Governor 101

Chapter 101: Passive Response

Kodi died.

He blew up the last two sorcerers.

Tadeusz's eyes were about to split with rage.

He felt it was his own inadequacy that forced Kodi and his squad to engage in a fight to the death, coming up to mop up the situation.

They coordinated a flanking maneuver and launched an attack as agreed, the enemy successfully completed their mission, while his own side was obstructed. All five sorcerers were dealt with by Kodi's squad…

What am I really doing?

Objectively, Tadeusz certainly played a role in creating diversions and opportunities, and he killed many of the armed rioters protecting those sorcerers. It can't be said that he was completely ineffective, in fact, quite the contrary.

However, looking over at Kodi's situation, the contrast made the gap apparent.

He wished he could rush forward like Kodi did, even if it meant dying, just to take down a few more enemies. Only then could he quell the burning frustration in his heart.

But in the end, reason still prevailed in his mind.

He waved his hand and led his team to retreat.

He still had five warriors by his side, himself included, enough to form two combat units. When the frontal comrades launched their attack, his men would firmly block the enemy's retreat path.

Tadeusz's eyes shone with hatred as he glared at the enemies.

I want you all to die here!

…

Gu Hang heard about Kodi's heroic deeds from Osenia.

He originally tried to mimic the military system in his memory to quickly integrate prisoners.

For military skills, he had the "Soldier Tag" feature, which allowed him to quickly train his men with a bit of grace, but cultivating loyalty took time.

Now, he was both gratified that his previous arrangements had been useful and pained by the loss of a loyal warrior.

But his sacrifice was valuable.

According to the information Gu Hang had received, all six food transport routes were attacked, but four were now secure. There was some loss of food, but it was not significant.

The Phoenixes had already rushed to the other two routes for which there was no news yet. After Osenia had asked for his help, he immediately turned to those interstellar soldiers and asked them to assist.

When it comes to fighting cult members, the fervor of the Phoenixes might not be any less intense than that of the Saintly Sisters of the Lily.

No matter how many enemies there were or how strong they were at those two locations, when six interstellar soldiers were divided into two teams and took their stand, the problem was definitely solved.

In terms of military force, they were not worth mentioning.

The army under Gu Hang, though not numerous, was elite enough to easily handle those cultists.

The battle at Norris Factory had already made this clear.

Gu Hang guessed that the cultists probably didn't have too many forces left to mobilize. Their total investment in attacking the food transport routes might be around seven or eight hundred people, including about twenty sorcerers.

This force was much less than what they had deployed inside Norris Factory.

On one hand, the personnel and strength of this bunch of cultists are not infinite. These past few days, they've lost about sixty or seventy core members. Those who can wield Storm Sorcery are certainly not so easily cultivated.

Aside from their core sorcerers, they've stirred up nearly five thousand people in the factory and deployed seven to eight hundred in attacks on grain conveyance teams. No matter whether they control so many people through some form of insidious brainwashing or just converted many fervent followers through their usual preaching, this all undoubtedly comes at a cost.

Clearly, they must be nearly depleting the accumulated energy.

Otherwise, if they could double their invested forces this time around, of the six grain conveyance teams, at least four would be destroyed. Then, Gu Hang's trouble would truly be great.

The most irritating aspect of those guys is that they're hiding in a city with a population of a million, and where the grassroots control is particularly weak, making them very difficult to root out in a short time.

The failure at Norris Factory must have also taught these cultists a clear lesson that it is absolutely unacceptable to confront us head-on.

These guys are messing around covertly, while we can only passively respond.

This is not enough.

Gu Hang felt certain that these cultists definitely had a backup plan.

Furthermore, this plan must be centered around those fifty food distribution points.

The enemy lies in darkness while we stand in the light. Having experienced simultaneous attacks on six transport routes ending in failure, the cultists should sober up and realize that biting off more than they can chew isn't realistic.

Despite their heavy losses in two consecutive failures, their remaining forces, if targeted at a few food distribution points, could cause significant trouble by launching attacks and stirring up the public while people are queuing for grain.

Gu Hang decided to assign to every food distribution point one military unit that had been equipped with a political commissar from the prisoner-of-war camp.

Come on! I want to see, after you concentrate your forces, whether you can destroy an entire unit before reinforcements can even arrive!

Of course, Gu Hang was also able to remain clear-headed. He didn't expect all units appointed with political commissars to reach the level of Kodi's unit.

In fact, whether Kodi or Tadeusz, according to Yan Fangxu's assessment, who was responsible for the retraining of prisoners, they were the best-performing units among all.

Yan Fangxu was only able to pick out seven units of similar caliber.

Otherwise, how could a bunch of recently disarmed and detained prisoners distribute their forces and face the kind of fierce battle with significant casualties that Kodi's unit had encountered and come out on top?

It would be quite good if they didn't just skive off at work, and it was very likely they might collapse and run off with their guns at the critical moment, unlike now, where they can withstand casualties and fight to the death.

But even so, given the current dire shortage of personnel, Gu Hang still decided to mobilize them all.

Even if their performance didn't match the bravery of Kodi's unit, or was even far inferior, as long as they could reliably follow orders during battle and not too easily desert their posts, that would be enough.

They just needed to hold on for a while, and reinforcements would continuously arrive on the scene, including patrolling interstellar warriors.

With such arrangements, the security of the food distribution should receive a considerable guarantee.

What remained was specialized suppression.

Merely responding was too passive. In addition to defense, there must also be strong offensive strikes.

In this regard, the nuns of Saintly Lily had brought him good news.

Chapter 102: Mind Manipulation

Georgette found Gu Hang with a very serious expression, the usual gentle smile nowhere to be seen.

"We roughly know what that group of cult traitors wants to do."

“Do what? Destroy the city, sacrifice to the Evil God, all that stuff?” Gu Hang tried to crack a somewhat poor joke.

“Yes.” Georgette was not joking at all and nodded earnestly, “Those cult traitors always like to do this. The filthy creatures they worship, they just love all this.”

“Alright, so what exactly do they plan to do? Any leads?”

Georgette said, “Not yet, two sisters are still on the investigation. However, we might have figured out the hiding place of the cult traitors’ leader.”

“Oh?” Gu Hang finally became interested, “Is it reliable?”

“It should be reliable, at least worth a try.”

“Then let’s try.” Gu Hang decided on the spot, “What support do you need? I’ll arrange it as quickly as possible, we better act immediately, don’t let them get away.”

“I need you.”

“Huh?”

“A competent Psychic Caster, who can help us achieve a lot of things.”

Gu Hang quickly calculated in his mind.

He was indeed very busy now and couldn’t spare much time, but everything surely had its priorities. Those governmental matters could wait and wouldn’t kill anyone, or at least not too many; if he could take down the cult leader sooner, that would save many more lives.

He had no qualms about participating in combat personally.

Of course, appropriate security measures would still need to be taken.

It wasn't that he didn't trust the nuns, but the more forces at his disposal, the better, obviously.

From the Phoenix side, they could probably assign four people to join the operation and keep three for maneuvers outside the city. They shouldn't reject this request.

Aside from two people handling the food distribution checks in the outer city, Georgette and her team would have nine people participating in the combat.

Counting Gu Hang himself… this lineup was certainly enough.

However, after some thought, Gu Hang decided to bring along that elite marine squad.

That squad had now become his personal guard.

After reclaiming Revival City and receiving lots of gifts before, he instantly upgraded the remaining members to T3 level.

That was the upper limit for now. Their equipment, physical fitness, and combat experience were not sufficient to support a promotion to T2. Perhaps in the future, after more baptism of fire or some special opportunity or technology, their ranking could be further promoted.

But no matter what, 28 T3 level soldiers were the most elite force Gu Hang could field from under his command.

And he himself was described by Georgette as an excellent Psychic Caster.

But he could immediately elevate his own rating by a notch.

After the battles outside the city had quieted down, Gu Hang found that his experience was enough to level up.

With just 200 gifts, he would become an LV4 Psychic Caster as determined by the system.

This level also was what Gu Hang considered his ability to take on a fully armed superhuman such as a star warrior in single combat.

After figuring all this out in his mind, Gu Hang nodded and said, “Okay, then I will join you.”

…

After seeing off Georgette and sending a request to the Phoenix side and getting a response, Gu Hang used the last bit of time before the team assembled to focus on two things.

The first was checking the battle settlement.

