Governor 441

Chapter 441, Must Not Let Down the Heroes!

“Company Commander! Get out! Hurry!”

The staff officer outside shouted while Zhang Zhikai seized the last few moments to type a final message on the command vehicle’s electronic system and hit send before disembarking.

It was already their third round of attacks since the battle had begun.

The first round caught them unprepared, and the losses were significant; however, they managed to repel the enemy with the cover of firepower from the high ground;

The second round occurred during the night, as the Green Skins attacked both the high ground and the foothill, deploying several Skugg War Behemoths. By then, the human forces had fully prepared their positions. With support from the artillery and Anti-armor Companies, the Skugg Beasts were annihilated, and that round of attacks ceased, but the 7th Regiment also suffered severe damages, with over half of the frontline troops either dead or wounded.

Following this, the Green Skins’ offensive finally paused for a moment, providing them with a much-needed half-day of recuperation.

The third attack commenced at dawn on their third day stationed at Gaomen Ridge.

This time, the Green Skins clearly meant serious business.

The position at Gaomen Ridge faced unprecedented artillery barrage from across the river; countless rocket shells seemed determined to revisit every inch of the ridge several times. The troops on the mountain couldn’t dare leave cover to support the ground forces.

The ground force personally led by Zhang Zhikai, however, faced a concentrated attack by the Green Skin Orcs. There was not only a Skugg War Behemoth but also over twenty killing machines.

This posed a significant challenge to the 7th Regiment's position.

The positions were breached, resulting in the Green Skin Orcs directly attacking Zhang Zhikai's command center.

One killing machine and about twenty Green Skins caused complete chaos at the command center.

Already a company had received orders to head back.

With so many returning, they should be able to eliminate the infiltrating enemy, though it would stretch the frontline positions even thinner; however, the command center, the brain of operations, must not be compromised.

If Zhang Zhikai's command post were lost, the frontline troops would immediately become blind and deaf.

But he needed to survive.

After sending the last update on the situation at Gaomen Ridge to division headquarters, the major left the command vehicle.

As he disembarked, the staff officer who had called out to him earlier was now in pieces.

Nearby, the killing machine mentioned by his guard was alarmingly close; it was the Beastman armor that had killed the staff officer.

Its next target was the command vehicle Zhang Zhikai had just vacated.

A single rocket shell destroyed the vehicle.

Zhang Zhikai broke out in a cold sweat.

He was eager to fight, but at this moment, he could only pull a laser pistol from his waist.

What good was this small flashlight against a killing machine?

He had no choice but to run.

The killing machine too charged towards him. The chainsaw axe swung back and forth as it ran, the grating sound of the chains making it clear that any touch by this weapon would result in catastrophic injury.

Yet how could his two legs outrun a Beastman Mecha?

If the Beastman wasn't indulging in the pleasure of bloodshed with its chainsaw, a blast from its large-caliber rotary autocannon would have ended Zhang's life just like his staff officer.

At that critical moment, a thunderous explosion burst at the side of the killing machine.

Zhang Zhikai looked towards the source of the fire, spotting a young Alliance soldier lowering a rocket launcher, a dirty face gesturing a thumbs up at him.

He recognized him: a member of his own guard platoon.

He had sent two-thirds of his guard up to Gaomen Ridge, still retaining a guard platoon near him.

In this crucial moment, they indeed made a difference, saving his life.

Relieved, he was nonetheless full of horror as he screamed, "Watch out!"

Behind the guard, a Beastman was raising a crude, bulky weapon with a ludicrously large muzzle, aiming at the guard.

Zhang Zhikai also raised his pistol, firing three continuous red laser beams.

His personal combat skills weren't too shabby; all three shots hit, piercing three holes in the Green Skin Beastman.

The power of the laser gun, stronger than regular ammunition, caused extensive penetration injuries, and the intense heat immediately erupted within the target. What appeared as a hole in the front turned into a massive crater at the exit.

Nevertheless, even after taking three laser shots, the Beastman didn't die.

It fired its large gun.

The young soldier, who had just saved Zhang Zhikai's life, was instantly blown into fragments.

The Beastman roared and turned its gun towards Zhang Zhikai, pulling the bolt, attempting another shot.

"Ah! Ah! Ah!" Zhang Zhikai screamed, continuously pulling the trigger, hitting the Beastman with three more laser shots before it could fire.

After sustaining such damage, the Beastman finally fell.

Panting, Zhang Zhikai looked around, calling several staff officers to join him in a countercharge.

They moved to the frontline outside the barracks, actively engaging in combat against the attacking Green Skins.

