Governor 221

Chapter 221: The Brilliant Explosion_2

A cruiser, operating independently and annihilating an entire Green Skin fleet consisting of four destroyers and eight escort ships, is an outstanding military achievement. Not only within the Tianma Fleet, but even when viewed across the entire Imperial Navy, it's an accolade worth mentioning.

Even more so, with such a record as a foundation, coupled with sufficient familial backing, her rank might well ascend again in a short span of time.

There's a huge threshold between the ranks of Commodore and Rear Admiral. Generally, Commodores aren't called generals, but Rear Admirals are definitely recognized as such without question.

If she really made it, she might become the youngest general in the history of the Tianma Star Sector, and no one would dare to say that her promotion was merely due to her family's protection.

Her fame would spread far beyond the Tianma Star Sector, so much so that in the entire Dragonhawk Star Domain, and even the entire Eastern Cosmos Domain, her name Yelisia would become well-known, glittering throughout the Star Sea as a rising new star in the Imperial Navy.

These words deeply moved Yelisia.

She had thought of it herself, but having someone else voice it out, hitting right at what she was thinking, felt different.

Combining these considerations, Yelisia finally gritted her teeth, ordered the starship to leave silent mode, prepared to fire at full capacity, and made contact with the Beautiful Lady.

The situation had developed to the present state.

Gu Hang was instrumental in bringing about the current circumstances, but his ability to influence the situation further was now quite limited.

Commanding a starship was not within his capabilities.

He could only be a spectator for the time being.

And it was quite a sight to behold.

In this vast expanse of space, there were still more than a dozen space leviathans exchanging fierce firepower. Those beams of light, light particles, cannon shells, Void Shields, and the colorful flashes of energy shields being hit, the blaze of explosions when the fire directly hits the ships…

At least from Gu Hang's vantage point on the Quintet bridge, through the Thinker Array's feedback on the impact of their attacks, and the battle display diagrams, he could see everything clearly.

The desolate starry sky had come alive with activity.

However, these beautiful lights all contained terrible power and lethal damage.

But as Gu Hang played the role of a spectator, he was not simply enjoying the spectacle. He carefully observed Yelisia, analyzed the current status of the battlefield, and the various commands she issued, striving to absorb all he could about space naval combat.

Many of the situations that arose and the responses made by the female Commodore were beyond his understanding, but this didn't prevent him from making an effort to remember them. He planned to revisit these after getting access to theoretical training literature, which might help him grow.

Learning about these things was of no immediate use to him, but Gu Hang had come to deeply appreciate how crucial space power was in this interstellar era.

It was a decisive force.

In the future, if conditions allowed, he would certainly build his own navy.

Perhaps with some luck, he could quickly acquire naval technology, couldn't he?

Err… maybe not, even if he acquired it, he couldn't afford to build starships. Such high-end manufacturing could only be approached once a planet's productivity had sufficiently developed.

Lost in thought, he noticed that the exchange of fire between the two fleets had reached an intense stage.

It wasn't long before the Green-Skin Frigate, which had taken hits from the Quintet's Colossal Cannon and had overloaded energy shields, exploded in space.

The ship that destroyed it was a combined fire from the Beautiful Lady and two other escort ships.

The Beautiful Lady Convoy led by Gu Hang's cousin had seasoned command officers who sharply caught the change in the battle situation caused by the Quintet's fire, delivering the fatal blow.

This was the second ship to be destroyed since the battle began.

With two fewer ships, the Green Skin Fleet's firepower had been reduced by nearly a quarter.

The results of the Quintet's ambush had tilted the scales of victory once again in their favor by another ten percentage points.

If the Green Skin Fleet were led by rational humans, the best move at this moment would probably be to quickly flee.

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Unfortunately, that was not the style of the Green Skins.

They still charged upwards, braving the firepower of the human ships.

After sacrificing a destroyer and two escort ships in explosions, they managed to blow up an escort ship of the convoy and successfully boarded two others, deploying troops onboard.

The ship that had been boarded quickly weakened in firepower and explosions occurred inside.

Whether or not the Green Skin Orcs who had boarded could be driven out was still unknown, but at least for now, their contribution to the naval battle had been reduced by half.

The pressure of the battle was becoming greater and greater.

As the Green Skin Ships advanced, they had lost five ships, but their firepower had become even more fierce—this was due to the decreased distance between the two sides.

The Quintet was indeed well-armored and armed. Out of the five Green-Skinned Warships lost, four were destroyed by it. Its L-class large caliber guns, the “Wrath of Loyalty,” were devastatingly powerful.

However, when some of the Green Skin Ships broke off to approach the “Quintet” within a distance of fifty thousand kilometers, the firepower on the Green Skin Ships greatly improved in precision, and the Quintet felt somewhat overwhelmed.

The most direct indication of this was that the Void Shield had turned purple, even showing tendencies of becoming red, and the Green Skins’ heavy artillery started to have shells penetrate the shield and hit the ship’s armor.

Gu Hang on the bridge had felt the ship shake violently several times.

The ship’s stabilization system couldn’t completely nullify the tremors, which likely meant real damage was done to the ship. Even if it wasn’t major, the repairs afterward would probably come at a considerable expense.

However, in exchange for this effect, the Green Skin Fleet had lost another frigate.

Now, all that remained of their ships were two destroyers and four frigates.

In Gu Hang's assessment, the battle had reached its final critical stage.

The fearlessness and determination of the Green Skin Fleet to fight to the end had left a deep impression on him.

For the human side, victory was almost within grasp.

But the remaining question was at what cost.

Even though until now the humans had only lost one escort ship, the remaining three ships of the Beautiful Lady Convoy had their Void Shields overloaded, with two boarded, in a dire crisis; even the Quintet's Void Shield was nearly red.

If the fight continued to the end and the Green Skin Fleet was annihilated, but the Beautiful Lady Convoy was wiped out and the Quintet severely damaged, then the outcome would be quite distressing.

The political repercussions could also be quite serious.

Gu Hang also heard Matins beside him sigh.

"It would have been nice if our battle group's strength was still present, we could have sent over a hundred or two people, along with a substantial number of the Mortal Auxiliary Army, enough to take a whole ship."

Listening to the battle group leader's words, it seemed they had often done such things before.

Gu Hang patted his shoulder, about to say something, but then saw on the bridge, multiple indicator lights suddenly turned red.

This was a signal of danger.

The Thinker Array relayed the information: “Warning! Multiple intrusions have occurred inside our ship! Green Skin landing ships used some unknown energy technology to deceive the interception system, and we only shot down 70% of the landing ships, which included a large number of decoy pods. Currently, it is assessed that seventeen landing pods have successfully reached the ground, and over two thousand Green Skin Orcs have entered the ship! The Navy Marine Corps has engaged them but is currently at a disadvantage.”

Yelisia suddenly turned her gaze towards Gu Hang.

“It’s time for you to play your part.”

Without a word, Gu Hang turned and left.

Indeed, the time had come for him to contribute, and there was nothing to discuss. He would go forth.

