one knew who was the source of those words, but they didn't disagree with him since they knew that their surprise attack was now out of the window.

The commanders were swift to recover from the shock and regained their composure, with that they started issuing orders to their respective fleets to continue their attacks.

They commanded an intensified barrage, aiming to saturate and overwhelm the port's anti-missile defenses. They hoped that at least some of the missiles might get missed by the defense system and they would be able to cause harm on the port, making the soldiers landing job easier.

Amidst their hearts experiencing fear and tension, the soldiers responded by forcing themselves to focus. They knew that any mistake they do from now on would very likely result resulting in their deaths, hence their minds did all they could to make them focus as much as possible, ensuring the survival of the body.

This resulted in the soldiers operating beyond their normal mindset as they truly fired whatever was available, sending everything the ships had in the direction of that port, hoping that they would buy enough time for their landing ships to be able to arrive at the landing zones and initiate a fierce fight to take over those ports.

Alas, no matter what they tried to smack towards the ports, they were always met with the same response: dotted red lines converging on the missiles before those bullets started shooting down the approaching missiles followed shortly by the hearing of the distinctive sound of the defense system

"BRTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTT" being the results of the bullets soaring at a very high speed to shoot down the incoming missiles.

While all that was happening, beneath these fleets, the ocean surface was still retaining its tranquility, four black submarines could be seen trailing behind all the four fleets, their presence concealed by the undisturbed waters.

These submarines were of a similar size as the Virginia Class Submarine, yet they could still be said to be slightly larger than the Virginia Class Submarine by a few meters.

Within these submarines, they looked very different compared to any of the world's other submarines. Virtually, every aspect of this submarine differed from any submarine found elsewhere in the world while everything on the outside couldn't look any more than a normal submarine.

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In the meantime, the boats that were dispatched from the tankers were making their way towards the nearest place they could disembark to start their land operation.

However, as they saw all the missiles that were launched by their fleets were completely turned useless even before they could cause any harm, all the soldiers on the boats stared at the sky with utter shock.

"What the fuck is their missile defense system made of?" The commander of one of the fleets cursed, because of these missiles, their planned saturation attack was completely thwarted without being able to hit even the waters on the navy bases, which would have at least caused a slight disarray within the port, at least that would have been of slight help for their soldiers when they started attacking the would have been disoriented enemies.

"The fast boats team should be arriving soon so tell everyone to start turni..." Just as he was about to start ordering for his fleets to retreat, his command was intercepted by the sound of a massive explosion.

'BOOOOOOOOM'

When he turned to look at the direction the sound had come from, his face turned deathly pale as he wasn't able to believe what he was seeing with his eyes.

One of the ships of their fleet was now bent from the middle, forming a triangle with the sea surface as its base before it was divided into two pieces, joined by just a few meters of metal sheets, as the two portions of the massive ship fell back in the water, tearing the very little metal that supported the two portions, the ship was now completely split into two halves as they started plummeting into the water and slowly started sinking beneath the water surface.

BOOOM BOOOM BOOOM.

This nightmarish scene was soon followed by three more consecutive detonations, all of them targeting the smallest ships in the fleets which should be considered as an enough warning.

The scene was now something neither the commander nor anyone who had seen those explosion would ever forget in their lives.

It was now become a trademark of the Eden's military which in the future they would be known for: The Mare (A malevolent spirit or being that is said to sit on the chests of sleeping individuals, causing them to experience nightmares and sleep paralysis)

Chapter 224 A Monster You Don't Want To Face

The cause of the explosion being the Edenian submarines that were lurking under the fleets, following them since when they invaded Esparias water.

They were nothing but state-of-the-art in everything when compared to the latest gen of any country's military.

Starting from the energy, these submarines were each being powered by harnessing the energy of a star in the form of fusion reactors. This means that they won't need to ever be refueled as long as they are under the surface of the water. Because these reactors would efficiently extract deuterium, a fuel source, from the surrounding water, rendering themselves self-sustaining during underwater operations.

As for the propulsion system it too was the state of the art magnetic propulsion helping the submarine in its stealthiness while at the same time allowing it to go at unimaginable high speeds.

In place of sonar, these submarines utilized the same advanced scanner as the one that was scanning Eden's airspace, meaning they were aware of anything that existed around them within a bubble of 500 kilometers of radius.

Giving them a frightening awareness wherever they were, making them an enemy you don't want to face under any circumstances.

The hull of the submarine was made from a revolutionary material, a marvel born from the result of the research done in laboratories of Lab City, where they had managed to make dream materials for any submarine maker in the world.

The hull material exhibited the remarkable hardness of diamond coupled with an exclusive flexibility that absorbed and dispersed any impacting energy, negating any risk of cracking or fracturing. This innovation ensured the hull's capability to endure immense pressures of the deep-sea domain, ensuring both the submarine's safety and structural integrity even at extreme depths. Furthermore, the materials lightweight nature, in proportion to its strength, elevated the submarine's buoyancy and maneuverability, simultaneously reducing the vessel's overall weight burden.

Resistance against the corrosive and erosive forces of saltwater exposure? The material stood resilient, impervious to degradation. This resistance translated to a prolonged lifespan for the hull, simultaneously, effectively reducing the demand for frequent maintenance requirements. Furthermore, the unique composition of the material manifested in its exceptional ability to absorb and dampen the sound waves, rendering the submarine nearly silent and drastically curbing its acoustic footprints. This transformation bolstered the vessel's stealth capabilities, enhancing its covert operations even further.

Notably it was also adaptable to fluctuations in temperature. The material seamlessly adjusted to varying environmental conditions, ensuring a stable internal environment, eliminating any concerns linked with thermal conductivity. The sole drawback lay in the complexity of its manufacturing

process, an obstacle that was effortlessly circumvented by Aron, who harnessed atomic printing technology, making the fabrication process seamless and expedient.