When a frontline infantry platoon arrived in support, they finally eradicated the enemies.

However, the returning Lieutenant platoon leader also reported the dire frontline situation to Zhang Zhikai.

Chapter 441, Must Not Let Down the Heroes! _2

They could no longer hold on.

Otherwise, the enemy wouldn't have infiltrated headquarters.

At this moment, Zhang Zhikai faced an exceedingly painful decision.

He had no idea of the current situation on the high ground, and with enemy bombardments ongoing, there had been no news from the defending army at Gaomen Ridge for quite some time. Assuming the worst scenario, it was not impossible that the entire army had been annihilated.

The troops at the base of the mountain were initially about two-thirds of a regiment, and now, maintaining one-third was fortunate.

Losing half their personnel wasn't as simple as just reducing the combat power by half. Most of those lost were frontline combat units, while logistic troops, communication squads, anti-air units, and artillery units likely had much lower casualty ratios.

Such a high casualty rate meant that many frontline units probably had only three to five squads remaining.

Although logistic troops, artillery men without shells, and anti-air units had all been sent to the front lines, replenishing a lot of manpower, there was definitely a gap in the combat prowess of these soldiers compared to the frontline infantry — their usual training and tactical coordination were different.

In this sense, Gaomen Ridge had indeed been lost.

His troops no longer had the capability to continue defending.

Even the artillery support platoons were running out of shells!

Without reinforcements or supplies, even if they survived this wave of attack, the next wave would inevitably be overwhelming.

Rationally thinking, it was time to retreat.

The only difference between retreating and not retreating was whether the Green Skins would take Gaomen Ridge directly next time or after they had eliminated the 7th Regiment.

In fact, the Green Skins seemed to have noticed the exhaustion of the 7th Regiment.

Their attacks had been fierce, resulting in substantial losses, so the Green Skins did not continue attacking but withdrew momentarily.

But this was clearly not a retreat; it was to gather strength.

The Beastman commander on the opposite side was reorganizing his troops, aiming not to charge blindly but to concentrate his forces and launch a full-scale fierce attack.

What should he do?

Zhang Zhikai was extremely conflicted inside. He had thought about ordering a retreat several times, but on one hand, he thought of the brothers on Gaomen Ridge, in case they were still alive.

On the other hand, he also thought of the words spoken earlier by the division commander:

“I want Gaomen Ridge!”

At his most conflicled moments, a communications soldier approached.

Zhang Zhikai's eyes lit up!

"Did the division headquarters reply?"

Was it good news?

Zhang Zhikai was full of anticipation.

Right before his command vehicle was destroyed, he had sent a message to the division headquarters describing the dire situation of the 7th Regiment and requesting support.

Transferring a new regiment over, or even just a battalion or a company from a brother regiment would be good.

If nothing else, having the air force bomb them or the division's artillery battalion reorient its guns to provide support would also work.

In any case, something was needed!

The communications soldier's face looked a bit grim, but at this critical moment, he didn't hesitate: "It is indeed a message from the division… Both the division commander and the Commissar have been sacrificed. The chief of staff is now in command. He says that the entire division has no more troops to reinforce the 7th Regiment, the air force has been wiped out, and the artillery battalion has also been destroyed in the exchange of fire with the Green Skins across the river. The 7th Regiment can only rely on itself."

Hearing this, Zhang Zhikai seemed to see the dire situation of the whole division.

It turned out, it wasn't just the 11th Regiment or the 7th Regiment that had been emptied, but the entire 326th division.

Zhang Zhikai said with difficulty, "I understand."

"Commander… what should we do now?" someone asked.

Zhang Zhikai looked around, seeing his comrade, the regiment commissar.

"Commissar Wang, what's your opinion?" he asked softly.

Commissar Wang's lower leg was injured, a large chunk of flesh torn away by a stray shrapnel, allowing him only to limp painfully.

Upon hearing the question, he didn't hesitate and said with a smile, "You lead the men to retreat; I will stay and cover your departure."

"Old Wang…"

"Don't look so glum. Our mission has failed, but I'm not foolish. Don't you think I know that it's not your fault, nor is it the fault of anyone in our 7th Regiment? Everyone has done well, all heroes. At this point, the whole regiment dying here won't change the outcome, so let's retreat and keep the seeds of our unit alive."

Biting his teeth, Zhang Zhikai made the decision.

Retreat!

Since it had come to this, there was no point in hesitating.

He planned to let the communications soldiers deliver orders to each platoon.

The choice of who would cover the retreat also needed careful consideration.

Just as he was about to issue the order, the explosions echoing from Gaomen Ridge finally ceased.

Could the situation have changed?

