

## **The Mechanic 341**

### **Chapter 341: Battlefield Repairs, Target Blueprint**

Beasts crawled out of the ground and bared their fangs, rampaging toward the defense line.

Dong! Dong!

The sound of firing from the guns of the Sunil soldiers sounded like cannons, with more than one meter of flames leaping out from their muzzles. It was like an invisible enormous hand had sent the burrowing beasts flying, falling onto the ground and getting focus fired, screaming in agony. Their carapace and flesh became mud, splattered across the ground, leaving slimy marks on the dry dirt.

“Hold your positions!”

Neville’s tone was harsh and cold, ordering the B12 Defense Team under his command from the communicator in his NCO Class armor. He had thirty soldiers under his command, and their crossfire had stopped the beasts in this area from stepping in.

During the gaps between firing, Neville looked around. This wave of burrowing beasts did not cause much trouble—some armor had been damaged, but no one had died or been injured.

Boom!

Two black burrowing beasts suddenly dashed out of the ground near B12 Defense Team. Their large mouths suddenly bit toward Neville and another soldier.

Before the other members of the defense team could turn their gun around, Neville had already reacted. He threw down his firearm, reached out his metal hands in a blink of an eye, and accurately grabbed onto the opened maw of the beast, not letting its fangs penetrate through his helmet. In an instant, a stream of gas shot out from the mechanical arm. All the joints became locked, stopping the strong biting power of the beast. The next second, a spinning saw bounced out from his wrist, cutting away half of the beast’s huge mouth.

Neville withstood the beast’s claw attacks out of agony, positioned himself, and tackled the beast, throwing it to the ground. He then stepped onto its throat with his huge metal feet, like a needle, pressing the struggling beast. From his wrists, he quickly drew out two electromagnetic handguns and shot through the beast’s skull.

Blood poured all over his armor, and a part of the tactical screen was blocked by slime.

This string of actions was quick and smooth, showing no signs of the bulkiness from wearing heavy armor.

The other soldier who was attacked was not as strong; his helmet was twisted and deformed, almost flattened, and blood splashed onto the ground from the gaps of the helmet as he fell to the ground.

This was the first death.

He had fired many shots into the beast's belly before dying, fulfilling his duty till the last moment of his life. He had even worried about Neville, wanting to help the captain before he fell. His muzzle had already turned toward his captain, but he did not have the strength to pull the trigger anymore.

The Enlistee Class Sunil armor increased the combat capabilities of a normal soldier, enough for the soldiers to match up to strong beasts. Neville's NCO Class Armor had even higher capabilities. Even if the wearer was not a Super, with the performance of the armor and his experience as a veteran, he would not lose to most Super mercenaries.

Neville picked up the machine gun, fired, and killed this beast with his comrades. He briefly looked at the corpse of his subordinate, and without any change to his voice, he yelled, "Leave him, don't break the formation."

After more than ten years in the army, he had already lost count of how many times he had donned this armor.

In his long military service career, he had taken part in the DarkStar disaster, experienced the planetary migration, and brought the scouting team to carry out the early stage exploration of Planet Sunil. With every Catastrophe that he went through, there were dead comrades, the number of veterans became fewer and fewer, and his old friends disappeared one after another.

Neville's team had been refilled multiple times. His current subordinates were all new recruits that were only in the army for a few years. He always led the team to carry out dangerous missions, so the damage suffered was always heavy, including many friends that he had known for many years... Regret? This word was not in his vocabulary. Neville did not care about the death of his subordinates. In order to protect the entire race, sacrifices were unavoidable—this had always been his creed.

In the eyes of others, there was no doubt that Neville was a very cold-blooded commander.

After defeating this wave of beasts, the scouting team sent back a message saying that there would be a gap between the attacks. Neville immediately requested repairs. An equipment truck drove beside the camp, a group of maintenance men with all sorts of devices and metal plates started to repair the defense team's armor. Neville was surrounded by a group of maintenance men with electric welding devices, and at this time, he saw Han Xiao walking over.

Because of Lerden, Neville had an impression of Han Xiao. He said in a low voice, "Mercenary, return to your position!"

"I want to request for the change of mission," Han Xiao said.

"There's no mission safer than what you're doing now." Neville's tone was very harsh. He had seen many mercenaries requesting to change mission on the spot because they were terrified by the Catastrophe and did not want to stay in the dangerous front lines.

The Sunils would not force the mercenaries to take part in dangerous battles; they would only deduct a certain amount of credibility points and reward. Of course, Neville would usually get rid of them as soon as possible. He felt that even saying a single word to them was a waste of energy, so he would rather use that time to close his eyes, rest, and recover some energy.

However, the safest job that these mercenaries could request for was what Han Xiao was doing right now. Neville did not know what this Black Star's issue was. Was he just too afraid of death and wanted an even safer job? No, he was Lerden's friend; he did not look like such a person.

Neville suppressed his impatience and asked, "What request do you have?"

"My team wants to join the scouting team."

As soon as he said that, the resting soldiers and mercenaries looked over in surprise.

Neville thought that he had misheard. This was the most dangerous mission, one that mercenaries would practically avoid at all costs. This was the first time that someone had requested to take on the scouting mission.

Neville was a man of few words, but even so, he could not help but ask, "Why?"

"My members have some special abilities; they are most suitable to performing dangerous missions," Han Xiao bluffed. "Also, Lerden is my friend... Even so, I still need to be paid; that's my principle."

"... I will request it to above." Neville's tone was not as cold anymore, and the surrounding soldiers showed their respect. No matter what reason they had, these mercenaries were willing to put themselves in danger for the Sunil race despite being strangers, and this action was more than enough for the people of Sunil to appreciate them.

The mercenaries chatted among themselves; they were curious about Han Xiao's team.

"What Mercenary Group are they?"

"Think it's called Black Star."

"Never heard before, probably new. They sure are hardworking, but why? It's not worth if they die anyway."

Not long after, a new mission popped up on the interface—Scouting the Wild. The reward was 8,000 Enas, and since it was a mission given to the entire mercenary group, the other players triggered it as well.

The sight of the mission on the interface satisfied Han Xiao. Due to not having enough Credibility Points in the Mercenary Hall of Juberly Hub, they could not take on other missions. However, they could negotiate once they were on Planet Sunil. Although this type of private hire would not add on to the Credibility Points, it did not lack reward and could earn them renown.

Scouting the wild was indeed dangerous, so Han Xiao was not planning to go himself. Instead, he made the players carry it out. They would not die anyway, so they were most suitable to act as scouts, and he could still get the reward while the players did the mission.

The players were surprised. Although it was safe to stay in the camp, it was also boring. Now that they were motivated by the reward, they were looking forward to carrying it out—the players did not care about the danger of scouting the wild at all.

“One more request, I hope to join the Battlefield Repairs Team personally,” Han Xiao said. “I’m a Mechanic... quite a skilled one.”

“Battlefield Repairs?” Neville frowned.

“I feel that this job is more suitable for me.”

Repairs were considered as part of the logistics, all covered by the people of their own race. Letting mercenaries do it was a waste of resources, and it was equivalent to throwing their money away. However, Neville did not reject immediately. The Black Star Mercenary Group had just applied for the most dangerous mission, and their leader’s request did not cross the line.

Han Xiao picked up an Enlistee Class Armor and started repairing on the spot. Using all sorts of tools one after another, electric sparks were splashing. Before the others could even react, this armor was around 90% repaired. His Machinery Affinity was very high, and he had the boost from [Ordnance Engineer], so his repair speed was rapid.

“If your equipment is only repaired during breaks, it will be very dangerous if it is heavily damaged. However, I’m strong enough to protect myself in the battlefield and can carry out battlefield repairs, providing you guys with safety.”

Neville asked his superior and received a direct response. “Okay, it’s granted.”

Battlefield Repairs required one to be on the front lines of the battlefield. Han Xiao was actively giving up his safe position and taking a risk that he did not need to take. The Sunil people were deeply moved—his spirit was a model of honor and noble.

*There are too few people like this left!*

Seeing this, Maple Moon was reminded of Han Xiao’s aim of entering the galaxy and thought, *Every main character has their own personality. Righteousness seems to flow through his veins, is this the hero personality?*

After the mission changed, the players were all pulled to attend the lesson for scouting the wild. They had to head out before the next attack arrived, and they temporarily split up.

Han Xiao did not have to operate the cannon anymore, heading directly to the Battlefield Repairs Team to report. Naturally, this was all part of his plan.

The Mechanic class could reverse engineer the machinery blueprint from repairing and modifying, only that it required a lot of experience points. Han Xiao was not short of experience—as long as he had enough chances to make repairs, he could figure out the blueprint. He was most interested in the Enlistee Class and NCO Class Armors, and the performance of this type of mass-produced single unit armor was quite high, very suitable to sell to the players in large quantities. Not only could he earn a fortune from it, he could also increase the average strength of his mercenary group.

Over the next two days, the defense team went through contact battles continuously. Their equipment was frequently damaged, so Han Xiao ran around the defense circle and carried out his battlefield repairing job. His reverse engineering progress was gradually increasing as he came into contact with more and more armor.

Although his motive was not pure, his in-time battlefield repairs did indeed save the lives of many guarding soldiers—it was very clear and effective. Even Neville, who did not care much about the injuries and deaths of his subordinates, found Han Xiao to be a huge help.

### **Chapter 342: Hidden Thoughts**

In the late night, in the forest two hundred miles away from Forest City, a wild scouting team was on the run. They had looks of panic and kept looking back, like something terrifying was chasing behind them. The sound of leaves rubbing each other came from the forest behind. It seems like the sound kept getting closer, and the pitch-black darkness was constantly encroaching upon them.

This team was made of three people, all Sunil Supers. The captain, Fumay, said while shivering, “Don’t stop no matter what. The Night Moth is right behind!”