Chapter 222: The Meaning of Life

Lacroix was pondering an important question: what exactly is the value of life?

He used to not bother with this shitty question. In his early years of wandering with the tribe, all he thought about was how to get an extra bite of food and avoid hunger; then as an adventurer, it was still about food; and even after becoming an adventurer, it fundamentally boiled down to getting a bite to eat.

Later on, when all of his brothers from the same wandering tribe had perished, he joined the Beast Slaughter Group. He could finally eat his fill, but now his goal became fighting the Greenskins, avenging those brothers who had once fought at his side.

And then, somehow, the higher-ups convinced him to transition from an adventurer into a formal member of the governor's regular armed forces, complete with military rank and a unit designation.

But he didn't care much about that, and he was even supportive of it.

He could eat even better, and His Excellency the Governor issued them equipment and weapons that were clearly far superior to the rubbish he had used as an adventurer. Plus, they had cannons, and other friendly forces provided support with heavy equipment like armored vehicles. This clearly increased their efficiency in eradicating the Greenskins by a huge margin.

What was not to be happy about?

Support, ten thousand times support!

Some time ago, they had wiped out the Greenskins in the High Tower ruins.

According to what the officers said, to prevent the Greenskins from multiplying again, every area of the High Tower ruins needed to be scorched with flames.

Sometimes he wondered whether the Low Energy Storms that often blew up in the High Tower ruins could replace the need for burning with fire.

But regardless, the big problem had been dealt with; even if Greenskins occasionally regenerated, the numbers wouldn't be too much to handle—they could simply eliminate them and burn the area again.

Just as he and his comrades were casually chatting, guessing whether their recent performance was good enough to reclaim the title 'Beast Slaughter Group' from the governor, a new mission was handed down.

They were to board a transport ship and proceed to a starship orbiting the planet to carry out their mission.

At the news of this assignment, Lacroix and his comrades were utterly dumbfounded.

Was this going to take them to the heavens?

He had gazed up at the starry sky countless times but never imagined that one day he would leave the ground to fight in the vastness of space.

They were inexplicably excited.

Though they could foresee the potential dangers, when they sat on the spacecraft and saw the earth recede, breaking through the atmosphere to the point where they could almost see the entire globe below them—the boundless land curving into a sphere, now a mix of dull yellow and slate blue—they were still awestruck.

So this is our world.

This is Rage Owl Star, where generations of our ancestors have lived.

It was hard for him to articulate the emotions stirring inside him, and perhaps his comrades felt the same. The comrades still conversing with one another had become silent.

The transport ship slowly approached the massive steel creation suspended in the void.

A hatch opened, the transport ship entered, then the hatch closed as it seemed to fill with gas. Another door opened, and the ship moved further inside to a vast area akin to an airport.

One by one, transport ships entered through various exits, opened their hatches, and troops disembarked.

Soon, he too had no time to look around as the hatch of their transport ship opened, and their platoon walked out, following the ground crew's instructions, heading inside to the Marine Corps barracks.

The space temporarily assigned to them was very cramped. Their whole squad was squeezed into a narrow space of a few square meters. There were four sets of beds with two sets pushed tightly together, leaving about forty centimeters of aisle in between, and each set had three bunks, theoretically allowing for twelve people to sleep.

And there were two spare beds to store our stuff…

That was their complaint.

There was a canteen for meals, the food entirely made of synthetic starch which they said could become very bland after eating for a long period, but for now, they felt it was fine as long as they could fill their stomachs. Maybe they would grow tired of it eventually, but would they really stay on the starship until then?

However, rumor had it that there were markets and bars somewhere on the starship, offering different things, but they had never seen them, and they weren't allowed to wander about the starship. Even these rumors were dug up by the more restless soldiers in the platoon, who'd go to the canteen to eat but managed to chat with the so-called Starship Marine Corps, who typically didn't like to interact with them.

Lacroix wasn't interested in that.

What he cared about was the question that had arisen since being transported to the starship and seeing the magnificent view of space: what exactly is the value of life?

He didn't know why he was thinking about such a boring matter, but with nothing else to do while confined in the narrow, closed-off cabin, that's what he did.

He pondered the question for days without reaching any conclusion.

Until today, when the crimson lights were flashing everywhere, alarms were ringing non-stop, and he and his comrades received orders to leave their quarters and assemble outside.

Everyone was on edge.

They knew that it seemed like war had already broken out. The starship was continuously firing, engaging in battle with the Green Skin Fleet.

This was unlike any war they had experienced before.

In the past, no matter how powerful the enemy or how dire their own situation, it had always been a battle fought on solid ground, with the weapons in their hands. To some extent, their lives were under their own control.

But now, they were who knows how far from their homeland, from their planet, in a place where they were told even light took a long time to travel.

If the naval battle were lost, all of them would be buried in this Star Sea.

But soon, their mission arrived.

He saw the company commander and the political commissar exchange a few words, then the order was given for the entire company to move out.

After walking out for dozens of minutes, amid a violent explosion, he witnessed the squad next to them almost completely engulfed by flames and shrapnel. Immediately afterward, with his head in a whirl, he saw silhouettes charging through the broken breach.

Almost instinctively, he raised his gun and fired in that direction.

Although it had roughly the shape of a person, Lacroix was certain, very familiar, that it was a Green Skin.

Indeed, his firing even saved the life of the company commander. With his lead, many of his comrades around him opened fire, and the Green Skin was quickly killed on the spot under concentrated fire.

However, more Green Skins, stepping over the still-burning flames, charged in.

A bloody battle thus unexpectedly erupted at close quarters.

There was no heavy firepower, no cannons, no armored vehicles… In the environment inside a starship, it was difficult to deploy such things.

All they had were the guns in their hands and wills of steel.

As more and more Green Skins poured in, it even became difficult to keep shooting, and they had no choice but to fix bayonets and engage in hand-to-hand combat.

A chaotic melee ensued, leaving no room for any art of command; both sides were locked in a desperate struggle. Bayonets, bullets, blood, limbs… all these things whirled chaotically in the narrow corridor.

Lacroix had nothing left in his head, just one stabbing motion after another. His comrades fell one by one beside him, and others took their places, but he was somehow largely unscathed, even though his chest was struck by a Green Skin's large cleaver. The plasteel bulletproof armor plate had saved his life, and in turn, he ignored the pain in his ribs and the fact that he was knocked to the ground by the Green Skin's great strength, and he plunged his bayonet fiercely into the unsteady Green Skin's neck.

Lacroix, splattered with blood on his face, pushed the corpse aside with force and stood up, gasping for air.

And it seemed like this was the last Green Skin, as there were no more living enemies in sight.

But in this hellish scene, there were only seven others still standing, like him.

Lacroix looked around, confused.

An entire company of one hundred and twenty men… just seven left?

He couldn't count the number of bodies strewn across the corridor, especially when some were disfigured beyond recognition. He only knew that almost everyone he recognized was dead, the seven before him were strangers. They were all covered in blood, just as confused as he was.