He paused the order.

Then, he received news from the reconnaissance forces on the front lines—the Green Skins, who had been amassing their strength for another battle, were retreating!

The battle must have changed!

Otherwise, it couldn't have happened like this!

"Send someone to Gaomen Ridge immediately, go up and check if our brothers are still there! Also, see if anything has happened across the river!"

Zhang Zhikai immediately issued the order.

The scouts set out, but before they could report back, another piece of good news arrived.

From the high ground, the 1st Company's radio called in.

"Commander! We've won!"

Zhang Zhikai was immensely exhilarated!

The brothers of the 1st Company on the high ground, who had been bombarded with intense artillery fire all day, still had survivors!

Moreover, he was even more exhilarated by the news from the comrades on the high ground.

About twenty minutes later, Zhang Zhikai personally climbed up Gaomen Ridge.

The area was now devastated, with craters everywhere, no vegetation in sight, and even sizable rocks were scarce.

But he could no longer concern himself with that.

With a telescope, he looked towards the south.

On the wilderness, the Green Skins were being utterly shattered by an advancing Alliance Army!

This Alliance Army, coming from the western side of the river with armored forces leading, included not only the Lions and the Lion King but also something much bigger:

Titans!

Through his telescope from Gaomen Ridge, Zhang Zhikai saw four Titans!

The Warhound-class Titans continually launched rapid-fire grenades and rockets, precisely distributing devastating firepower wherever it was needed.

Though positioned slightly behind the Lion Kings and Lions, allowing the cheaper tanks to absorb the Green Skins' firepower, it acted decisively when needed.

Zhang Zhikai personally witnessed a Skugg Beast, after taking several hits from heavy artillery and rocket barrages, still rampaging on the battlefield, toppling two Lions. A Warhound Titan then seized the opportunity, its Gravity Fist suddenly striking the side of the beast's head.

The external steel armor, tough scales, and sturdy skull could not withstand it; under this powerful punch, its entire head was somewhat deformed.

Its body twisted and fell while the Titan, at that moment, fired several more grenades into the beast's relatively softer belly, completely ending the war beast's life.

We've won!

Indeed, we've won!

At this moment, Zhang Zhikai couldn't help but shed tears of heat!

In his mind, flashed the faces of one comrade after another who had sacrificed themselves.

The 7th Battalion, the 326th Division, and indeed all the troops engaged in this tough riverbank defensive battle had paid an unimaginable price.

And now, these sacrifices had finally seen their return.

"Fallen comrades, you cannot see this scene, so I shall witness it for you!"

…

Perbov had not anticipated that the riverbank defensive battle would reach such a devastating extent.

Firstly, the scale of the assembled Green Skins was beyond expectations; the enemy on the southern bank of the Great River already exceeded two million, and they were attacking across the entire front.

He thought the riverbank would surely be lost and his plan seriously flawed.

Just as he was urgently preparing for a total assault and ready to initiate Plan B, he realized that the riverbank, despite being relentlessly bombarded and fiercely attacked, was still holding firm!

The 326th, 376th, and 442nd Divisions under the Alliance Army 1st Army Group had nearly been wiped out, with casualties over a hundred thousand.

Adding the losses from the Defense Army, the total was probably over two hundred and fifty thousand.

But they had eventually held on, and Perbov swore that he would not fail the sacrifice of those heroes!

Chapter 442, annihilation battles are still more effective

The battle across the great river was progressing swiftly.

Although the scale of the Beastmen's assembly had far exceeded expectations and the breach in the front line was larger than imagined, causing the three divisions and the Native Defense Forces responsible for plugging the gap to suffer significant casualties within less than a week of combat.

But, under the valiant and relentless defense of the human troops, they still managed to carve out the opportunity that Perbov required.

The forces he had mustered included four Army Groups from the Alliance Army alone, amounting to over three million people; the Native Defense Forces had mobilized on a similar scale.

Some forces were marching from the west side of the encirclement, some were decisively interceding southwards, and some provided reinforcements to the defense line north of the great river, preparing to pursue the enemy across the river after their entire line wavered…

The decisive battle was one that Perbov himself personally commanded.

Summoned were not only several Skeleton Divisions and Elite Armored Divisions of the Alliance but also the most important strategic force at his disposal—the “Knight Order,” which was actually a Titan Cluster known as the National Knights’ Regiment!

This force was Perbov’s pride and joy, his treasured darling. The total number of Titans the Alliance had accumulated wasn’t actually that high, with only twenty-three produced over the years; there were, however, about three hundred Ranger Knight Mechas.