As for the rest of the interior of the submarine, it was mostly nothing other than differently tuned atomic printers which were tuned and placed in different locations to accomplish diverse functions.

παΠΙdasNovel.com Everything from the torpedo tubes, SLBM (Submarine launched Ballistic Missiles) tubes, kitchen, bathrooms and everything else other than the operation room and sleeping quarter was filled with atomic printers and tankers that were stocked with atoms required for making the product.

During meal time, all a soldier had to do was go to the kitchen and they would find a very presumptuous hot meal that was already printed for them.

If they needed to fire torpedo missiles, the atomic printer on board the torpedo tube would simply print the torpedo before it would be fired, this gave the submarine a rapid firing ability as they didn't have the limitation of the traditional slow reloading of the torpedoes.

All of this resulted in these submarines being the world's most heavily armed submarines while it didn't have anything that could be considered as a fire hazard in it. Having a hull that was as hard as a diamond, they would always maintain communication with the main base no matter where they were since they were using quantum computers as their submarine's computer giving them the advantages of seamless quantum communication.

The submarines, designed for stealth and capable of massive ordnance delivery from anywhere on Earth to any location, of course, went completely undetected by the outdated sonars that were on the Esparian fleet, allowing for them to roam and follow them as freely as they wanted without having to worry about being discovered.

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The moment the fleets commenced firing with the intention of saturation, an order was finally relayed from Athena to the submarines. At that time, half of their crew was inside the control room with the other half, having completed their shifts, resting or engaging in other recreational activities within the VR.

The submarines were currently operating as if it was a normal patrol mission which relieved the need for all the personnel to be on deck. That is why they were so relaxed and not because of their own arrogance, but rather because those were the orders from the higher-ups.

"Load and flood the torpedo tubes," the submarine commanding officer wasted no time before ordering for the torpedo tubes to be loaded and flooded with water in preparation for the impending attack.

The soldier in charge of the weapons deployment immediately executed the order, initiating the approval for the production and loading of a torpedo into the torpedo tube.

Upon receiving the command, the atomic printer in the torpedo tube sprang into action. It accessed the raw materials stored and efficiently printed the entirety of the torpedo before filling the tubes with water in just a few seconds which was then followed by the torpedo door being opened, presenting the loaded torpedo that was waiting to receive the firing command.

"The torpedoes are loaded and tubes are flooded," reported back the weapons deployment specialist.

"Fire!" the commander officer uttered calmly, which was immediately responded to as all four freshly crafted torpedoes were launched in rapid succession.

As the torpedoes exited the tube, they released a subtle sound that was immediately absorbed by the water surrounding it. The magnetic propellers came to life and started spinning, propelling the torpedoes out of the tube as they started their journey to their targets among the fleets, which were just a short distance away from the submarine.

The torpedoes did not take more than a few seconds to arrive closer to the surface of the water, unfolding a magic moment upon the water's surface...

The torpedo continued its trajectory until it positioned beneath the target ship, at which point it detonated.

The explosion generated an underwater bubble that propelled the ship to rise momentarily upward, absorbing the initial impact. Almost immediately, the underwater bubble began to collapse as the water rushed in to fill the void.

This sudden compression forced the ship, still slightly elevated, to drop abruptly before being thrust back into the air once again, reaching an even greater height than before.

The swift ascent was driven by the surge of water rushing in to fill the void left by the collapsing bubble, displacing the air that had previously occupied that space. This influx of air acted as the final catalyst that propelled the ship higher into the air with even greater force.

Under the strain of such an intense barrage of pressures, the vessel succumbed, fracturing into two distinct parts while still being suspended mid-air.

As the ship split apart, it began its descent, ultimately plummeting into the water below.

The impact with the water was immediate, and the vessel quickly began to take on water.

Among the ensuing chaos, the surviving soldiers aboard the ship struggled to escape the rapidly shifting and turbulent waters, which were now far from being calm due to the explosive sequence of events that had unfolded in a fraction of a second.

Chapter 225 Taking The Fight To Them

While their navy was giving the Esparian navy fleets a PTSD for every soldier on board the ships like Oprah, the air force was also in full operation.

Four SU-35 fighter jets, piloted by the Aces, could be seen escorting one midsize cargo aircraft, all of them heading in the direction of Esparia.

Athena had decided to take the initiative by venturing into the enemy territory since the other side seemed to be reluctant to come to them. She had something specific which she needed to be done in Esparia to end the war as fast as possible, concluding it with minimal casualties on both sides. The soldiers, who were caught in the crossfire had the only fault of being in the wrong country's military which had a corrupt president who could be bought for a few pennies and couldn't care for the lives of these soldiers at all, thinking them as disposable pawns, as long as he was benefiting from their deaths.

"They are en route," reported Archangel One-Three as the radars in their aircrafts were finally being put to use for the first time now that they were heading to Esparia which was beyond the range the SkyEye 0 could scan. They had detected a group of Esparian fighter jets taking off and heading to them for interception.

All thirty of the enemy aircrafts had taken off, yet not all of them were heading to intercept Eden's planes, rather, only four of them seemed to be directly heading towards them, while another four remind in the skies patrolling the capital city, as for, the rest of the twenty-two could be seen trying to avoid them as much as possible and head to Eden, trying to put the four they thought to be as the only Eden's airforce fighters planes in dilemma on whether they should be proceeding on their mission and attack whatever they were planning or return to intercept the twenty-two that were making their way to Eden.

"Quite a good plan, not gonna lie," Archangel One-One, the squadron leader, acknowledged when he grasped what Esparia was trying to do.

He shortly added by saying, "One-Three make sure the cargo plane reaches at the mission objective," before the three of the four planes executed a U-turn to catch and shoot down the now heavily dispersed fighter jets that were piloted by grunting pilots who had been in detention from the moment they landed and were only released and immediately sent to intercept the Edenian Ace squadron after they were threatened by using the lives of their families.