According to the different beasts appearing at different times, the Catastrophe was divided into stages. The appearance of Night Moths was a sign of the Catastrophe entering the mid-stage. These were beasts that were active during the night, and when they appeared in a pack, it meant the start of the dangerous night battle.

The psychic wave made all the beasts on the planet rampage, and Forest City was just one part of it. There were countless beasts killing each other in different areas; nowhere was safe. One of the reasons causing the wave of beasts was that weaker beasts instinctively felt the pressure from beasts at the top of the food chain, so they actively left the territory of the strong beasts in groups and were directed toward Forest City. As the beasts were killed on a large scale, it attracted stronger beasts.

The aim of scouting the wild was to discover the species of the attacking beasts and warn Forest City. This was a very dangerous task as meeting the beast herd in the wild meant almost certain death. This wild scouting team had already sent the message back, and now, they were running for their lives.

Feeling the cold and darkness that was inches away, the three of them were horrified.

Fumay clenched his teeth, his heart filled with regret.

“Turned out this way again... this is not the first time!”

He had experienced three Catastrophes, and all three times, he had been chosen for the wild scouting team. He had wandered near the gate of death countless times, and the scars on his body still hurt sometimes.

As he sprinted, he could not help but think that he was just about done with such a life.

Back when the Catastrophe first came, Supers came back from the galaxy willingly to protect the race, and Fumay did too. However, now, he only felt tired of the resistance; boiling blood would cool down sooner or later. He kept giving but never received anything in return. After all those years, Fumay’s patience had long worn out. He did indeed love his home, but it did not mean that his race could use him however they wanted to and see them as tools. Their reasoning of ‘for the continuation of race’ had long become a tired excuse in Fumay’s ears.

It was way too unfair! Fumay's patience had reached its limit. He had to give up his reward as a mercenary to the race, and he had to give his life in times of danger. What gave his race the right to ask so much of him?

Just because it was his own race, could he not ask for anything in return?

What gave them the right to make someone strong like him take so much responsibility!

Fumay's mercenary career in the galaxy had broadened his knowledge, and he felt more and more against giving his life for his race. Life was precious; he had only one.

Many warriors had firm beliefs, but there were also many warriors that had the same thoughts as him. After giving so much to the race, he felt that he had given enough.

*If I can stay alive this time, I will never return or bother about this Catastrophe anymore!* thought Fumay as he clenched his teeth.

Suddenly, a tail shot out from the forest like a whip, ensnaring a scout. The end of the tail was a sharp bone sting. It punctured into the scout's abdomen. The scout snarled, and Pugilist flames appeared all over his body. He tore the tail apart, and black liquid splashed on his face.

The counter-attack caused this person to lag behind for a moment, and that moment decided his life.

Swoosh!

Dozens of tails shot out from the darkness and tangled up this pugilist, dragging him into the forest in an instant. Fumay turned around immediately and saw an even stronger pugilist flame light up in the forest, displaying his grade C Pugilist strength.

However, this flame only lasted for half a second before it exploded and shattered, just like the person's body.

Fumay felt a sense of warmth on his face. After touching it, he confirmed that it was the warm blood of his comrade.

In less than one second, a grade C Pugilist had been torn to shreds!

The Night Moth's frightening growl echoed in the forest, not just from behind, but from ahead as well, surrounding the two of remaining scouts. Thousands of wobbling whip-like shadows appeared in the dark forest, all Night Moths' tails.

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Tuk-tuk-tuk!

The long-lasting explosions from the cannons lit up the night sky. This beast wave lasted for five hours. The battle had reached the heated stage, and the third defense circle was filled with the carcass of the burrowing beasts. The Iron Defense Team had been battling for way too long and had to change shift—everyone's armor was more or less damaged.

It was night, and Han Xiao carried a large box of repair tools and moved around the back of the tired defense circle, repairing the defense team's armor one after another. Time was scarce, and the mission was crucial—they had to go back to battle right after the repairs were finished.

There were also other Battlefield Repairs Teams, but Han Xiao's skill was the best. His name had already spread to everyone in the defense teams, and every team hoped to meet Han Xiao during their repairs. Only then would their safety have the best guarantee.

Welding steel plates, fixing circuits, resetting systems, Han Xiao's repairs flowed like water. The Battlefield Repairs Team gave him the internal communicator to make giving him missions easier. Just as he was finished with the repairs of one team, a new command came from the headset. "B12 Defense Team is requesting in-battle emergency repairs!"

B12 was Neville's team, so Han Xiao rushed to the location. Neville's team did not change shift to rest—they were still battling, and repairing during battle had the highest risk. One soldier saw Han Xiao and said hastily, "Quickly, this way!"

Han Xiao rushed over to find Neville lying on the floor. A beast claw mark had penetrated the armor between his chest and abdomen, giving off electric sparks. The broken pipes were showing, and the energy device had shut down. Neville could not get up from the ground, so a group of soldiers guarded his surroundings.

"F\*ck, all of you new recruits, get away from here! You're not allowed to leave your positions!" Neville shouted furiously, but the soldiers did not listen, determined to protect him.

Due to them contracting their formation, a gap had shown up at this camp, and a small wave of burrowing beasts had broken through. Such a situation required the standby Quick Reaction Team to backup. The backup was already on the way, so it was not be a huge problem—it was a normal process.

However, in Neville's eyes, this was an absolute dereliction of duty, so he struggled to stand up in a fit of rage.

"Don't move." Han Xiao pressed Neville down, took out materials and tools, and started his work.

Neville felt that Han Xiao's hand was like a mountain pressing on his body; he could not move no matter how he struggled. In the end, he could only clench his teeth and give in. "Quickly!"

"Shut up," Han Xiao said expressionlessly.

[Sunil—Defensive NCO Class Armor] Derivation Progress: 27%

He had mostly repaired Enlistee Class Armor during his few days on the team, and he had already spent millions of experience to derive the blueprint. However, there had been very few chances to repair NCO Class Armors. Thus, he was only at 27%. He also guessed that the NCO Class Armor required [Heavy Machine Modification] as a prerequisite, so the progress might be stuck.

Other than armor, he had also been fortunate enough to repair some vehicles and batteries, and he had gotten the Hovering Turret blueprint.

Although Neville was in a hurry to get back to the battlefield, he could only wait for the repair, and although he hurried Han Xiao, Han Xiao's speed made him feel relieved. It would not take long before he could get back in the battle.

### **Chapter 343: The Split in the Dark**

As he was repairing, Han Xiao looked up at the space fleet above Forest City. "Why is your spaceship still not joining the battle?"

"It is the city's barrier from the sky, and it also has the strongest weapon. There's no need to employ it against these small beasts," Neville replied.

Han Xiao suddenly changed his tone. "I heard rumors about the trump card that you guys have called Commander Class armor, which is way more powerful than the NCO Class armor. Why don't you guys use that?"

"Commander Class armor was lost a long time ago, back when we were first attacked on our home planet," Neville said with a sigh. "We lost the technology to make the armor. Now, we only have four sets of heavily damaged Commander Class armor in our warehouse, and all of them were damaged by seventy percent. So, we can't reverse-engineer the technology.

"Even though anyone can wear the Commander Class armor, only the Supers can maximize its full potential. When our home planet was being attacked, we send out all the Commander Class armor that we had, and they broke one by one, while the soldiers wearing the armor sacrificed their lives. Without them, the survivors would only have been half of our current size. In the end, we only retrieved four of the damaged sets of Commander Class armor. Those four sets were the key to our survival, and we keep them under maintenance."

Commander Class armor was on a different level compared to Enlistee Class armor and NCO Class armor. The latter two were standard equipment, but Commander Class armor was the highest tier equipment and on the same level as elite equipment and the Supers' equipment. The materials needed to produce one set of Commander Class armor could be used to produce a few hundred sets of Enlistee Class armor.

The loss of Commander Class armor technology meant that the downfall of this civilization was inevitable. If they still had the technology for Commander Class armor, then they could employ that equipment to fight off dangerous beasts, and the threat of the Catastrophe would decrease.

Boom!

The ground shook violently, and the two armored soldiers got knocked to the side. Neville saw something behind Han Xiao and shouted, "Move!"

An Underground Crustacean Beast that was the size of a bull knocked the soldiers into the air and charged directly at Han Xiao. There were a lot of Underground Beasts, and this type tended to charge at



their target. Their defensive status was high with their dark armor that was as hard as steel. It could block off machine gun bullets, so it was an extremely difficult creature to deal with.

Han Xiao turned around and took out a golden ball from his pocket. The ball expanded into the Wrath of Garrett, and without delay, he activated Flaming Will on top of some critical damage skills while triggering true damage at the same time.

A bright light beam shot through the air and directly penetrated the armor of the beast. Only a burn mark was left on the body of the beast.

The defense troops needed to use more than ten seconds to take down the beast, but Han Xiao did it in one attack. With its momentum, the corpse slowly slid next to Han Xiao's feet while leaking a gluey liquid.

"Don't be so surprised. I am stronger than you all." Han Xiao withdrew his weapon and continued with his repairs as if nothing had happened.

"... I forgot." Neville's mouth was wide open. He had thought that Han Xiao was just a logistics worker without any combat power, and he just remembered that Han Xiao was a Super.

Within a few minutes, Han Xiao put down his tools and said, "It's fixed."

The armor worked again. Neville stood up, double checked that the armor was fixed, and ran straight back to the battlefield, yelling at his troops for leaving their posts.

Even though they were being yelled at, the soldiers did not complain. They were actually happy that they had been able to save their boss's life.

Neville stopped scolding the soldiers and focused on the battle. He continued to yell and command his troops.

Just as Han Xiao was prepared to move to the next repair point, a sharp alarm rang from the base. Han Xiao stopped his steps and looked around.

