Governor 111

Chapter 111: The Storm

Osenia was already soaked through.

She had been running in the storm for a long time. Even though she wore a raincoat, her slender figure seemed as if the wind could blow her away at any moment amidst the heavy rain and strong winds.

More than once, her subordinates had hoped she would return inside the building, but she had refused them all.

“You’d do better to do something useful than waste time persuading me,” she said.

And that was what she did.

In theory, once all the work arrangements at the food distribution points were in place and the attack on the food convoy had been resolved, there should be no significant problems as long as the plan was executed step by step.

At most, they had to worry about public security.

Over the past few days due to war and unrest, many of the residents of the outer city of Revival City had fallen into starvation.

While they weren’t called rabble or rioters, one couldn’t expect these people, most of whom had experience wandering the wastelands, to be rule-abiding. Many of them had blood on their hands.

It was all too common for public security issues to arise during the long wait to receive food.

She had anticipated these issues and had established some rules. The armed soldiers would sternly warn those in line to behave. Those who didn’t would not only face suppression from the soldiers but would also lose their qualification to receive food.

Coupled with her tireless propaganda that there was an adequate supply of food, the likelihood of disputes and security problems was greatly reduced.

In the beginning, everything did indeed go as she had planned.

That is until the storm hit.

When the storm first arrived, Osenia sensed trouble.

Waiting in line in the wind and rain was a test for the people's health, a test for their mood, and a test for her subordinates and the soldiers maintaining order.

When would it be a good time for wind and rain? Why did it have to be now!

There was no choice but to grit their teeth and carry on.

The storm caused a great deal of chaos, significantly increased her subordinates' workload, and led to numerous emergencies that were reported to her, one after another, requiring her to come up with solutions or even handle them personally.

Many things couldn't be resolved just by sitting in an office, listening to reports, and making decisions.

She ran through the rain among the various food distribution points, confronting one issue after another on the front lines.

Busy, tired, and challenging, but her will was resolute.

This was the first and most crucial day of building a bridge of trust between the governor and the people of Revival City. She had to do her best in her role.

No storm could hinder her determination to see everything through smoothly.

That was until the two-hour evacuation order was relayed to her.

It left her feeling disillusioned.

She had never complained about the hard work, but this news nearly made her collapse.

She couldn’t help but feel lost.

What was the point of the previous efforts, including the sacrifice of those soldiers guarding the transport routes?

She stood there, staring blankly at the people queuing in the storm.

There were parents with young children, couples hunched over, creating a small shelter for their child against the wind and rain, but the little boy, who looked to be only four or five years old, was still inevitably drenched;

There was a limping man who had come alone; he slipped while walking forward, fell into the water that was deep enough to submerge his feet, and couldn’t get up for a long time, relying on the help of others to stand again;

Everyone in the storm seemed so hard-pressed, so helpless.

Were they to abandon them after only two hours’ time?

Osenia felt she couldn’t do it.

But moments later, she told herself in her heart:

“You must do it.”

She couldn’t see the whole picture, but she wasn’t a fool. She could guess that the pressing reason behind the evacuation had to be this storm that kept getting worse. It had even occurred to her that the storm could potentially kill everyone.

If there were a choice, His Excellency the Governor certainly wouldn’t make such a decision, but it was the lack of choice that drove him to it.

So what she needed to do was to ensure as many people as possible could survive.

This held the same meaning as the earlier food distribution, only it was now much more difficult.

Whether it was the specific tasks that needed to be done or the determination that had to be made.

She wiped the rain off her face, but it was in vain, as more cold rain slapped against her skin.

She gestured for her subordinate to come over, and yelled into their ear over the sound of the wind and rain, “Notify all food distribution points! Instruct each one to keep a line clear, arrange for everyone who has received food to gather outside the city!”

“Tell them the storm is a conspiracy by the Cult! Leaving the city is for their safety!”

“Use all the megaphones, put them all to work!”

“Select volunteers from those who have received food, have them quickly inform everyone they know! Leave the city! Leave some reliable vagrants to help us maintain order!”

“You go now and rally a squad of soldiers, set up a temporary camp outside the city, find a place without wind and rain! Get all the drivable vehicles moving, take the food from the gathering point over there!”

After that, she connected with Lambert's signal, instructing him to move as much of the inner city's food as possible to the temporary camp outside.

Having done all this, she heard a rumbling sound.

At first, she thought it was thunder, but then the ground started to tremble, and it didn't seem like thunder at all.

Stepping outside, she saw seven orange glows from around the city, streaking across the sky and crashing to the ground.

The sounds like muffled thunder came again.

A little while later, another seven orange glows fell from the sky.

Was this orbital bombardment?

What issue had escalated to the point of needing an orbital bombardment?

Osenia shivered.

Although it was only at the edges of the city, about ten to twenty kilometers away from the center, such terrible power meant that if there were people or homes in those areas, they would likely…

She shook her head; those things weren't for her to worry about right now.

The matter at hand was more important.

The food distribution point here was already in chaos.

The order to evacuate had been given.

Osenia knew clearly that the forces under her control couldn't guarantee orderly evacuation under such a storm.

She also wanted to organize the poor into orderly groups, each accompanied by at least a squad of soldiers to maintain order and guide them to the evacuation points outside the city.

But that was completely unfeasible.

Given time and a stable environment, she might have managed, but now, arranging for as many people as possible to leave the city in two hours amid the storm was too difficult.

The noise of the wind and the rain, mixed with the thunder, was so loud that even if she shouted at the top of her voice, it would not carry far.

If the goal was to evacuate as many people as possible, then she'd rather sacrifice some order, even if it meant more chaos, as long as she could spread the message further and wider.

Let the locals figure out their own way to get out; they might be faster than trying to organize personnel herself.

Her top priority was to ensure the evacuation routes stayed open, preventing a large number of people from getting stuck on the roads out of the city, culminating in nobody being able to leave; she also needed to set up points outside the city to ensure supplies, to avoid the scenario where lots of people leave the city only to die of starvation in the wilderness instead of the storm.

There was a list of tasks to do, each critical, yet hindered by environmental and logistical difficulties; time was of the essence, two hours were not enough to do much, even if one fought tooth and nail.

But the saying still stood, one must fight with all one's might.

Chapter 112: Emptiness

In the wind farm, Gu Hang and his group were still there.

After issuing numerous orders, Gu Hang focused all his attention on the problem at hand.

Abandoning Revival City and giving up the hard-won accomplishments of so long was a last resort.

Although he had made this decision and instructed his subordinates to start executing it, he was still striving to save the city until the last moment.

He wasn't just standing there like a fool, all determination and no method.

In fact, with Spiritual Vision working at full strength, Gu Hang was gathering every bit of Spiritual Energy flow information he could and analyzing it in his mind.

Gradually, Gu Hang observed something.

He had an idea.

After two rounds of mortars blasted the reassembling body of the Primal Fury Owl into pieces again, Gu Hang issued an order.

"Speed up the pace, bomb it at the first sign of reshaping."

In the midst of the storm, it was difficult to relay orders, but this obstacle was nothing to Gu Hang. His voice, powered by Spiritual Energy, rang clear and accurate in the ears of every mortar team soldier.

The warriors in the rain carried out Mr. Gu's command.

The reason this wasn't done before was due to the consideration of the ammunition stock. No one knew how long this would have to continue, and every fired mortar round was one less in the supply. After all, the monster needed time to reconstitute its body. It would have almost the same effect to bomb it again once it had regenerated to a certain extent, preventing it from fully reforming while significantly conserving ammunition.

But now that Mr. Gu had given an order, they would follow it.

Meanwhile, Gu Hang observed the flow of Spiritual Energy during the first reconstitution, after the Primal Fury Owl's incarnation was thoroughly shattered by the bombings, more frequently and more times than before.

Finally, during this process, he solidified an idea.

"Stop," he commanded again.

The soldiers obeyed and halted.

Gu Hang walked forward, his eyes shining as he carefully observed and stood at a spot based on the information he had analyzed previously.