With such strength, the “National Knights’ Regiment,” though not a large-scale force, could be termed a miniature Titan army corps, lacking only in quantity compared to a real Titan Legion, and some higher-quality Titans.

What’s the point of just having Warhound-class units? If there were Warlord Level, even Battle Command Level Titans as the core, then it would truly resemble a proper Titan Legion!

Of course, those thoughts were still a bit far off for now.

At present, although the National Knights’ Regiment had not fully entered the battle and not all were under Perbov’s command, with only half participating, the impact they could have on the battlefield was already tremendous.

From the west bank of the river, a fierce assault was launched by three Titans, leading over eighty Knight Mechas, seventy Lion King Tanks, two thousand Lion Tanks, and more than forty thousand various types of Armored Combat Vehicles, sweeping in like a torrent!

What is called a steel flood?

This is the steel flood!

At least ten thousand cannons, located even further away, were providing fire support for the human army’s phased and distributed full-frontal assault, dropping two to three thousand shells per minute over this hundred-kilometer-wide and sixty-kilometer-deep battlefield!

Under the baptism of heavy artillery and the onslaught of the steel flood, the Green Skin Orcs, who initially focused their military efforts on attacking the river, simply couldn't withstand such an assault.

Their reserves on the western side were the first to collapse, utterly failing to serve as a blockade, a delay, or a defense.

Even though the Green Skins were fierce fighters, they couldn't endure such a charge.

Subsequently, the Green Skin's offensive on the riverbanks was forcefully halted. Some units were hurriedly engaged in combat, while others, still oblivious to what was happening, were fiercely attacked from the sides. The artillery units didn't even have time to turn their barrels before the mechanized infantry was upon them.

The autocannon fire from the Armored Combat Vehicles raked across the field, the rifle infantry attacked ferociously, and the Green Skins manning the cannons — who moments earlier were gleefully lobbing firepower across the river — were now beaten into crying out for relief. Not even the roaring of the Beastman Overlord's enforcers could stem the tide, as their ranks crumbled on the spot.

The Green Skins' artillery positions were swiftly overrun, one after another, as armored vehicles carrying troops sped towards their next targets. Even if vehicles got stuck in the mud halfway, at most a few soldiers would attempt a hurried rescue or simply abandon them to be reclaimed later, as maintaining speed was paramount.

When these mechanized infantry units encountered the enemy, they would deploy their foot soldiers and engage in coordinated combat. The Beastmen were only foot infantry or armed with trucks, which would be directly targeted and destroyed; if the engagement involved a large force or powerful enemy units were difficult to handle, they would call for support.

The best support to arrive would be divisional artillery, followed by the Army Group's artillery. In any case, during this assault, there was an abundance of cannons available—just don't stray too far, and the artillery would respond upon being called.

Air force support was second, with two thousand planes at their disposal. Even if only Wind Falcons arrived, a salvo of missiles or a sweep from an autocannon would be helpful. However, since the air

force would have to contend with the enemy's air force, they were a bit harder to summon than the artillery.

If the enemy was truly formidable, then don't engage; call for more troops, or even summon tanks from the Armored Division or Titans. Such non-main directional units couldn't be called easily, but it generally wouldn't come to that.

As for the actual main thrust, Titans, Knight Mecha clusters, and tank battalions didn't need summoning but instead acted in coordination with various infantry units sweeping through the Green Skin Orcs' unprepared heavy units like a fierce wind sweeping away leaves, clearing out important strongpoints and barracks.

The Green Skin Orcs certainly didn't lack the ability to resist.

The Beastman Overlord, clearly unwilling to accept defeat just like that.

At the same time Perbov was making mistakes, he too erred. He overestimated the offensive capability of his own forces and underestimated the stubborn defenses of those on the opposite riverbank. In his view, controlling ten times the manpower should have smoothly led to success in crossing the river. Those Shrimp should have collapsed at his assault just as before. Even if some areas managed to muster a strong defense, crossing the river elsewhere and then launching an attack from the opposite riverbank should have led to a swift victory.

But unexpectedly, crossing the river proved to be much more difficult than anticipated, and the losses were substantial. Quite a few of his troops did manage to cross, even sending many heavy units over. However, the Shrimp he expected to quickly crumble and be annihilated turns out to have tenaciously held their positions along the defense line.

Chapter 442, Annihilation Battle is More Effective_2

At this point, the Beastman leaders of each troop were all fired up, and the Military Governor couldn't control them—not that he tried, since he was fired up himself.

Fighting, huh! Could we Green Skins ever dislike a scrap?

He could also tell that the Shrimps across the river had been bled dry, and with just a little more effort, he could achieve the victory he desired.