[Blood Battle Narrow Victory, 65 points of grace earned]

[Casualties: 427, Enemies Killed: 742, Prisoners Captured: 121]

[Governor’s Infantry Regiment 3rd Battalion: Casualties: 89, Enemies Killed: 266]

[Prisoner Brigade: Casualties: 338, Enemies Killed: 337]

[Phoenix Battle Group (Allies): Casualties: 0, Enemies Killed: 139]

A hard-won battle… This was actually Gu Hang’s first time achieving such a result. Obviously, the gap in strength between the two sides wasn’t large, but the victory, with relatively heavier losses on his side, led to a smaller bonus in divine grace points.

After subtracting the Phoenix's share of the spoils, what remained was a mere 65 points of divine grace.

As for that unorganized, hastily assembled prisoner brigade, their weapons and equipment were not up to scratch. Apart from being equipped with some crew-served heavy weapons, their level of gear was virtually indistinguishable from that of armed thugs. The enemy had the bonus of brainwashed religious zeal, and although our political commissars fired them up, there was still a gap to be closed.

Despite this, having equal casualties wasn't something Gu Hang was entirely satisfied with. It showed that their military skills really did leave something to be desired.

Gu Hang felt a bit of a headache.

He had originally thought, considering they were from the Alliance's regular forces, they wouldn't be too bad even if they wouldn't reach T5, right? Maybe he could save some divine grace points and just use them normally.

But looking at it now, it seemed they were a bit too lacking.

It seemed he would still need to invest in them after all.

Seven thousand men, raising them to T5 would also cost 70 points of divine grace, his heart ached!

After checking the battle results, the second thing Gu Hang needed to do was level up.

With 200 points of divine grace spent, Gu Hang felt a warm current, signaling his base attributes were increasing.

At the same time, a screen for selecting talents appeared on his interface.

As usual, he clicked on the [Unique] line first, not expecting to be able to select it.

Without second thoughts, he clicked on [Spirituality].

[Mind Manipulation: Allows you to penetrate the target's mind, creating illusions, altering memories, and exerting direct control. At the same time, it strengthens your resistance to psychic attacks. Spirituality +1]

Having obtained a new talent, Gu Hang was fully satisfied.

Mental abilities, which he had longed for, were tools commonly used by Psychic Casters and were very frightening.

Moreover, after acquiring the Mind Manipulation spiritual talent, its potential uses extended far beyond just combat.

Of course, Gu Hang also reminded himself that such abilities should not be abused. The order he hoped to establish was certainly not one founded on the manipulation of minds. He would not use this method on his own people.

But when necessary, this technique could be incredibly effective.

After completing the level-up process, his attributes were as follows:

[Hero: Gu Hang (Faction Leader), LV4, Insufficient Experience for Level Up]

[Physique: 9, Spirituality: 18]

[Traits: Psychic Caster, Governor of Rage Owl Star]

[Talents: Protective Spiritual Energy, Telekinetic Control, Mind Manipulation]

Not much was added to his attributes this time, apart from gaining one point in Spirituality from the [Mind Manipulation] talent, none of the Physicality or Spirituality attributes increased from the normal leveling process.

Of course, that did not mean they hadn't increased. In fact, he could feel his physical condition and spirituality improving.

It was just that the increase wasn't enough to account for a full attribute point, so it wasn't reflected on his personal interface.

After all, the higher one went, the more difficult it became to level up, requiring more experience accumulation and more investment of divine grace points. Likewise, the actual difference between each attribute point after leveling also grew bigger and bigger.

Chapter 103: Laughter with Profound Meaning

Upgrade complete!

Feeling the sudden surge of immensely powerful Spiritual Energy, Gu Hang's confidence skyrocketed!

He even wanted to find a Phoenix to spar with, not for anything else just to test his current strength!

Of course, that was not feasible.

He and the Phoenix were allies now, but their relationship wasn't that close yet.

Gu Hang could only regretfully give up on the idea.

Speaking of the Phoenix Battle Group, Gu Hang got along quite well with Commander Matins, but he wasn't very familiar with the others. Mainly because those space warriors all had an unapproachable air about them, making it hard to strike up a conversation.

Except for Priest Rizzo, with whom Gu Hang had quite a good impression—a kind-looking old bald man with white whiskers—though it was strange to describe a four-hundred-year veteran who had blood on his hands as kind and benevolent.

Although Gu Hang had not met him many times, each time he saw him, the priest would smile at him.

He always felt that there was some deep meaning behind the old priest's smile.

…

Commander Matins always felt that Priest Rizzo's gaze towards Mr. Gu was somewhat peculiar.

After receiving Mr. Gu's mission request, he accepted it without any hesitation.

Ignoring Schneider's eagerness to fight, he had the bald guy stay in the outer city to continue coordinating the security work of the food distribution points in the entire outer city area.

Schneider was certainly not satisfied, but obedience was instinctive, and he could only keep his dissatisfaction to himself.

Then, with two of his brothers and Priest Rizzo, Matins rushed to the inner city.

As they were gathering and preparing to depart, he noticed the exchange of glances between Priest Rizzo and Mr. Gu, which sparked his curiosity.

Being the closest of battle brothers, there was nothing to be embarrassed about, so Matins straightforwardly voiced the question in his heart.

Priest Rizzo just gave him a smile and said, "Did we not come to this world to seek the help of this Mr. Gu? We should at least have a good attitude."

“Uh…”

Hearing Rizzo’s response, Matins was somewhat at a loss for words.

I asked with such sincerity, and the old priest is brushing me off?

Is there some secret he can’t tell me?

Wanting to inquire further but Rizzo took the initiative, “Why did you choose not to bring Schneider this time and come personally? Because…”

While speaking, the white-whiskered old bald man winked towards Superior Georgette not far away.

Caught off guard and suddenly embarrassed, Matins said, “What do you mean?”

“Hahaha!” Rizzo laughed, patting Matins on the shoulder.

He successfully diverted the topic.

This slippery old man!

He didn’t have time to ask any more questions, as the operation was about to begin.

Four space warriors, nine Battle Nuns, twenty-eight elite marines, and the 2nd Battalion led by Perbov—though under-full strength…

This formation, although not particularly numerous, was the most elite small action team that Gu Hang could offer at the moment.

They sat in many army vehicles, heading towards the outer city.

These military vehicles had also been seized from the Alliance Legion. Produced by the Abandoned Cave Society, the IR Iron Bull series had just entered mass production with not much output—barely enough to organize a convoy from Weixing City transporting synthetic starch and was being directly used in Revival City.

This so-called Weixing City was the initial camp. Gu Hang had recently given it a precise name. It was a play on words: it could either be referred to as Revival City's satellite city or be interpreted as 'defending the achievements of Revival'.

However, even though the IR Iron Ox series isn't needed yet, the original military vehicles were sufficient for the task.

The Battle Nuns were fine, but the massive size of the four interstellar warriors made it difficult for them to squeeze into the canvas-covered trucks, which also challenged the vehicles' load-bearing capabilities.

Enduring this inconvenience was necessary.

Their operation this time was a decapitation strike, seeking swift and rapid action to catch the enemy off guard. The giants clad in blood-red battle armor running through the streets towards their target would make a lot of noise. Merely showing such a stance would likely alert the target to flee immediately.

They had no choice but to hide in the vehicles.

As for whether the movement of military vehicles would attract attention… there was indeed such a possibility. However, fortunately, military mobilization in Revival City had been frequent of late, and military vehicles moving back and forth in the narrow passages of the outer city had almost become the norm.

In any case, riding in vehicles would certainly be more stealthy than if they were to reveal themselves and move openly.

As for what Commander Matins was obsessively thinking about… Pah! Not at all!

Regarding the Battle Nuns, Matins realized they hadn't boarded the trucks.

He remembered the previously agreed plan of action, where the nuns would enter the battlefield directly from the air.

Why couldn't the interstellar warriors do the same?

Because they were too heavy, and the aircraft couldn't bear them… The Battle Nuns' powered armor was much lighter than theirs.

Thinking about this explanation, Matins was infuriated.

What a piece of junk planet, not even a damn aircraft capable of carrying them could be found!

They were wearing standard tactical powered armor, not some vanguard type, and certainly not the terminator type.

If even this wasn't possible, thumbs down!

…

Sitting in the military vehicle, which was significantly narrower relative to their size, with a hint of gloom for a while, they came to a stop.

It seemed they had arrived at their destination.

At that moment, inside the helmet connected to the radio message, information came through that they were in position.

Matins ordered the team to disembark, spread out in formation, and surround the target location.

He assumed command.

This was a very natural thing for him, as Matins had gotten used to such a role from his past experiences. Interstellar warriors always held a core tactical position on any battlefield. Especially when coordinating with other imperial forces, they naturally placed themselves in the most pivotal position and then took command.

However, Gu Hang had an issue with this.