The seven of them instinctively gathered together and stood in silence for a long time, none daring to speak.

In the end, it was Lacroix who broke the silence, "Here… who has the highest rank?"

He remembered that during a break in the surface battle before, the company's political instructor had instilled in them many military regulations. If the team's formation was scattered, the soldiers nearby should gather spontaneously and follow the one with the highest rank as the temporary commander.

Now… could this be considered scattered? Or should it be considered gone?

"I'm a private…" a timid voice said, "I was just replenished into the 3rd Independent Regiment…"

"I'm also a private…" "I'm a corporal…" "I'm a lance corporal…"

Around the circle, they were all just soldiers.

Lacroix scratched his head, now really unsure of what to do.

Not even a single officer left, huh? What was to be done now?

In a trance, he saw everyone's eyes turn to him.

He then remembered that he had not yet reported his rank: “I… I’m a sergeant.”

When they were last reorganized, he was still a private; after the battle at the Tower Ruins, he became one of the old-timers of the Beast Slaughter Group, and during a mass decoration, he was promoted to the rank of sergeant.

The rank of Lance Corporal signified that he had a position equivalent to a D1 rank within Revival City, as touted in the propaganda. Adding together food rations and training allowances, he already had enough to live a life far better than mere subsistence. If he ever stopped being a soldier, he would be transferred laterally at the same rank and have a secure future. Furthermore, during combat, he would receive combat pay.

His promotion had been swift among his squad; only the squad leader held the rank of Sergeant First Class, and the deputy squad leader was a Staff Sergeant. Beyond that, his rank was the next highest.

But overall, within the entire company, he was still a small fry.

Then, he heard a Private First Class say, “Well, looks like you’re the highest-ranking here, so we all follow your lead now.”

Lacroix was stunned.

Me, me, me… I can’t be the one in charge, can I?!

But he quickly regained his composure.

This was not about power; it was responsibility, and there was no shirking it. According to regulations, he had to take on this responsibility.

Taking a deep breath, it seemed he finally understood the question that had preoccupied him before.

He might not dare speak of the distant future, but at least his current value was to lead the remaining seven survivors of the 2nd Company, 6th Battalion, 3rd Independent Regiment.

The last remnants of the 362nd were all here.

What to do next?

Previously, their mission was to proceed to Zone B7752 to stand guard and eliminate all the alien enemies that appeared there.

However… the company commander, the political commissar, they might know where Zone B7752 was, but how would he, a mere Lance Corporal, know?

Scratching his head, he heard the distant sound of battle.

With a call, he said, “Let’s go toward that direction and see if we can find any other friendly forces.”

If there were friendly forces, especially officers, it seemed he could relinquish his responsibility.

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Genie Kuangya, fully armed at nearly three meters tall and wearing ultra-heavy armor, pushed open the half-destroyed hatch and was the first to step out of the landing craft. He was met with a volley of over thirty electromagnetic rifles and laser guns firing at him.

His armor rang with the impact of the hits, yet none of them could halt his stride for even a moment. He moved forward with his mechanical legs at a swift pace, shielding the Green Skin youngsters following behind him from harm, while also creating space for them to deploy their formation.

And during this process, he also lifted his left arm. The rocket launcher mounted beneath his forearm fired a salvo that sent the entire front row of elite marine soldiers and several others about to come forward for support flying into the sky.

The violent explosion caused some damage to the metal corridors of the ship's hull, blowing holes through it and revealing the split mechanical structures underneath, as well as groups of people evacuating below.

It seemed to be a gun turret belonging to the 'Reflector' Interception Laser Cannon of the 'Quintet.'

Kuangya grinned wickedly, his smile fierce.

Such a harvest too?

He lifted his arm again, aiming the rocket launcher downward. The automatic reloading mechanism had already filled the launcher with a new round of rockets, and two orcish youngsters with large packs on their backs were replenishing his combat pack with more rockets through the ammo intake located at the armor near Kuangya's rear.

The next moment, another dozen rockets flew out, striking the isolated turret below with solid hits.

The crew operating the 'Reflector' which numbered in the dozens were almost instantly obliterated. The laser cannon's energy storage device followed, detonating and blasting an even larger gap in the surroundings.

The wave of the explosion even reached the upper levels. While Genie Kuangya was unaffected, several unfortunate Green Skin youngsters were caught in the blast and hurled out of the ship.

Without the ship's life support and gravity systems, these individuals, even as robust Green Skin Orcs, had no chance of surviving in the vacuum.

But that did not matter. Destroying a ship cannon was far more valuable than a few unlucky youngsters being blown away.

Seeing such a spectacular explosion right before their eyes, the surviving youngsters were extremely delighted.

Kuangya laughed loudly too!

He waved his hand, signaling his boys to quickly leave the landing bay; they were going to charge deeper in!

As the Military Governor of the 10th Plundering Fleet of the Iron Tooth Clan, he was the fleet's leader. Today he was determined to win the war by personally entering the fray!

The fleet's supreme commander personally joining the fight was reckless to the point of foolishness, but it was quintessentially Green Skin.

Chapter 224: Fleet Military Governor

If one were to say that Genie Kuangya personally led his most elite fighters to jump aboard the "Quintet" and take part in the battle, that would make a lot of sense.

The sudden appearance of the "Quintet" turned what was originally a certain victory into an extreme disadvantage. The surprise attack that damaged a destroyer and an escort ship tipped the scales of victory in the enemy's favor.

During the subsequent naval exchange of fire, the "Quintet" demonstrated formidable firepower as well as robust defenses.

To continue bombardment was more likely to end in disaster than success.

To win, they needed to think of another method.

They could forgo charging the energy shield and overload the weapons system, hoping for the entire fleet to make a concentrated, all-out assault and achieve a decisive victory.

Alternatively, they could employ what's termed "pack hunting tactics," using superior ship maneuverability and larger numbers to spread out and carry out a three-dimensional flanking operation. This tactic avoids matching the "Quintet's" consistent velocity, instead relying on bursts of acceleration and deceleration, creating significant and frequent changes in relative speed to reduce the enemy's ability to anticipate their movements and accurately lock on with their firepower.

Or, like the Green Skin Fleet is currently doing, adopting the so-called "close-quarter tactic," braving the onslaught of fire to charge in close for a full-speed, short-range shootout. With no space to dodge and no chance to intercept, most of the firepower must be endured head-on; it becomes a contest of whose ship is tougher, whose cannons are more formidable, and who has more ships.

However…there seem to be many options, yet in reality, few are viable.

The "pack hunting tactics" are not suited for the Green Skin Fleet. To properly execute these tactics, high ship maneuverability and precision firepower are required. Green-Skinned Warships generally aren't up for this task; their firepower is fierce but imprecise; they're fast but not agile enough.

Humans relatively favor such tactics. And those who most prefer to use "pack hunting tactics" are the beings who claim themselves as the Spirit Race. Kuangya despises such opponents the most; they're impossible to catch, impossible to hit, and they bombard you relentlessly, but just one opportunity for a ruthless counterattack could lead to decisive victory.