*Level two warning. The Catastrophe is now in the middle stage.*

A mysterious cold atmosphere spread, and a group of black shadows flew out of the forest. They were covered in black fog and flew across the field a few meters above the ground. They easily avoided the minefield and dodged the majority of the ranged attacks with their agile movements.

A bright light soon showed the appearance of these creatures. They had dark gray flesh without any hair. They were at least three or four meters tall and did not have any facial features. They had two antennae on their head to sense the environment. Four long claws extended from their body, and they had strong beast legs and a pair of dark bat wings. In addition, there were three whip-like tails filled with spikes.

"The Night Moth!" Han Xiao recognized this beast from the initial briefing. The appearance of these beasts meant that the Catastrophe had moved past the first stage and reached the middle stage. With the first stage being so threatening, and the later stages being at least a dozen times more dangerous, the deaths and damage would clearly intensify.

The retreat order was sent through the earphone. "All maintenance staff, fall back to the fifth defense line and enter the base!"

Han Xiao naturally followed the order and headed back to the metal base. The doors and windows were locked tight, and no exit could be found. It was the required safety measures, so the staff could only watch the battle outside through the window.

Pa!

Suddenly, the defense lines all turned on powerful full-beam headlights and pointed them to the sky. The dark night became as bright as day. The approaching Night Moths screeched as the light shone on them, and they lost all sense of direction as they collided with one another, rolling on the ground as if they were drunk. Then, quite a number of Night Moths landed on the minefield and exploded into pieces.

A Night Moth's antennae were sensitive to light, so they could only move in the dark.

The Sunils had prepared specific plans for certain types of beasts. After reaching the middle stage of the Catastrophe, the mission was not as simple as just shooting bullets. Now, the troops had to use specific tactics to deal with certain beasts. The tactics had been obtained from all the blood shed of previous Catastrophes, and they would surely reduce the damage.

In the end, there were also a lot of enemies that were hard to handle. The toxic bugs were an example. Those things were the sign of the final stage.

Every single Night Moth was on the same level as a class D super. They were very agile, and their tails could easily penetrate armor. Because of that, a lot of turrets were destroyed, and the defense troops and mercenaries were in a predicament. The number of deaths kept on increasing.

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The intense battle dragged on until dawn. The remaining Night Moth finally backed off, and the battle reached a temporary peaceful stage. At least a few thousand soldiers had died in the span of a single night. It was the deadliest battle so far.

Countless corpses had been put into corpse bags and sent to the backline. Many family members of the soldiers lived in the city. Their glorified sacrifice was not only because of their pride but also for their families. Their corpses would all be identified by the families, and the night was filled with painful wails echoing from the city.

The soldiers that had still been well and alive the night before turned into corpses in a few hours. The morale of the base hit rock-bottom. The soldiers were exhausted after last night. They could not even take off their armor in case of an emergency attack, so they scattered and sat on the ground, staring into the sky without thinking of anything.

Hearing the cries of the families, the soldiers realized that they could be one of those corpses in the next few days.

In such an atmosphere, the mercenaries could only stay quiet and prepare their equipment.

This scene reminded Han Xiao of Planet Aquamarine. No matter where one traveled in the universe, the suffering that war brought was the same.

Suddenly, there was some movement on the side. A large group of scouts had returned to the base. They were well respected by the Sunils. A lot of soldiers stared at them, and some saluted out of respect.

The scouts had a logical schedule. There would always be troops to replace the team for them to come back and rest. The players were the troops that had been sent out to replace this team.

Han Xiao recalled a conversation with Lerden. Lerden had mentioned that there were two strong soldiers who had reached class B. They were working as mercenaries in the galaxy, and every year, they would earn large sum of money. They were the idols of the entire civilization.

The leader of the returning scouts was one of those two—Fernas.

All the high officials from the military showed up and welcome the returning troops.

Fernas waved his hand and said, “We have lost a lot of brothers. We brought back as many corpses as we could.”

The crowd spread out and put down twenty or so corpse bags on the ground. They were all Sunil Supers. Fumay was also one of them.

Han Xiao looked around and did not see Lerden’s corpse. He looked into the crowd and saw that Lerden was still standing in the team. Although he had lost another leg and two arms, at least he was still alive.

“They are all heroes,” the military officials said. “We will take care of the rest.”

“I hope so,” Fernas replied.

The Sunil Supers all looked at the corpses at their friends and showed sorrowful expressions.

The atmosphere dropped another notch.

Han Xiao kept on observing the expressions of the Supers, and he found out that one group, including Lerden, only showed a despairing expression and mourned for the loss.

As for the other group, other than sadness, they also showed rage and anger.

#### **Chapter 344: Meeting the Liar Again (1)**

The returning team split up to rest, while Lerden was jumping on one leg, planning to find the ‘doctor’ to repair him. Han Xiao whistled, signaling for Lerden to go over.

“It’s you, can’t believe you’re still alive.” Lerden hopped in front of Han Xiao.

“I should be the one saying that.” Han Xiao looked at his broken limbs.

“Met a bit of danger, almost died,” Lerden said like it was nothing.

Although he was not very close to Han Xiao, he felt a little bit more relieved when he saw someone whom he considered a friend to still be alive.

Han Xiao raised the toolbox in his hand and said, "Seems like you need a very skilled Mechanic."

"Is it free this time?" Lerden raised an eyebrow.

Han Xiao thought and said, "Get me a drink, in the same bar as last time."

It was currently the break period of the Catastrophe; there was time to rest. The commanders had allowed Han Xiao into the city seeing that Black Star Mercenary Group had actively taken on the job of scouting.

Lerden had a backup implanted arm, so Han Xiao repaired and connected it very quickly. Originally, only Lerden's right arm had still been made of flesh, but it was now broken, bound, and left alone. His expression was calm—he did not care about losing the only part of flesh that he had left.

The two entered the city and came to Herlous' bar as Han Xiao had requested. There was quite a number of customers that day—all of them were civilians from nearby. The soldiers were bathing in blood and fighting outside the city, and most civilians hid in their home or in the official emergency evacuation areas. There were also some that chose to use alcohol to get rid of their terror. Ninety percent of the shops in the entire city were closed during the Catastrophe, but Herlous' bar opened as usual, so the place was a little noisy.

Walking up to the bar counter, Han Xiao said, "Two glasses of your signature drink."

Lerden immediately raise his hand and cut in. "Just one glass."

Drunk, Herlous raised his head, and after seeing Han Xiao's face, his expression changed. "You again!"

He remembered Han Xiao, a weird guy that came to find his brother's old notebook out of nowhere who seemed to also know his secret.

"What do you want again?"

Han Xiao smiled and said, "Just here for a drink."

Herlous stared at Han Xiao for some time then unwillingly took out a bottle of alcohol. Han Xiao did not speak to him again, just drinking and chatting with Lerden casually. Herlous saw this and kept his doubt. He turned away to attend to other customers while eavesdropping on the conversation between Han Xiao and Lerden.

Han Xiao looked at Lerden's broken arm and said, "Don't you feel pain?"

Lerden shook his head and said, "When I went through the implant operation, I told the doctor to cut off my nerves, so that injuries will not affect my combat ability."

"You're an Esper, so implants will weaken your power. Why did you do it?"

"It's fine to be weaker," Lerden said calmly. "I can live longer this way—a dead man is of no use."

“To choose implants to live longer, and to actively execute the most dangerous mission, your love for your race really is strong.” Han Xiao’s eyes sparkled. “No one is born a hero; the supers of Sunil seemed to be too selfless. You guys must have your reasons, how about tell them to me? I’m quite curious.”

Lerden kept silent for a while. His expression became nostalgic, and the look in his eyes started to change a little. It was like he could hardly keep his calm when he thought about the past. He said slowly, “Just like every other Sunil, I once had a complete family. My father was strict, my mother was kind and warm, and I had two younger sisters. When DarkStar attacked, I was still a kid. Even now, I can still remember the laser cannons descending from the sky, thick like waterfalls, turning the largest buildings in the city centers into ash in an instant. We joined the evacuating crowd, and the military protected us. They knew clearly that staying behind meant death, but they still prioritized guarding us and sending us away.

“Unfortunately, my parents could not board Godora’s rescue spaceship. They died halfway there; a beam of laser turned my parents into ashes. I was just a kid in despair, and the only thing that I knew was how to cry. I followed the other refugees numbly. Every day, the army gave the refugees very little food. I was starving so much that I could not control myself at all. After I took the food, I hid more than half of the portion, only giving a little bit to my sisters. I just wanted to live at that time; I did not know how to think of anything else. Then... my two younger sisters starved to death.”

Lerden paused then said in a very low voice, “I can still vividly remember their expression, their bony palms grabbing my clothes as they stared right into my eyes, like they were telling me how hungry they were, but they had no energy to talk. Those two pairs of eyes filled with despair cut right into my heart. My brain was blank, and a few seconds felt like centuries. When their arms slipped down without strength, only then did I dare take deep breaths. I was completely petrified. I couldn’t believe what I had done. If I had shared the food with my sisters, even if I would be hungrier, at least we all could have lived, but I knew nothing back then—I only thought about having filling meals, I felt that if I ate less, I would be starved to death the next day...”

“I followed the crowd up the rescuing ship numbly, not knowing where to go. There were many kids like me who lost their families back then; they were all given to veterans with a disability to raise. A group of kids and I were given to a veteran, too. From then on, we lived with him. He raised us and taught us how to fight. He was a rough, impatient man, but a good man and a good soldier. Many of us Supers were orphans that were raised by the race back then.