Having Matins in command was certainly great tactically. He had at least two hundred years of combat experience and possessed the status of a battle group commander—directing such a small-scale team battle was definitely within his grasp, meticulous in every aspect, something Gu Hang, who had not undergone specialized military command training, could not compare to.

But this would let the interstellar warriors establish their prestige among the troops without saying a word. When the soldiers got used to taking orders directly from the interstellar warriors, where would the governor's authority stand?

Although Matins himself might not have intentionally aimed to build influence, merely acting normally, Gu Hang did not welcome this development.

Sometimes, on many non-homeworld planets, where interstellar warriors stayed for a long time, the governor slowly turned into a nanny for the battle group, often evolving step by step in this way.

There was still a long way to go before reaching that state, but it didn't prevent Gu Hang from nipping it in the bud.

Feeling guilty, he certainly didn't want the Phoenix, especially the Phoenix he hadn't yet dealt with, to have too much sway over his direct subordinates.

Gu Hang issued a new order, “Commander Matins, please launch the attack directly. We can’t afford to slowly wait for the encirclement to form, the enemy might escape during this time.”

Matins was taken aback for a moment, slightly unaccustomed.

He thought again of Priest Rizzo’s smile, but ultimately said nothing more, simply acknowledging and then signalling the other three brothers to begin their action.

After getting out of the vehicle, Matins looked up at the sky.

The gloomy sky had begun to rain, and the wind was growing stronger.

Chapter 104: The Battle of the Power Plant

As the star warriors began their assault, two transport helicopters, carrying a total of nine battle nuns, along with Gu Hang himself, also arrived above the target location.

The target location had six wind turbines arrayed in its vicinity.

After Georgette and others had, through various intelligence, determined that the cult leader was very likely hidden there, Gu Hang urgently had the place investigated, and to his surprise, he discovered that it was actually a small wind farm.

There were a total of eight such wind farms within the whole scope of Revival City.

Since last year, the Alliance Council had approved the construction of these power stations. A company from the north called Polar Industrial Group had won the bid for this project and had started the construction work.

According to the project timeline estimates, these eight wind farms, situated in different locations around the city, should have been completed around some time before now.

From the documents, the whole process of approval and construction didn't seem to have any issues. However, in reality, Gu Hang could sense something odd from other aspects.

Does Revival City need wind power? Isn't it more stable and practical to generate electricity using thermoelectric plants built with pyrite? Is there a need for wind energy, an uneconomical and unstable method?

And don't even mention environmental protection or clean energy. Not to mention on Rage Owl Star, this barren planet, it's not an issue in the majority of Imperial worlds either.

Even if you could explain this with the abundance of wind energy resources, why build eight at once? And why eight small ones? Wouldn't it be better to select a location with particularly good wind energy resources to construct a large set of turbines?

The locations of these eight wind farms were positioned almost in the eight cardinal directions of Revival City, enclosing the entire city along with its outskirts, which made Gu Hang feel that something was not right.

Then, he noticed the names signed on the approval document.

Norris, Mondok, Wohan.

All three former Alliance Council members were people whom Gu Hang had clear evidence to believe were deeply involved with the cult.

Going one step further, what is the signature ability of the Primordial Wrath Owl Sect?

Storms.

All these factors combined, Gu Hang truly felt a deep chill.

He really wanted to convince himself that he was overthinking, that there was no definitive evidence of anything.

However, as long as his brain could stay even a bit normal, he couldn't make himself ignore these strongly correlated clues when put together.

But, regardless, capturing this place and catching the cult leader was the top priority.

The strong winds that had started from the cult's attack on the food supply route were now intensifying. Not to mention, it had also begun to rain since a short while ago.

In the midst of the swaying, the transport helicopters were very unstable, jolting violently.

Gu Hang held onto a handle on the edge of the helicopter with one hand, while looking down. His azure eyes clearly showed that he had fully activated his spiritual vision.

Under his vision, amidst the wind and rain, the power station revealed very obvious, even somewhat ostentatious, energy fluctuations.

It seemed as if it were taunting: We are fully prepared, and you are too late.

Gu Hang's expression was stern.

His gaze shifted outward, observing four conspicuous and powerful figures entering into the power station.

In the middle of the six wind turbines was one with structures surrounding it. Functionally, Gu Hang was unsure of the specific significance of having a wind power generator shaped like a windmill tower, but the most important enemy should be there.

The star warriors arrived at the main entrance of the windmill tower. One of them kicked open the door and burst inside.

Soon, the booming sound of explosive guns, despite the considerable altitude, despite the sound of the wind and rain, despite the noise of the helicopter's rotors, still reached Gu Hang's ears.

Enemies holed up inside the windmill tower were being rapidly eradicated. The star warriors' attack was relentless and fierce.

Georgette and the nuns accompanying her had also completed their rappelling. Their descent wasn't quite like what Gu Hang remembered; the helicopter hadn't even dropped to a safe height when they deployed their ropes. They slid down swiftly, and halfway through, they swung slightly to gain momentum, then let go and one by one smashed through the windows of the windmill tower.

Soon after, the sound of bomb guns came from inside, probably accompanied by the slicing of storm shields and human flesh, but, regrettably, Gu Hang couldn't hear it.

"Governor, we might need to return ahead of schedule. The storm is too intense," the pilot's voice came from ahead.

Gu Hang responded, "You all head back."

As he said this, he too jumped down.

Seeing the body of the Governor plummeting in free fall, the pilot's eyes widened with fright.

But it quickly became a non-issue: he saw the Governor's descent slow visibly to the naked eye, then he floated gently, moving toward the location where the battle nuns had broken in through the windows.

His golden robe fluttered wildly in the strong wind, yet not a drop of rain could touch him.

"They are all some bizarre folk…" the pilot muttered as he maneuvered the helicopter to ascend, heading towards the inner city.

The rain was getting heavier, and he was somewhat worried.

Revival City often had windstorms, but the rainfall was usually moderate. According to the season, it wasn't the time for stormy weather.

The stronger the wind and rain grew, the worse the omen.

Had the Rage Owl God been angered?

His body shivered slightly, he needed to hurry back.

…

By the time Gu Hang entered through the broken window, the fight was nearly at its end.

Some cultists were entrenched here, not many, but each one was rather powerful. Leading them were three individuals wearing gray-white robes.

From his several encounters with the Primordial Wrath Owl Sect, Gu Hang could roughly discern their hierarchical differences.

Those capable of using Storm Sorcery were undoubtedly core members. The ones in blue robes were ordinary members; Grey-white robes, of which Gu Hang had seen a few, were generally a notch above the blue robes, roughly equivalent to his own strength at LV2.

Among the grey robes, Gu Hang had so far encountered two with distinct physiques. The one who ambushed him originally, and the fat woman he met at Norris Factory, both belonged to this category, approximately as powerful as Gu Hang was at LV3.

Right now, just three ordinary grey robes, they couldn't turn the tide.

The blue-robed ones were being pincered. The nuns smashing in through the windows were beating them mercilessly; star warriors were climbing up from the staircase below. The three grey robes kept releasing powerful sorcery, trying to harm the nuns, but to no avail. Their spells were easily countered and greatly weakened, utterly incapable of shaking the power armor on the nuns.

This time, the one to land the final blow was still Georgette.

Her sanctified golden halberd, which served as her transcendent weapon, seemed to possess a special demon-dispelling property.

As a spiritual energy wielder, Gu Hang could instinctively sense the threat from it.

Moreover, Gu Hang could clearly see that when Georgette charged the three grey robes, her raised sanctified golden halberd sliced through their storm shields like a hot knife through butter, cutting open the people inside as well.

The other two quickly cast spells in resistance, but to little effect; emulated by the lead nun, two more slashes followed, and subsequently, all were slain.

The devastation caused by the sanctified golden halberd was terrifying: clean cuts and completely split bodies made the scene grotesquely bloody.

Watching this, Gu Hang internally remarked, “Yikes… Does the head nun have some peculiar hobbies? Why does she always end up making it look like this?”

Chapter 105: otherwise how to crack it

Under the three-dimensional strike of the Battle Nuns and the interstellar warriors, those cultists holed up in the windmill towers didn’t last even two minutes before they were all slain.

Gu Hang didn’t even get a chance to join in.

He pursed his lips discontentedly, don’t freaking take all the kills!

Even if the scale was small and the number of enemies few, the reward for such a battle wasn't much, but a mosquito was still flesh. If you take all the kills, won't I miss out on even a single point of grace?

He sighed and walked forward.

The interstellar warriors and Battle Nuns made some space, revealing the area they surrounded.

There, was a door, covered with certain patterns.