As for the "close-quarter tactic," the Green Skins are exactly doing that. In fact, before Kuangya left his flagship to jump aboard, his last command was for the fleet to shut down their power and energy shields upon closing in and to overload their weapons systems to utterly destroy the "Quintet."

But looking at the current situation, they probably won't be able to make the charge; who knows how many ships will get blown up mid-way. Those that do manage to close in likely won't have overall firepower or defenses to match the "Quintet."

In order to ensure the success of the close-quarter tactic and the mad plan to fire all weapons, he personally led the boarding party.

Although he is the Military Governor of the fleet, among the Green Skins, regardless of which group, the one who becomes the boss, the leader, is always the most formidable among them.

And without a doubt, Genie Kuangya is such an individual.

Of course, he was also concerned that if their interception firepower exploded the boarding capsules before they could land on the enemy ships, it could spell disaster.

This was a very real possibility, despite deploying many decoy capsules and using the raw power of "waaagh" to camoulfage and silence the boarding capsules, making them difficult to lock on to—but these were no guarantees.

However, now that he had successfully boarded the ship, the remaining problems seemed trivial.

What human shrimp could possibly stand against him?

In his past career of battle, he had killed countless shrimp, even some big fellows in cans among them, whom he had also chopped down.

The group of yellow-canned shrimp left a deep impression on him. He had to admit they were mighty, but regrettably, the final victors were him and his subordinates.

It was because of that battle, that feat of arms, that he grew larger, greener, and stronger, which earned the favor of Kulo Iron Tooth, the leader of the Iron-Tooth Clan and warlord, granting him the position of Military Governor of the Tenth Plundering Fleet.

And today, aboard this ship, it's not likely that a bunch of shrimp in cans will leap out, right?

Without those formidable beings, he was confident that with his leadership, his most elite troops, even in small numbers, could absolutely push through like a hot knife through butter, slaying their way through the entire starship.

Indeed, it was just so.

After boarding, Kuangya almost single-handedly annihilated a squad of Navy Marine Corps from the “Quintet.” Then, leading his elite team, he destroyed a defensive laser cannon and began storming toward the most critical area within.

The core area was not without resistance.

On the contrary, the forces intercepting him were the most elite of the “Quintet.”

The “Quintet” could muster a maximum of thirty thousand armed troops, of which ten thousand were regular Navy Marine Corps members. These were T4 level troops, well-equipped with weapons. They wouldn’t even regard G-series live-ammunition rifles, using either L-series laser rifles or HS-series electromagnetic rifles instead.

After realizing they were up against an elite Green Skin assault team, the commander of the Navy Marine Corps had already ordered their most elite units to join the battle with their finest weapons.

Chapter 225: Fleet Military Governor_2

The two most important weapons were the Strider Combat Vehicles and the Foxhound-class Infantry Mechs.

As for the former, there’s no need to say more. The reason why they didn’t equip larger vehicles than the Strider Combat Vehicle, such as the Lion Tank, was that the combat environment inside a starship did not quite allow for the Lion to move around everywhere. Although the Strider was quite big, it was still two sizes smaller than a heavy tank and could still run on many of the main roads inside the starship.

As for the latter, it was essentially a ‘person’—a mech servant, a product of the Sect of Mechanics. During the mechanical transformation, apart from removing part of the brain to turn it into a mech servant who could only follow orders, there was also a significant modification of the body. From the outside, it no longer resembled a human being; almost all of its body was mechanized, and its shape was like that of a half-standing hound, with purely mechanical reverse knee-joint legs. The head structure containing the brain was somewhat canine-shaped and integrated with a large number of sensors.

Its overall size exceeded two meters in height and was equipped with a heavy machine gun, along with sturdy ferrosteel armor. Even a space warrior would have to put in some effort to take it down.

It was a precious product of the Sect of Mechanics, and there were only about one hundred and fifty of them on the entire starship.

Half an hour after Genie Kuangya made a fierce charge, the first batch of elite troops assembled by the Navy Marine Corps included eighty Foxhound Mechs, thirty Strider Armored Vehicles, and more than a thousand marine soldiers, in addition to two thousand armed sailors.

As a result, their defensive line was breached by Kuangya in a wave.

The rockets in his hands seemed to be blessed by some mysterious force, extremely precise, and even had some tracking effect. There was also a thermal cannon mounted above his left shoulder. His personal firepower was already maxed out to the top.

Moreover, he wasn't fighting alone. On the way up, many Green Skins that had landed from other places smelt the scent of their boss and instinctively gathered around. Now, the number of Green Skins following behind Kuangya had also exceeded a thousand.

Furthermore, those Green Skins behind him were elite. Not only were they particularly tall among the Green Skins, but they also wore strong armor, carried larger caliber and more explosive firearms, and were equipped with plenty of explosives.

What's more, compared to the smaller infantry mechs, the Green Skin Killer Cans and the slightly larger Death Iron Cans were no weaklings.

With Military Governor Kuangya as the arrowhead, they charged fiercely. When Kuangya blasted the mech's fire base with his thermal cannon and multiple rocket launchers, then personally charged into close range, fired another round of rockets, and picked up his axe to wield in a frenzy, the Green Skins' walking mechs and elite infantry also surged forward.

The scale of the battle might not have been particularly large, but it was extremely bloodthirsty.

This blockading force of the Navy Marine Corps, after losing all their infantry mechs and combat vehicles, fought desperately for fifteen minutes and suffered over 60% casualties. Then, the breakdown of the armed sailors triggered a complete collapse.

Actually, they couldn't be too harshly blamed. Even if they all had endless fighting will and were willing to give their lives for this battle, it would only have delayed the enemy for a bit longer and wouldn't have changed the outcome.

Of course, the Green Skins also paid a heavy price. At least four hundred Green Skin Orcs and over thirty various Green Skin armored vehicles fell in battle.

The two sides left behind over a hundred various machines and nearly three thousand lives, and all this happened within about twenty minutes, on a battlefield that didn't extend more than eight hundred meters in any direction. Bodies and mechanical wrecks were no longer just scattered everywhere—they were piled up in layers. The Green Skins' army would have to walk over heaps of broken limbs and wreckage to advance further.

Kuangya himself was unharmed.

And with him there, and the remaining six hundred Green Skins, their combat effectiveness was still intact and they could continue the assault.

In contrast, the Navy Marine Corps was unable to gather a force equal to the one just defeated to stop them in a short period of time.

Along the way, there were only some small-scale units present. Brave soldiers attempted to use their lives to slow the Green Skins' boarding assault and buy time for their comrades.

However, Yelisia on the command bridge of the flagship panicked.

Through the intelligence transmitted back from the front line, she recognized that it was the Beastman Overlord personally leading the boarders. She immediately realized that with only the 'Quintet's' combat readiness, there was nothing that could stop this Beastman Overlord.

On one hand, she couldn't believe the recklessness of this beastman Military Governor. In her view, how could a fleet commander, a fleet admiral, personally lead a boarding assault? It was too easy to die unclearly in the interception fire net, which would be a meaningless death.