“As time passed, I gradually took that veteran as my foster father, but I always had a grudge in my heart. I felt my past was too dark; I felt I was an evil man. If I told my foster father, would he chase me away? One day, on impulse, I told him about my younger sisters’ death, and he gave me a serious scolding... but not because of my selfishness. He scolded me that if I had the heart to think about the past, I should be spending that time to train. He said that the race was on the verge of being wiped out, and there was no time to be held back by the past. Even if I was a criminal of countless sins, as long as I held the gun to protect our race, then I had only one identity—a soldier. No one would care about my past, only what I can do...”

Han Xiao touched his chin and asked, “What happened to that old veteran?”

“The first time the Catastrophe came, although the disabled soldiers could have been protected, he actively requested to go into the battlefield, where he died. Afterward, I heard that he belonged to the team that protected my group of refugees; I even once received food from him...” Lerden shook his head. “I owe everything to the race; therefore, I contribute everything I am able to.”

“So, your contributions are to return favors?” Han Xiao turned around and looked at Herlous, who was leaning over, eavesdropping. The man was expressionless, and he turned around and walked away impatiently as if he had absolutely no interest in this kind of conversation.

“Not entirely. It’s also for the continuation of my race.” After telling the nostalgic story, the sadness from losing comrades earlier was washed away a little. Lerden wanted to know more about Han Xiao as well, so he changed the subject. “Let’s not talk about me, let’s talk about you. You...”

This time, Han Xiao suddenly stood up and cut him off. “Pardon me, I have a private matter to settle. I need to leave for a while.”

Lerden was speechless. *Shouldn’t friends share such stories? Why is he running away after listening just to my experience? I feel I’ve been taken advantage of.*

Han Xiao walked to the side, found Herlous, and said, “I want to talk to you privately.”

Herlous suddenly became cautious. “What do you really want?”

Han Xiao was direct this time. “I know many things about you, such as your strength, what your older brother left for you, and other stuff. Maybe you will be interested to hear about Sunil’s future.”

*Future?*

This word made Herlous very surprised, and he became even more unsure of Han Xiao’s goal. “Who are you?”

“I’m a Foreseer, or you can call me... a Prophet.”

Han Xiao gave a weird smile.

The reason for him to come into contact with Herlous multiple times was because he knew Herlous’ hidden identity—he was the main character of the Sunils!

### **Chapter 345: Meeting the Liar Again (2)**

“Foreseer?” Herlous’ face was filled with doubt. A stranger had suddenly appeared out of nowhere to find him and said that he could foresee the future. He had never experienced something like this. *What the hell is this?*

Herlous’ first reaction was to not believe him. “Since you can see the future, do you know what I will eat tomorrow morning?”

“It’s okay if you don’t believe my identity; you just need to listen. Time will prove if what I say is true.”

Han Xiao ignored Herlous' mocking and started his performance. He purposely acted mysterious and said with a voice only two of them could hear, "Contradictions have already appeared. Not long now, the guardians of your race will split up, and Planet Sunil's revitalizing dream will forever be shattered. The Catastrophe will finish all of your resources and hope; the only path left will be to look for help and become a subsidiary of an advanced civilization. Your people will spread to live in different cities, gradually losing your independence, relying on the strong, then slowly losing your heritage and spirit. Your past will become your words, recorded into the history books of the other higher civilizations. Your children will only come to know of the history of your race through words. Your race will be another withered race in the broad universe..."

He used unclear words on purpose. Foretelling had to give people a blurry and unclear feeling, and when it really happened, people would feel enlightened and regret when they thought back to the foretelling. Han Xiao, of course, knew the future of the Sunil race; this race did not end physically, but they did 'end' in another form.

Spirit, heritage, belief, history—these were the things that a species had during the process of evolving. Through thinking in various processes and coming up with answers that belonged to this race, these untouchable things were what made a race a 'civilization'. Just like the base of a building, they were something that everyone in a race shared, pillars that held the race together. There were many races and species of beasts, but no one ever called them 'civilizations'.

Planet Sunil was a refuge civilization—Supers were their guardians, and the race appreciated their contributions but did not have extra resources to reward them. The race could only recover by relying on Supers. It was this everlasting contribution that sparked the contradictions. In his previous life, a group of the Supers could not take it anymore. They felt they had done more than enough, so they chose to give up their home and in search of 'freedom', abandoning the race, which they saw as a burden, taking the galaxy as their new home.

The Sunils were heavily wounded. Originally, the damage after every Catastrophe was still acceptable, and the strength of the race as a whole was slowly recovering. Everyone had been looking forward to the day when all that bitterness would be gone and they could taste the sweetness. However, when the guardians of the race split up, their situation went downhill extremely fast; the damage suffered through the Catastrophe started to grow larger than the race's accumulated resources, and the times became harder and harder.

The Sunils did not have enough resources to migrate. Even if they did, they would not do so; they could only look for help. Many evil forces existed in the universe, and refuge civilizations were their favored prey. If they left Godora's protection, worse dangers would come, such as large scavenger groups, slave traders, and many others. Examples of this were not extremely rare—slave traders with strong backing wiped out an entire race except one, then raised the price due to the reason of that one person being the last of an 'extinct species'. There were also evil organizations wiping out races to fulfill some kind of ritual or simply for satisfaction.

Regulations kept the universe balanced, but it could not get rid of all evil.

In the end, Sunil accepted Godora's military aid and migrated once again. Godora split the Sunils up and sent an army for long term 'protection'. As Godora made more decisions and as time passed, the Sunils were assimilated, ending the Sunil 'Civilization'.

The three Universal Civilizations made laws that forbade the invasion of lower civilizations, but the war never ended. The festive, boisterous, and the regulated universe was just the surface, and hidden in it were many ambitious civilizations that either waited or were already acting. After all, every civilization dreamt of becoming the overlord. Since it was not allowed to invade lower civilizations through war, they assimilated them. Even the lawful civilizations were not completely kind people, and even Godora, who held pure blood beliefs, also cultivated subsidiary races.

Whether a civilization prospered or fell was on the population. If the people wanted their civilization to continue, others would only grab the opportunity to take advantage of them. Every day, there were races or civilizations dying in some corner of the universe—what difference would one more make? At most, their race's history would be recorded and become a conversation topic after dinner or a record that did not make a difference to anyone.

Some galactic shows liked to report the dilemmas faced by civilizations, and its selling point was sparking sympathy in the audience, but hoping that others would turn sympathy into actual action was extravagant. One might make an emotional decision because of one's emotions, but when it came to an entire civilization, an entire race, only profit mattered. After all, Sunil was just one of the hundreds of thousands of normal races. It had no right to receive special treatment.

Furthermore, this was Shattered Star Ring, the edge of the visible universe, rural and unpopulated. The active groups of people were scavengers, abandoned people, mercenaries, and vulture-like pragmatists.

Furthermore, DarkStar had attacked the lower civilizations because they wanted them to spend Godora's resources. If one refuge civilization could stop relying on Godora and rely on itself because it had revitalized, how could the DarkStar allow the birth of an ally of Godora?

Han Xiao used vague words to describe this future to Herlous, letting him know that the Sunil's future was covered in darkness.

"Why did you tell me something like this? Do you think I will be interested?" Herlous asked indifferently. He raised his head and gulped a mouth of alcohol, looking completely unconcerned.

"Because I saw your ending, many things can be prevented." Han Xiao smiled.

Herlous put down the glass and said curiously, "How do I end?"

Although he did not believe that Han Xiao was a so-called prophet, most people would be curious about their future. Han Xiao had talked about many things earlier, and Herlous really wanted to know how this guy would 'foresee' his fate.

Han Xiao stopped instead with a smile and said, "When you believe I'm a foreseer, I will tell you."

"I already do." Herlous took back what he had said previously.

"If you really believe, you're welcomed to actively find me next time."



Han Xiao smiled; lying did not work on him.

Herlous was the storyline main character of Sunil. According to this person's experience, Han Xiao thought that there was a chance to take away this main character role. At this time, Herlous was still an alcoholic escaping from reality, not matching up the style of a 'storyline main character'. The parts he was going to play had yet to start, and the Great Mechanic Han had done all this specifically to target Herlous' changes in the future, to leave a heavy impression.

His faction had to have more than one 'NPC' other than himself, and Herlous was the first testing target.

At this time, an argument could be heard from the corner of the bar. One of them was clearly drunk and had a conflict with his friend. It seemed like they were on the topic of the survival of their race, and they had a conflict due to disagreements.

"You don't know about sh\*t," the friend said furiously. "This is all part of Godora's plan. They purposely migrated us to a dangerous planet. How could they not know this planet's actual environment? Godora wants us to beg them!"

### **Chapter 346: Contradictions and Splitting Up, Last Stage of the Catastrophe**

On the other side, the drunk man spun the alcohol bottle. He was very emotional as he shouted loudly, "Then we beg Godora! What can race honor do? Only staying alive is important! These leaders' heads are all full of sh\*t. Too many people died every time; my two younger brothers died in the army! All of this is useless, so we should get help from Godora. Why are we acting so tough! These Supers are useless. If they really were strong, the Catastrophe would be long gone!"

The drunk talked in a very disdainful and emotional tone, despising the Supers and the military for being too lousy, blaming and complaining with more and more vulgar language. This kind of action angered the other customers. Supers and the military were heroes to most of the civilians—any doubts or insults would cause an outrage.

"Everything you are enjoying now is because the heroes fought their lives for it. Who are you to talk!"

The drunk sneered and said, "This is what they should do—with ability comes responsibility. If not for the race's cultivation, they would be ordinary people just like me."

"People like you are so disgusting; you should be sent out the city!"

The drunk sneered again. "Even if the city's defenses are broken through, I'm a civilian that will be prioritized in the evacuation. I won't be the one dying anyway."

"You don't deserve to be protected!" The crowd became even more furious.

The argument became heated. Lerden sat at the bar counter, expressionless, like he did not hear it at all. He did not even bother to turn around and look.