This was a crater.

After being bombarded back and forth multiple times by heavy artillery and mortars, the area where the avatar of the Primal Fury Owl could resurrect wasn't very large, so finding a good spot was somewhat challenging.

Gu Hang waved his hand, and Spiritual Energy gently seeped forward. Under his will, the released Spiritual Energy bore a hint of blue, tinting a small area ahead in color.

A moment later, when Gu Hang stopped pouring in energy, his blue Spiritual Energy was quickly washed away by the wind and rain, except for an oval-shaped Spiritual Energy core, about twenty centimeters in diameter, floating in mid-air.

As he said this, he reached out again. His Spiritual Energy, controlled through Telekinesis, tried to influence this insubstantial, oval-shaped sphere that could only be marked by staining it with Spiritual Energy, but it remained completely still.

“Telekinesis is ineffective, which probably verifies my theory,” he concluded.

Then, he attempted to influence it by means of mental manipulation and soul cutting.

“Mental manipulation is ineffective; it must not be a life form, or it has no cognitive abilities. Soul cutting has some effect, but it’s not significant. I can’t sever the ritual core’s residual influence on its surroundings after completion. This thing is less of a sphere and more of a hole opened in the real world.”

As Georgette listened, she moved forward.

Seeing the Battle Nun reach out her hand, as if to touch it, Gu Hang considered speaking up to stop her.

But then, noting the golden glow on her hand, he swallowed his words of caution.

A Battle Nun blessed by The Emperor might possess some special means. Although the lady was rather rash in her actions, her vast experience meant that if she dared to touch it, it was unlikely to be in vain.

Then Gu Hang watched as she made contact with the dyed void.

The moment after she touched it, as if having endured a tremendous force, she was repelled. She stumbled several steps backward before regaining her balance.

She reached up to remove her helmet, during which Gu Hang observed her hands shaking violently.

Once the helmet was off, everyone saw blood gushing from her nose. Her white short hair quickly got drenched by the rain, mixing with the blood, which smeared all over, making her look very bedraggled.

I thought you wouldn't do it for nothing, but you actually did?

Fortunately, it wasn't anything serious.

She wiped her face with her hand, realized it was futile, and then turned to the others and said, "I think I've found a solution."

"What is it?" Gu Hang asked immediately.

"Challenge it, then defeat it," Georgette gave an answer that was a bit perplexing but swiftly explained, "As Mr. Gu said, this is a void that connects to a mad and powerful entity. That must be the Primal Fury Owl worshipped by the Cultists. Regardless of its origins, it has likely become a fearsome Spiritual Energy creature by now. I just faced it directly, and it's beyond my capability."

Georgette candidly admitted her lack of strength.

Even just a fleeting glimpse at a spiritual level had subjected her to a massive impact, causing severe mental strain.

Of course, if they had met in the real world, it wouldn't have been quite as dire. Engaging in unprotected Spiritual Vision is inherently high risk.

But she was already quite admirable. Even for a Battle Nun, directly confronting a deified and potentially insane Spiritual Energy creature in the mental realm and only suffering a nosebleed was quite remarkable; she came out relatively unscathed.

Although she was reckless, she clearly had the wherewithal to be so.

Georgette continued with the valuable information she'd just obtained:

“Its power, through this void, is projected into the real world. We need to defeat it to close the portal, to prevent the resurrection of the Fury Owl incarnation, and to stop this storm.”

“And we may need to do this eight times. Every wind farm, besides this one, needs to be shut down.”

Chapter 113: Annihilation Projection

After Georgette finished speaking, Gu Hang asked the critical question, “How can we defeat it? Are we supposed to defeat a Primal Psychic Creature that has achieved godhood?”

“No, it hasn’t come to that,” Georgette continued to explain. “I’ve sensed that it is still some distance away from tearing apart the veil of reality and truly awakening. If nearly a million people from Revival City indeed perish in the storm, such a vast spiritual reaction would echo repeatedly at the site of the ritual, and it really could pull it out of hell.”

“But to approach this layer of the True Universe, it still needs an anchor. Its eight spiritual avatars are here. What we need to eliminate are these avatars, soul to soul. A strong spirit is the key to defeating it.”

…

Gu Hang roughly understood what Georgette meant.

Although she had mentioned some rather abstruse concepts, they seemed related to the underlying logic of the entire world. He found some answers in his memories.

In the legitimate study for Spiritual Energy users, it is understood that beneath the entire reality of the universe, there’s a believed layer of an illusory universe filled with pure energy but no matter, considered to be the birthplace of the real universe, its foundation, also referred to as the ‘True Universe.’

It is speculated that tens of thousands of years ago, during the Golden Age, humans wielded advanced technology, properly harnessing the energy of the True Universe. This boundless energy source gave rise to a brilliant civilization.

All of this ended after the emergence of ‘hell.’

‘Hell’ is seen as the gathering place of energies that are unusable or discharged after use. It is rife with madness, destruction, and chaos.

Modern Scholars of Spiritual Energy generally believe that the True Universe is now divided into two layers. The Star Spirit Realm is the outer layer, a usable sea of Spiritual Energy. The Spirit Network constructed by the Divine Emperor supports the entire Spirit Realm, allowing safe Spiritual Energy users to emerge among humans, who also utilize Spiritual Energy as an advanced source of energy.

Of course, the Theological Council of the state religion doesn’t see it that way. In their theory, the Spirit Network is the Divine Realm established by the Emperor upon His ascension. The Emperor blesses the people of this world from within His realm. People should believe wholly in the Emperor and upon death, their souls should return to the Divine Realm, achieving transcendence.

The Mechanical Sect has their own theories, to be set aside for now.

But regardless of the debate, in essence, Spiritual Energy originates from the Spirit Realm and the ascended Emperor bestows protection upon humanity.

However, hell still exists—disordered, chaotic, insane—filled with destructive energy.

According to Georgette, the ‘Primal Fury Owl’ is classified as a kind of powerful psychic creature, and it has fallen into hell for reasons unknown. Now, due to the rituals of the cultists, it is about to tear open the veil of the real universe and descend.

Within the eight wind farms, there exist eight avatars of the Fury Owl, essentially eight mental projections of the Primal Fury Owl that have torn a small opening in the real universe, allowing the insane Spiritual Energy storm to sweep through it.

If these eight Fury Owl projections are killed in the Mental Realm, it would mean a complete termination of the avatars’ reconstitution, preventing the arrival of the Primal Fury Owl and permanently solving the storm issue.

How do we kill these Fury Owl projections?

“Just touch the void,” Georgette provided a very specific solution, further explaining, “I was trying to see the source earlier; that’s why…if it were only about challenging the projection, it wouldn’t be like this.”

Oh, so you still went and acted rashly.

“Then, has the projection avatar here been dealt with?”

“No…” Georgette admitted somewhat awkwardly, “After my injury, I no longer have enough mental strength to destroy the projection.”

Oh, after acting rashly, you’re too weak to do the actual work.

Isn’t that just giving it away for free?

Gu Hang took a deep breath, deciding…

“I’ll do it.” Priest Rizzo stepped forward. “Just touching it will suffice?”

“Yes,” Georgette replied. “As long as you don’t venture too deep, just annihilate that creature.”

“Alright.”

Priest Rizzo reached out and touched the void.

Moments later, he lowered his hand, looking a bit wilted and weak, but his voice was light as he spoke, “Mission accomplished.”

As his words fell, Gu Hang could clearly see the void shrinking at a visible rate, soon disappearing entirely.

Gu Hang was overjoyed!

Dawn was in sight!

“We now need to rush to the other seven wind farms immediately! We have less than three hours; we can still make it!”

Watching the governor become invigorated, the priest sighed and cooled the excitement.

“Your Excellency,” Rizzo began, “I’m afraid it’s not as simple as we thought.”

“What do you mean?”