This door should lead to the closed top level of the windmill tower. Further up, there should be the windmill blades.

Under Gu Hang's Spiritual Vision, he could clearly see the Storm Heresy contained within.

He had a guess in his heart, but he did not speak up first, instead, he looked over at Georgette with an inquiring gaze.

Georgette frowned and said, "This should be some kind of solidified seal enchantment, I'll try to break it."

Matins glanced at the wall beside them.

"Don't bother, there's a seal there as well."

"Can't we try to force it open?" asked Matins.

He didn't have much talent for Spiritual Energy; it seemed that the Phoenix gene seed naturally didn't quite mesh with this stuff, with a low chance of awakening spiritual abilities. Even in their heyday, the think-tank responsible for the battalion's spiritual affairs was just symbolically set up. He remembered the previous think-tank director's favorite activity was swinging a big hammer to smash people.

These mystical and ponderous methods of spiritual decryption were what he found most irksome. Resorting to brute strength, violent destruction, that was his forte, hence his question.

To his surprise, Georgette responded to his question with another, “What else do you think I meant by breaking it?”

…

Fine.

Georgette didn’t say anything more, she raised her holy gold halberd and struck down on the door marked with sealing runes.

The thing was quite sturdy; even though Georgette’s holy gold halberd had demon-breaking properties, and she was chanting and invoking the name of the Divine Emperor during the strike in hopes of receiving a blessing, it still didn’t break through.

But it did create a big hole.

Storm Heresy was wildly leaking out from the hole. Had there been any ordinary people in this room, they would likely be blown right out by the fierce winds.

Of course, those standing in the room had no such issues. Such winds, of course, could not budge them.

Georgette, her first strike having failed to shatter the seal, felt a bit embarrassed. Gritting her teeth, she roared and slashed again.

Now it was thoroughly smashed.

The wind became even more violent, to the point that the ordinary nuns had to call upon divine grace just to stand firm; even Gu Hang had to consciously channel his Spiritual Energy, using Telekinesis to divert the force of the wind.

The interstellar warriors also had their method… oh, they didn't need any other techniques, they were too heavy to be blown away.

On the contrary, they could step forward, guns in hand, charging inside.

This most dangerous task, they took upon themselves unhesitatingly.

Wearing the heaviest armor, those willing to take the deadliest hits must be prepared to endure.

“`

Then it really started to take a beating.

A wind bullet exploded on the body of a Phoenix warrior charging at the very front.

The power of this strike was not to be underestimated.

The interstellar warrior was blasted sideways.

Matins, closely following behind, continued to press forward. He charged ahead while firing his grenade launcher vigorously.

This time, there were no new wind bullets coming their way.

After they breached the first line of fire, the rest followed suit. The interstellar warrior who had been knocked down by the wind bullet struggled to his feet, appearing mostly unharmed, albeit a bit disheveled.

Gu Hang was the last to enter.

Raising his head, he saw the specific appearance of the enemy.

Inside, there were actually only two people.

One of them was dressed in a gray robe, with an exaggeratedly strong physique; standing over two meters tall, just slightly shorter than the interstellar warriors.

This was a Cult sorcerer of a special size, and Gu Hang instantly assessed his strength to be roughly equivalent to his own when he was at LV3.

Such strength was barely enough for a wind bullet to knock down an interstellar warrior, but that was about it. During their breach, the people behind the door must have been accumulating power in preparation. Now, his full-force strike could only leave the Phoenix a bit disheveled and then standing up again as fit as before.

In a real fight, even if ambushed, a standing Phoenix could counter with a burst of grenades, definitely blasting the person and the Storm Shield into bits.

However, at this moment, it was more than just a grenade launcher strafing.

What Gu Hang saw, however, was a wall of wind, lying in front of the Battle Nuns and interstellar warriors. The grenades hit it and exploded upon the wind wall.

Flames and smoke were swept around by the wind wall, blowing everywhere, even blowing off the ceiling above, yet not harming the people inside the wall.

Through these scenes of light and shadow, Gu Hang saw the true host behind that robust gray-robed figure.

It was an old man, wearing a white undergarment with a black robe layered over it, adorned with golden edges. A rather luxurious belt buckle was embedded with shimmering blue diamonds; he wore a huge amulet covered in crushed blue diamonds on his chest; and even his black high hat was inlaid with gems.

The multitude of small gemstones on his accessories emitted strong Storm Heresy energy. And he himself, under Gu Hang's Spiritual Vision, was as blinding as the lightning in the midst of a storm!

Gu Hang immediately realized that he must not underestimate this opponent.

Even though he had reached LV5, this black-robed old man was a Spiritual Energy practitioner far stronger than himself.

Behind him stood a native 'god' of Rage Owl Star.

Although, oftentimes these so-called 'gods' were just powerful beings. But being given such a title meant they possessed certain 'Evil God' characteristics—receiving worship, granting blessings.

A native god, no matter how you slice it, is still a god.

And this black-robed old man was a direct beneficiary of a god, an emissary of the deity.

The Spiritual Energy glow on him was nearly blinding Gu Hang's vision.

The wind wall he summoned could perfectly withstand the fierce attack of thirteen grenade launchers, a fact that proved this point very well.

Gu Hang recalled the information that the Battle Nuns had gathered, mentioning the title of the Cult leader:

Primal High Priest, Cui Kao.

Chapter 106: Cui Kao

Cui Kao watched the alien visitors who had arrived before him and laughed madly.

“Hahahaha! You’ve found this place, but what does it matter? Everything is already too late!”

“The will of the divine is about to descend, our preparations are complete, Revival City! All people! You will become the cornerstone of the God’s revival!”

“The revival of Rage Owl Star does not need the support of a false emperor, nor the help from outsiders. Rage Owl Star will be revived under the will of the God!”

He delivered his fanatical speech, and these words, without a doubt, enraged the space warriors and battle nuns.

Especially the term ‘false emperor,’ which was the most intolerable and blasphemous language.

“Silence, traitor!”

“You will pay for your blasphemy!”

“You and the evil god you worship will both atone with your deaths!”

The infuriated warriors and nuns began to further attack the wind barrier that blocked their way.

When they found that the bomb guns were not very effective, some of them brought out even stronger abilities.

Georgette, Matins, and Priest Rizzo charged straight ahead.

The sacred golden halberd in Georgette's hand, a powerful weapon against evil, was not as effective as before at this time. With a slash, the golden blade would burst into intense flashes of light upon hitting the wind wall, symbolizing the clash of spiritual energy.

The wind wall would sustain an 'injury,' but this damage would be rapidly healed by the swift flowing wind the very next moment.

Matins's fine chainsaw sword, though perhaps more powerful than the golden halberd, was less effective against such defense mechanisms built of some form of spiritual energy. When the roaring chainsaw sword struck, it would be repelled instead. If it wasn't for Matins's superior martial skills and extraordinary swordsmanship, he could have been injured by the recoil.

Priest Rizzo, on the other hand, proved to be more reliable than his battle group leader. His priestly scepter, like a war hammer, smashed into the wind wall. When the gravity generator in the head of the scepter was activated, it made the force of the scepter's strike even more ferocious than a real war hammer.

Every swing of Rizzo's scepter caused a large area of the wind wall to shake.

The all-out attacks of the three experts made the defense of the wind wall not so impregnable. Coupled with the continuous firepower from others, the entire wind wall seemed to be in a state of turmoil.

Seeing this, the Primal High Priest's smile faded.

He took a small magical instrument from his waist and directed it toward the burly man in a grey robe who served before him.

"Gale Envoy, it's time for your sacrifice."

The Gale Envoy humbly lowered his head and spoke with devotion, "It is my honor."

Cui Kao nodded appreciatively and then activated the magical instrument in his hand.

From the tip of the instrument, a golden bolt of lightning was released, striking the Gale Envoy.

With a scream of agony, the golden current started to surge and travel about his body, forming a golden electric net pattern that completely enveloped him.

The pattern of the electric net grew denser and more magnificent, until finally, his whole body spasmed and transformed into a pure golden humanoid lightning.

He stopped trembling, slowly stood up, and turned his head.

He had lost his human appearance and became a pure yet unstable form of energy.

The next moment, he truly turned into a bolt of lightning and merged into the wind wall.

Among all those who launched attacks on the wind wall, Georgette and Priest Rizzo were considered the most threatening.

The Gale Envoy's target was set on Georgette. Priest Rizzo on the other side, wearing power armor that clearly had better defensive capabilities, was not someone to be trifled with.

When Georgette struck at the wind wall with another slash, the man merged with the wind wall and lightning instantly arrived at her side. Seizing the moment she attacked, a golden bolt of lightning extended from within the wind wall.