At this time, a very young guy pounced at the drunk guy furiously and started a fight straight away. He pressed the drunk man to the floor and punched his face rapidly, with blood splashing onto the floor. The others saw that there were blood and hastily tried to pull the young guy acting on impulse away.

“Lana, calm down!”

“Stop punching, he’s going to die!”

Lana gave a few more punches before he finally stood up with hatred and got pulled aside. The drunk man was bleeding from his nose and mouth, unable to stand up after receiving a heavy beating. The other customers went to check, and luckily, the drunk man was just wounded. Then people blamed Lana for using too much force. Many people here were his neighbors, and Lana was a young man who hoped to enter the army—he was strong and muscular, an ideal recruit.

“You two, get the hell out of my shop,” Herlous yelled, “go home and calm down!”

Lana left unhappily, and the drunk man was carried away as well. Thus, that small farce had ended.

Han Xiao turned around, looked at Herlous, and said, “I’m Black Star. If you are interested in what I said, come find me, I can solve this problem.”

Then, Han Xiao called Lerden, and the two of them left the bar.

The unconcerned expression faded from Herlous’ face, turning a little serious. His eyes sparkled, and unlike his disguise, he was not really completely unconcerned about the future of the race.

He did not know if a mercenary who called himself Black Star was really a foreseer. Even if he was, it was possible that he had lied about the foresight to trick him into a trap. He definitely had a motive, but Herlous did not know what it was. Was he coming for him?

The bar door was pushed open again, and a tall man in a hood walked near the bar counter. “Give me a glass of beer.”

The man in the hood raised his head and showed his face.

Fernas!

Herlous was surprised. “You don’t drink.”

“Consider it a celebration of me coming back alive.” Fernas took Herlous’ glass and drank a mouth—it seemed that they were very close. If others knew the strongest grade B super of the race was this close to the boss of a small bar, they would definitely be shocked.

They were childhood playmates, so Herlous was way too familiar with this person. Almost every positive adjective could be used to describe Fernas—brave, honest, responsible, and many others. After the first disaster for the Sunils, Fernas became a mercenary to contribute to the race. Herlous actually always envied Fernas. From a young age, his short-lived older brother had kept talking about Fernas this, Fernas that. In his eyes, Fernas was ‘the kid next door’.

Although he did envy him a little, Herlous also respected Fernas. He knew that he definitely could not be as dedicated as Fernas. After his older brother died, Herlous lived an aimless life waiting for his death, completely unconcerned about his race. He knew that he was a lazy person—when his older brother was alive, he had always been scolded for not being hardworking. Many people felt he was just as talented as Fernas but wasted his life away. Now, Fernas was the guardian respected by the entire race, and he was just a nobody.

He knew Fernas. He was a very self-disciplined person who would not break the rules for anything. Thus, Herlous frowned and asked, "What really happened?"

"Brother, I can't take it anymore. I'm preparing to leave." Fernas gave a faint smile full of bitterness; Herlous had never seen such an expression on this resolute face.

*Leave?* Herlous was shocked.

"The universe has endless possibilities," Fernas said. "Only when the past is cut off can one go forward. I don't want to be held back by the race anymore. There are many warriors who have the same thought as me, so we will not return after this Catastrophe.

"We have protected the race long enough—many friends sacrificed themselves, and some people begged for our protection, yet they feel it's a given. This is not our obligation, and there is no need to continue. We have done more than enough—maybe the race accepting help from Godora is the best ending. At least no one will die for nothing anymore."

"Even you are giving up?" Herlous was completely shocked. Suddenly, Han Xiao's words appeared in his head. *Is this the split that guy predicted? Then will our race have the future like he said, become a subsidiary of Godora and lose our heritage?*

Herlous arranged the information and words to use, then told Fernas about Han Xiao's foresight of the ending after Sunil accepted military help from Godora. Fernas shook his head after listening. Without any change in his eyes, he said, "Staying alive is the most important. As long as the people are alive, the ideals will not die."

*Is that really the case?*

*But the Fernas I know absolutely would not abandon our race.*

*You're alive, but you have changed...*

Herlous saw Fernas' expression and knew that he had decided and was not going to be convinced. Having always seen Fernas as the noblest friend he had, his emotions were in turmoil. Now, he could never look at him the same way—it was like he became a stranger.

"Then why did you come to tell me this?" Herlous asked.

Fernas shook the bottle and said softly, "Honestly, I dislike you a lot. You have stronger powers than me, but you hide and accept our protection without hesitation... Never mind, let's not talk about this. I just came to tell you about it. It's up to you to continue to avoid everything or to stand up."

Fernas pulled up his hood and left Herlous to dwell on that thought.

...

Since the seed was already planted, Han Xiao did not enter the city again. He stayed outside the city and carried out his battlefield repairs. Upon entering the mid-stage of the Catastrophe, the battlefield became more heated and tragic. All sorts of horrifying monsters charged forward one after another, and

he could not continue to run across the battlefield with just his body—he wore his Amphiptere mechanical suit. Sometimes, when the place he was repairing had gaps, he had to become the backup to fill up the gap as well. Among the mercenaries, his strength was not too conspicuous, and the only reason the other mercenaries remembered him was because the Black Star Mercenary Group actively took on the forward reconnaissance mission. Many mercenaries felt Han Xiao was insane—when the forward reconnaissance team next changed shifts, his mercenary group would definitely suffer a huge loss.

A large number of soldiers died every day, and incomplete corpses were sent to the back line one after another to be identified. The defense camp also had many damaged weapons and carriers, so the defense was becoming harder and harder. Only the nine battleships in the sky stayed still and never fired. The Sunils had limited resources, and battleship energy was scarce. Only when the extremely strong monsters showed up during the last stage would the battleships join the fray. Furthermore, the Sunils' battleships could only fly around the planet for three to four days at most. Other than guarding the sky, the most important use of these nine battleships was to make sure that they could transport the civilians away if the situation got out of hand, abandoning the city in order to escape. It was an emergency retreat route.

Eight days later, the city had a strange calm period. The alarm signifying the last stage of the Catastrophe sounded, and this time, everyone received breathing masks. Not just the logistics personnel, even some Supers entered refugee facilities.

Hoom!

An overwhelming hum of insect wings flapping appeared, and thick and black clouds swarmed over. These were all extremely aggressive small insects, concentrated like a wave.

### **Chapter 347: Raising Reward**

Whoosh!

In the defense circle, some kind of device shot out purple-red biohazard gas and covered the entire camp. Poisonous gas was the best form of attack for this kind of tiny insects in large numbers. This specially made poisonous gas was very strong—even flying insects that could endure fire would fall to the ground after tens of seconds, then struggle till their death.

This time, thunderous roars appeared, and enormous beasts with an average height of more than ten meters charged forward together with the swarm. The beast wave at the last stage was much more terrifying than the previous stages. These beasts were all species at the top of the food chain in Planet Sunil—Bone Armor War Elephants that stood tens of meters tall, Lava Flying Serpents that breathed scorching fire from their mouths, and many more. It would take a defense team at least twenty seconds of focus fire to kill one beast.

The poisonous gas was everywhere. It was a weapon to kill the swarm, but it was also a double-edged sword. If the armor of a soldier were torn open by the beasts, they would also be affected when they were exposed in the poisonous gas. Even though every soldier's armor was equipped with the antidote, it would only delay the effect of the poison and make it non-lethal. However, it would still paralyze the

person affected. The Sunils' technology could not formulate a poisonous gas that was only effective on insects, so they could only use strong biohazard gas.

While the gas was a double-edged sword, it was the only way to deal with these flying bugs. A group of them could suck a Sunil completely dry in half a second, so they absolutely could not let them enter the city or it would be a horrifying disaster. They had to stop it outside the city no matter what. At the last stage of the Catastrophe, everyone had to fight in the poisonous gas—the situation was truly worse.

The two outermost lines of defense were already about half destroyed after the previous two stages, and this was the Sunils' disadvantage as well. The beast wave approached the defense team camp against the cannon and fire.

The ground shook violently, and a Bone Armor War Elephant charged toward B12 Defense Team in an overwhelming form. Even Neville, who had iron will, could not help but be nervous because of the pressure from its enormous size. At this moment, a large stream of light covered in electric sparks descended from the sky, blasting half of the Bone Armor War Elephant's body away, and its flesh splashed onto the ground. Neville looked up—this stream of light had left a distorted mark across the sky, and its ending was connected to the battleship.

The nine battleships in the sky finally fired after doing nothing for half a month. Blue light surged in the Electromagnetic Rail Cannons, shooting out bullets covered in electric sparks, picking only enormous beasts as targets, reducing the pressure on the ground immediately.

The battle broke up instantly. Deafening cannon fire and electric spark shone across the battlefield. The beast wave was unending, and the stench and metallic smell of blood were pungent. The defense team fired wildly while firelight illuminated on the corpses of soldiers and carcasses of beasts all over the floor. The losses on both sides were huge!

Clank!

In the B12 Defense Team camp, a more than ten-meter-long pure purple Thunder Leopard moved quickly like a flash of purple lightning, cutting through one of the defense soldiers' armor, slashing the soldier inside in half as well. Neville ignored it and commanded his subordinates to focus fire with a serious face. He only had twelve subordinates left—the loss was more than half.

“Do not be shaken, defend the camp!” Neville ordered coldly and harshly.

Countless bullets shot into the thick hide of the Thunder Leopard, spaying out blood. The Thunder Leopard growled as it pounced around, killing every soldier. Soon, Neville was the last one left. The Thunder Leopard was still very healthy, and the countless fresh vital signs far in the city were extremely luring to this Thunder Leopard, which was bloodthirsty in nature.

Just as the Thunder Leopard was about to cross the line of defense, Neville immediately stood in front of it, firing his machine gun. After seeing the Thunder Leopard killing the soldiers so easily, he knew that he was definitely not a match, but he still tried to stop the Thunder Leopard without any hesitation.