Yet, just at that moment, the human army from the flanks attacked, foiling his offensive plan.

This marked his second mistake: he had once again underestimated the combat power of the human army.

His clan's Prophet had warned him that the human forces were swiftly gathering a massive army on the western side. Of course, he took this information seriously and arranged for troops to defend.

But he never imagined that the reserve forces would crumble instantly under the steel tide of the human legions.

Without any ability to resist, not even fulfilling their delaying role, by the time he heard the news that the Shrimps had breached the western defense line, their steel tide had already hit him in the face.

Once the reserves collapsed, the remaining Green-Skin Army, almost entirely engaged in crossing the river, was simply unable to withstand the shock of the human onslaught, leading to the current situation.

But he wasn't so easily defeated.

He believed that he still had a sizable and high-quality force under him, and if he could just withstand this wave of attack, he had a chance to regroup his troops.

His nearly two-million-strong Beastman army, equipped with a large number of elite and heavy units, could assemble a formidable fighting force if it could reorganize and was fit to contest the assembled human army.

Or at the very least, break out from the encirclement created by those Shrimps.

At worst, they could at least build effective defensive positions on the southern bank of the Great River and hold out for reinforcements.

However, all these plans were predicated on his ability to contain the human army's steel tide and prevent the entire two-million-strong army from being exhausted in a rout, unable to organize.

Organization was the lifeline for any army, even for the Green Skins.

And the method that the Beastman Overlord thought of was a head-on clash.

He assembled a force that could be called elite, composed of tens of thousands of his direct troops, among them a substantial number of heavily armed personal guards, each one having integrated with steel under the joint modification of the deranged Beastman medics and tech experts, akin to Beastman canned goods.

Among them, there were over a hundred Super Heavy Orcs. On the Star Sea Battlefield, these Green-Skin elite units had a formidable reputation.

Comparing these two types of Green-Skin elites against the standard of an Interstellar Warrior, the former, heavily armed Beastman, was inferior in combat power but stood a chance to win in a mobbed fight, roughly equivalent to those Alliance special forces equipped with Feedback-Type Power Armor; the latter, however, could directly contend with a genuine Interstellar Warrior, and due to racial traits, even had a slightly greater chance of victory!

Moreover, the Military Governor had gathered all the armored units he could muster from the vicinity—including killing jars, which were a minor detail and only marginally more powerful than Sentry Mecha, basically of the same classification; the death jars were much larger, similar in scope to Knight Mecha, but in combat, would be dominated by Knight Mecha.

There was also no shortage of armed trucks, the quality of which varied widely. The poorly modified ones were mere armed personnel carriers; those improved by skilled techs could reach the level of mainline human tanks.

There were also a number of Skugg Beasts, but only ten. These creatures, comparable to the Lion King Tank, had their own pros and cons.

As for anything that could equal a Warhound-class Titan… the Beastmen did have god-like titanic effigies, but none were under his command, none at all on Temir No.5. These top-tier Beastman land combat trump cards, even for the entire Iron-Tooth Clan, were precious and all had been taken by Titus to the main battlefield.

This was a big problem, without anything to counter Titans, the only option was to rely on smaller units.

He even prepared himself to take the field if necessary.

Picking up his firearm, which took the lives of thirty tech masters before one made it to his satisfaction, and his battleaxe, which had been with him since he rose from the lowest ranks—if necessary, he would personally take on those Titans.

Charge, cleave through limbs, sever weapons, kill the drivers… What good is an energy shield? Can it stop my axe!

Then…

He was killed by a Titan.

This decisive battle took place on the fourth day of the humans' all-out offensive. The Beastman Overlord personally led his troops against a human armored column that was pressing forward.

It was his choice; fighting small units was pointless, it wouldn't change the outcome, go hard or go home!

At the beginning of the battle, they gained an advantage, at one point destroying quite a few Lion Tanks and four Lion Kings. But when the main force of the Alliance's armor truly arrived, they were still crushed effortlessly.

In fact, the first to arrive at the battlefield was the Alliance artillery.

Upon realizing the gathering of the enemy's elite, the Alliance's artillery units received the coordinates for fire coverage and commenced firing without hesitation. Some artillery positions, keen to join in, even drove their self-propelled guns a few kilometers forward just to bring these enemies into their firing range.

These cannons were actually the most threatening to the Green Skins, who couldn't even find a way to retaliate and could only passively endure the bombardment.

155mm howitzers, if you're near the center of the explosion, everything except for the Skugg Beasts could be blown to death; even on the edge of the blast radius, the canister shot and Super Heavy Orcs couldn't withstand it.