“Projecting the soul into the Mental Realm for combat is much more difficult than imagined. Defeating that creature doesn’t cost me much, but the transit back and forth burdens the spirit heavily. I can’t do it again in a short amount of time. Otherwise, just the act of projecting the soul could leave me unconscious, and I need at least two days of rest to recover.”

Everyone has a two-day cooldown to enter the Mental Realm?

Gu Hang looked at Georgette.

“I’m in a similar situation.”

Rizzo continued: “To withstand the pressure of soul projection, one needs a very resilient spirit. Even for the Sisters of Saintly Lilies, it would be extremely dangerous. Only we Phoenixes have the capability to endure it.”

As soon as these words were uttered, the nuns of the Holy Mercy Lilies disagreed vehemently.

Several stepped forward:

“We can do it!”

“The will of the Holy Mercy Lilies is in no way inferior to that of space warriors!”

“Leave it to us!”

Their emotions ran high, feeling insulted.

But Rizzo had no intention of employing reverse psychology, and even Georgette fell silent at that moment.

Gu Hang saw all this and acknowledged that Rizzo’s words were the truth.

The abbess was no fool—if she was confident, she wouldn’t remain silent.

Clearly, it was because she also believed that the ordinary battle nuns faced a near-certain death doing this task, and thus she kept quiet.

In the previous battle, she had already lost a sister-in-arms.

Gu Hang turned his gaze to Matins and directly made his request, “Commander, I need your help.”

Matins didn’t demur, “To fight for The Emperor, eradicate the corrupt Spiritual Energy creatures, and save the Empire World, the Phoenix cannot refuse!”

The Phoenix is indeed reliable!

Initially, I even considered a ‘change the cage for a bird’ plan—simply too inhumane.

But… the Phoenix only has seven members.

That’s a problem too.

Rizzo had already been spent here, leaving only six of Phoenix, yet there were seven wind farms to deal with.

Georgette looked somewhat ashamed. If she still had the strength to fight, she could have taken care of one, and there would be no problem.

Or, if she dared to risk sacrifice, one nun might not be enough, but they had ten people, taking turns, they would surely be able to bring down one projection.

But when it really came to making this decision, she hesitated.

However, Gu Hang did not make it difficult for her, “I will deal with one myself.”

“That’s too dangerous,” Priest Rizzo advised.

Gu Hang waved his hand, his decision already made.

Moreover, he felt that in pure Mental Realm combat, he, a user of Spiritual Energy, might even be stronger than the warriors of Phoenix.

Subsequently, the personnel were split into many groups and began rushing toward the other seven wind farms.

Besides Rizzo, the three Phoenix members present rushed to three different sites; the nuns also formed teams to follow as reserves; another three Phoenix members, led by the bald Schneider in the city, received orders and went to three other locations.

Ordinary troops did not accompany their actions.

Perbov and his team were ordered by Gu Hang to go to the city to help, following the commands of Yan Fangxu and Osenia.

The remaining space warriors and nuns could then proceed at full speed. With the aid of their powered armor, they strode through the storm, not much slower than a car.

Gu Hang headed toward the farthest of the seven power stations.

The reason for this assignment was because he could fly, making him the fastest.

Whether it was bad luck or being targeted, he was struck by lightning twice on his way there.

But there was no harm done.

Before the lightning struck, he had already detected unnatural gatherings of Spiritual Energy through his Spiritual Vision, allowing him to dodge in advance.

Upon his arrival at the destination, local soldiers were bombarding incarnations of the Primal Fury Owl in the enormous craters left by orbital bombardments.

The strategy that Gu Hang had previously formulated was working.

Originally, following Yan Fangxu's orders, the many troops that came to this location encountered resistance from Cult members. The Cult's numbers and quality weren't especially high, and given time, the soldiers should have been able to overcome the enemy, followed by demolishing the wind farm, not a big problem anymore.

But while they were engaged in combat, they received new orders, so they withdrew from the fight.

Those Cult members didn't chase after them.

Their mission was to protect the wind farm; even if it couldn't be held, they were to delay as much as possible. Even when the enemy's retreat seemed strange, their happiness outweighed their confusion.

Then, in their joy, they faced orbital bombardment.

The bombardiers aboard the Quintet followed the governor's orders and carried out 7×3 rounds of minimal yield bombardment, not using the Colossal Cannons and the Light Spear Array, but only the secondary cannons.

Yet, the effect on the ground was still terrifying.

The direct destruction range of the bombardment extended over half a kilometer; the shockwave retained lethal force even a kilometer away. Even the troops stationed at an almost two-kilometer theoretical safe distance from the target could feel the intense shock.

Some houses on the city's edge collapsed under the bombardment.

Fortunately, by now, most people had gone to various food distribution points to queue for supplies, so the casualty figures should not be too high.

Just as they were hurrying back, washed by the rain and witnessing the rapid dissipation of the residual heat after the three bombardments, the wind farm was already gone. The Primal Fury Owl, which should have appeared, was making an effort to reconstitute itself.

No doubt about it, the artillery attack commenced. The barely reconstituted Primal Fury Owl was blasted apart again.

In this way, with a strategy of blasting a bit as soon as it reconstituted a bit, the local Primal Fury Owl's incarnation became very miserable.

Until Gu Hang arrived.

He commended the troops on the scene, and through the communications soldier integrated into their team, received the latest situation updates.

Good news had come from the other two wind farms closest to the one where Cui Kao had been eliminated.

Two stellar warriors, including Commander Matins, had already annihilated the projections of the Primal Fury Owls in those locations.

This was a good start, indicating the plan was proceeding smoothly.

Without hesitation, Gu Hang stepped forward and touched the void.

Suddenly, he felt a palpitation and before his eyes appeared a vast fog.

The fog came quickly and vanished just as fast. Within a few breaths, it disappeared. Before him lay a steeply descending road, endless in length, with rolling mists of endless colors.

Gu Hang felt a strong pull of temptation as if being called to walk down, but also a strong sense of fear warning him of the great horror that lay below.

These two conflicting feelings interwove in his heart, even causing him a moment of trance.

A roar awakened him from the astounded sense of conflict.

Turning around, Gu Hang saw a two-person tall, phantom incarnation of the Primal Fury Owl, strutting arrogantly.

Are you the one?

Without a word, Gu Hang unleashed a psychic slash at it.

Upon his psychic projection entering this illusory Mental Realm, his Spiritual Energy could, of course, be utilized. Additionally, because he was closer to the Spirit Realm, and even to Hell, his spiritual sensitivity became keener and the Psychic Spells he could unleash were stronger.

The monster lost a leg, losing its arrogance immediately.

Unyielding will?

Maybe the Battle Nuns and stellar warriors really needed it when they entered the Mental Realm to fight. They had to engage in fierce melee combat with the frightful Primal Fury Owl incarnations, hence, their willpower determined the strength of their 'bodies.'

But a psychic like Gu Hang didn't need that. He relied on spiritual attributes to battle here, and all his Psychic Spells were effective—a few even stronger than usual.

Gu Hang's psychic slash might not kill the Primal Fury Owl projection in one blow, but no matter, one slash at a time would suffice.

With less spiritual consumption and stronger psychic power… at this rate, he could continue for a hundred slashes. In other words, he could execute the Primal Fury Owl projection by dismemberment.

In reality, it didn't even survive fifteen slashes, never once touching the hem of Gu Hang's clothing before being cut into countless pieces.

A thick fog enveloped his vision once more, and by the time it cleared, Gu Hang found himself back in the real world.

It was at this moment that he felt an overwhelming sense of exhaustion.

Upon leaving the Mental Realm, his soul had suffered a tearing. It wasn't an injury per se, but if he entered that place again within a short period and then left, he might genuinely harm the core of his being.

He came to understand; this must be the price Georgette referred to, the cost of projecting one's soul into the purely Mental Realm.

Thankfully, the price was paid upon exit. If it had to be paid upon entry, going in with a debuff of weakness and having to fight a Primal Fury Owl projection would make the challenge substantially harder.