The duty of the Defense Team was carved deep in his bones—not allowing any beast to cross the line of defense he was in charge of!

As long as no order came from above, he would never back off.

The Thunder Leopard growled with anger and pounced toward Neville. Controlling the NCO Class armor, Neville engaged with it, rolling around dodging and leaving wounds on the Thunder Leopard one after another. He slid from below the Thunder Leopard's abdomen and dodged its claws. Just as he was about to stand up, he felt an extreme pain on his left arm; the Thunder Leopard had turned its head around in a very strange way and bitten through his arm armor.

The poisonous gas streamed in from the hole. Neville felt piercing pain from his skin, which quickly turned into the numbness of being poisoned. As he held his breath, the antidote was injected into his wrist, and a sense of burning flew through his body.

"After injecting the antidote, the poison effect will be delayed for about two minutes. If I hold my breath, I should be able to last ten more seconds... I have to kill this beast within this time." Neville's expression was cold. Even though he was poisoned, he still prioritized stopping the enemy; he had put his life aside long ago.

The man and the beast fought each other. Neville abandoned the bulky machine gun, favoring the saw on his wrist and the cannon and rockets embedded into the armor to fight. After dozens of seconds of heated combat, both parties were covered in wounds. Neville started to feel his body getting stiff, and his head was becoming heavy. It seemed that the effect of excessive blood loss and poisoning was starting to get to him.

Neville suddenly stopped moving. The Thunder Leopard pounced over, and he did not dodge, letting the Thunder Leopard press him against the ground and penetrating his chest and abdomen with its claws.

Plop...

Blood spurted out from his mouth, but Neville endured the pain. One of his hands stabbed into the Thunder Leopard's neck and tightly hung onto the Thunder Leopard; his other hand reached into the Thunder Leopard's mouth and fired wildly. He knew his movements were too slow, so he had given up his life and used himself as a bait.

The Thunder Leopard twisted itself in agony. It bit off the arm inside its mouth, then slashed its claws down on Neville in a frenzy. Neville was heavily injured, incapable of moving despite the huge claw expanding in his sights.

"This day has finally come for me..." he murmured calmly.

Just as the claw was about to slam down, Neville saw an enormous blinding electric fire descending.

The next moment, Neville and the Thunder Leopard were both covered by the light of the Electromagnetic Rail Cannon.

...

The tragic battle ended. On the first day of the last stage of the Catastrophe, the losses were heavy. Dozens of fighter jets fell, and even the energy shields of two battleships were almost shattered by the countless enormous flying beasts.

"Such a horrifying battle."

"This is the first time I've seen something so large-scale. I'll never accept this kind of job again."

Fear still lingered in the hearts of the mercenaries as they gasped for breath. Many corpses of the other mercenaries lay on the floor.

Han Xiao repaired equipment after equipment. He did not need to take part in the battle directly; after all, in such a dangerous situation, even he was not confident about staying safe, applying for the repairing job was also because he did not want to take the risk. He was there to earn the reward, so it was okay as long as he utilized his abilities and helped; he would not really give his life to other organizations because of money.

During the rare calm period, another group of scouts returned, and all the players came back. The expression on everyone's face was relaxed, like they did not carry out a dangerous mission but went sightseeing instead. Being in dangerous areas gave no stress to the players at all—they would revive anyway. Although there was a limit to the number of times, most of these people were pro players. Of course, they knew to monitor their times of death.

They were already at max level, so losing some experience was nothing, and the mission reward would cover that loss anyway. Furthermore, it was more useful to earn the universe currency.

The people of Black Star gathered, and after sizing them up, the mercenaries around immediately realized something shocking.

"It looks like they did not lose anyone!"

"What? Every single one came back alive?"

The mercenaries were completely shocked and curious. They hastily asked from the other members of the scout team and got the answer that these people would revive. Their expressions quickly turned into envy and fear. In the universe, Supers that would not die were the most difficult enemies, and no one dared to take them lightly.

"This mercenary group is entirely made of Immortals!"

"Wow..."

These mercenaries remembered the name of Black Star Mercenary Group, a mercenary group with all members that could not die. In their professional perspective, this mercenary group would become extremely popular in the near future.

Black Star Mercenary Group's name was reported to the superiors of the military, and they took it very seriously. Immortals were most suitable for reconnaissance, and it could largely reduce the loss of the scout team. Therefore, the military general found Han Xiao personally, talked to him in a very sincere tone, and placed himself lower than Han Xiao, completely different from when he talked to other mercenaries.

What the army expressed was that they hoped the Black Star Mercenary Group would not take shifts and rest. They wanted the group to go scouting ahead once again. Most importantly, they promised to definitely raise the reward—such useful help definitely deserved better treatment. Thus, the army

actively requested to raise the reward because they were afraid that the Black Star Mercenary Group would reject the request.

The mission reward increased to 12,000 Enas, a fifty percent increase. Han Xiao accepted it on the spot, and the bitter players started a new round of reconnaissance. According to the time, it was also the last round of reconnaissance.

The corpses from the battlefield were transported back for their family members or friends to claim. Han Xiao realized that Neville was dead and felt a little emotional; after all, this was someone that he knew.

The family member who came to claim him was a woman, wailing loudly. Han Xiao asked the other soldiers and came to know that this woman was Neville's wife. Apparently, Neville also had a young kid at home.

...

In Forest City, most people stayed in front of their televisions and watched the live report of the battlefield situation. In such a crisis, the media did not report any fake information at all; they were all the true situation. In an extremely nervous state, they were still able to barely hold on.

The bar did not open. Herlous sat in the attic, watching the report from the television, and drinking alcohol nonstop. Images of the tragic battlefield flashed one after another. Suddenly feeling inexplicably upset, he placed his bottle down, left the bar, and strolled through the streets.

The streets were quiet—there were no pedestrians.

After walking aimlessly for a while, he heard a faint argument. As a grade B Super, although he had not fought for so many years, his sharp senses had not deteriorated. Out of sudden interest, Herlous followed the sound and came to the outside of a building. It was close to the bar, and the sound of argument became clearer as he neared.

"I will reach the required age for the army in a few days. I'm joining the army!"

The voice sounded familiar, like he heard it from someone before. Herlous was a little curious, so he hid and jumped onto the balcony, peeping inside through the window. He realized that he did know the person talking—it was the person who beat up the drunk man in the bar a few days ago, Lana.

Lana was arguing with his parents. Their clothes were all rather poor—they were civilians in low positions. Lana's parents were very anxious at this moment.

"Joining the army is suicide. I won't allow you to go!"

### **Chapter 348: Must Be In Love**

The Sunil Civilization advocated the admiration of Supers and the army, and the spirit of contribution was indoctrinated into them from a young age. Lana had dreamed of joining the army ever since he was a child; he wanted to become an honorable soldier to protect his race, and he had been training hard for



it. His neighbor was a veteran, so Lana and the nearby kids always asked the veteran to train them, counting down the days till they reached the age requirement of the army.

The Catastrophe came once every few years, so the time between was all they had for the development period—to collect resources, build more weapons, and train a new batch of soldiers. The Sunils would usually start recruitment for the army after the Catastrophe. Although their population was less than ten percent of their peak population after the DarkStar disaster, the population density was still quite high when they squeezed into a large city.

There were two types of recruitment, one was a self-request, which needed no further explanation, and the other was conscription, targeting prisoners and families with many children. All the youngsters coming of age were also required to take part in military service for some time to go through basic training so that when the time of danger arrived, these people could be recruited as soldiers on the spot.

Of course, Lana wished for more than joining the military services. He wanted to request to enter the army and become an official soldier, but he was met with strong rejection from his parents.

“How can you say something like this? Protecting the race is an honorable thing to do; countless people have sacrificed themselves. I’m willing to dedicate my life to it, too. It’s an honor!” Lana said with his eyes wide open.

“You’re still young and don’t understand many things,” Lana’s parents said. “There are so many people joining the army every year—it won’t make a difference if you don’t go.”

“No, it’s a shameful thing! My dream is to protect our race!” Lana said passionately.

“Then have you thought about us?” Lana’s mother was sobbing. “You used to always look for Mr. Neville next door for training. Yesterday, he was killed in action. His corpse was transported back, shattered. You did not witness the scene—his wife fainted while crying many, many times, and he left a child with only a mother, only able to get past the days with pension money. It’s way too heartbreaking. He still has a kid of a few years old to raise, and we are already old. We only have one child, you. If you die, what do we do? How do you want us to live?”

Lana could not speak properly as he mumbled, “This is not right...”

“Lana, be it Supers, the army, or Mr. Neville, they are all great people, but we are just normal civilians. I love my race, and I will work to contribute to the race. The battlefield shouldn’t be something in our consideration.” The Father placed his hands on Lana’s shoulders and spoke with a heavy heart. He respected Supers, and he respected the army too. While he appreciated the contribution that they made, when it came to himself, he could not make the same choice.

Lana lowered his head and stopped speaking.

“Lana, you have to promise us!” the mother said anxiously.

“... I promise,” Lana said unwillingly while looking down. “I will enter military service, not the army.”

His parents heaved sighs of relief.

Outside, Herlous leaned against the window sill, staring blankly into the sky.

In the sky, the nine battleships blocked the sunlight that was supposed to shine into the city like heavy clouds, the engines on their undersides creating streams of air that became wind. The pungent smell from outside the city could almost not be smelled as the engine fumes were blown into the city.

Many memories showed up in his mind—Fernas' bitter smile, Lana's passion, that drunk customer's blame, the bloody battlefield, the sacrificed soldiers, the admiring people, countless times of pulling himself away from reality after sobering up, every day he spent letting himself rot while being in the bar, and the DarkStar disaster, which he had not thought of for a long time. That was the last time that he had seen his older brother, Delvis.