The continuous bombardment severely depleted this Green Skin elite force. Under the leadership of the Beastman Overlord, they forcibly charged forward and closed the distance to the armored column to a position close enough that the Alliance's artillery couldn't continue to bomb indiscriminately, but the losses were already heavy, and once they closed in, the hit rate of the tank guns was even higher, with armor-piercing rounds able to kill with a single hit.

And that Beastman Overlord, while attempting to approach a Titan, was shattered by an armor-piercing shell from a Lion Tank that destroyed his left leg along with parts of his mecha. Then the Titan mercilessly stepped on him, crushing him to death.

His failed attempt not only cost him his life but also extinguished the last hope the Green Skin Orcs had of reorganizing their army.

The entire massive offensive by the Green Skins was initiated by him, and due to the racial characteristics of the Green Skins, which heavily rely on the commander, once the commander dies, a normal Beastman unit might fall into infighting, collapse, lose cohesion, and fight independently, especially in the already chaotic circumstances at hand.

Moreover, this elite force he had risked assembling was the cream of the crop from the two million Green Skins. Elsewhere, gathering so many Green Skin armored units and elites would be difficult, if not nearly impossible.

Blocked in the south with no way to retreat, unable to push through the north where the Great River received reinforcements, and fiercely attacked by the human military might in the west, they could only be forced to run eastward. During this process, a significant number of Beastmen were overtaken, fragmented and annihilated, and sent straight off by precise artillery fire…

And then, they ran all the way to the seaside.

By that time, of the two million Beastmen, only about sixty percent were left, cornered between the coast and the mouth of the Great River, surrounded by the encroaching human forces, and completely without supplies.

Green Skins not eating is fine, they can eat each other at worst; but ammunition and shells cannot be conjured out of thin air.

Without supplies and with many forced to fight unarmed, the Beastmen, who hadn't reestablished a unified command, were no more than powerful beasts.

Sweeping artillery bombardment and bombing killed all one hundred and twenty thousand Beastmen on the coastline.

Thus ended the campaign that had lasted one and a half months.

Despite setbacks and sacrifices, the campaign objectives set by Perbov were still achieved.

Eliminating the two million strong main force of Beastmen, while the human side suffered less than four hundred thousand casualties.

A loss ratio of 1:5 was much better than the normal 2:1!

Annihilation battles are truly more effective. In the end, massacring those one hundred and twenty thousand Beastmen, our side's losses were almost negligible, all down to shelling when trapped in a narrow space, it was just a matter of using up a lot of shells.

Chapter 443, the mobilization ratio must be higher!

Inside the Temir Star System, on the flagship ‘Giantsfield’ of the Iron Tooth Clan Fleet, Saru strangled yet another impish creature, heartily devouring its heart.

The dripping blood slightly calmed his state of mind, and he was finally not so irritable.

He was a general of the Iron Tooth Clan and had been a local warlord even before Titus rose to power. Born in a world within the Jiang Meiyu Sector, he quickly made a name for himself and became a Beastman overlord. Over the following decade, he fought left and right within the planet, mainly against other Green Skin tribes.

Battle after battle, he became one of the only two Green Skin powerhouses on the planet, each being like fire and water to the other, with never-ending small-scale skirmishes. Both sides were also accumulating their strength, aiming to defeat the other in order to become the sole overlord of the planet.

This was actually the daily routine for the Green Skin powers. Even with a unified leader, the several army chiefs underneath, and the subordinates below them, all were established through strife. Without solid personal strength, one could not become a chief among the Beastmen, not even a minor one.

However, in general, the internal struggles of the Beastmen were controllable when there was a unified leader, and there was an organized degree of aggression in external wars.

However, that was not the case in Saru’s past. His subordinates had a unified leader, and their internal struggle was controllable; but when he confronted that other Beastman warlord on the same planet, it was incredibly bloody.

But before they could determine a winner, Titus arrived.

The opponent, who was defiant, was slaughtered; Saru submitted, so he lived. And during the subsequent campaigns, he had accomplished much for the Great Chieftain and had become a major warlord within the Iron Tooth Ork Empire.

Being sent away from the main battlefield to ‘stand guard’ did not sit well with Saru.

Although the Great Chieftain, with the rare style among the Beastmen, had thoroughly reasoned with him, adding prestige and brute force, he reluctantly accepted the command. He really did receive quite substantial support, not only bringing a valuable main warship but also leading a group of his elite tribesmen.

Moreover, he could also command the powers within the four major Star Sectors—the very heartland of the Iron-teeth Empire.

That was no small force, amounting to dozens of Green Skin worlds!