Chapter 115: Termination Ritual

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Dizzy and disoriented, Gu Hang refused the support of the approaching soldier and made his way to the group of communication soldiers on his own.

While taking a rest beside them, he said, "Let me know immediately if there's any news from other places."

"Yes, sir!"

With that, Gu Hang closed his eyes and sat in the rain to recuperate.

It wasn't that they couldn't afford to set up a shelter for the Governor; it was just that in the current conditions, any awning would be blown away.

Fortunately, Gu Hang didn't care about such things.

In the following fifteen to twenty minutes, messages from all around came one by one. Three more projections of the Wrathful Owls at the wind farms were taken care of.

Together with the previous four, that made seven in total.

A smile appeared on Gu Hang's face, even with his eyes closed.

It seemed there wasn't much of a problem anymore.

But a few minutes later, the news from the last wind farm that he had been waiting for still hadn't arrived.

The smile disappeared from Gu Hang's face.

"Send a message, ask what's going on over there, what's the situation now."

The communication soldier did as ordered, and soon there was a reply.

"Five minutes ago, an interstellar warrior and two nuns arrived, they… they…"

At this point, the communication soldier stammered, and Gu Hang already had an ominous feeling:

"Quick, say it."

"Yes, sir!" No longer bothering to organize his words, the communication soldier hurriedly reported the situation as it happened, "An interstellar warrior touched the void first. Then after a little while, the void didn't disappear; instead, the interstellar warrior fell. Then the two nuns checked, and said the interstellar warrior was already dead. One of them touched the void and also fell… The remaining nun is using the communication signal, calling for help."

Gu Hang's face turned completely dark.

Although not yet a complete failure, he was aware that there was a big problem now.

Besides himself, a high-level spiritual energy user, only the interstellar warriors could deal with the Wrathful Owl projections lingering in the wind farms.

These Phoenix veterans, who had undergone the Penitent Expedition and each had at least a century of combat experience, were all extremely determined. There were only seven of them, and added to Gu Hang himself, they should have been able to handle all the Wrathful Owl projections.

It was indeed a stretch, but Gu Hang hadn't really considered the possibility of them failing.

However, even though the Phoenixes had a seventy to eighty percent chance of winning against a Wrathful Owl incarnation in the Mental Realm with pure willpower, facing it seven times in a row could lead to an accident, which wasn't unthinkable. Moreover, Gu Hang remembered that among the Phoenixes, one unfortunate soul had been hit by an air blast and then, during the appearance of the Wrathful Owl incarnation, was slapped by the same being.

Although there was no concrete evidence, Gu Hang suspected that the one who died was this very person… Perhaps the previous warrior had already been seriously injured and in a poor state before entering the Mental Realm to face the Wrathful Owl projection with pure willpower and unfortunately lost the battle.

The loss of an interstellar warrior was painful.

Although the Phoenixes were still only his allies, their relationship wasn't the kind where one would stand still if an ally was in trouble. On the contrary, the two sides had cooperated fairly well recently.

Even though their presence required Gu Hang to invest a considerable amount of manpower in building monasteries for them and Wu Jiarong's research institute had to spare time to hand-make bombs for them, the interstellar warriors truly showed their worth in action. The price Gu Hang paid was not even as much as the money he would give to hire mercenaries.

On the flip side, these Phoenix warriors had been a great help to him.

The loss of one meant that Gu Hang felt he had lost at least three hundred points of grace—that was the price of a standard interstellar warrior, not to mention the veteran's experience.

Beyond the personal loss, the downfall of a Phoenix declared that the mission to halt the Cult's ritual had suffered a significant setback.

Seven interstellar warriors for seven wind farms left no room for error.

If a mistake occurred, the difficulty of fixing it was immense. The battle nun who died following the fallen Phoenix was a case in point.

In the whole Revival City, where could one find another being with spiritual will as strong as that of the interstellar warriors?

The only person Gu Hang could think of asking for help was Superior Georgette.

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Would the Mother Superior be willing to let her nine remaining nuns, one by one, attempt to duel to the death with the Angry Owl Projection?

Gu Hang felt a bit reluctant to broach this request.

The Mother Superior had already lost two of her subordinates; if it were only about sacrifice that would be one thing, but the critical issue was that no one knew what chance the nuns stood as they entered the Mental Realm to challenge the Angry Owl Projection.

What if all nine nuns died and the problem still wasn't resolved?

Georgette would hesitate.

But it seemed Gu Hang had no other option.

He took a deep breath and said to the communications soldier standing by, “Go inquire where Superior Georgette currently is, I need to speak with her.”

“Yes, sir!”

The communications soldier hurried off to carry out the order.

However, at that very moment, Gu Hang heard a roar of extreme unwillingness, coming from the edge of the sky, from the void.

Suddenly, he felt that the dark clouds hovering over the city showed signs of dispersal; the increasingly fierce storm and heavy rain seemed to have lessened a great deal.

Gu Hang was somewhat startled in his heart: Had the ritual been terminated?

Had the Angry Owl Projection been dealt with?

But why?

Who had intervened?

Could it be that the last remaining nun mentioned in the previous reports had a major outbreak and defeated the Angry Owl Projection?

Gu Hang’s heart was enveloped in immense surprise!

Regardless of the details, this was undoubtedly excellent news!

Although the outcome was positive, such a rollercoaster of emotions was hardly friendly to the heart. If possible, Gu Hang really did not want to experience something similar ever again.

Shortly afterward, another communications soldier came to report the news.

“Governor, we have new intelligence from the wind farm where we lost a star warrior and a battle nun! The problem has been solved!”

“I know,” Gu Hang said with a smile, “Who resolved the issue in the end? Was it the battle nun?”

“No.”

Hmm?

At that response, Gu Hang was taken aback.

“Then who was it?”

“It was Tadeusz.”

Tadeusz? Gu Hang found the name somewhat familiar.

He instantly recalled the series of battles during the previous food transport convoy ambush. He had read the battle report, and in that battle, the position of political commissar he had established played a significant role.

Back then, the most impressive person he had noticed was naturally Kodi, who sacrificed himself to turn the tide of battle from defeat to victory.

As for Tadeusz, it seemed that in the story of Kodi, he was just part of the backdrop.

However, it was this character, who seemed as inconspicuous as part of the backdrop, who became the key to saving the entire city.

Now Gu Hang was very curious about how exactly Tadeusz had achieved this.

Chapter 116: Among mortals, there are also heroes.

Tadeusz didn't know how he had done it.

He had led his platoon, following Yan Fangxu's orders, to this wind farm to carry out their mission.

After the orbital bombardment, his troops couldn't even be considered the main force; they were merely supporting teams from the Governor's Infantry Regiment in executing a blockade.

Late on, the Star Realm warriors and Battle Nuns had arrived, and he didn't even understand what had to be done at first.

It was not until a Star Realm warrior and a nun had died at the core location after the previous orbital bombardment.

Only when the surviving nun reported the situation to her head nun in somewhat of a panic, using the communication soldier's channel, did Tadeusz understand what was probably going on.

Then, he strode towards that void.

Everyone watched his actions, confused at first, not knowing what he was up to. But soon, some comrades reacted, coming up to try to stop him.

In the pouring rain, his comrade grabbed Tadeusz's waist from behind and yelled in his ear, "Have you gone mad? Have you no regard for your life?"

"Let go!" Tadeusz struggled violently.

"Don't go to your death! It's something even the Star Realm warriors can't handle! You're just throwing your life away for nothing!"

"Who says?" Tadeusz broke free with a twist and, turning to his comrade who had fallen to the ground, said, "What this battle needs most is steadfast will, and I certainly am not lacking that!"

As he said this, he thought of his friend Kodi, remembered his pulling the pin of the grenade and jumping into the enemy, remembered what he himself had not been able to do.

These memories did not strike him down; rather, they reinforced his determination, "This world has nothing to do with those Star Realm warriors or Battle Nuns, and yet they still fought with all they had. To save our own homeland, to fulfill the aspirations of the Governor and all our people, why shouldn't we dare to sacrifice?"