In his memories, Delvis was still wearing a pair of thick glasses, with messy and oily hair that had not been washed for a long time. His white research coat looked like a robe on his short and thin body, appearing weirdly funny. In the video communication, standing before a research lab with a shattered dome, Delvis pushed his glasses out of habit, then said to his hulking younger brother, Herlous, "Kid, I left something for you in the research lab at home. The password is our parents' birthday backward. I didn't waste much energy on the encryption."

His tone was just like normal, full of disappointment and expecting better from him but with a little hint of not wanting to leave. The communication ended there. At the time, Herlous had looked outside the window, at the direction of the military research lab where Delvis had worked. There had been countless ferocious DarkStar Battleships hovering above, along with mushroom clouds exploding from the ground.

He had used the password to open Delvis's personal research room—Herlous had always wanted to sneak in and wreak havoc. However, he never could figure out the password. Inside, he had seen the inheritance that his older brother had left for him.

More and more memories appeared. Herlous still remembered, back then, he was a thug that did nothing useful, enjoying himself with his older brother's salary, reaching grade B at an extremely young age. He had been a thousand times stronger than Delvis, but he had always stood lower when he faced his older brother, always getting blamed and scolded. Yet, he had not cared because it made no difference.

"Brother..." Herlous muttered softly to himself.

The memories were like rolling bubbles. His thoughts stopped at Han Xiao's deep and dark eyes—his pupils seemed to have the current of time hidden in them.

Herlous' expression became a little firm. He went back to the bar, entered the attic, then opened a wardrobe that had been closed for a very long time. Inside was the tunnel toward the secret basement under the bar, which was already covered in dust. He walked down slowly, turned on the light, gazed upon the pile of boxes in the basement. Most of them were Delvis's relic.

He walked directly to the corner of the basement, pulled out a wooden box, swept away the accumulated dust, and opened the cover.

Inside was a dark colored suit, the inheritance that Delvis had left for him, armor that had been specially built for him in secret—[Shattered Light]!

During the DarkStar disaster, Herlous had relied on this armor to stay alive, and he had never used it after that. Thus, it had simply collected dust in the basement as a souvenir of his older brother.

It was possibly the last usable Commander Class armor in the entire Sunil race.

Herlous stared at the armor, and his eyes gradually turned sharp.

“It’s been too long since I battled... hope I don’t get cramp.”

...

The beasts appearing in the last stage were horrendously strong. They were all at the top of the food chain on the planet, and some of them already exceeded the beast category and could be called monsters.

One such monster was the Huge Acidic Flying Beetle with a wingspan of more than a hundred meters that would not die even after taking more than a dozen rail cannon shots. It was able to shoot out corrosive acid from its mouth, sticking onto the shield of the battleship and sizzling with smoke. One of this monster could be dealt with easily, but they appeared in groups, and the firepower of the camp could not match up. So, the shield of a battleship was broken, and its exterior armor was damaged. It was forced to descend and undergo emergency repairs.

“What did the monsters on this planet eat?”

The mercenaries were in shock. Monsters with a hundred-meter wingspan were almost as large as Sunil’s smaller battleships. This was just a wild animal on a planet, but it had grown into something comparable to a battleship. Such an enormous monster did not even require the ground scouting team; the reconnaissance aircraft could locate it directly.

Missiles exploded deafeningly in the sky nonstop. Suddenly, an alarm sounded from within the defense ring—it was an emergency announcement.

“Prepare for impact! Prepare for impact! Mountain Beasts have been detected and are closing in. Estimated to arrival is 14 minutes. All soldiers, get ready. High Energy Concentrated Particle Cannon, begin charging!”

At the fifth defense ring, the ground cracked open, showing a metallic, fearsome, and extremely complex cannon. Its muzzle was a hexagon, and it was embedded into the hollow Particle Stabilization Device, like a cannon being divided into sections. Han Xiao’s mechanical suit immediately released a high energy reaction warning as a light started to appear in the muzzle of this enormous cannon.

This High Energy Concentrated Particle Cannon was a scrap product spat out from the central wormhole of the Shattered Star Ring, a galactic-level war weapon, and it was unknown which higher civilization it came from. It had been picked up by scavengers for sales, and the Sunils had spent a huge sum to buy it. This was what they had learned from the huge loss they suffered from the first Catastrophe—they had to have a trump card against strong beasts.

Although it was a scrap product, it had cost the Sunils a fortune. It had technology protection from a higher civilization, could not be repaired or studied, and could only be used. Every shot required a large

amount of energy, which was precious on Planet Sunil. Every shot meant burning away a large amount of fortune, as their energy technology naturally did not match up to higher civilization's. It had to take a long time to charge up before firing, so they only used this enormous cannon when they met the most fearsome monsters.

The Sunils had explored this planet for more than ten years, and they had recorded a large number of beasts in their database. Mountain Beasts were one of the monsters at the very top. Strong beasts were all diverted away by the frontline combat troops, so the appearance of this Mountain Beast meant that they had failed.

Han Xiao was surprised. He casually penetrated an approaching Thunder Leopard, turned around to look at the High Energy Concentrated Particle Cannon, and felt like he was almost drooling.

*This feeling of butterflies in my stomach...*

### **Chapter 349: Shocking the Entire Race! (1)**

The ground tremored.

In the distance, the forest collapsed as an enormous beast slowly approached, like a looming, moving mountain. Although the mercenaries knew about the Mountain Beast from the database illustration, many of them were still shocked.

“Such a gigantic creature!”

The Mountain Beast had four feet as thick as buildings and a long tail. Its thick stone-like scales provided a sturdy defense along with the large mud yellow shell on its back like a tortoiseshell. Its head looked like a shovel—a protruding lower jaw and eyes hidden between the gaps of its stone shell—creating an aura of fierceness. Actually, the Mountain Beast was a very gentle animal; its favorite pastime was to disguise itself as a mountain and sleep. Only because of the effect from the psychic wave did it become abnormally grumpy and aggressive.

Adult Mountain Beasts stood about 150 to 200 meters tall—in comparison, Sunils were like ants.

The battleships in the sky fired at the Mountain Beast from far away, and six or seven shots from the Electromagnetic Rail Cannon hit its body, shattering large areas of its stone shell. However, the attacks did not hurt its flesh—the defense of the Mountain Beast was truly astonishing.

These shots enraged it, and it let out a growl, which sounded like a moo. Its tail thrust into the ground, rolling up a huge pile of mud mixed with trees. As its tail tightened, this pile of mud became much denser. Swinging its tail, the pile of mud shot out like a cannon, containing the power of a Mountain Beast—its energy was terrifying.

Even Han Xiao could not see the flying pile of mud clearly. He could only see a phantom that disappeared in an instant.

The shield of the battleship flashed, and the clod exploded on the ground. Electric arcs rippled through the entire shield, and cracks spread rapidly. This hit almost penetrated the shield, and the battleship increased its energy output urgently—only then did the shield recover to its original state.

Seeing that its attack was not effective, the Mountain Beast rolled up another pile of mud. It could still use this attack hundreds more times, but the energy of the battleship was finite.

“High Energy Concentrated Particle Cannon charging complete. The target has entered the firing range. Firing in five, four, three, two, one... fire!”

A bright cream white beam hurtled out of the cannon. Its diameter was at least four meters, yet it flashed across thousands of meters in the blink of an eye, penetrating the Mountain Beast’s carapace with ease. When it pierced into its abdomen, a chain of explosions erupted in its body.

Boom!

The explosion shook the ground!

A thick leg was sent flying, and a large hole opened up in the front half of the Mountain Beast, allowing blood to rush down like a waterfall. With a scream that shot through the sky, it fell onto the ground.

The High Energy Concentrated Particle Cannon was a weapon used between the battleships of very high-class civilizations. The astonishing shot immediately injured such a gigantic Beast heavily—this was the Sunil race’s current trump card. The sight of the beam raised the soldiers’ morale through the roof, and they quickly suppressed their exhaustion, fighting against the beast wave even harder.

“What a horrifying weapon.” Han Xiao’s eyes were shining as he suppressed his desire. This was a weapon that could only be gained in the later stages—he could not learn it with his current knowledge level. He would only have the chance to build a weapon of such a level if he kept growing.

The Particle Cannon did not retract, and it started charging again. The broadcast sounded once again. This Mountain Beast was not the only one—two more strong monsters were approaching. Soon after, they appeared in the soldiers’ sight. One was a flying monster that looked very similar to a dragon, a Lava Lizard, which lived in volcanic environments, had a hundred-meter wingspan, and was protected by ferocious scales. This was much harder to deal with than Acidic Flying Beetle of the same size—not only was its carapace strong and hard, it could also spit lava.

The other was a terrestrial creature, the King Predator. It looked like a tiger and a leopard covered in scales like a suit of armor. Although it was *only* thirty meters tall, it was even more dangerous than the Mountain Beast due to its incredible agility. Unlike the Mountain Beast, which was like a sitting duck, its movement was fast as lightning, therefore difficult to lock onto.

It could easily break through the lines of defense one after another, and its sharp claws could tear metal apart with ease. It was truly the biggest threat to the land troops. The name ‘King Predator’ came from its dominance in the forest—it was the well-deserved ruler of the forest. Every time that it appeared, the Sunils had to pay a very heavy price to deal with it. There was even this one time when a King Predator had almost penetrated all the defense rings and broken into the city.

The situation took a sharp turn downhill!

The Lava Lizard dived at a high speed while the King Predator ran like lightning—there was a strong enemy approaching both on land and in the sky, and there was still an injured Mountain Beast that kept throwing clods. When the Particle Cannon finished charging, it aimed at the Lava Lizard in the sky and

fired, directly penetrating one side of Lava Lizard's wings. The monster spun and fell to the ground, sending out a violent shockwave.