After falling completely during the second Iron Teeth War, those planets were now dominated by Beastmen kings and overlords. The earliest had been conquered for over fifty years; the most recent, at least thirty.

There might still be humans struggling to survive, but their numbers were absolutely sparse and nowhere near significant.

On those worlds, wherever it was suitable, they had been almost completely transformed into a Green Skin ecosystem. Every day, countless Green Skin offspring were born, along with several times as many imps, and tens of times as many Skuggs.

The former, the moment they came into existence, were excellent fighters; the middle ones, despite being cowardly, lazy, and unreliable, were sufficiently trustworthy for logistics, production, cannon fodder, and handling artillery and other large weapons; the latter could serve as food, since Green Skins would starve and grow weak from photosynthesis alone. The larger ones could be used as war dogs for assaults and charges on the battlefield, larger ones could pull carts as vehicles, and the biggest were the Skugg Beasts, veritable weapons of war.

And on these worlds, there were Trash Cities everywhere. This was the core area of the Beastmen, where countless war factories born for battle, as well as the supporting facilities serving these factories, under the management of the Beastmen’s tech dominance and with numerous imps as helpers and manual laborers, produced various weapons of war day and night, even constructing warships capable of space travel.

This was the Green Skin; this was the Iron Tooth Clan.

Saru had the authority over all kinds of resources and military movements in the heartland of the Iron Teeth Empire. As long as he met the various needs of the main battlefield personally led by Titus, he could use the remaining part as he saw fit.

Therefore, he transported many troops and weapons from the heartland of the Beastman Empire and deployed them to the Golden Pass Star Sector.

He certainly remembered the Great Chieftain's command: To guard the Golden Pass Star Sector, to prevent further human incursions from the east, to secure Golden Pass and Copper Barrier as well as other newly conquered worlds in the Eastern Star Domain, ensuring they could normally transform into Green Skin worlds and continue to provide resources for Titus' main expeditionary force.

Given this, his primary defense location was naturally the three worlds in the Temir Star System.

Temir II already had the full conditions to transform into a Green Skin world. He had gathered a large number of personnel here to accelerate the transformation; Temir No.5 still had many humans living, and although the Green Skins had gained a foothold there, merely gaining a foothold was not enough, so he also invested a considerable number of troops on this world's surface. Temir IV had many mineral resources, but the terrain was too complicated and difficult to fight over, so he would take his time with it.

Ideally, he would eliminate the human forces on these two worlds, No.2 and No.5, or at least render them ineffective. He would then fully convert the worlds into Green Skin environments, capable of continuously producing various Green Skin lifeforms, and construct many Trash Cities, set up Anti-Orbital Firepower, and develop in the direction of the Fortress Worlds for the Green Skins.

However, his plan had now collapsed.

The sudden advance of the human military took him by surprise. The ships he had brought back, along with those left by the already dead waste of space, Singlefang Ghost, forming the main Fleet, were still patrolling around the Golden Pass Star Sector.

Chapter 443, the mobilization ratio must be higher!_2

The entire Star Sector still had seven worlds, and he also needed to push them toward full transformation, so ships were needed to visit each planet to provide orbital firepower support and accelerate the pace of the war;

Continuous transport of troops from the Iron Tooth Orcs' nest to the twelve worlds of the Golden Pass Star Sector, especially the Temiral Tristar, also required the allocation of ships.

Though his fleet had more than two hundred vessels, which seemed like a lot, they were needed here and there and couldn't easily be gathered together at once.

Then, unexpectedly, a huge mishap occurred.

The sudden action from humanity caught him utterly unprepared.

In fact, this was essentially because he had always looked down on these Shrimp from the bottom of his heart.

It was quite normal, ever since joining Chieftain Titus in raising arms and starting this grand waaagh, they had smashed through all opposition. Those Shrimp had caused them some trouble, but that was all it was – trouble. Some places were indeed not so easy to conquer and required some effort, but those Shrimp never dared to take the offensive, only using various methods to stubbornly defend.

The human armies he encountered along the way were all like this, so how could he respect these Shrimp's combat abilities?

He did not take the initiative to seek out trouble with those Shrimp, proving himself to be much stronger than that waste Duguais, only because he was following Chieftain Titus's orders. How dare those Shrimp launch an attack?

Even if the Shrimp really did come, he was actually not afraid. The dozen or so ships left at Temir weren't great, but on planets no. 4 and no. 5, combined, there were over five billion Green Skins, a small

part grown locally, but most had been brought over after his return from the Green Skin nest. Among them, one billion were proper Beastmen!