"I am not afraid to die; I've been afraid once, and I'm not afraid this time! I will go and fight! I know I may be going to my death, but when I am dead, I hope more brave warriors will stand up!"

"We will surely prevail!"

He shouted with his arms held high, turned resolutely, and walked toward the void in the storm, adjusting his red cap.

He couldn't see where the void was, but he could approximate its location based on previous intelligence, and then he could reach out and search with his hands.

A few minutes later, he found it.

A fog passed before his eyes, and when he came to his senses again, he found himself in the Mental Realm.

A roar from the projection of the raging owl marked out the enemy's location for him.

Tadeusz didn't hesitate for a second and immediately plunged into the fight.

When he arrived in this Mental Realm as a soul projection, he was unarmed, but when he had a strong desire to attack, a rifle somehow appeared in his hands.

He let out a roar not unlike that of the raging owl projection, and pulled the trigger towards the monster. The bullets swept over the beast, at least twice his size and requiring three or four of him to encircle, causing it to stagger.

Fundamentally, both the rifle and the bullets firing were manifestations of power projected from Tadeusz's own will to fight. He was battling with his own will, and the specific form it took was of little consequence. The scenario within the Mental Realm only materialized the scenes he was most familiar with and adept at.

The bullets had a significant effect, but it was not realistic to think he could kill the raging owl projection with just those.

Ignoring his gunfire, the raging owl projection let out a furious growl. From its open beak, a white Storm Bullet fired out, hitting him square in the chest.

The Storm Bullet seemed far more terrifying than the spells cast by the blue-robed individuals he and Kodi had faced in battle; by all rights, he should have been undoubtedly dead. But he ignored all that, focusing only on hitting the raging owl as much as possible before the hit.

Then, the Storm Bullet struck him in the chest, blowing him away.

He smashed to the ground a short distance away, his body aching terribly, feeling as though he was falling apart.

But feeling pain was a good thing; if the Storm Bullet had killed him instantly, he would not have felt anything at all.

Unlike now, where he could endure the pain and struggle to his feet.

But in the process, the raging owl projection had already reached his face.

He swung his left arm to defend, and a riot shield appeared on his arm, blocking a heavy strike from the owl.

In fury, the owl lifted a pair of front limbs high into the air, ready to slam down once more.

One blow, two blows, three…

Tadeusz held on with all his might.

His mouth and nose were bleeding.

If there had been an observer, they might have seen that his entire soul's representation, his spiritual form, was becoming unstable, with signs of disintegration.

In the midst of his mind dissipating, Tadeusz's thoughts again turned to his friend Kodi.

They had grown up together in the Abandoned Cave Society, shivered together in utter darkness when the 'Convicts' had attacked their home, seen the light the Governor brought to them, enlisted together, and become political commissars…

Then unavoidably, he remembered the last moment before Kodi's death, his friend with the red cap crawling from the half-ruined building, leaping down with two grenades in hand, killing the enemy.

Tadeusz, defending against the owl's attacks with his riot shield, felt as though the memory overlapped with the current scene. He really saw Kodi jumping down from midair, grenades in hand and waist, smoke billowing around him.

Boom!

The explosion occurred!

The raging owl projection, raising its front limbs to strike him one last time, was blasted to pieces.

In his confusion, Tadeusz was enveloped by a white fog, and then he felt a fierce, cold rain lashing his face.

He fell downward, crashing into a puddle, with a roaring in his ears. He felt the warmth of blood uncontrollably flowing from his nose and mouth, quickly washed away by the rain splashing across his face.

His blurry eyes looked outward, seeing many robed figures rushing towards him.

He struggled to stretch out his hand, gave them a thumbs-up, and then the world turned pitch-black, and he knew no more.

…

Schneider still couldn't believe what he had just witnessed.

After resolving the trouble at the wind farm he was responsible for, he had been worried about his injured battle brother and rushed over here.

On his way, he received the terrible news.

A brother who had survived the century-long expedition had died here.

His heart was filled with rage, with resentment towards Matins.

He wasn't incapable of accepting the sacrifice of a battle brother. In fact, in his past experiences, he had grown accustomed to sacrifice.

But he couldn't accept that his battle brother's death was in vain.

Yes, in his eyes, this event seemed pointless.

They were supposed to die for the rebuilding of their warband, not on this planet that couldn't even support the rebuilding of the warband.

He had always felt that Matins and Rizzo were wasting time.

But if it were just a waste of time, then so be it. Perhaps time would enlighten his two brothers that placing hope on that frail Spiritual Energy Governor was a ludicrous idea.

But now, what they had squandered was not only time but the lives of their battle brothers!

This was unacceptable.

He had come here to retrieve his brother's body, and then to confront Matins and Rizzo, to challenge them whether their decisions were really correct.

If they were truly set on following this Governor down a dark path, would the remaining six of them be even enough to die?

One brother had already been sacrificed, yet there was still no sign of the dawn of the warband's rebuilding! Conversely, the Mirthless Governor, after much plotting, had acquired a city that was about to be annihilated by a storm.

Enraged, Schneider arrived at this place.

And then he witnessed a mere mortal overcoming the enemy that his battle brother had failed to defeat until his death.

How could this be possible?

A mere mortal, how could he have accomplished this?

He had just experienced a battle against the projection of the fury owl himself, and he had won with ease.

He was a Phoenix Warrior who had fought for three hundred years, his spirit, his will, were much harder than steel.

He agreed with the previous judgments from Georgette and Priest Rizzo that such relentless spirit could only be possessed by them, the Emperor's Death Angels.

Even the Battle Nuns couldn't attain such a level.

But now, a mere mortal?

By what right?

He admitted, among the countless battles he had fought in his long career, many of the mortals who fought alongside were indeed commendable even by the standards of the stellar warriors.

But such heroes, even in the most elite Star Realm Armed Forces, were rare. How could this indigenous officer compare?

He instinctively refused to believe this reality.

Yet the last void was indeed rapidly shrinking and finally vanished. The dark clouds that had enshrouded the city sky, turning the entire city pitch-black, were also swiftly dissipating, allowing a ray of sunlight to fall through.

The wind was calming, the rain retracting…

No matter how much Schneider didn't want to believe, everything before his eyes was indeed real.

…

[Hero Activable: Tadeusz]

Gu Hang, extremely curious about how Tadeusz had achieved this, tried to find the answer from his system interface.

Therefore, he discovered a new message in the hero interface.

Tadeusz could now be activated as a hero.

He tentatively clicked.

The cost for activation was 50 graces.

He didn't spend the graces, but he could infer something from the cost.

50 points, that was the cost to upgrade from LV2 to LV3 for him.

Did this mean that once Tadeusz was activated, he would be a hero starting at LV3?

A content smile appeared on Gu Hang's lips, "Among mortals too, there are outstanding heroes!"

Chapter 117: Hero Upgrade

Facing the option to activate Tadeusz, Gu Hang hesitated for a moment but ultimately chose to activate him.

This wasn't specifically to reward the hero who had performed great deeds, nor was it simply out of Gu Hang's curiosity about what made a person who had achieved what even interstellar warriors had failed, so special.

While there were factors like these at play, the activation of Tadeusz as a hero genuinely helped with some of the work that Gu Hang had to do next.

Next, several thousand soldiers from the former Alliance Legion needed to be reorganized. Gu Hang's own direct troops only numbered a little over a thousand in a small infantry regiment. It was impossible for him to mix and integrate troops as he had done in the past.

If the measure of a political commissar seemed effective presently, then it should be continued and reinforced. And Tadeusz was a very good candidate for that.

Gu Hang planned to implement this policy comprehensively in his troops in the future, adopting a dual command system. Military affairs, such as combat command and training arrangements, would be primarily overseen by the military chief with the commissar aiding; whereas the commissar would take the lead on aspects like daily life, army construction, and ideological discipline, with the chief assisting.