It was like a spear, thrusting at Georgette.

The Battle Nun reacted extremely quickly. Unable to dodge in time, she managed to retract the Fine Chainsaw Sword that hadn't yet struck the wind wall and counter-slashed at the golden lightning spear, cleaving it apart with one strike.

An arc explosion, the intense energy knocked Georgette back.

Seeing that the Battle Nun did not immediately rush back into the fray, it was evident that she had taken some discomfort.

On the contrary, the Gale Envoy, transformed into golden lightning, seemed unaffected and continued to weave like a dragon through the wind wall.

The distant shooter wielding a bomb gun was no threat to him; however, the three close by, whenever they launched an attack, would be harassed by him.

The power of that golden lightning was not weak. A slight misstep in handling it could lead to injury.

In turn, they had nothing that could threaten the Gale Envoy.

Direct attacks were effective, but only if they could hit their mark. That guy, moving freely within the wind wall, would just run if he missed.

If they couldn't tear through the wind wall, they couldn't harm the Gale.

A group of space soldiers and Battle Nuns were stopped by a single wind wall and, for the moment, were at a loss for how to proceed.

And throughout this process, Gu Hang had not made a move.

It wasn't that he harbored any ill intentions.

In fact, Gu Hang felt incredibly angry with Cui Kao's earlier speech.

Insulting the 'false emperor' felt alright to him; but the idea of sacrificing the several hundred thousand people of Revival City really infuriated Gu Hang.

I suffered indignities and worked the fields outside to preserve this bit of population as seeds for the future's prosperity, and now you plan to sacrifice them all in a whim?

And you keep spouting about the revival of Rage Owl Star, but with everyone sacrificed and sent to meet your so-called Rage Owl God, what will you have left to revive Rage Owl Star with?

Are you relying on your insane Evil God?

The Empire may not be anything good, but does that make you cultists any better?

However, even with his rage boiling, Gu Hang still managed to stay calm.

He didn't make a move because it was pointless.

The power of the Battle Nun's Fine Chainsaw Sword and the Priest's Gravity Scepter was far greater than any force Gu Hang could muster with all his Spiritual Energy. Even if Gu Hang joined in, it would be roughly equivalent to adding another bomb gun to their side, which wasn't very helpful.

Instead, as a user of Spiritual Energy, what Gu Hang should do was to think and find a way to break the deadlock.

This wasn't like the situation they'd encountered at the entrance with the enchantment. Back then, their strength completely overwhelmed the opposition, so it didn't matter how clever the design was – if one strike didn't break it, just use two.

Now, they had to think of a clever solution.

Though Gu Hang hadn't figured out how to break the wind wall, his observations in this short period had brought him some other insights.

These insights not only shocked him but also showed him a glimmer of hope.

Chapter 107: the ceremony is complete

Gu Hang knew that the Primal High Priest wasn't putting all his energy into dealing with the interstellar warriors and the Battle Nun.

It certainly wasn't because he underestimated his opponents.

Although Cui Kao was strong enough, he wasn't so powerful as to have that kind of capital.

In actuality, that guy probably had more important things to do. Those things were even more significant than the battle at hand, more critical than his own life.

He seemed to be conducting some kind of ritual.

Within Gu Hang's field of vision, he could faintly see strands of Spiritual Energy extending from Cui Kao's body. One of these strands continued to the blades of the wind power generator above the tower; five others were dispersed among the blades of five other generators in the area. Many more strands stretched out in groups, extending towards the horizon.

Although Gu Hang couldn't see the end, he could guess that these connections of Spiritual Energy probably extended to the other seven power stations as well.

After realizing this, Gu Hang had a thought and used the power of Spiritual Energy to send an order to Perbov, who was stationed outside.

"Destroy all the wind power generator sets, including the one we are at, immediately execute!"

"Inform Yan Fangxu to dispatch additional troops to the other seven wind power stations, eliminate all the people there, and destroy the power stations."

After sending this message, Gu Hang saw that Cui Kao's gaze was fixated on him.

Obviously, although his Spiritual Energy communication wasn't intercepted, that old man might have 'heard' it.

Gu Hang opposed him with a faint smile, carrying a somewhat provocative taste.

Of course, at this moment, Gu Hang had also raised his vigilance to the utmost. As soon as the seemingly crazed old man attempted to make a move, he would immediately react, striving to control his own body and defend against the attack through Telekinesis.

The pressure was quite substantial; after all, the old man was a Spiritual Energy user much stronger than him.

However, Cui Kao didn't lose his temper as he had shown in his previous crazed state. He didn't pay any attention to Gu Hang and was wholly absorbed in his own business.

Gu Hang was somewhat disappointed.

If the old man had angrily attacked him, it might have indicated that Gu Hang's punch had hit a critical spot. But if not, could it be that those power stations weren't the key?

Whatever.

The wind power stations themselves weren't of high value to Revival City; it was better to blow them up first and ask questions later.

Perbov resolutely executed Gu Hang's orders.

He selected demolition experts and began to install explosives on the windmills outside.

Gu Hang also saw this scene.

With this in mind, he was at ease.

After that, Gu Hang began to study the wall of wind that stood before everyone.

In fact, he had been looking at this wind wall for a while and indeed found no clear way to breach it.

But now he did, after the grey-robed Divine Envoy turned into a pure energy state as a lightning person and entered the wind wall.

This action was, of course, a reinforcement of the wind wall. With this lightning person causing havoc inside, the three main forces attacking the wall would be harassed and their concentration would be diverted, which in turn would make the wall seem even more impregnable.

But in Gu Hang's eyes, this was instead a weakness.

Once that guy merged into the fire of the wind wall, Gu Hang had already started to make some small moves. However, he was trying hard to control the intensity carefully and not be too obvious.

He was attempting to use his newly acquired ability "Mind Manipulation" to influence the guy operating inside the wind wall. If Cui Kao noticed and interfered, Gu Hang's plan might fall through.

Therefore, he'd rather be slow but careful.

Now, he wasn't far from success.

But at this very moment, Cui Kao slowly lowered his hand.

The man with white hair, looking towards the enemies in front of the wind wall, spoke:

"Pawns of the false emperor, the harder you try, the more pathetic you appear."

“This city, it was destined to ascend in the midst of the gods’ gaze, within the storm,”

“Your little tricks are utterly meaningless!”

When he said this, Cui Kao’s smile was maniacal!

It was as if he had completed the largest, most important task, and was now finally able to let loose and revel in his own ego.

Gu Hang’s expression was stern.

Had the ritual already been completed?

Was it beyond stopping now?

What exactly was the ritual? According to what Georgette had said earlier, it was a sacrifice of the entire city, but… in what way was the sacrifice to be made?

The raging storm outside?

Would it evolve into a catastrophic storm capable of annihilating everything?

Gu Hang was lost in wild thoughts, his complexion not looking good.

He was thinking of a way out while carefully, subtly continuing to use Mind Manipulation. He also tried to speak, to see if he could taunt or provoke Cui Kao into revealing more by provoking him with words.

Villains seemed to always like to be verbose.

However, just at this moment, the sound of an explosion, which even the raging storm outside could not suppress, came through. Following that, there was intense turbulence under their feet, and the entire tower was collapsing.

The six wind generators on site, including the one which this tower, where they were located, relied on, were simultaneously blown up by Perbov outside.

Perbov had hesitated upon hearing the command to detonate. It didn't matter about the other five, but blow up the one where the governor and his party were? The governor himself was still inside!

But since the governor himself had explicitly included the tower he was in, then just do it!

The governor was always right!

The governor spoke urgently, plus they weren't professionals in building demolition. To ensure total destruction, they loaded a generous amount of explosives aiming for a decisive blow.

At this time, Gu Hang could no longer worry about using verbal provocations.

He immediately threw his spiritual energy into protecting the interstellar warriors and Battle Nuns.

From the height of four or five floors, it wasn't certain whether they would suffer any casualties from the collapse, but even if it was just being temporarily buried under the ruins, it would be a hassle. By the time they dug themselves out, who knew how long it would take.

Of course, their combat suits provided some defense against spiritual energy. Their firm resolve also made it difficult for Gu Hang to directly apply telekinesis on them.

But who said Gu Hang was such a pedant?

He controlled the flying floorboards and debris amidst the explosion, forming a temporary, floating 'ground' that supported all his people, and he managed their slow descent to the ground.

On the other hand, as an even more powerful psychic, what Gu Hang could do, Cui Kao could certainly do even better.

He and his 365-degree revolving wall of wind also landed safely.