At this moment, the twenty-two fighter jets dispatched to Eden were split into eleven groups, sending two aircraft as a group in every direction and as far as possible from the monstrous four.

Although it was true that they were sent here just as a means to give the four aces a dilemma of choice, they still planned to benefit from this and bomb a few places while the four monsters tried to shoot as many of them as possible during that time.

"I can't believe I'm regretting being enticed by money just a month after resigning," lamented one of the Esparian foreign pilots as he remembered how they were treated the moment they landed after their first mission against Eden.

The moment they landed, they were put under the cuffs and sent into the detention center without even being told a reason for their arrests.

After all of them were arrested one by one, they were interrogated, threatened and subjected to everything except physical torture.

Other than torture, anything a person could imaginably do to force someone to spill the truth during the span of just two hours was done to them.

Despite them denying everything and feeling betrayed after how they were treated during that period, they still endured this ordeal while feeling a little grateful after having survived their initial encounter with Eden's formidable might which had pushed their abilities to the limit.

Upon learning the reason behind their mistreatment, they couldn't help but grasp the reason and understand why they were treated that way. In the first place, they were people who had resigned from their respectful military careers, enticed by the lucrative financial offers which were enough to spend with their families for the rest of their lives, which in return made them seem susceptible to

monetary coercion— an opportunity for their loyalty to be swayed with money to the point of even feigning being shot down and receive another compensation payment in the midst of it.

But understanding it was another thing and forgiving was another, so they were still angry for the treatment they had received, nearly all of them expressed their desire to resign which had been blatantly ignored by Esparia.

And now they were even compelled to take to the air while their families acted as both hostages and a motivation material for them to do their best during the mission.

Even now, when one of the pilots remembered the tumultuous few hours they had experienced, he couldn't help but seethe in anger whenever he thought about it. Alas, he wasn't given more time to think any further as... BOOOOOOOM. His and his wingman's plane were shot down by two missiles that their aircrafts system wasn't able to detect and the only thing he could think of this being the reason for being shot down was because he was fortunately alive thanks to the Automatic Ejection Seat Sequences (AESS) that was available in his plane.

Initially, he had thought that they would engage in a dogfight, using guns like the first time, however, this time the monsters came prepared for such a situation and had even brought proper gear with them to avoid the enemies from using their numerical advantage over them.

"FOX 1" was the only word that Archangel One-Four had uttered before he fired a pseudo-radar-guided missile at the enemy who was wasting time thinking about the past rather than focusing on his current mission.

Archangel One-Four's aircraft's hardpoint still had a few more air-to-air missiles and since the hardpoint even had atomic printers on them, it had the capability to fabricate more of them so long as the atomic storage had supply material for the printing.

This technological advantage of being able to print any missile from the hardpoint allowed for the aircraft to always be prepared for any mission no matter its nature.

This was what gave them the confidence to go in any fights and have what could be said to be a pseudo unlimited ammo which could be backed up by a material tanker for air-to-air atomic and fuel refueling if the need ever arose.

The only downside of having an atomic printer on these aircrafts was the fact that the weight had increased due to having another storage space to be filled for the materials required for the atomic printer to use for printing, meaning they are always more heavier than they look, no matter the condition.

Nevertheless, all of these disadvantages could be easily compensated with the existence of the powerful engines, allowing for the pilots to have the confidence of executing any maneuvers they desired however they wanted without worrying about the airframe bending, and other problems which could have occurred if any other country's fighters tried to carry the same weight and make them move in such similar manner thanks to the materials the planes were made of.

Not caring about such technical intricacies, the Archangel just pulled the trigger once again, this time eight Fox-One missiles were detached from the aircraft, each homing to different targets, after that he didn't do anything and simply and returned to where Archangel One-Three was, still

guarding the tanker and had already shot the incoming enemy aircraft, maintaining his position without leaving his mission.

Similar stories unfolded with the other Archangels as they returned shortly after and converged with the squadron and the cargo aircraft that remained unscathed, proof of their exceptional combat prowess.

Chapter 226 The Start Of A Mission

With an impressive feat of already shooting down what could be said to be all of Esparia's new aircrafts, including the four patrolling ones, despite being quite a distance away from the original position of Eden's aircrafts.

Their remarkable accuracy from such a considerable distance had come as a surprise to both the people on land and the pilots who were abruptly terminated, having been suddenly faced with an unexpected attack and finding themselves already ejected without any warning beforehand.

This situation got even worse if we were to include the bombers who were now being scrambled to go the opposite direction of Eden and to the Pacific Ocean to avoid being bombed if they were left inside their bunkers and mirroring the losses like what happened to their fighter jets.

While doing that, their air defense system of Esparia now started coming online as the soldiers manning them in different cities and locations could be seen holding their breaths, praying that the incoming planes don't come to their way and go to other cities so that they would be spared from having to face the potential devastation.

...

"Good luck, we have some destruction to deliver," Archangel One-One, the squadron leader, relayed to the pilot of the cargo aircraft.

"See you on land when we are done with ours too," the cargo pilot responded, bidding farewells to the squadron members before echoing their signature call.

"Archangels out,"

The squadron members responded and swiftly pulled their aircraft yokes, each heading to a distinct trajectory, diverging from the cargo airplane, continuing alone with resolution towards its designated path.

...

When the dispersed Archangels squadron members started getting closer to their designated bombing destinations, the atomic printer on their hardpoint started coming to life.

Land bombs started materializing through the rapid printing process, signifying that their current mission was about bombarding land targets.

The moment the bombs were done printing, without hesitation or wasting any time, the newly printed bombs were detached by the pilots from the planes, followed by the pilots redirecting the planes' direction, heading to different designated destinations without even waiting to confirm whether the bomb was going to hit the marked location or not.

Boom.