For the moment, Yan Fangxu was still the highest military chief in charge; as for the political commissar side, Gu Hang planned to promote this lad Tadeusz swiftly up the ranks.

Under the current circumstances, Tadeusz arguably had a heavier task compared to Yan Fangxu.

After spending 50 points of the grace to complete the activation, Gu Hang instantly saw Tadeusz's attributes.

[Activated Hero: Tadeusz (SR)]

[Level: lv3]

[Physique 10, Spirituality 6, Command 10, Political 13]

[Traits:]

[Calmer of Storms: Having endured the baptism of the storm, the cleansing of the Mental Realm upon his return has had a reflective effect on his physique. Physique +1, Spirituality +1]

[Awakened Political Leader: Simple political ideological education enlightened him; witnessing the sacrifice of a friend shocked him; the idea of sacrifice during the action to save the city made him a hero. He has awoken, his thoughts solidified, knowing exactly what his goal is. Political +2, Command +1]

[Talent:]

[Unyielding Will: This person has an unbreakable will, no difficulty can bring him down. Physique +1, Special Effect: Unbreakable]

[Inspire Morale: This person has a strong influence and can boost the morale of all friendly forces around him, the effect depends on the firmness of his will.]

…

Looking at Tadeusz's attributes, the first thing Gu Hang noticed was the level.

SR, wasn't that two tiers higher than the N level of the two characters he had activated before, Osenia and Wu Jiarong?

But in reality, looking at the attributes, there was nothing particularly outstanding about them. When Gu Hang was at LV3, his spirituality was already at 17.

Of course, comparing with Gu Hang was not fair. Even at LV1, before acquiring the system, Gu Hang had already reached a high spirituality of 14 thanks to his predecessor's legacy. And before activation, Tadeusz and the others were merely ordinary people.

As a three-level character, Tadeusz's highest political attribute was only 13 points, but the advantage was that besides spirituality, there were no real weaknesses. This meant he was more of an all-rounder, capable of shouldering arms and engaging in the frontline battle as well as handling political work in the rear.

And his SR rating was likely more valuable for the two talents and one trait that he had over the two ladies.

Those two ladies only had one trait each: [Excellent Bureaucrat] and [Former Technical Genius]. These two traits were probably similar to Tadeusz's [Awakened Political Leader] trait, but not equivalent. His [Political Leader] trait was obviously a bit more advanced.

What's more, he had three more.

The advantage of the SR rating seemed to lie here.

Beyond the quality tier, Gu Hang was also very curious about another point: how had Tadeusz's attributes increased?

Set aside the political and command capabilities, which might have been dormant military/political talents in Tadeusz that were simply awakened by the system, the physique attribute couldn't be faked.

The past Tadeusz, Gu Hang knew clearly, was just an ordinary person.

After being selected for the military, even with training from the [Soldier Tag] System that made him a T5-level soldier, it meant he had acquired some level of military skills. There wouldn't be a dramatic change in his physical condition.

This also implied that his physical attribute, even if better than that of an average person, would at most reach around 7 or 6 points.

In fact, Gu Hang had never heard of anyone in his troop having some innate Divine Power or other special physical characteristics.

So, the case was pretty clear.

Tadeusz's attribute growth was given by the system.

The mechanism of this [Hero] panel is such that when someone with potential or talent appears under Gu Hang's command, he can use his blessings to realize that person's talent. It is as if the system uses some magical means to accelerate the individual to a level that might normally require extensive training to achieve.

Activating a hero's ability is quite beneficial for Gu Hang to rapidly develop talent.

Thinking of this, Gu Hang went to check on Osenia's status again.

To his surprise, the girl had reached LV2!

That she could level up did not seem strange to Gu Hang at all. As a political talent like her had undergone such a high-pressure ordeal, growth and development were to be expected.

What surprised him, though, was that this upgrade did not require any of his own blessings!

Could it be that aside from the initial cost of activation, leveling up does not require additional expenditure? As long as they grow to a certain point on their own, they can level up?

This suggested to Gu Hang that the function of activating heroes might be even more important than he had anticipated.

Then he remembered Yan Fangxu.

Old Yan… missed the chance!

However, even now, he wasn't planning to activate Yan Fangxu. That guy still hadn't made up his mind whether to give up his title of naval captain or not.

So, keep working then.

Taking his attention back, Gu Hang continued to look at Osenia's character card.

[Hero: Osenia (N)]

[Level: LV2]

[Physique 4, Spirituality 5, Leadership 8, Politics 11]

[Trait: Excellent Political Officer]

[Talent:]

[Handling Politics Under Pressure: When affairs are urgent, she makes very few mistakes. Politics +1]

…

Osenia’s political points had increased by 2, and her leadership points by 1.

And she had acquired a new talent.

[Handling Politics Under Pressure], true to its name, was not particularly powerful, but very practical.

For political officers, the fear is making mistakes under heavy pressure, which could come with a higher cost and be more irreparable than usual mistakes.

Chapter 118: Reactor Technology

Gu Hang received benefits not only from the system interface but also from the aftermath of the storm event.

The battle settlement he’d been waiting for did not appear.

It seemed as if the system did not regard this action as a battle.

However, it did show up elsewhere.

His “Events” interface was flickering slightly.

With a thought, Gu Hang opened it.

A new event appeared before his eyes.

“Extinction Storm: Event Completed”

“The Primordial Wrath Owl Sect, believers of an evil god, plotted to sacrifice Revival City in its entirety, but you foiled their scheme. You and your allies eradicated the Primal Fury Owl’s projection, halted Its revival, extinguished the storm, and saved your city.”

“But evidently, you have also incurred the wrath of that fallen primordial deity. It will watch you from hell; Its followers will target you.”

“Event Reward:”

“Grace Points +500”

“Acquire Trait ‘Enemy of the Storm’”

“You are the enemy of the storm; you can command storms to bend to your will. When there is a target using storm-related psychic spells near you, they must have your permission, or their spiritual energy’s potency and spellcasting success rate will be suppressed.”

…

This “Enemy of the Storm” trait was very specific. Its general utility wasn’t great, but if Gu Hang were to encounter followers of the Primordial Wrath Owl Sect in the future, this trait could be greatly beneficial.

As for the part of the event description mentioning that the native primordial god who fell into hell would from then on view him with great enmity, and Its followers would target him…

Gu Hang was not worried about this in the slightest.

It was as if without this event, they wouldn’t already be enemies.

In Gu Hang’s view, there was no difference between ninety percent hatred and one hundred percent hatred.

On the contrary, he might not even need to wait for them to come seeking trouble; he would likely be the one to seek them out.

…

Beyond this trait, the 500 grace points from the event reward was another huge boost!

It once again set a new personal record for Gu Hang's single largest gain of grace points.

Ever since he entered Revival City, his acquisition of grace points had never stopped.

From the initial war, to the victorious ambush on the grain transport convoy, and now this 500-point haul…

During this process, Gu Hang spent 17 grace points to upgrade the remaining 17 of 28 Navy Marine Corps soldiers—who turned out to be of little use; 200 grace points to raise himself to Level 4; and 50 grace points to activate Tadeusz.

In total, that amounted to a consumption of 267 grace points.

Yet, even so, the number of grace points remaining in his hands still reached a whopping 654!

He had never been so affluent before!

Within the entire system, the places where one could spend money were very few.

The character system is a major investment, but if no talent is detected, it cannot be activated; Gu Hang's own upgrades are quite costly, yet without sufficient experience, money alone cannot buy advancement.

The Army Badge System can also consume funds, but if the training only reaches T5 level, even if the more than seven thousand people from the former Alliance Legion were all trained, it would only cost about 70 Grace points—a mere trifle. Unless in the future the army reaches tens or hundreds of thousands in strength, the cost of training, even at just T5 level, might escalate to hundreds or thousands of Grace points, potentially becoming a significant burden. But at least at the current scale, the expenditure pressure for troop training is minimal.