But on the other hand, reality slapped her hard in the face. That formidable individual strength, the terrifying advantage it brought to the battlefield, was amplified to an extreme in the special environment of the starship.

This wasn't an open ground battlefield; all fighting happened inside the starship. Even in the most spacious places, space was limited. It wasn't possible to deploy artillery miles away to attack the enemy. In a limited environment, a beastman overlord equipped with heavy armor, impervious to gunfire, with individual firepower maxed out, was simply the nightmare of any defense line.

What made her more panic-stricken was that the beast seemed to have an extremely keen sense of battle. Its line of attack was unerringly towards the heart of the starship—the engine center.

If it were to breach that area, the consequences were unimaginable.

At present, the naval battle had reached its critical moment. Just now, they had blasted another enemy escort ship. Yet, the distance between the two forces had closed even further. The Quintet, having been boarded and attacked by troops, had several of its firepower platforms knocked out. This caused its return fire to weaken, and the starship's Void Shield had turned red as more firepower began to penetrate it, challenging the cruiser's armor directly.

Similarly, those Green-Skinned Warships were also under greater pressure, and the 'Wrath of Loyalty' of the L-class was still formidable.

At the moment when bayonets clashed, if the Quintet were to be dealt a harder blow inside, with the ship's power failing and problems arising in the weapon systems and Void Shield's energy supply, it would be struck by a devastating blow in an instant.

What could they do?

Was there anything that could stop that beast?

Their last hope rested on Gu Hang.

The planetary governor had not only brought two thousand soldiers but also four interstellar warriors.

She immediately used the communication system to contact Gu Hang, who had already left the bridge to muster troops.

“You must resolve this problem immediately! We’re all in the same boat, if the ‘Quintet’ goes down, none of us will survive!”

Through the communicator, Gu Hang’s response came swiftly, a simple sentence:

“I know, I’m already there.”

His voice was quite steady.

Yelisia felt somewhat relieved.

She didn’t know if Gu Hang and those interstellar warriors with him could stop that Beastman Overlord. But now, other than placing her trust in Mr. Gu, she had no other choice.

At that moment, she began to feel grateful for having brought Gu Hang aboard the ship initially.

…

Gu Hang was not bluffing to Yelisia; his troops were indeed in position.

It wasn’t just him, nor was it just the four Phoenixes. Relying solely on their power would not be enough to stop an army.

Accompanying him were the Wind-Extinguishing Brigade's first and second battalions, as well as a regiment from the second infantry division.

Earlier, he had learned of the alarming news that a Navy Marine Corps unit had been wiped out in twenty minutes.

The troops under his command were no stronger than that rapidly annihilated Marine Corps unit.

If possible, he wouldn't want to subject his forces to such brutal combat.

But this was war.

In war, there is no choice.

Chapter 226: The Moment of Desperation is Here!

Genie Kuangya could already sense that victory was not far off. He could even smell the scent from the core engine power compartment of the shrimp ships.

Destroy that, and victory would be his.

But soon, a new squad of soldiers appeared before them, blocking their path.

Kuangya was slightly puzzled.

The attire of these newly appeared soldiers was different from the shrimps they had encountered before. They were not the shrimp wielding laser guns, electromagnetic rifles, like those of the Navy Marine Corps, nor as formidable; neither were they the armed sailors, though they were a bit stronger than them.

But soon Kuangya didn't care.

They were all shrimps anyway, just kill them and that's good.

The hundred or so people even set up bombs in the road, but it was meaningless. The Spiritual Energy kids and artisan kids who stormed with him all had ways to detect these buried bombs in advance and detonate them beforehand.

The occasional misses weren't a big problem either. Explosions that somewhat harmed the average Green Skin Orc, barely mattered if they stood a bit further away, let alone the armored units.

After the bombs proved ineffective, what remained was a bloody confrontation—or rather, a one-sided slaughter.

The strongest firepower of this platoon was nothing more than some bombs, a small number of rocket launchers. The configurations of machine infantry with armored vehicles in front had been swept clean like cutting melons and vegetables, not to mention these guys.

In three to five minutes, the entire platoon was nearly wiped out.

Their reluctance to retreat in a death struggle was not due to unwillingness, but because they simply didn't have time to run, or they wouldn't be able to get away if they tried. Turning their backs to the enemy only led to being shot down more quickly.

However, the lives they had given were not without value.

At the very least, they had slowed down the orcs' assault squad by a few minutes.

It was these same minutes that allowed Gu Hang and his elite team to complete the defensive preparations outside the core engine power compartment.

Actually, there wasn't much that could be set up. Even if they wanted to build some fire points or shelters, it was difficult. Aboard a starship, it was not like being on the surface of a planet. In the wild, you could dig trenches in the soil, and in city ruins, you could use various debris and building materials to build shelters. But on a starship, there was nothing but various rooms or corridors, narrow or spacious. Unless the structure itself had something bulletproof to hide behind, you'd have to exchange fire with flesh and blood or simply turn the corner and dive straight into a bloody close-quarters brawl.

In such an environment, the size of the Green Skin Orcs was obviously an advantage. Humans indeed had bulletproof armor inserts, but Green Skins also had scrap metal armor, so no one lagged behind the other. And when it came to physical resilience, Kuangya's elite guards could take a couple of hundred bullets a piece—far more formidable than humans.

All Gu Hang could rely on was greater numbers and stronger firepower.

The location he chose for battle was a crossroads.

Taking the forward direction of the starship as north, the Green Skin assault squad was coming from the south to the north, and on their route they were bound to pass through a broad crossroads. Gu Hang positioned a heavy force to the north of the intersection, which was the direction leading to the power compartment. Two battalions of the Wind-Extinguishing Brigade were all there, but not heavily concentrated. Instead, they used fighting vehicles as cover, roadblocks, and fire points, with soldiers setting up multiple obstacles on this eight-meter-wide passageway.

If Green Skins were to reach the power compartment, they would have to step over the bodies of the Rage Owl People from this crossroads onward for every meter.

At the same time, on the narrower east and west passages of the intersection, troops were also stationed. The 2nd Battalion of the 2nd Infantry Division placed a combat battalion on each side.

Rows of soldiers lay prone, with a row crouching behind them, and another row standing behind that. They held their guns aimed at the intersection, and a bit further back, there were rocket launcher troops ready to unleash a full-force barrage on the Green Skin Orcs as they passed.

Additionally, there was a reserve force composed of a battalion also from the 22nd Regiment. They stood by on the fringe of the battlefield and would flank the rear of the Green Skin assault team from the south side of the intersection as soon as the battle started.

Gu Hang prepared a large net for them.

But the key to this net was himself and the four Phoenixes.

Before boarding the starship, Gu Hang had leveled up.

The battle in the ruins of the Eradication Tower, besides yielding generous points of grace, also maxed out his experience, enabling him to advance to level five.

Advancing to level five required a full five hundred points of grace.

This brought an increase of one point in constitution, one point in intellect.

Beyond that, there was a new talent.