Gu Hang's mouth was slightly agape, just about to use the destruction of the six wind turbines as a basis for verbal probing, when he looked up and saw a scene that rendered him speechless!

The wind generators had indeed been destroyed, but in mid-air, at the original positions of those generators, there were huge blades made of white vapor still spinning.

At the same time, an even more terrifying change occurred.

The white wind blowing from those vapor-formed blades gradually took shape in the air—the silhouette of a monster.

It was an Owl Beast, over ten meters tall.

Chapter 108: you deserve to die!

Gu Hang was seeing the Owl Beast for the first time in reality, and although it was merely an illusory form made up of the white storm, it did somewhat resemble the extinct ancient creature depicted in the pictorials.

It possessed an extremely majestic body, akin to that of a giant bear; its head resembled that of a mighty eagle; with antlers like those of a deer…

When still, it might seem a bit dim-witted and endearing, but at the moment, as it roared angrily at the sky, with the storm converging and dispersing at its command, it was truly terrifying.

And as this illusory embodiment of the Owl Beast wantonly unleashed its power, the violent storm became increasingly aggressive.

In just this short span of time, the ground was not merely covered with flowing water; it was already deep enough to submerge one's feet; the strong wind, laden with raindrops, was painfully striking faces; debris from collapsing buildings was being swept everywhere by the gale, with smaller pieces even flying off into the distance; branches were being torn from trees, and even the thinner trees were being snapped by the wind…

This was no longer a mere storm; it had gone beyond nasty weather and could be called a natural disaster.

Gu Hang wasn't having much trouble here, and neither were the space warriors and the battle nuns, but the soldiers further away were struggling.

They were not at risk of being blown away by the wind, but the flying building debris had already injured quite a few of them.

Even with the enemy Cui Kao still in front of him, and that storm-ravaged Owl Beast, Gu Hang's thoughts inexplicably drifted to Revival City.

The distribution of food, after the setback of the transport routes being ambushed by the enemy, should have returned to normal a few hours ago with Osenia's efforts.

However, distributing food to hundreds of thousands of people, even across sixty distribution points, would still mean queues of tens of thousands, or even more, at each point. The distribution would take far longer than a mere moment or two.

Up to this moment, today's food distribution in that area would have only progressed by a fraction.

But now, the storm had arrived.

What was the situation over there?

Gu Hang was indeed worried.

However, he was stretched too thin at the moment. No matter how much he worried, there was nothing he could do about the situation there.

What's more, the source of all these problems was here.

Gu Hang forced himself to focus on the present.

His mental manipulation of the Divine Envoy transformed into a golden sparkle was about to yield results.

But before that could happen, Cui Kao's offensive reached them first.

"My greatest mission has been accomplished. Now, let me teach you imperial stooges a lesson," he declared.

No sooner had he spoken than his outstretched hand fired a bolt of lightning, attacking the group of space warriors.

The lightning struck a battle nun. Her body convulsed violently as she fell to the ground, motionless.

Upon closer inspection, one could see that her breastplate had been pierced by the lightning.

Even without moving closer to check, Gu Hang could distinctly sense from his vantage point that the nun's vital signs had vanished.

Gu Hang's expression turned extremely grim.

One strike had killed a battle nun, an expert in fighting heresy. This High Priest's power was off the charts.

Saddened by a sister's death in battle, Georgette's attacks became even more furious, and she increased her offensive tempo yet again. But still, she couldn't swiftly break through the wind wall and was even sneak attacked by the golden lightning figure, sustaining some injuries.

And the enemy's attacks were far from over.

As Cui Kao seemed to be gathering another bolt of lightning, the illusory enraged Owl Beast swung a massive paw at a space warrior.

The space warrior, along with the armor that probably weighed two tons, was sent flying by a slap. They were lifted three to five meters into the air by the white misty giant hand before being slammed harshly back to the ground.

Although it wasn't lethal, that member of the Phoenix definitely wasn't feeling comfortable.

Protected by the wind wall, Cui Kao could launch attacks without restraint, unhindered. And now, his Spiritual Energy was so strong that he was capable of causing real harm, even capable of killing, the nuns in powered armor and the space warriors.

And that was to say nothing of Gu Hang.

That bolt of lightning just now could instantly kill a nun blessed with Divine Grace and protected by powered armor; if it hit him, even with Spiritual Energy as a shield, he might at best save his life. Being completely drained of Spiritual Energy in an instant was unavoidable, and whether he would survive depended on luck.

The reason he had not been targeted first was probably that Cui Kao didn't think his level of Spiritual Energy posed any threat. Killing a nun or a space warrior first would alleviate the pressure on him more effectively.

However, Gu Hang couldn't always rest easy, nor could he pin his hopes on not being attacked by others.

Thus, although his mind interference was not fully prepared, Gu Hang decided to initiate the mind control effect immediately.

He had been working on this quietly for quite a while, taking care always to be subtle and slow in order to avoid detection. He was using a relatively slower method to let his spiritual energy infiltrate the Divine Envoy's soul, who had transformed into a being of lightning. He hoped to complete the infiltration unnoticed, ensuring a one hundred percent certainty and then effect a reversal of the situation.

But now, he had to take the risk and try.

He changed the manipulation effect to 'interference.'

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To tell the truth, he wasn't completely sure of himself, but the effect after he initiated the magic was unexpectedly good!

This pure energy mage was almost losing his rationality as a human. He was burning himself up in some way and, with the additional blessing from Cui Kao, could perform as he now did.

Against such a brainless target, direct control was a bit difficult. The impatient part of his mind was extremely hard to tame; but if it was just about causing interference, completely collapsing what little rationality he had was relatively much simpler.

Gu Hang was doing just that, and he also implanted a more impulsive and aggressive thought into the mage's soul.

In an instant, the guy lost control.

He no longer maintained his body within the wind barrier for protection, engaging in guerrilla tactics; instead, he darted straight out from the wind barrier. The crackling sound of electricity seemed like his roar as he charged towards the Phoenix Battalion Leader.

Matins couldn’t be happier!

You’re finally willing to come out and throw your life away!

He didn’t know exactly what had happened, but two hundred years of battle instincts led him to subconsciously raise his chain saw sword and swing it down hard.

When the chain saw sword hit the mage’s arm and then moved to his head, a huge burst of electric light exploded at the point of contact. Sparks flew violently in all directions.

In that instant, as the energy state binding was destroyed by the chain saw sword, all the power inside the mage erupted and uncontrollably surged out.

Meanwhile, Matins stood unshaken. He could feel the immense force acting on his body, and through the power armor, he felt the severe pain of the electric shock. But with firm willpower, he endured it all and even pushed the chain saw sword forward harder, completely shattering the burst of light.

In reality, after Gu Hang had interfered with the light mage’s mind, successfully making him run out from the wind barrier, he no longer paid attention to the situation here.

Though the guy was fierce, once he lost the protection of the wind barrier, his abilities were no match for any of the three great experts in close-combat range.

And Gu Hang’s goal wasn’t just to kill a light being made of energy.

Having one less hindrance to their attack and breaking the wind barrier from inside was just the first step. If he could only achieve this much, it might count for something, but it certainly didn’t reach the turnaround effect Gu Hang wanted.

The moment the Gale Envoy charged out, Gu Hang seized the opportunity. He used almost all of his Spiritual Energy, employing Telekinesis to fill the void left by the Gale Envoy!

This action had to be fast!

Gu Hang believed that if he were even a bit slower, the swiftly revolving wind barrier would immediately close the gap. His chance lasted only a fleeting moment.

Thankfully, Gu Hang managed it.

He felt immense pressure. The Storm Divine Power within the wind barrier fiercely rejected the Spiritual Energy he placed there, treating it as an intruder, frantically pushing outward. He had to throw all his strength into maintaining the gap.

“Seize the chance!”

Gu Hang’s voice rang out beside every warrior and battle nun.

They indeed did not let Gu Hang down.

Priest Rizzo strode forward, his staff imbued with all his might, heavily slamming beside the large hole Gu Hang had created. The immense force made the already incomplete, vulnerable wind barrier tremble mightily.

Next up was Georgette, and her sacred golden halberd inflicted further destruction on the wind barrier.

Their attacks were effective, of course. Gu Hang could clearly feel the pressure he was enduring suddenly decrease.

Meanwhile, the wind barrier became increasingly unstable.

If they could just keep up this momentum and continue their relentless assault, breaking the wind barrier would happen very soon.

Inside the protective encirclement of the wind barrier, Cui Kao's face had turned extremely grim. His previously somewhat arrogant, crazy smile had all but faded away.

He raised his finger towards Gu Hang:

"You deserve to die!"