And just like that, in an instant, a weapons depot was now out of the war and since it stored ammunition within, it started a chain reaction of explosions. The low-yield detonation of the bomb served as the catalyst, igniting the destructive sequence with exact precision, leaving no excess explosive material.

This same pattern of devastation was being repeated all over the country, with a minor delay of the explosions in different cities since the fighters took some time to reach their destinations, but whenever they reached, the city's air defenses would be the first to be taken out of the equation before being closely followed by the arms depot which was soon followed by other important military infrastructures being taken out.

At the same time, this series of movements inflicted an unimaginable amount of terror on the citizens of the cities they bombed before they moved to another city to inflict the same terror without facing any obstacle in their wake.

.....

"Soldiers, we are on the final approach. Make sure you have all the necessary equipment on you," Andrew, the special forces commander, announced from within the cargo bay of the approaching cargo plane that was nearing the capital city of Esparia.

He strode down the center aisle, addressing the soldiers seated on either side, who were listening to him attentively.

And although their heads were covered with the headgear, obscuring their vision and not allowing them to see, Andrew could still see their faces thanks to the tech in his headgear which provided augmented visuals, a feature that was shared by all the soldiers in the cargo hold.

Upon hearing the commander's order to check whether they had everything, none of the soldiers moved. All they had to do was simply gaze at their left, focusing on the peripheral of their left side was enough for them to assess their readiness, where there were small sentences that were marked green.

The small lines listed the equipment they had equipped and with them being green meant that they were all connected to the headgear's computer system and were completely ready for operation.

"Thirty seconds to the drop zone," an announcement came from the pilot of the plane, informing them of their imminent arrival near the drop zone which was now safe from any anti air defenses, courtesy of the Archangels who were here a few minutes ago.

In response to the announcement, all of the soldiers stood at once revealing all the gear they were wearing completely.

Each soldier could be seen wearing an armor of some sort under their normal military-issued operational clothes which in themselves were capable of blocking a bullet from penetrating it while leaving for you to deal with the energy that would be transferred from the bullet to your body after it was stopped.

So, although you are wearing a bulletproof cloth and it will stop a bullet from penetrating you, you will still have to suffer the pain similar to being hit by a truck, depending on the bullet's impact location on the shirt and how much of the energy was dispersed to the whole body.

The armor had a thickness that was equivalent to a person wearing three shirts, meaning it was nothing cumbersome and due to these few soldiers being the only ones who were issued these armors, and with the team consisting of only twenty people, it gave Aron enough time to be able to engrave quite a few runes on them, making the armors to never make the soldiers feel any discomfort when wearing them while still providing a hundred percent of the movement ability they had when they weren't donning them.

With the armors on them, the soldiers were now even capable of lifting more than five times what they were able to lift after going through genetic enhancements, which by itself was quite scary, still as they say, the more the better.

Together with the armor they carried, they were issued electromagnetic-barrelled firearms and holstered pistols which were already attached to their hips while their backs carried a backpack, housing more ammunition and other necessary equipments they will be needing during their upcoming operation.

With confidence and not even an ounce of fear on their face, the soldiers started walking to the opening cargo bay door while not facing any difficulty in breathing since their armor was completely insulated and prevented any outside things from entering the inside without being filtered first, maintaining a controlled and comfortable environment.

As they neared the door, they just put the weapons on their hands parallel to their left hip as the armor automatically pulled and firmly held the gun, eliminating the need for the soldiers to hold them during their jump.

"5,4,3,2,1!" A countdown started appearing in front of them as they waited and the moment it reached zero, they started jumping into the void.

No parachute accompanied them since their backs were now occupied with the bag carrying ammo and a few other pieces of equipments.

The moment they plunged from the plane, their headgears activated, displaying to the soldiers every crucial information about the jump, including the distance they were from the ground, the speed at which they were falling and the time it would take for them to reach the ground.

At the same time, the headgears were doing something different, they were fussing the computational powers of all the twenty soldiers in the air, creating a massive scanning bubble which thanks to the fusion of power from the armors this time extended even more than the usual bubble that would normally reach only six kilometers which was now reaching twenty kilometers before it started collecting and presenting all the data within it while filtering out any irrelevant details and only showing the important bits of information that the soldiers needed to know.

Amidst enemy territory, without safety net or backup, began a mission soon to be etched in the world's memory.

Chapter 227 Alone, Behind Enemy Lines

In the serene night sky, the only audible sound that could be heard was the rustling of the wind that passed around the descending soldiers, who despite their fall, still had their composure maintained, looking relaxed while their eyes remained focused on the rapidly decreasing numerals that were materializing in front of their eyes.

When they reached a certain altitude during their fall "FRRRRR," the electrically powered thrusters came to life after manifesting on the chest of these soldiers, marginally reducing their velocity while at the same time expertly adjusting their trajectory and aligning them on their landing location before the thrusters retracted as if they never existed in the first place.

Following the appearance of the first thruster after which they quickly got hidden again, a few more of such thrusters started appearing at certain intervals in different locations on the armor, reducing the soldiers' falling speed at the same time also stabilizing them in the fall before retracting once again, this appearance and disappearance of the thrusters continued for a few more times.

Their fall continued for a few more seconds before, "FRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR," the thruster appeared once again, but this time they were blasting at their full power when the soldiers were a mere ten meters away from the ground. Their velocity was dwindled to near zero before the thrusters deactivated when the soldiers were just five meters above the ground, leaving the rest of the fall to be handled by themselves, which they easily took care of by simply bending their knees the moment their legs were about to touch the ground and together with the armor, they were easily able to absorb the rest of the energy without any trouble.

"Grim Reapers on the ground," the team leader reported back to the headquarters as the soldiers unholstered their weapons from their left hips and started advancing towards a very distant building.

For those who were familiar with a few things about Esparia, they would recognize that this building was none other than the Presidential palace of Esparia, clearly hinting at what kind of mission this group of twenty soldiers were sent to accomplish.

...