When boarding the starship, he had thought that he might need to deal with the Green Skin Fleet's boarding combat. Although he could never have imagined that boarding would indeed soon threaten the "Quintet," he had prudently chosen to invest in a layer of Spiritual Energy.

And this brought him an upgraded talent: [Advanced Telekinesis Control].

[Advanced Telekinesis Control: This talent will replace Telekinesis Control. You can now use Spiritual Energy more forcefully to control physical objects. Intellect +2]

Although no new talent arrived, the upgraded version of Telekinesis Control was still quite reliable.

Telekinesis Control was a general and potent Psychic Spell with outstanding effects.

Chapter 227: The Moment of Desperation is Here!_2

Moreover, after switching to advanced telekinesis control, his spiritual energy had increased slightly.

As of now, Gu Hang's total spiritual energy attribute had reached 20 points.

His attributes had become as follows:

[Hero: Gu Hang (Faction Leader), LV5, insufficient experience to level up]

[Physique: 10, Spiritual Energy: 20]

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

[Talents: Protective Spiritual Energy, Advanced Telekinesis Control, Mind Manipulation]

This boost significantly enhanced Gu Hang's own strength. An increase of two points in spiritual energy meant that both the intensity of his spiritual energy and the power of his psychic spells more than doubled from before.

As a level five psychic who had put all points into spiritual energy, Gu Hang was already very strong. To use an interstellar warrior as an example, before the upgrade, he could barely handle a one-on-one fight against an average star warrior. But now, crushing an old soldier wasn't a big problem for him, he could comfortably defeat a battle group warrior, and he could barely manage to fight against someone at the level of a squad champion like Matins.

The increase in his strength this time would be a great help in the upcoming battle to eliminate the Beastman Fleet General.

As long as they could kill the Beastman Overlord, the encirclement laid out with the forces at hand would be meaningful, ensuring the total annihilation of those Green Skin Orcs here and effectively

resolving the threat of this round of boarding tactics. There might still be Green Skins alive, scattered throughout the ships, but they would no longer be a threat.

If they failed to kill him…

Let's not even talk about it; it's either dying here or getting blown up in space along with the starship.

This is space maritime warfare; when a ship explodes, there's truly no way out.

All preparations had been made, and the battle came swiftly.

Kuangya arrived even faster than expected.

His assault team appeared at the southern end of the crossroads. After violently demolishing a door, a troop of Green Skins rushed forward.

The walkers and soldiers' firepower quickly filled the entire passage, and even if those five Green Skins were elite and capable fighters, they couldn't survive a bullet storm in such an environment with no room to dodge. Their crude iron armor shattered, they rushed forward a few dozen more steps with their strong and highly resistant bodies, but ultimately fell under the concentrated fire.

But what followed was not as easy to defeat.

Those were two parallel killing machines.

The machine guns on the walkers could still inflict effective damage on them, but were unable to quickly eliminate them. Similarly, the machine guns in the hands of the killing machines could penetrate the walkers' armor.

The killing machines advanced while firing. Under their cover, the Green Skins continued to press forward. Fierce exchanges of fire began, and casualties started to occur among the human soldiers.

A walker exploded, taking a few nearby soldiers with it, but at the same time, several rocket launchers took effect, overturning one of the riddled killing machines.

However, during this process, the Green Skin Orcs' ranks had advanced a considerable distance.

After one killing machine was toppled, the Green Skins didn't want to just rush forward half-heartedly either.

At least, Kuangya didn't have the patience for that.

He pushed aside the young Greens Skins that were rushing faster than him, shoved aside a fear-inducing iron can that still wanted to surge forward, and threw himself into the front line.

The heat gun on his shoulder immediately came into play, piercing through half the corridor. From the intense red heat line backward, three walkers were pierced with large holes, and further melting extended outward from the perforated parts, causing the three vehicles to fall silent. The soldiers standing in line with the heat line didn't survive either.

All of the rocket nests on his left arm were also emptied, and a series of violent explosions occurred on the humans' position.

The gunfire that had filled the passage instantly fell silent for a moment.

Seizing this opportunity, a mass of Green Skins began to surge forward rapidly.

Even though the human soldiers' firepower was soon restored, it didn't significantly slow their advance.

The Beastman Fleet General at the forefront bore most of the incoming fire with his massive and sturdy body. Machine gun fire from the walkers, even concentrated and intense, only literally created a 'metal storm' on him; the bullets were metallic, making contact like a gust of wind, merely slowing his pace.

But conversely, once the heat gun on his shoulder was recharged, and the rocket nests in his hands were automatically refilled, a round of his firepower would obliterate a section of the human position, silencing the gunfire and waiting for another wave of soldiers to come before the firepower could be restored.

Moreover, the firepower on the side of the Green Skin Orcs wasn't solely from Kuangya himself.

The Iron Cans of Terror, the weapons mounted on the killing cans, were equally ferocious in their firepower.

The orcs kept pushing forward relentlessly.

During this process, Green Skin Orcs fell constantly, and occasionally a killing can would be destroyed. However, the human side was paying an even heavier price.

As a frontline commander, Perbov's heart was bleeding.

Within his first battalion, the most precious two companies—the Abandoned Cave Company and Kodi Company—he had assigned to the most arduous tasks, to act as the first echelon in blocking the Green Skins.

But now, he had lost contact with both companies.

In just a few minutes, he had lost his most elite two companies.

Among these two companies, there were many of his 'fellow countrymen'.

Heartache, sadness, guilt… these emotions were swirling in his heart.

Yet, as a commander on the front line, he still had to be ruthless, sending the subordinates he held dear to a battlefield of extreme brutality.

They were all fine young men, yet they had spilled their blood so far away from their homeland.

But this was exactly in order to defend their homeland.

The first battalion had nearly half of its troops empty, it was time for the second battalion to take over.

Until new orders were issued, they must fight to the end, even if it meant dying at this position!

Soon, the Green Skins led by Kuangya reached the crossroads.

At this moment, soldiers who had been positioned early in the passageways to the east and west began to fire with all their might.

Beyond bullets, a large number of rocket launchers, as infantry firepower, were fiercely launched.

The two battalion commanders from the 22nd Regiment, although they couldn't see the fierce battle around the corner passageway, were extremely anxious when they saw countless bullets flying across the intersection and heard the orders over their listening devices, realizing that two of the most elite companies had been wiped out in minutes.

They were no longer thinking about life and death.

They were considering that at the first moment of engagement, they had to fire all the firepower at hand as forcefully as possible.

If they did not do so, thinking of saving the key weapons for a critical moment, they would likely not have the opportunity to fire them.

Plainly put, it was some rocket launchers.

But the Green Skins were not fools.

Seeing such a well-defended front and another crossroads ahead, how could they not be cautious?

Kuangya took a moment here to continue attracting fire but also waited for more orc mechas to arrive. According to his strategy, he would split off some forces to strike into both flanks, at least holding the ground until the main force had passed through.

The infantry on both sides also made a resolute decision, launching all the rocket launchers they had almost in one go.