The event interface can be paid for, and a repeatable event for a Phoenix Seed worth a hundred points sits there, ready for Gu Hang to activate whenever he wishes. Then, upon his command, a gene seed coveted by the Phoenix Battle Group would materialize. Coupled with a boy of outstanding talent, a set of powered armor, and several years of training, a new Phoenix would be born.

If all goes well, that is.

But this is the kind of thing that's likely to result in failure upon testing, so for now it's not being considered.

The remaining area where money could be spent was on the [Technology] panel.

This was the real money pit.

He had by now roughly figured out the mechanics of the [Technology] system.

The investment of Grace into this system is tiered. 10 points, 100 points, 1000 points… and so on.

10 Grace points can only exchange for basic level technology, with a guaranteed success on the first try; subsequent successes have a decreasing probability by 30%. He had already hit the jackpot three times at this tier: alloy steel production line, the G9 Gun Family production line, and the "Whetstone" Engine production line were the results of those three successes.

Now, the probability of winning the 10 Grace point tier had dwindled to 10%. Another win might deplete the chances entirely or something else entirely. In any case, the cost-performance ratio was already very low.

As for the 100-point tier, the ‘first-time purchase bonus’ was still available; just one infusion guaranteed a prize.

There was a 50% chance of acquiring a basic level technology and another 50% chance that it could yield an advanced level technology!

The specific decline mechanism for the winning odds at the 100-point tier was unclear, and it might take a few more investments to understand it.

But as it stood, spending money on the 10-point tier to gamble on that 10% chance, the expected value to hit a prize once would still consume 100 Grace points. Although there is a chance to hit the jackpot on the first try, it is equally possible to spend over a hundred points without yielding any results.

Yet for the same price of 100 points, one could guarantee success at the 100-point tier.

So why would Gu Hang have any reason to continue investing in the 10-point tier?

In any case, he still had quite a few Grace points on hand, so why not… take a shot and see what happens?

Thinking this, Gu Hang went ahead and clicked on the [Technology] interface.

“Advanced Technology: Controlled Reactor”

“The main source of energy in most of the empire’s medium-to-high-level worlds.”

Upon seeing this item, Gu Hang’s first reaction was: He’d hit the jackpot!

Its simple description implied limitless possibilities!

Indeed, as the technology description suggested, in most of the more advanced worlds, controlled reactors were the primary energy source. Using the simplest elements—water and air—as raw materials, they could refine nuclear fuel for electricity generation.

In many resource-rich worlds, relying solely on controlled reactors for power generation, alongside the production capabilities for energy storage cells, was enough to produce batch after batch of fully charged cells and pay considerable taxes.

Rage Owl Star, in this regard, was a world rich in resources.

In many worlds developed over a long period, water resources were scarce. In the Nest Capital Worlds with hundreds of billions of inhabitants, water had to be deliberately and continuously recycled. Moreover, a significant amount of energy had to be invested in the regeneration of water resources.

But on Rage Owl Star, water resources remained abundant and inexpensive. Just recently, a storm nearly flooded Revival City.

Gu Hang knew that with this technology in hand, he might not be able to roll out a mass production line for mother machines to explode the capacity of reactors, but that was not key. All he needed were three ready-made black box reactors, placing them both in Revival City and Weixing City, ensuring that for a very long time to come, he wouldn’t have to worry about energy issues.

The era of importing thermite stone for power generation in Rubbish Town, which lasted only a brief period, could be declared over!

Chapter 119: Continuous Draw of Science and Technology Cards

After obtaining the controlled reactor technology, Gu Hang was very satisfied and excited about the one-hundred-point tier science technology draw.

He still had more than five hundred points, enough for five more draws!

However, he first checked the probability decay situation.

The probability of getting a basic tier item had become 70%; the intermediate tier had become 30%.

There was still a one hundred percent chance of winning a prize.

So what was there to say?

Draw again!

[Basic Science Technology: Medicine Production]

[Provides the capability to produce over one hundred and forty-three types of basic medicines, covering most common diseases and injuries.]

After acquiring this, the probability of basic tier items decreased to 50%, while the intermediate tier remained at 30%, and there was a 20% chance of drawing nothing.

But overall, there was still an 80% chance of obtaining something, so Gu Hang did not hesitate to draw again.

[Basic Science Technology: Fifth-generation 'Walker' Series Armored Vehicle]

[The most common armored vehicle in the Imperial Star Realm Army; capable of extending into various models, producing the 'Advancer' Armored Transport Vehicle, the 'Wanderer' Infantry Fighting Vehicle, the 'Defender' Anti-Air Warfare Vehicle, and the 'Listener' Armored Communication and Command Vehicle, etc.]

Once again, the probability for the one hundred tier items had decreased, turning into 30% for basic science technology, 30% for intermediate tier, with the chance of drawing nothing rising to 40%.

At this point, Gu Hang started to hesitate.

He still had 354 blessing points, enough for three more draws. But if he got nothing on the one hundred tier, it would be quite painful.

Conversely, the expected value of ten consecutive ten-point draws yielding one basic science technology started to seem more attractive.

After thinking for a moment, Gu Hang decided to take another shot at the one hundred tier.

He drew nothing.

It was indeed painful, but with the probabilities laid out, it was within Gu Hang's expectations.

He did not hesitate and spent another hundred points.

[Intermediate Level: Bomb Gun]

[A high-tier individual combat weapon in the Empire; only Star Realm warriors, Battle Nuns, and a few exceptionally elite troops can master it.]

He indeed won a prize, but it was somewhat off the mark!

The bomb gun wasn't very useful to Gu Hang at the moment.

An ordinary soldier equipped with a bomb gun would likely break their own arm with a single shot.

However, it could be set up as a fixed machine gun position, and its firepower would undoubtedly be much more formidable than that of a G9 machine gun. The issue is that it's not very portable; soldiers couldn't just lie down and shoot, as they likely wouldn't be able to control its accuracy. To use it, time would need to be spent setting up the gun properly and using it as a fixed firing point.

Despite this, its tactical value was sufficient.

Moreover, once the bomb gun was available, Gu Hang's technical experts, led by Wu Jiarong and her technical team, would no longer need to spend each day hand-making bullets for the Star Realm warriors, as the black box could produce them.

However, acquiring the bomb gun technology posed another problem – Gu Hang currently lacked the capability to expand production. While the mother black box could directly roll out a production line, a production line was different from the finished product black box. The latter could turn trash into bomb guns, but the former required the most basic components and raw materials.

For the production of bomb guns, alloy plastic steel would not suffice; even the best plastic steel would not meet the requirements of certain gun components.

It would require alloy ceramic steel, a much higher grade of alloy material.

Clearly, Gu Hang's forces currently did not have the capability to produce this.

It seemed they could only use the finished product black box for small-scale production for now.

A bit disappointing.

Although the bomb gun technology could indeed be considered intermediate level, it did not hold high value for Gu Hang at the moment.

However, he soon got his emotions in check.

In the future, once the production capacity catches up, this thing will eventually be able to shine with the brilliance it is supposed to have. Think of it as a technological reserve for the future.

There were still 154 blessing points left, enough for one more attempt.

However, this time Gu Hang ultimately chose to stop.

He needed to save some blessing points for backup.

[Controlled Reactor], [Fifth-generation ‘Walker’ Series Armored Vehicle], [Basic Medicinal Production], [Bomb Gun].

With this haul, two advanced-level and two basic-level technologies—a total of four technologies—were a huge gain.

Now that he had the technology in hand, it would take Gu Hang quite some time to realize their value, allowing his domain to slowly digest the scientific achievements until they could truly transform into productive capacity.

Drawing too many technologies at once would still require a gradual conversion into productive capacity.

There was no rush.

Nevertheless, while he stopped drawing, he didn’t forget to take one last look at what the probabilities for the 100-tier had become.

Basic level: 50%, Advanced level: 10%.

Hmm? So the probability for the advanced level had gone to the basic level, and if you win at the basic level, the probability would then decrease to that of the air force?