"As you can see, there are more than five thousand soldiers and other personnel inside the Presidential Palace. Our objective is to extract the president and the high command without being discovered. So, we will be adhering to Athena's guidance in the mission and will be divided into four teams, reconvening by the end of the first phase of the mission. I will be the team leader for team Alpha; for team Bravo, Alan will be leading it; for team Charlie, it will be Shamim and lastly, team Delta, will be led by Alex." When he concluded appointing the team leaders of the respective teams, the headgears automatically assigned the remaining soldiers to these different teams, marking them by distinct color surroundings, only to be seen by those wearing headgears.

"Start moving out," Alan commanded as he set off, closely followed behind by his team, en route to their designated entry point.

Upon seeing Alan leave, the other team leaders also took command of their team to move in, which the soldiers followed without any defiance to their promptly chosen team leaders.

As each team was on their way, they effortlessly navigated the secured infrastructure by utilizing their technological advantage of being able to know the location of every CCTV blind spots and

patrol teams, thus, they didn't face any obstructions on their way as they passed through all of the checkpoints that were erected by the soldiers and mercenaries entrusted with safeguarding the Presidential Palace which contained the core command structure that was behind orchestrating the conflict.

.....

Not long later, in a concealed location which also doubled as an access route to the palace walls, a group of three palace guards could be seen standing guard.

Now they weren't, since they currently lay lifeless on the ground, victims of Team Alpha's stealthy advance. With that, Athena took over radio frequencies of the dead soldiers' radios to respond and keep the facade of them still being alive whenever the roll call was made.

Similar scenarios could be seen happening simultaneously in different directions, as each team got closer and closer to the heavily fortified palace walls, their synchronized maneuvers a testament to their expertise.

Team Bravo was the first one to reach the walls, arriving ahead of the other three teams. Without waiting for their companions, they started doing a short jog towards the wall. As they got closer, their pace accelerated, just when they were five meters away from hitting the wall, they jumped.

With the assistance of the armors, they were thrown fifteen meters into the air, just two meters short of scaling the wall, but just then, the armor's boosters sprang back to life, helping them get higher and scale the remaining two meters. At the same time, they started reducing their speed of falling after the gravity finally won against them just as they had scaled the wall and started falling down, to avoid making any noise which could possibly alert someone or trigger an analog sensor.

After surmounting the wall with efficiency and silently, they continued moving discreetly through the darkness, eliminating any enemy they met on their way as quietly as possible with calculated precision, while Athena would immediately assume control over the dead soldier's communication systems, maintaining the illusion of everything being normal.

Similar tactics were used by other teams who were slightly behind team Bravo, who were on the lead due to their route being the least guarded one.

This progress continued unobstructedly until the first team finally arrived at an obscure-looking building. On the outside, it projected an appearance of an abandoned building, seemingly imitating an under-maintained building— a pretty convincing charade would have been if it was in an undeveloped locale, but it was conspicuously out of place since it was in the compounds of the Presidential Palace, the disheveled building inside a highly maintained palace acted as nothing other than a massive beam for anyone who was smart enough to think about it for a few moments.

Arriving at the closed door, the team didn't hesitate for even a second before they raised their guns and pulled their triggers twice, sending bullets through the door.

Subsequently, it was followed by the resonating of thuds as ten soldiers who were behind the door, guarding the building's entrance, fell in unison, having started their journey to the next life just a few seconds ago.

Unperturbed after killing the guards behind, Team Bravo's leader, Alan, just walked to the door and extended his hand to put it on the doorknob before he squeezed his hand as if he was squishing a sponge, causing the doorknob to cave in on itself together with the lock behind it, thus opening the bullet holed door which wasn't heavily guarded due to it being just an entrance door with more of them inside leading to their destination.

"Let's wait for the other teams inside," Alan declared as he swung open the squeaking door and walked inside the building, followed by his team members, who immediately started to move the bodies of the dead soldiers to take their positions while they waited for their fellow soldiers to arrive so that they could coordinate their advancement toward the bunker, capturing the leadership to end the war once and for all.

Chapter 228 Inside The Enemy's House

"Looks like you chose to take your time," Shamim, the only female team leader of the group, leading team Charlie which was the second to arrive, jokingly taunted the mission leader after he and his team were the last ones to arrive, thanks to them having too many people to shoot down and enemies to take out on their way compared to others.

Andrew upon hearing the taunt, just brushed it off while ignoring them as he passed by them and took the lead as he instructed, "Secure the door"

Upon receiving the orders, the soldiers removed the equipment they had brought with them in their backpacks and started assembling it. When they were finally done assembling it, the equipment looked similar to what might seem like a door frame with an opening at its center. With the equipment now assembled, they placed it behind the broken closed door and powered it on.

The moment they powered it on, the frame expanded and affixed itself onto all the four sides of the door frame, securing itself onto it to the point where unless it was not powered off, it wouldn't be budging even a centimeter from the place it had been secured at.

Following the latching process, they saw something that they normally wouldn't have been able to see if their headgears weren't etched with runes. They saw the frames that were making the machine had started glowing, revealing some words which they couldn't match anything they had seen or anything they knew of, were etched, glowing in white, before they sensed a subtle vibration which was followed by the appearance of an energy field which started covering the door and all the outside of the entire building, making sure that no sound could escape from the inside and be heard by anyone outside the building.

"Let's begin," Andrew declared, jolting the soldiers who had been surprised for the first time ever since they had gotten out of the pods a few months ago, however, with what they had witnessed today, they had a deep down feeling that what they had seen with their eyes wasn't just some high-level technology shit that simply appeared like a magic, rather, this was truly a full-fledged magic.

Andrew's words snapped their focus back to the mission. From the moment the building was covered with what they were told as an experimental energy shield, they knew that they had about half an hour at max before the energy on the frame ran out. So, within this window, they had to finish taking over the entire underground bunker, extract the leadership and come out of it.