The power of storm lightning was building up, coalescing.

Gu Hang's hair stood on end; he felt the threat of death.

In that moment, he was considering whether to withdraw the effort maintaining the hole in the wind barrier. If so, he could move his body using full-powered Telekinesis with a decent chance to evade Cui Kao's attack. Even in the worst case, if he did get hit, the extra Spiritual Energy could perhaps save his life with a protective aura.

But that would mean losing most of the ground gained so far.

Just then, a whistling noise filled the air.

The sound of large-caliber artillery shells came hurtling from not too far away!

Gu Hang could almost hear Perbov yelling:

"Fire! Fire! Blast them ferociously!"

Chapter 109: blow it up for Laozi!

"Bombard them fiercely! I'll take full responsibility! What the hell are you afraid of, friendly fire? Can you morons really fuck up so bad you'd accidentally hit the Governor with that massive wall of wind and that big whatever-the-hell that looks like a bear just sitting there? Can't you get your aim right? Bomb! Bomb the shit out of them for me!"

Just as Gu Hang had thought, Perbov was indeed hopping mad and cursing nonstop.

The reason he was hopping was that a chunk of building debris the size of a fist had just smashed into his shin. It wasn't broken, but it had lost its strength.

But he was still angry and irritable.

Being unable to help, being weak, that was what irritated him the most.

Since the ambush in the alien woods, Perbov had always seen it as a disgrace that the Governor had to personally go into battle, to face the enemy firsthand.

The Governor came from beyond the stars, bringing steel, machinery, and weapons. And they, as warriors and soldiers, should be the ones to eliminate any threats for the Governor, not expect him to be both father and mother to all.

To handle development, to lead battles, was one thing. But if the Governor had to fight on the front lines, then what the hell were we there for?

At this moment, he was determined to do something.

He was furious, he was fierce, and perhaps even a bit reckless. But he also had the cunning and cleverness unique to the wastelanders. Even if his decisions were rash, in action, he wasn't so reckless as to disregard everything.

Perbov couldn't understand spiritual energy, dark magic, sacrifice rituals.

But he had one thought – there was nothing in this world that couldn't be destroyed with explosives. If it didn't blow up, then the caliber just wasn't big enough yet.

In the past, the camp only had 60mm mortars, but now they had 155mm howitzers. Regardless of effectiveness, bombard the hell out of them first!

That was the source of the artillery roar Gu Hang had heard.

Perbov's heavy artillery actually totaled just five cannons, supplemented by some mortars to make up the numbers.

But they had indeed produced remarkable effects!

The star warriors' bomb rifles boasted specialty diamond-tipped bullets, secondary acceleration, and close explosion functions, with off-the-charts firepower. Still, caliber is caliber.

What's a 155mm howitzer? Just the shell is 0.8 meters tall standing upright, weighing nearly 50 kilograms. Being near the explosion of such a beast was definitely a shockingly visceral experience.

Two artillery shells burst high above the enraged owl transformation.

The monster that had just swatted away a star warrior and was preparing to further maul the Phoenix had two massive holes blown into it. Essentially made of concentrated spiritual energy, half its form dispersed instantly.

Though a lot of energy was reassembling, reconstructing its body, it significantly affected its strength.

And three more shells fell on the 360-degree Storm Shield.

The shield, already reeling from Gu Hang's breach and the Gravity Scepter and Holy Golden Halberd's stabs, couldn't withstand such an assault and shattered instantly.

The blast radius of a 155mm howitzer shell could be several dozen meters. If it hit the ground, it could create a crater five meters in diameter.

And without a doubt, Gu Hang and his companions were all within this lethal range. From this perspective, Perbov's claim of not worrying about friendly fire was complete bullshit.

Actually, Gu Hang, the other two Phoenixes, and the seven surviving Battle Nuns might be somewhat better off, as they were a little further away. Matins, Rizzo, and Georgette were right up against the wall, using more powerful close-combat weapons – they were even closer to the heart of the bombardment.

But in that moment, the disintegrating Storm Shield actually provided them with protection.

The destroyed shield absorbed the majority of the blast wave's force, and many of the flying shrapnel pieces were significantly weakened. The three in close proximity, all clad in powered armor, remained uninjured. Lying flat on the ground, similar to a plank hold, helped them avoid much of the shrapnel and blast wave.

At least, after the explosion, all three were able to stand up without being too badly affected.

If they were mostly unharmed, then Cui Kao inside would be fine as well. As a spiritual energy user of his strength, the Storm Shield swirling around him wouldn't be weaker than the powered armors until the spiritual energy faded.

Still, he wasn't free from looking dirtied and disheveled.

The real fatal issue for him was the broken shield.

Clearly, though the Storm Shield was Cui Kao's handiwork, it definitely took him a long time to prepare, borrowing much external power not his own. Otherwise, however strong a spiritual energy user he might be, a defense purely built from his own power could never withstand such a long, terrible onslaught.

This also meant that once the Storm Shield was destroyed, even if he wanted to put up another one immediately, it would be impossible without half a month's time to construct slowly.

And now, with no obstacles left, the Phoenixes and Battle Nuns could seek revenge.

Cui Kao was still struggling.

He shot a bolt of lightning towards the swiftly approaching Matins.

But this time, the battle-hardened and prepared commander wouldn't be easily hit like the previous nun. Amid the smoke and blurred vision, he still judged Cui Kao's intention accurately, avoiding the lightning spell a moment before it was cast.

The lightning missed its target, and Matins reached close quarters, slashing his chainsaw sword hard against the Storm Shield.

The Storm Shield wasn't immediately shattered, but the terrifying feature of the chainsaw sword lay in the fact that, apart from the initial slash, as long as the star warrior wielding it continued to exert force downward, the rotating chainsaw would keep on cutting fiercely.

It was a force capable of severing heavy-duty armor!

Within just a second, the Storm Shield on his body was already flickering wildly as it showed signs of fracturing.

In his urgency, Cui Kao launched another bolt of lightning.

He knew that it was meaningless to purely reinforce the shield with Spiritual Energy to resist the attack. As long as Matins remained alive, he had no chance of surviving at such a close range.

However, this lightning spell, though it hit its target, did not interrupt Matins's actions in the slightest.

Matins had already anticipated and judged the High Priest's intention in advance. He couldn't dodge, but he could make slight adjustments to his body so that the lightning bolt shot out would hit his massive shoulder armor precisely.

In a star warrior's armor, the strongest part is definitely the shoulder armor. In their combat techniques, using shoulder armor to absorb excess damage is an option. Often, they treat the shoulders as shields.

The lightning that could pierce and slay battle nuns could not penetrate Matins's heavy shoulder armor.

And at that time, Rizzo arrived.

The Priest's scepter swung down with full force, and the Storm Shield, which was already on the verge of destruction, shattered instantly. The scepter, now with the gravity generator activated, continued its relentless descent upon Cui Kao's body.

The physical strength of a Spiritual Energy user is far from comparable. Under the effect of the gravity generator, Cui Kao's body was almost completely crushed.

Then Georgette, who arrived shortly after, thrust her holy gold halberd through the old man's head.

From her many years of experience battling such enemies, destroying the body was not always enough to kill a Spiritual Energy user. Some individuals' brains were the core. Some could even transcend their physical forms and exist in an energy state, just like that lightning person before.

As the holy gold halberd pierced the skull, a holy fire ignited simultaneously, completely incinerating Cui Kao's vile face.

Georgette sniffed, the powerful Spiritual Energy user was indeed dead.

However, the matter was far from resolved.

Gu Hang first sent a message to Perbov behind him:

"No need for a second round of bombing, you almost killed me."

Upon hearing this, Perbov's expression stiffened instantly.

However, Gu Hang's next words relaxed him again, "But well done."

A smile returned to Perbov's face.

I always said we needed to be more decisive in our action! Ah? Wait, could Governor-General's words be sarcastic? Could they mean, 'You almost killed me, well done indeed.'?

But Gu Hang no longer had the energy to concern himself with Perbov's state of mind at that moment.

He looked up at the slowly reassembling Storm Fury avatar and the relentless storm.

This confirmed his previous guess: killing Cui Kao was not the key.

Or rather, they were too late in killing him.

By the time they had arrived at the scene, the entire ritual had already entered its final stage. Even, in a sense, Cui Kao didn't take his own life and death seriously afterward. For such a fanatical believer, he had accomplished his mission, and what he did afterward was merely a flurry before death, seizing whatever he could.

However, the big mess he left behind was what troubled Gu Hang the most.

The storm could no longer continue.

A long-lasting typhoon, exaggerated rainfall, frequent lightning strikes…this would destroy Revival City.