Amidst the powerful bombing, every commander heard a new order in their ears:

“All units charge!”

This was certainly not an easy order to accept, but whether they were soldiers of the Wind-Extinguishing Brigade or the infantry of the 22nd Regiment, all moved at the command of officers, political instructors, and duty officers.

“The moment of desperation has come! Follow me on the charge!” the officers, political instructors, and duty officers led the way, and the soldiers followed close behind.

While firing, they charged toward the center of the crossroads!

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Kuangya was somewhat surprised.

Those shrimps actually dared to charge at them. He really hadn’t seen that coming.

Actually, the shrimps they had encountered along the way were all quite brave, nearly all of them willing to fight to the death with huge casualties. It’s just a pity that their abilities were a bit weak; otherwise, killing them would have been even more thrilling.

Even so, those brave soldiers also tried their best to avoid close combat with them, preferring to use layers of delay tactics and long-range firepower to reduce their numbers, hoping to hold out with their numerical advantage until ultimate victory.

This was the first time they had encountered shrimps daring enough to launch a charge at them.

Quite interesting.

But Kuangya didn't feel worried about anything.

Perhaps they had some special methods, but it didn't matter. Bring it on, I, Warlord Kuangya, fear nothing!

He reaped a decent toll with his furious rocket and thermite cannon, and then some shrimps charged him amidst the fierce crossfire.

He took the great axe slung over his back, and with just one horizontal sweep, three shrimps were cut in half at the waist.

Then more shrimps charged over.

But the human soldiers who reached his face appeared somewhat helpless. Facing a nearly three-meter-tall steel giant, impervious to concentrated machine gun fire, what could they do even if they charged up close? Could bullets penetrate armor at close range, or could bayonets pierce through it?

However, the soldiers had their own methods.

Kuangya saw that some shrimps strapped bombs to themselves.

But it was meaningless. In front of him, they didn't even have the chance to detonate the bombs. The small shrimp had clearly misjudged Kuangya's reaction speed and strength. His nearly three-meter tall

frame moved like lightning. Just a kick sent the human soldier's chest caving in, the entire person flying several meters away.

Another soldier then picked up the bomb pack from the corpse and charged at him again, even pulling the fuse early, but this time he couldn't even get close, taking a bullet from six or seven meters away. The prematurely detonated bomb did explode, but the heatwave and shockwave from several meters away, of course, couldn't bother Kuangya, and instead killed two other human soldiers nearby.

All in all, the charge of the human soldiers was tragic and harrowing, but it seemed… utterly pointless.

Far from killing more Green Skins, their casualties were particularly great, as if they were simply marching to their deaths.

If things continued like this, it would not be long before all were dead.

Kuangya thought so too and felt the opposing commander had lost his mind, even dumber than the dumbest kid in the tribe.

No sooner had he thought this than he was struck hard.

Two azure beams shot out from the human soldiers' formation.

These beams were no ordinary means of attack; his armor was penetrated directly, a smoking hole in his chest and another in his head.

This was real damage; especially the shot to the head that caused him excruciating pain.

Only, what armor did not stop, his skull did.

His head wasn't pierced, but he could feel immense pain and a sensation of his skull fracturing.

The chest was pierced more thoroughly, damaging the respiratory system.

Even for him, these two strikes were certainly very serious injuries.

Not fatal, but very painful.

Damage to the respiratory system made even breathing feel somewhat sweet; a fractured skull made his head dizzy.

In a daze, he only then saw two shrimp bigwigs in blood-red power armors, standing about seventy meters away from him, the fully charged glow of their plasma guns not yet subsided.

At the same time, two more of the same shrimp bigwigs in blood-red power armors had charged to within ten meters of him.

Why had I not seen them before?

Such big targets, even if mixed within the charging human soldiers, would be extremely conspicuous. Anyone with eyes couldn't fail to see them.

However, at that moment, he had no time to ponder the reasons.

At close range, the two shrimp bigwigs had already raised their weapons.

The one charging at the front, wearing a black skull helmet, held a scepter in his hand, none other than Priest Nicola Rizzo of the Phoenix!

He raised the head of his scepter, aiming it at Genie Kuangya's head.

Taken by surprise, Kuangya could only dodge backwards reluctantly, while forcefully swinging his battle axe, clashing hard with the Priest.

An even match.

Injured and ambushed without being able to muster full strength, this confrontation ended up in a draw. The Gravity Scepter in Rizzo's hand smashed Kuangya's defensive stance, but he himself, due to the force of the blow, staggered back two steps.

But it wasn't just him launching a surprise attack.

Matins, wielding a chainsaw sword, followed closely and seized the opportunity to strike fiercely at his chest.

Kuangya's thick chest armor was shredded by the chainsaw.

The previous concentrated plasma gun strike had not only pierced his chest armor and injured his lungs but also weakened his chest armor further.

If it had not been for this precondition, Matins' chainsaw sword would probably not have been able to achieve such an effective blow.

A large wound appeared on his chest plate, and the foul blo

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But just as Matins was about to strike again, preparing to attempt to cut the Beastman Overlord in two from the chest down with his next blow, a tremendous force came from his waist.

Genie Kuangya kicked out, sending Matins flying.

His physical strength was so immense that his kick sent a fully-armed space marine flying several meters away, half-crashing to the ground.

At the same time, Kuangya twisted his body, trying to point the shoulder-mounted meltagun at Nicola Rizzo, who was currently being entangled by a nearby killing can.

If this shot hit its mark, the power of the meltagun would be enough to kill the high priest in a single blast.

However, this did not become a reality.

As he tried to aim, he suddenly found that his body was immovable. A mysterious force formed binding bands, making his movements sluggish.

He barely managed to pull the trigger of the meltagun, but it fired up into the air, blowing a huge hole in the ceiling and revealing the floor above.

At this moment, two distant space marines took action. Their plasma guns once again completed charging and shot toward the killing can entangling Rizzo.

The killing can did not have the resilience of their Overlord. Their armor was far from as thick as the Overlord's, and as the plasma beams pierced through the armor, they experienced little attenuation. The flesh of Green Skins or "fart spirits" sewn into the killing cans had less sturdy foreheads and chests. After being shot through, their muscles couldn't immediately contract to stop the bleeding, and the remaining organs had difficulty continuing to function.

With two shots, the killing can was finished, and Rizzo was freed.

Several Green Skin lads tried to come forward to block, but the human soldiers who charged up with the space marines bravely held their bayonets and clashed with them. Although they were quickly slaughtered, more soldiers continued to arrive. They even overturned these Green Skins, shooting bullets at point-blank range into their eyeballs and stabbing bayonets into their necks and heads.

The sacrifice of these warriors and their hard-won victories completely freed Rizzo once again.

He swung his hammer again, flipping a killing can that was trying to lift its autocannon to bomb the crowd at close range. The Gravity Scepter smashed its chest armor inward with great force.

Turning his head, the old priest looked at Genie Kuangya and raised the Gravity Scepter in his hand.