"Move out," Andrew commanded.

The moment those words came out of his mouth, the soldiers turned serious once again and started following along the corridor that was leading inside. At the start of the second phase of the mission, Athena asked her mother for help. And as a result, at the moment, the entire Esparian radio control towers and internet cables were taken under her control which was accomplished thanks to the diligent hard work of their spies, who had already infiltrated Esparia and managed to connect quantum USBs into Esparia's communication infrastructures, bypassing the data transfer limitations which had been impeding Nova from having the entire world's internet under her control.

However, for the time being, these limitations had been released as long as it is inside Esparia, albeit for a short time till the energy on those USBs waned away, causing them to self-destruct if not retrieved since they won't be capable of facilitating the quantum teleportation process to allow her to have an unlimited access after they had no energy left within them to even operate, hence they were activated from the very start of the second mission and not during the time when the soldier jumped from the planes.

Upon reaching the end of the corridor which didn't have any other opening, Andrew moved aside, leaving an opening for Shamim to pass him. Shamim just punched the wall in front of them, revealing that it was a false wall and was hiding an opening behind it.

The soldiers behind the line wasted no time as they surged through the now punctured wall, traversing the breach and entering a slightly expansive room that had a heavy metal door within, which when closed could only be opened from inside, while also a group of soldiers could be seen on the other side of it.

This door would then lead to another hall that had an elevator at its end. This elevator will send them deep underground where they will have to shoot a few people to complete the second phase of their mission.

The soldiers removed another device, this time from Shamim's backpack. This device looked like a slightly oversized puck that was the size of a dinner plate. Placing it in front of the robust metal door, Shamim pressed the button to power it up. After that, along with the other soldiers, Shamim stepped back, raised their guns and started aiming at the soldiers behind the heavy door before taking a deep breath to concentrate.

As the device's countdown neared its culmination and hit zero, their headgears modulated the amount of light it was augmentally displaying to the soldiers, who couldn't see using their normal senses thanks to their headdress covering their eyes, the reason? The answer was given just a few microseconds later—

FWOOOOBOOOOMMBRRRRRRRR— was heard or maybe that was what they imagined it sounded like since the explosion that happened in front of them hadn't released any sound despite having carried an explosion that obliterated the entire heavy metal door into liquid metal.

As to why no sound had been produced from the massive explosion and only light was seen coming from it.

The reason lay in what had happened in the scantiest fraction of a second —0.000003 to be precise, before the puck-like bomb had denotation. A shield materialized from within the device, delicately and perfectly calibrated to allow for it to be able to pass through the openings between the door and

the walls that were holding it, completely encapsulating the door moments before the explosion followed which was now contained within it.

Nonetheless, the first explosion by itself wasn't powerful enough to shred the door into lava given the amount of explosives that were within the puck-like bomb, however, that task was left to the runic shield to accomplish.

This runic shield bounced both the shockwave and the explosion from the bomb, reflecting it right back at the door before they were once again returned back to the runes. This was carried out repeatedly, with the shockwaves getting weaker and weaker, the more they bounced due to their energy being converted into heat rapidly, with the increasing hit than being used to destroy and melt the gate at the center of the shield.

With all of this happened in less than a quarter of a second, a fast enough period to allow for the shield which had its rune destroyed, managed to redirect the shockwaves and explosion before it fizzled out just microseconds after all the shockwaves were turned into heat which melted the door, not giving the soldiers on the other side enough time to even comprehend and react to what the heck was happening before they 'accidentally' died of a 'bullet in the head' disease.

The Eden special forces soldiers remained unfazed coming off the magical scene they had just bore witness to, they weren't fazed by what they had just witnessed, not because they had experienced it and knew it would happen that way, but rather, it was because the headgears they donned, forced their brains to continue maintaining the same calmness they had before such magical event occurred in front of them by blocking the production of certain hormones that were needed for the soldiers to even get surprised.

Of course, this was done with the knowledge of the soldiers since they knew that it was of paramount importance to maintain the highest composure during the second phase of the operation.

With the soldiers on the other side now dead, the Eden soldiers continued to move through the corridor after jumping through the molten iron in front of them, reaching the elevator door, whose elevator was now at the underground level so that the people below could access it faster if they needed to leave the bunker.

This time Alex assumed the lead and put his armor-covered hand as he slightly pried open the elevator doors and when a slight opening revealed itself, he put his second hand in and forcefully pried the elevator door fully open, revealing the opening that had wires at its center.

Without hesitation, Alex jumped into the opening, closely followed behind by the other soldiers who let their bodies become the sacrifice to the heralded force of gravity as it transported them and brought them gradually closer to their mission's objective. Hinting at their first-ever international covert mission to have a successful ending.

Chapter 229 Phase Two Complete

They plummeted for a few seconds straight as they traversed through the elevator shaft before the thruster in their armors came to life once again, wrestling them away from the grasp of terminal velocity. This time, the thrusters persisted, sustaining their propulsion until the moment they softly landed on the roof of the elevator cabin, avoiding making any sound.

Thanks to the elevator shaft being wide enough, which was due to the size of the elevator itself being huge since it served as the only entrance to the bunker, not counting the subterranean

emergency tunnel as it was to be used for exactly emergency situations, thus forcing the elevator to be made as large as possible to allow for all the equipment and other materials to easily enter into the underground bunker during construction.

Nevertheless, thanks to that, all the ESF (Eden Special Forces) were now on the roof of the elevator cabin except for the two soldiers who had remained behind just in case the sound muffling device malfunctioned and attracted the attention of the nearby soldiers. They remained at the entrance above the ground to make sure that their comrades who had gone underground didn't have to worry about anything happening on the ground as they would be handling any problem that might occur by themselves.