Even the current intensity of the storm was already a catastrophe. Not to mention, the wind and rain were growing stronger, and the lightning strikes more frequent. In just a short while, Gu Hang had observed several trees nearby being struck by lightning.

It was unthinkable what the condition of the city would be like.

He didn't know to what extent the storm would continue to intens

Chapter 110: Don't Let the Governor's Efforts Go to Waste

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Stopping the storm meant to sacrifice the entire city was something the Starfighter Battle Group and the Sisters were also bound to do, and without question.

Even if they didn't regard the civilians of Revival City as people, the cult leader, who had repeatedly called the Emperor a "false emperor," a "lackey," and his followers as "cheap slaves," had already thoroughly aroused their anger. Under these names, the man had undisguisedly declared his hostility towards the Empire, becoming the most despicable traitor.

Wouldn't it be a great shame if a city that housed members of the Sisterhood and the Starfighter Battle Group allowed the plans of these traitors to succeed?

When Gu Hang suggested that they must find a way to solve this problem and prevent this catastrophe, both of them agreed and began to look for a solution.

Georgette was the main force.

As the Prioress, aside from her combat capability, and apart from the divine grace bestowed upon her over the years, her other major task was to study various spiritual powers and cult materials. She armed her mind so that she could quickly find targeted solutions when facing similar problems in the future.

Rizzo was of a similar nature, just not as specialized as the Battle Nuns. After all, he was a Starfighter and had been on a penitent crusade for an extended time, where battle missions and training were more

frequent, and as a Priest, he also had to soothe the emotions and morale of his fellow fighters, and handle their confessions.

But no matter what, he had lived for so long, seen much and knew much, and perhaps some of his past experiences could offer insight into similar issues.

While the Prioress and the Priest of the Battle Group sought a solution for this evil ritual from a religious perspective, Gu Hang considered solutions from the aspect of spiritual energy.

Currently, the huge storm avatar is about to be reformed, but in itself, it might look intimidating, but that's not a big problem.

Using a 155mm howitzer again to bombard it seems too extravagant, as a shell is quite expensive, and inventory isn't plentiful to begin with.

But they could use much cheaper mortar guns.

Perbov had already sent out several mortar teams to encircle the giant monster incarnation. Whenever it shows signs of reforming its body, a few shells would directly blast down, and the just reformed part of the body would be blasted into pieces again, entering the phase of reforming once more.

It was quite pitiful.

However, while it may seem pitiful, if it truly stood up, it would be extremely fierce. A slap from it could send a Starfighter flying, and even through the powered armor, they would be injured. Against ordinary people, it could perhaps sweep away a whole squad of infantry with one move.

Don't be fooled by the fact that two howitzer shells sent it away, but if it wasn't for the Phoenix and the Holy Mercy Lily drawing its hatred beforehand, and the fact that they had a relatively high chance of survival under the bombardment.

Relying solely on ordinary troops to deal with it would be extremely difficult. It might require death squads to attract the attention of the storm fury avatar.

But a death squad would surely suffer heavy casualties under the attack of the storm fury avatar, and then, when the heavy artillery arrives, the ordinary soldiers who are closer are likely to be completely wiped out.

Not to mention organizing a death squad that is bound to be a suicide mission is a difficult task in itself, but even if it's successful, the soldiers would find it very hard to hold their ground. Without the ability to counter, the storm fury avatar would easily rampage through the military formation, not restricting its movement, making the accuracy of the artillery fire worrying.

If not hit, then a new death squad must go up.

Are there enough men to die?

This death squad can't rely on the troops who have just been recruited from the prisoners. Coercion won't work, and they simply can't do the job.

But what if they call on more Starfighters and Battle Nuns to go to each wind power station to solve the problem?

Will there be enough time?

Faced with this problem, Gu Hang thought of a solution:

The Quintet in the sky.

However, even if they could deal with the threat of the storm fury avatar, what about the problem of the storm itself?

Gu Hang had thought that the generators and the large blades were the core of this storm. However, after they were bombed and physically no longer existed, they left behind white misty blades that blew into a huge storm fury avatar.

What if the core of this storm was in these white misty blades, in the storm fury avatar?

The fact was just so, Gu Hang could clearly see that the power of the storm fury avatar was projected into the sky, causing a strong spiritual energy reaction.

But the problem was, this connection couldn't be cut off.

Gu Hang had already tried using his soul-cutting ability to block it, but to no effect—or perhaps Gu Hang was not powerful enough to have an effect.

And when the fury avatar was blasted into pieces, and the white mist forming the wind turbine blades were also shattered, it did not affect their spiritual connection at all. The lightning storm and torrential rain were still getting worse.

Flash floods from the downpour, the hurricane itself, and even more frequent lightning strikes… If this trend continues, the growing storm would destroy Revival City in about three hours.

Standing in the rain, Gu Hang pondered all of this.

While observing the constantly exploded and minimally replenishing storm fury avatar through his Psychic Vision, he contemplated many tactics moving forward.

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He began to speak, issuing one command after another:

“Inform Osenia, beyond distributing food, to put all her efforts into the evacuation of personnel. Prepare for the worst-case scenario—she has two hours to evacuate Revival City. During this time, I need her to do her utmost to evacuate as many people as possible from the city.”

“Tell Lambert to mobilize all the forces he can command within Revival City to assist Osenia’s evacuation efforts.”

“Notify Yan Fangxu to deploy the entire former Alliance Legion to fully support Osenia. The troops must also withdraw from Revival City after two hours.”

“Another order for Yan Fangxu—take command of the teams sent to the various wind power stations. Ten minutes from now, he must provide the precise coordinates for seven wind farms and relay them to me. After the orbital bombardment, all troops must quickly approach the bombardment sites and exterminate everything still alive there. If anything continues to reconstitute or resurrect, keep destroying it. This mission is to carry on for two and a half hours; once the time is up, if there are no new orders, the troops must withdraw immediately.”

“Connect me to Quintet and convey my request to Colonel Yelisia, please prepare for an orbital strike immediately. In ten minutes, we will provide the strike coordinates. They must carry out three rounds of precise orbital bombardments at the locations, with low firepower and the highest accuracy. Emphasize—not to use heavy-caliber ship cannons. I do not wish to destroy Revival City.”

Perbov, upon hearing these commands from the governor, couldn’t help but shiver.

Back when the torrential rain had soaked him through, he didn’t feel cold, but now the wind and rain seemed piercing to the bone.

He hurriedly followed the governor’s instructions, sending out each command through the communication soldiers of the camp.

Connecting with Quintet proved slightly more troublesome, but fortunately, the mission included a device specially for orbital communication. After some time, he managed to get it done.

After finishing the tasks at hand, Perbov had nothing else to do. As he sat idly, he began to grasp the implications behind the governor’s orders.

This was making preparations for both possibilities.

If the storm disaster remained unresolved by the end, the worst-case scenario would come into play: relinquish Revival City and evacuate as much of the population as possible within two hours.

Of course, as long as the people survived, there was still hope. But with only two hours under a fierce storm, how many could they evacuate?

Hardly any!

Not to mention the manufacturing equipment, the food…

But in such a dire situation, the governor's choice was undoubtedly rational.

Before everything came to an irrevocable end, it was crucial to preserve as much as possible—saving as many lives and as much material as they could.

It was better than losing everything along with Revival City.

Part of the work assigned to Osenia, Lambert, and Yan Fangxu was in an effort to achieve this.

But clearly, the governor was not so easily willing to give up.

He was still doing his utmost to save the city.

The second command to Yan Fangxu and the request for an orbital strike to Yelisia were made with this in mind.

Three spaced out orbital strikes, even the smallest firepower a starship could deliver, would be enough to destroy the wind farms; the subsequent two salvos, with a slight interval, could then eliminate any manifestations of the Storm Fury that appeared.

Of course, this wouldn't completely solve the problem. Even if the avatars of the Storm Fury were extinguished, their shells would regenerate over time, as it was happening now.

But the troops dispatched to the other seven sites could handle the follow-up. Like Perbov's own situation, they just needed to surround the remnants of the Storm Fury and bombard it with mortars whenever it showed signs of regenerating. As long as they had enough shells, the thing couldn't wreak havoc.

And then, there was only one problem left: the monster might be contained, but how to stop the storm?

Watching the governor still furrowing his brows, seeing the Holy Lily and the Phoenixes look helpless, Perbov's heart twisted in anguish.

He couldn't help but pray silently:

"Divine Emperor above, please let them find a way, please don't let the governor's hard work go to waste."

He hadn't been a devout follower of the Divine Emperor, but having heard and thought a lot, he could now say this.