He mumbled words as he swung his weapon, and anyone listening closely would realize that it was content from the Emperor's Holy Words Record. And this truly made him more resolute, further increasing the strength with which he wielded his weapon.

This hammer blow smashed fiercely against Kuangya's chest, completely shattering the already chainsword-tattered chest plate, and might have possibly broken one or more of Kuangya's ribs.

Immediately afterward, Matins followed up, his chainsword ready to chop down again.

"Roar!"

Facing death, the Green Skin Overlord let out a deafening roar!

A strange power burst forth from within him, first breaking through the force that was binding his body.

Gu Hang, who was hiding further away, let out a muffled groan as blood started oozing out of his mouth, nose, and ears.

Previously, using mental manipulation to make the Green Skin Overlord overlook the four space marines who were advancing with the infantry was certainly his doing. Thus, the Phoenix Squad got an excellent opportunity for a preemptive strike and managed to deal heavy damage to the Beastman Overlord.

Later, when Genie Kuangya finished dealing with the first wave of attacks and was attempting to resolve Rizzo with the shoulder-mounted meltagun, it was him again, using advanced telekinesis to halt Kuangya's attack, causing the shot to go astray.

But doing all this came at a cost, and he felt enormous pressure. While performing mental manipulation, he could sense a mysterious power in the Overlord's mind, keeping his brain in a state of frenzy yet still holding onto certain rationality. Disturbing such a brain was particularly challenging and took a lot of time.

It was for this reason that he had to delay the timing of the assault by the space marines, resulting in more lives of ordinary soldiers being lost at this crossroads.

While using his telekinesis to control Kuangya's body, he felt as if he was wrestling with a tank—no, after leveling up and reaching twenty points in spiritual attributes, and mastering the more specialized advanced telekinesis, he even felt like he could flip over a Lion Tank in one go. But with Kuangya, he could barely limit his movements.

This was expected; to reach this level and provide support to the space marines was adequate.

Initially, when Rizzo and Matins produced excellent combat results at close range, and it seemed that the terrifyingly armored beast was about to be killed, there was still a slip up.

What was this force that exploded out?

It seemed similar to Spiritual Energy, yet it was furious, uncontrollable, filled with wonders…

Was this the so-called Waaagh energy, the Waaagh field?

A type of psychic power unique to the Green Skin Orcs, a power of pure belief, could their technology that functioned on the principle 'if I reckon it'll work, it actually works' actually stem from this?

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On powerful individual Green Skins like the Beastman Fleet General, this kind of power could even materialize, strengthening his physique, and in crucial moments, it could also provide a surge of explosive capability.

The Spiritual Energy enveloping the Beastman Overlord that Gu Hang had cast was shattered by this force, which also brought him severe backlash damage.

However, Gu Hang did not even consider his own injuries.

Seeing the erupting energy rejuvenating the severely wounded Green Skin, it kicked Matins away and then clashed its great axe against Priest Rizzo.

This time, Rizzo found no advantage and was forced off balance.

Kuangya, relentless when at an advantage, slashed three times with his axe, smashing Priest Rizzo to the ground, and didn't even flinch when two plasma rays bombarded his body.

After sustaining three axe blows from Kuangya, Rizzo's staff was knocked aside, and he lay on the ground, his breathing faint.

Just as the overlord was raising his axe, ready to make another strike to chop off the big-headed redskin's head, Gu Hang's Spiritual Energy surged forth once again, restraining his right arm.

Under the heavy injuries, forcing this action made Gu Hang's condition even worse, with more fresh blood flowing from his mouth, nose, and ears, even his eyes were bleeding.

But he still succeeded in limiting the Beastman Overlord's movement, saving Priest Rizzo's life.

At that moment, Matins, who had been kicked away a second time, charged back in, roaring as he once again slashed his chainsaw sword at the Beastman Overlord's shattered chest.

However, the chainsaw sword was blocked by Kuangya's left arm.

His pair of steel claw hands clamped down on Matins's chainsaw sword.

The chainsaw buzzed loudly, producing spectacular sparks against Kuangya's steel claws, yet they were deadlocked in combat.

The situation was at a standstill for the time being.

Gu Hang realized something was wrong.

He could only control Kuangya's arm wielding the axe, and he wouldn't be able to maintain the control for long. Once his power dissipated, the tide of battle would immediately turn.

There had to be further resolution to the problem.

He had one more option: to stimulate Spiritual Energy even further, abandoning the control of Kuangya's axe-wielding right arm, and instead controlling the steel claws that were blocking Matins. Doing so would provide Matins the opportunity to slice open the Beastman Overlord's chest with the chainsaw sword and kill him.

But as soon as he released control of the axe, Priest Rizzo's head would fall.

Should he do it?

Gu Hang knew there was no time left for hesitation; he had to make a decision immediately.

But before that, there arose another variable in the situation.

His Spiritual Energy sensed someone appearing in the hole that had been blasted in the ceiling by Kuangya's melter cannon.

It was a human soldier, clad in the uniform of the Rage Owl Star Governor-General Corps and, judging by the insignia, belonging to the 3rd Independent Regiment.

This battle outside the core engine power cabin shouldn't have involved the 3rd Independent Regiment. The assembly of troops had been too rushed, with no time to call in more forces.

The presence of this person here was clearly accidental, a coincidence.

But they might bring a significant surprise.

…

After an entire platoon was wiped out, Lacroix, as the highest ranking among the remaining seven, became the acting commander. He had no idea where to go, let alone what the original mission target of the platoon was.

He could only follow the simple idea of leading the remaining six men towards where the fighting was happening, in the hope of finding proper officers to join and to offload the leadership responsibility he had been reluctantly carrying.

Along the way, they encountered mostly aftermaths of battles but no living, proper officers.

One particularly gruesome battlefield was littered with heaps of corpses.

They passed through it and picked up a few weapons.

Lacroix knew that the electromagnetic rifles from the elite marine troops were much better than their G9A assault rifles.

As for their original rifles, they dared not discard them. Throwing away weapons meant facing court-martial upon return. But picking up a few extra on the way back shouldn't be a crime, right?

And it wasn't just rifles they picked up. From a dead marine soldier, cut in half, they found two Personal Melter Bombs.

New and unfamiliar, but after examining them briefly, they roughly knew how to operate them—although they couldn't guarantee it was correct since they dared not actually test them out.

Then, they pressed on, and halfway through, they heard more intense gunfire.

Lacroix once again led his men towards the sound, determined to relinquish command.

"I'm obviously only suitable to be a soldier, not an officer," he thought.

And the reason this thought became even stronger was that even while leading his troops towards the most intense fighting, he could still take the wrong path.

They arrived, but to their embarrassment, they discovered that the intense gunfire seemed to be coming from beneath their feet.

The starship's environment was too complex—not like the surface, with only one ground level. They had reached a higher deck, but now it was deserted. Wanting to descend into battle and find a higher-ranking leader proved impossible.

However, fortune favors the bold, and just as he and his six men aimlessly searched for a way down, a red beam cannon shot upward from below, punching through the ground not far away.