After they reached above the elevator cabin, the soldiers didn't linger for long as one of them opened the access hatch on top of the elevator, causing a squeak to be let out from the metallic sheet of the elevator, attracting the attention of the soldiers who stood on the other side of the elevator cabin door, prompting them to turn around and take a look at what might have caused that sound.

After not hearing the squeak again, the soldiers returned back to their patrol since the security footage in front of them also didn't show anything different from how it previously was.

With the hatch now open, 5 gun tips peeking from the hatch, if looked from the pov of inside the elevator cabin. This was followed by a synchronous recoil of the guns together with, nearly silent gunshots were heard, followed by the fall of the five soldiers on either side of the elevator's door.

Upon taking care of the guards, they passed through the hatch, landing inside the elevator cabin before moving aside to allow their fellow comrades to land as well before he too would move to the side and make way for the other to jump down, thus they made enough space for everyone to jump down into the elevator without having a need to come out of it.

When all the eighteen of them were done with boarding the elevator, Shamim pressed the button to open the door as they raised their weapons and started leaving the elevator when the door opened, jumping the dead bodies on their way into the wide corridor in front of them. With that, they started heading to the direction the corridor led them.

After a while of walking through the corridor, another massive door was revealed to them. This was the last block that held them away from accomplishing the second phase of their mission.

The moment they reached closer to the massive door, they could see another group of soldiers standing on the other side of the door. They unveiled their equipment from their bags as usual which consisted of the same puck-shaped device from not long ago.

However, this time there was a twist, they were going to use two of these bombs by placing them on top of each other and as the result of that bombs automatically synchronized with themselves and changed their pre programmed exploding pattern to increase the effectiveness of the explosive which will not be double due to the bombs being two, but rather, it would increase the bombs' effectiveness by nearly five times more powerful than it would have been if used alone.

In the following few seconds, the same scenario from before repeated itself in front of them, with the bombs exploding and melting the door without even a single sound being heard, which was immediately followed by the soldiers shooting down the guards on the other side of the door who

this time too couldn't comprehend what they had witnessed fast enough before they started a new journey on the other side.

With that done, all of the ESFs released a sigh of relief knowing very well that this was the last group of soldiers they had to shoot down, with the dead soldiers including a mix of Esparian special force soldiers along with the mercenaries working for the Morgans.

This signified the resolution of a deadly chapter, the second one in their story, executed with meticulous precision.

....

"Currently, our entire air force is considered destroyed, and much of our vital infrastructure lies in ruins, this includes our weapons storages. I can't even fathom how the heck they managed to pinpoint where most of them are. But in any case, we can no longer sustain this war," the general declared solemnly.

The moment their airforce had been taken out, he knew that it had marked a turning point in spelling their defeat in this war. This was also the very reason why they tried to gain air supremacy over Eden's airspace.

However, he could tell that the things at the current moment were much more dire than that after going through the reports they had been receiving for the past twenty minutes straight, these reports stated the carnage that was being carried out in their country by the Edens air force. Yet, he knew that these accounts might not be all that had happened, since some damage might take more time to access.

"Tell your sponsors that we are in dire need of more help, else this will end with the victory of our adversaries by the end of the weekend," Emanuel said after he turned to the Morgan's spokesperson who was sent here to be with them in the bunker from the moment the war started in order to act as the communication link between the people in the room and the Morgan family, still, he was skeptical about them sending more help to them.

'Though I doubt that they will be inclined to invest in us anymore since even their first objective didn't succeed, but it is not my problem or fault since they are the ones who had planned the entire war plan from the very start. I should still make sure that I will receive my payment.' Emanuel thought to himself as he scanned through the conference room that was filled with intelligent-looking foreigners and a handful of people who held influential positions in the Esparian government.

The foreigners constituted the first batch of mercenaries who had arrived earlier and had started formulating strategies for how the war should take place. They were given complete planning freedom from the Morgans who said they would be backing Esparia in the war only and only on the condition that they agreed their selected people to be the ones who planned for the war.

"I will try to do so and relay your request," the spokesperson said as he fished his phone from his pocket and dialed a number starting the call despite being underground, since this location had a pseudo signal tower, allowing for normal communications to take place as if they were on the ground.

As the phone started ringing, he rose from his seat and started walking to the door to ensure a private communication, not wanting other people to listen to the call.

"Good night sir," he greeted the moment the phone call was answered by the one on the other side, simultaneously, he turned the doorknob and opened the door.

"Go on," urged the voice from the other end.

However, the spokesperson couldn't even be bothered on hearing it as the moment he opened the door he felt as if his heart was about to leap out of his chest because of what he saw on the other side of the door, soon after, it was followed by him vomiting everything he had ate on his last meal, since he was punched on his stomach with just enough force to not break any organs within his abdomen, but powerful enough to cause him feel as much pain as possible, resulting in him dropping the phone as tears of pain were trailing from the corner of his eyes while his lips parted, letting out a painful groan which didn't seem to have any strength backing it.

The response of the people behind him and inside the room was not a calm one either, after the man fell on his knees from the immense pain, he was pushed aside by a group of heavily armed men in futuristic looking gears who entered the room and had raised their guns aiming at all of them present in the room before saying, "Move an inch and you eat a bullet."

Alas, there is always someone who thinks that they can push the boundaries and not face any consequences. In a fit of panic, one of the people present in the room, who was a minister of Esparia tried to find refuge by hiding under the table.

The soldiers kept their word, and one of them pulled the trigger, the bullet going right through the minister's head. A fleeting expression of surprise crossed the man's face before his consciousness faded, this was the last function his brain could do in that fraction of a second before his head was punctured. His body crumpled onto the table's surface, with a mixture of blood and brain matter pooling above the table's surface, a macabre testament to the abruptness of his demise.

The opening in his head went from one side to the other and was wide enough to even fit a pencil within.

Chapter 230 WTF

Returning to the navy fleet faceoff, or should it more aptly be called a ruthless massacre by Edenian submarines?