The flying enemy had to be dealt with first. Thus, the King Predator on the ground could only be temporarily stalled by men while waiting for the Particle Cannon to recharge.

The army gathered thousands of troops ahead of the King Predator, yet even that might not be enough.

An endless rain of bullets covered the King Predator, all of which were deflected by its scales, leaving only sparks. The King Predator moved fast, and no attack could slow it down. If it bashed into the iron line of defense, everyone could tell that it would create a blood path in the defense teams. At least two teams would be lost!

No soldier was shaken—they were all unafraid of death.

Just as the two parties were about to clash...

Boom!

Dust suddenly shot into the air, and the seemingly unstoppable King Predator was halted. It opened its bloody mouth widely and bit onto a ruler-like iron-gray rectangular block of metal, which an armored warrior was holding onto. They were in a battle of strength, and their strength was comparable.

It was this armored warrior who stopped the King Predator, leaving only a magnificent silhouette to all the soldiers!

The people opened their eyes widely, wanting to see who this person was, but he was wearing a helmet, and his face could not be seen. The armor was a little humble, like tights embedded with some armor plates, and dark in color.

Han Xiao raised the edge of his mouth when he saw this.

It was indeed Herlous!

"So, he came..." The Great Mechanic Han smiled. "Let me see if the current you is strong enough."

The King Predator seemed to have detected danger. It jumped aside and moved around cautiously. Just as the defense team was about to go forward to surround it, Herlous suddenly said, "Leave this brute to me. You guys go to other places."

*Leave to you? Who are you? What if you fail?*

The troops, of course, did not trust others easily, but before they continued to move, strong Pugilist flames burst from this armored warrior, and a change occurred that left every Sunil in shock.

The humble suit on Herlous' body suddenly shapeshifted, and the compressed armor plates expanded, turning into countless complex and precise armor pieces. With the flashing of light, the tights quickly became extremely complex silver-gray armor, like a gorgeous ancient knight's armor. Soft white metal extended from the shoulders like a piece of cloth, moving in the wind like a cape behind his back. Even with the Great Mechanic Han's very picky sense of beauty, this style was impressive.

Energy surrounded the entire armor as Herlous shook the rectangular block in his hand. It expanded part by part and turned into a ten-meter long mechanical battleship slicing blade!

All the Sunils were stunned!

A word deeply buried in their memories started to surface, and countless soldiers opened their eyes even wider.

“This is... the Commander Class armor?”

“The strongest armor of the race that was said to be lost!”

Every soldier was stunned and shocked! Their mind was blanked!

Commander Class armor was a legend to the Sunils at this time, and the legend had become reality that day!

Herlous twisted his neck, and the familiar thick Pugilist energy flew through his entire body. The dormant fighting genes in his body gradually awakened. This tailor-made armor was still in perfect condition.

“I almost forgot this feeling. It feels... quite good.”

With a loud yell, Herlous held the ten-meter battleship slicing blade and pounced, as fast as a phantom. The thick light from the blade flashed like lightning!

Swoosh!

An impact wave came out of the blade, creating a trench dozens of meters long. The King Predator barely dodged it, and a wound appeared on its long body, which expanded rapidly, blood jetting out!

The position of hunter and prey switched instantly!

### **Chapter 350: Settlement**

Splitting up was certain; the Independence Faction had made up their mind for leaving. Understandably, the Guardian Faction was shocked and angry. They could have defended the race together, but now, there were people who had betrayed them and were leaving. Furthermore, they had heavily smashed what they had once protected. The Guardian Faction was emotional, and they questioned the deserters loudly.

“You’re a Sunil, too. In the brink of danger, how can you abandon your race?”

Fernas was expressionless. “My race, my looks, my life form, these factors that were decided from the moment I was born cannot decide my mindset and standpoint. I have made my contributions, and now I want a new life.”

The Guardian Faction still wanted to question them, but they saw that the faces of the Independence Faction had absolutely no signs of regret or shame. Speechless, the words of accusation became stuck in their throats. The people they were facing were all brothers who had once fought alongside them. They

had all shed sweat and blood; they were not enemies, just comrades that were taking a different path. They were not in a position to accuse the Independence Faction—everyone had their own desires.

Fernas pushed aside the people in his way as the Independence Faction strolled away. The Sunil soldiers and the Guardian Faction silently stared at their shrinking backs.

This time, every Sunil seemed to see the dark and gray future. The sound of sobbing started faintly, and even the soldiers who did not fear even death were tearing up. This was the collapse of the spiritual pillar in their hearts. In all these years, the Supers guarding the race had become spiritual totems and motivation for the Sunils.

*Sometimes, the collapse of the spiritual pillar can have a blow even heavier than an exterior disaster on a group.*

Han Xiao shook his head. The Sunil after disaster was like a tough disabled man, and the parts lost on his body did not defeat him. He still had the determination and motivation to continue, his mind was healthy, but when even the belief collapsed, he became disabled in his mind too, losing the strength to move forward.

Therefore, the impact of the split in the race was not just the decrease in the number of Supers—it had made a deep impact on the spirits of the people and the tough quality of the race.

The way that Herlous became the ‘main character’ was when the position of Fernas and the other Supers who were once heroes faded away, and the Superiors made him the new role model and spiritual motivation, signifying that there were still people who held on.

In his previous life, Herlous’ future position had even exceeded Fernas’ old position. If Fernas was the representative of changing from kindness and passion into tiredness and coldness, and Lerden was the representative of redeeming his sins, Herlous would be the representative of someone who had previously avoided the reality then awoken his sense responsibility. After the Sunils went through the disaster, the mindset of the race changed continuously, from hot-blooded to indifference, then from the indifference they found the belief of determination. The belief collapsed during the split up, and Herlous’ appearance was building a new belief in the ruins, giving this race a new quality. His experience and actions gave his lost race a reason to regain their determination, staggering in pain and hardship, but still marching forward. The conflict in his heart was a scaled-down reflection of the entire race.

Unlike Bennett, who was building sanctuaries far away on Planet Aquamarine and had developed a firm belief long ago, Herlous was a main character who was still growing.

Thinking of the path that this whole thing took in his previous life, the Great Mechanic Han sighed. *Sadly, water can carry a boat but could also sink one... When Herlous died in battle, the Sunils gave up struggling and jumped into Godora’s arms.*

...

The Independence Faction left the defense ring and entered the forest. They were planning to find a place and contact a Galactic Travel agency, never to return. Suddenly, a person appeared before them—it was that mysterious armored warrior.

Fernas and the others stopped their footsteps.



Herlous took off his helmet and said with a complicated expression, “Why? You found me before leaving because you wanted me to replace you to protect the race, but what you’re doing now is destroying the race’s belief...”

Fernas looked at him coldly, shook his head, and said, “If I don’t leave... how are you going to replace me?”

Anger appeared in Herlous’ eyes. “Because of such a boring reason?”

“I actually really despise you. You have such strong powers, but you’re fine with staying at the back lines. You are in no position to talk down to me.” Fernas’ expression was indifferent. “Now, you have displayed your strength and exposed your armor. The race will definitely search for you with all of their might—you cannot go back anymore.”

Herlous suddenly realized. “You used me for your plan...”

“Don’t think too highly of yourself!” Fernas’ eyes were firm as he said coldly, “Everyone has experienced a lot of things. Why would we change our mind because of a minor character like you? Leaving is for our own sake, just like the brothers who decided to stay. Even if us splitting up has made a negative impact, their foolish resolve to protect the race will not be shaken.

“I will say the same thing—only staying alive is important. I want the entire race to not have that extravagant wish of holding on. This meaningless struggle has to end—accept help from Godora willingly, and no one will have to bleed and fight anymore. All Sunils will gain a peaceful and stable life... This path is the true way to protect the race.”

Herlous opened his mouth, and Han Xiao’s face appeared in his mind again. He had once told Fernas about the future of accepting help, but Fernas held onto his opinion and was not shaken at all. He felt it was the wrong foresight.

With nothing else to say, the Independence Faction left.

Herlous hesitated for quite some time, then gradually made up his mind. He left the forest and took large steps toward the defense ring.

The army was still reeling in shock from the split up. When they noticed that this mysterious armored warrior had appeared, they only remembered the order from above after being stunned for quite a while. They arranged their emotions, suppressed the loss in their heart, and prioritized the order to surround him.

In front of countless soldiers, Herlous took off his helmet slowly, glanced around exhausted both physically and spiritually, and took a deep breath. “My name is Herlous...”

...

To the entire Sunil race, this Catastrophe was full of twists and turns. The guardians split up after the battle, but the legendary Commander Class armor appeared again when the hidden grade B Super called Herlous stood up to protect the race. After a few days in his new role, the media spread Herlous’ experience all over, building him up as a hero that stood out in the time of need. It was also reported

that the research lab would receive more funding after receiving the Commander Class armor, hoping that the race would one day get back the technology of the Commander Class armor. Thus, they managed to use Herlous and their future plans to wash away the impact from the mass desertion.

With the army and the leaders working together to spread the word, Herlous' name was known everywhere, gradually becoming a new role model for the race.

The Sunils settled the hiring reward, and the mercenaries left one after another. During the times of fighting alongside each other, Han Xiao had come to know quite many peers. They had quite pleasant conversations, and the other mercenaries had a very good impression on the Black Star Mercenary Group, which had suffered zero loss, showing their friendliness.

Mercenaries liked to know people in the same industry. After all, they might one day fight alongside each other one day.

The players returned, and the Sunil military expressed their thanks to the Black Star Mercenary Group before giving out the reward. Every player received 12,000 Enas, largely increasing their purchasing power. As the leader, Han Xiao received the same amount as well, and along with the job of Battlefield Repairs, the Great Mechanic Han made 16,000 Enas this time, about enough to buy more class advancement knowledge.