He felt he had grasped another mechanism of the technological lottery system.

…

Tallying up the gains was always a joyful thing.

But Gu Hang couldn't indulge in his happiness alone in his room for long.

The storm disaster was over, and the things he had to do became even more numerous.

Disaster relief, resettlement of people, resumption of work, follow-up production planning, city development, and the investigation and sweep of the remaining cult members in the city…

This series of tasks was extensive, complicated, and heavy.

He received a communication request from Osenia and discussed with her what needed to be done next for a little while.

Gu Hang shared his thoughts with Osenia in broad strokes, and the young lady went on her way to continue with her tasks.

Then, Gu Hang immediately went on to meet with some people.

The first ones he needed to meet were the warriors of the Star Realm and the Battle Nuns.

This belonged to the nature of diplomatic work.

These two groups were Gu Hang's most important allies at the moment. And during the previous operations, they had paid a painful price for his cause.

Out of the seven Star Realm warriors, one had died; out of the twelve nuns, two had perished.

Gu Hang had to make some gesture of acknowledgement.

Not to mention offering some real benefits, which he now didn't have much of to offer that they would value.

But it was precisely because of this situation that he had to be even more satisfactory in his attitude.

No matter how busy he was, Gu Hang still attended the funeral of the Phoenix.

Matins and the others returned the body of their fallen brother to their still-under-construction monastery for burial and held a small-scale funeral underneath the statue of the Divine Emperor, officiated by Priest Rizzo.

Afterward, Matins sought out Gu Hang and put forth his request.

He wanted to select two hundred youths between the ages of 12 and 19 from within the scope of Revival City to be apprentices for the warband.

The warband would personally train these youths and choose one among them to inherit the gene seed and equipment of the fallen Phoenix.

Although the death of one had grieved the remaining six Phoenixes, wasn't this also a new beginning?

Chapter 120: Just Crush the Bones and Scatter the Ashes

"No problem, leave it to me," Gu Hang assured Commander Matins, thumping his chest confidently, "Within Revival City… no, even further away—you can have whatever or whoever you want within the entire bounds of Rage Owl Star. Just let me know, and I'll see to it they're delivered to you."

It was only two hundred youths, and Gu Hang was more than accommodating.

Consider it as the Phoenix Gang's own contribution for waging war.

As per the tradition of the war band, they would train these two hundred young men rigorously and after a period of training, select the most outstanding lucky chap under nineteen to undergo the genetic seed implantation surgery.

The rest would continue to stay in the training camp; those who surpassed nineteen without being selected weren't released, but instead transitioned to auxiliary personnel for the war band. The treatment and designation for these individuals varied among different war bands, but according to Phoenix traditions, they would be called "down", accompanying the star warriors in battle. Their learned skills in power armor, grenade rifles, chainsaw swords maintenance, and the tactical literacy fostered in the training camp would not go to waste.

However, Matins's face was always tinged with melancholy.

This matter caused him great anxiety.

If the seed implantation was successful, that would of course be wonderful. The war band would have fresh blood, and this new blood would produce a new genetic seed five years later—a new cycle of renewal. And if successful again, another would come after five years…

But, if it failed… then there would be only six old soldiers left with the existing Phoenix Seeds in the entire universe.

Matins couldn't afford to take this lightly.

"I hope everything goes smoothly," he said to Gu Hang. "The war band… we really can't afford another failure. I hope that when the time comes, you could help us out again by arranging for some specialized equipment for the implantation surgery. Although we can perform it now, Priest Rizzo isn't a professional pharmacist. High-quality equipment would increase the likelihood of success."

"I'm willing to help you guys out, but it depends on whether the next interstellar merchants arriving at Rage Owl Star carry similar goods. If they do, I'll secure them for you," Gu Hang replied.

"Thank you very much."

"It's what I should do, as I promised to support the rebuilding of your war band."

After brief exchanges following the funeral, Gu Hang took his leave.

Before he left, he noticed a bald warrior approaching Matins. That person's gaze lingered on him until he boarded the helicopter and flew far away.

…

After attending the funeral at the monastery of the star warriors, Gu Hang went to visit the battle nuns as well.

They hadn't held any funeral or mourning, simply preserving the bodies of the two sisters carefully.

The headquarters of the Sainte-Lys Nun Association were on Korolya III in the Tianma Star Sector. On their journey back, they would take the bodies of the sisters with them, and a funeral would be held at the chapel of the headquarters.

As the Planetary Governor, Gu Hang expressed gratitude and condolences to the Mother Superior, and through the subsequent conversation, understood roughly what they planned to do next.

With two sisters gone, Georgette certainly wouldn't let it rest.

She and her sisters intended to doggedly pursue the Primordial Wrath Owl Sect's trail.

Gu Hang expressed some worries. Judging from earlier events, those cult members should not be underestimated. At Cui Kao's level, they were sufficiently menacing to threaten the safety of the Mother Superior. Especially since they would move on to search for the cult's stronghold after concluding their investigation of the cult in Revival City—exposing them to even greater dangers, and Gu Hang might not always be able to provide support in time.

Nevertheless, Georgette herself remained optimistic about it.

According to some intelligence previously obtained, Cui Kao holds a very high status within the entire Primordial Wrath Owl Sect. The highest power structure of the entire sect is the so-called Grand Priest Council. There are only six people who are named High Priests, and even fewer—just two— can be crowned with the title “Primal”.

One had already died in Revival City, leaving only the other who was not invincible.

In fact, if it were a fair fight, Georgette didn’t think that a spiritual energy practitioner of Cui Kao’s level was her match. The reason why the previous battle was so fierce was mainly because Cui Kao was fighting on his home ground.

That wind farm was essentially a ritual site, where they had been preparing for more than a year. Including that disgusting wind wall and the incarnation of the Rage Owl that manifested, were all products of the ritual site.

If it were just Cui Kao himself, Georgette believed that he wouldn’t last more than three strikes against her.

“The blood debt of my sisters, I want these cultists to pay back a hundredfold!”

“It should be a thousandfold, ten thousandfold,” Gu Hang echoed.

Hearing this, Georgette was quite satisfied.

Her face stern, she said to Gu Hang, “Your Excellency the Governor, in the name of the State Religion Holy Cultivation Association and the Sainte-Lys Nun Association, I formally request your assistance. I need you and your forces to do everything in your power to help us search for cultists, eradicate them, and provide necessary support!”

Having said that, she took out a somewhat yellowed piece of paper.

Gu Hang took it, glanced over it, and saw the content was roughly similar to what Georgette had just said, only the wording was more formal and written in official language.

This was an official request for cooperation, signed at the bottom right with Georgette's name, her position within the state religion, and sealed with wax.

Gu Hang's expression also grew serious, "I accept your request. I will provide you with the help you need. I will appoint a liaison officer. Tadeusz Political Commissar will be responsible for the coordination. He will be one of the military commanders under my command. As soon as you need assistance, contact him directly and I'll authorize him to provide you with the supplies, investigative help, and military attack support you require."

"Thank you, Your Excellency the Governor. I have already sent a request to the headquarters of the Sisterhood; after a month, another squad of battle nuns will come to support us, and we will completely eradicate those cultists!"

"It is I who should thank you."

…

Truth be told, Gu Hang was slightly surprised by Georgette's decision.

He had thought that these nuns would return to their starship after the battle.

But the cult crisis that erupted in Revival City was bigger than imagined, and it was the battle nuns' inescapable responsibility to eradicate the cult members.

The loss of two battle sisters was also a significant shock, igniting a raging fire of vengeance in Georgette, determined to fight the Primordial Wrath Owl Sect to the end.

Gu Hang certainly supported this decision.

Those cultists were also his targets for a relentless crackdown, as both sides had already become irreconcilable enemies. Now, with the help of a team of professionals adept at countering heretics, Gu Hang couldn't be more welcoming.

As for the support she was seeking?

Give! Give it all!

As long as it would turn the cultists' ashes to dust, he would provide whatever was needed!