The soldiers aboard the speedboat were rapidly closing in on an optimal water depth where they could land with their equipment before they proceeded to get to the land and commence their fight.

The missile defense guns that had been focusing on taking out the missiles a few moments ago had now turned their attention to the hoard of high-speed boats that were just a few kilometers away from reaching the shore. Guided by the onboard control computer, the electricity being sent to those guns was increased, increasing the amount of electricity that was being sent into the guns' electromagnetic barrels. This resulted in a quick doubling of the effective range of the guns, enough that the first barrage of bullets sent in their direction shredded not just the boats, but also turned some of the soldiers onboard it into unrecognizable masses of flesh. Nevertheless, most of the bullets were targeted onto their boats, resulting in those who were boarding them being immediately sent into the water. To survive, they were forced to abandon their equipments and swim the arduous

kilometer-long stretch to reach the safe shore, the only thing that drove them to do this was the motivation of life versus death.

Amidst the chaos, not a single soldier—barring the few who had not survived the rain of bullets and were unfortunate enough to be turned into meat paste— had even a flicker of thought of continuing their mission.

They had already abandoned everything they deemed being heavy enough to hinder them in their swimming race which had started and had a very tempting reward at its end.

With the daunting reward for completing this perilous one-kilometer swim being their survival and the consequence for failing it being their death.

Despite this, and to act as a large enough motivator for the now twenty-thousand-plus-something soldiers who were swimming for their lives, the submarines were directed to send torpedoes towards the tankers that had once carried them and at the moment still held a trove of the crucial heavy equipments within them. These tankers needed to be docked to be able to unload their cargo and start using them, yet, their current imperative was to back away and run as far away from the war, thanks to being scared to shit after what they had witnessed. And then...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM

The midsize tankers each were instantaneously cleared into two, thanks to the torpedoes' first round of detonation and before even the cavitation (underwater explosions, where rapidly collapsing bubbles generate shockwaves that are destructive to nearby structures.) could even happen due to the amount of explosive strength the torpedoes carried within them and the moment the cavitation occurred, the now two divided pieces of each mid-sized tankers were flung into air, including whatever that was inside them also being scattered like confetti.

As for the soldiers who were now swimming in the water, they experienced an unexpected surge of momentum as the shockwave from the explosion acted as a booster due to the distance they were in. By the time the shockwave reached them, it had already been weakened enough to just act as a speed-up button, helping the still swimming soldiers to cover a few meters ahead of them with ease before they were once again forced to start swimming by themselves.

This same scenario was happening across all the bases where Esparia had dispatched their soldiers to try and infiltrate before they could start attacking the neighboring cities. Hence, even the slight bit of mercy that could be shown to them now required someone as cold as Athena to decide to do it.

Meanwhile, as the soldiers were swimming with no professionalism or discipline among them, looking similar to a school of fishes, a helicopter could be seen stealthy hovering above every Esparian fleet, documenting and recording everything that was unfolding.

After more than half an hour, the competition finally came to a conclusion, leaving the soldiers completely exhausted as they were panting on the well-lit shores of Eden. Their respite didn't live for long as they could hear warnings coming from behind them. When they turned to the direction

from which the warning sounds were coming from, they saw massive convoys coming to them with vehicles that were completely filled with soldiers.

After noticing the convoy, some of the Esparian soldiers tried to run away, only to quickly realize how futile their actions were. Within a moment, they were turned into porcupines followed by a stern warning, "Esparian soldiers on our shores, due to our states being at war against each other, you are now our prisoners of war. You will be treated in accordance with those rules. As for anyone who might attempt to escape they will be shot and killed."

Upon hearing this announcement, a sense of relief washed over some of the panic-stricken soldiers as they simply laid themselves down on the sand since they were tired and their bodies had already reached the limit of producing specific hormones. Disarmed and disheartened, they had abandoned their weapons and other equipments in the ocean when they started swimming— an act that proved to be a smart idea compared to some of the stubborn ones who had tried swimming together with their equipments and could already be seen floating on the water, lifelessly. They had enough water in their bodies that they felt satisfied enough with living and chose death with a satisfied expression on their face or so, they thought.

Meanwhile, others cried, as they knew that it would take them a considerably long time before they returned and reunited to see their families, which they needed a lot at the moment after being heavily traumatized by the unfolding events.

The Edenian soldiers started distributing black-looking zip ties to all the captive soldiers, to put it by themselves, which they did so willingly. While a few of them tried to show defiance, they were promptly dealt with and could be seen crying while laying in a fetal position with their faces and many other body parts looking swollen.

They knew that this night was going to be a long and trying ordeal.

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The following morning, at 10 am, a press conference that had been announced just five hours ago commenced.

Emanuel, the President of Esparia, ascended to the podium inside the press room which had very few reporters. The country was in a literal state of war with its only neighboring nation, this prompted many international reporters to go back or be called back due to fear about their safety. Nevertheless, the video feeds were being provided by Esparia and they allowed anyone to use the footage and broadcast it if they wanted to, an opportunity which every news company seized upon, knowing very well that this was the current hottest event in the world and they would gain a few more eyeballs on their channels which they could show their advertisements to.

"Ehem..." Emanuel cleared his throat before raising his head and looking straight at the camera. He then started his speech by saying, "Ladies and gentlemen, citizens of our nation, today I stand before you exactly eighteen hours after I had stood here and valiantly declared war against Eden." He paused, taking another moment to clear his throat once again, this time trying to stifle the overtone he had used during his previous words. His actions revealed everything that he was feeling, anyone with enough social skills would know that it was a tone of regret, but the audience still couldn't discern whether this regret was about what he was talking about at the moment or a regret about something else.

Nevertheless, they still maintained their focus on his speech as he finally continued, trying to finish his first paragraph of the many he had to speak today, "As for why I have called for this press conference, it was to make it known that as the President of Esparia, I hereby declare our complete and unconditional surrender to Eden."