This was an absolutely formidable fighting force! Aside from the troops sent to Chieftain Titus, this was the largest Beastman assembly point.

The humans thinking of taking the Temir Star System, how could it be easy?

Even with orbital support, it would be difficult!

As long as he held out for a while and regathered his dispersed fleet, he could quickly come to the rescue.

But when he arrived here, all that greeted him was a silent Temir II.

The surface was still hot, scalding, some areas already a grey-black; some spots on the ground were still glowing red.

The residual heat of the planet hadn't dissipated.

What was this?

In Saru's mind, he couldn't think of anything that could cause such extensive devastation.

In his life, he had never heard of or seen anything like it.

But he knew that a major problem had occurred.

On Temir II, two and a half billion Green Skins, including five hundred million Beastmen, were his primary assets. Gone in one fire, the planet and everything on it burned away, this was not only a total loss of the previous investment, but it was also a severe blow to the Iron-teeth Empire's power.

Even if he now went to the four conquered Star Sectors to conscript, he couldn't conscript so many Green Skins.

Especially couldn't conscript so many Beastman youngsters.

The total number of Green Skins of the Iron Tooth Ork Empire, only counting Beastmen and Pixies, might be two hundred billion; of which, one hundred seventy billion had already left the four Star Sectors in the wake of this grand waaagh.

Of course, so many Beastmen couldn't possibly all be aboard ships. All of the Iron Tooth Orc's vessels combined couldn't possibly have this kind of deployment capability, no matter how crowded or pushed to the limit.

This vast number had actually been transported from the four Star Sectors in waves, distributed to the various planets encountered along the way.

On the one hand, there was war to be waged, on the other, it was to spread their offspring.

This is also why the Green Skin Orcs could spread the flames of war to half the Star Domain so quickly. The worlds invaded by them, numbering in the hundreds, some received tens of millions, while other worlds were flooded with hundreds of millions, or even billions.

As long as these Green Skin creatures weren't completely exterminated on a planet, their blood, their body parts, all became carriers for new spores, taking root in the soil, sprouting, and forming Green Skin ecosystems, ceaselessly giving rise to more Green Skins.

They didn't need to immediately annihilate all the humans on a planet, because that would make the expansion of the Beastman tribes too slow. They just needed to leave behind a sufficient fighting force to establish a foothold on a world, like infecting a planet with a tenacious fungus. In the fight, the Beastmen would grow stronger and more numerous, until they occupied the entire world.

However, such aggressive expansion strategy also left their homeland vulnerable.

Saru had no troops to summon.

In this situation, the nearly two billion Green Skins on Temir No.5, especially the nearly four hundred million Beastman youngsters, could not afford to be lost.

Otherwise, after a total loss of five billion in Temir, the remaining worlds in the Golden Pass Star Sector would only have about one billion Green Skins each. It wasn't until entering the Silver Pass Sector that each world would be guaranteed to have an average of seven or eight hundred million.

How could they fend off these Shrimp's attacks?

Perhaps they lacked sufficient strength to break through Silver Pass, but the Golden Pass Star Sector would definitely fall.

Then, his own head would definitely not be spared either.

Chieftain Titus would not tolerate such failure; he needed the Iron Tooth youngsters to thrive in Golden Pass as well, hoping that Golden Pass could produce many weapons and equipment to support the consumption needed for this grand waaagh and sustain his expansion desires.

From this perspective, Saru felt that Temir must not be lost.

Chapter 443, the mobilization ratio must be higher!_3

No.2 was already gone, No.4's pitiful state could be ignored for now, but No.5 was indispensable to save.

However, Saru, having already been dealt a heavy blow, did not dare to act too recklessly.

He was intent on seeking a decisive battle with the Human Fleet, hoping that a victory would solve all problems. He could bombard Temir No.5 from orbit or requisition troops from the rear; sending billions and billions was impractical, but deploying millions in batches was feasible.

However, Shrimp's Fleet did not give him that chance.

They would slip away effortlessly, playing cat and mouse in the vast Star Sea of Temir, and definitely avoiding engagement.

Yet, whenever he showed intentions of supporting the surface of Planet No.5, the Human Fleet would again appear, silently observing from a distance. As soon as the Green Skins targeted their firepower at the surface, those Shrimp Fleets would also open fire, pounding the warships.

He had tried several times, even attempting to lure the Human Fleet into a decisive battle by feigning orbital support for Temir No.5, but all his schemes ultimately failed, and several ships were destroyed in the process.

His only option was to provide minimal orbital fire power, which was almost negligible considering the size of the entire planet;

He could also barely manage to dispatch some detached warships to the rear to transport some Green Skins and deploy them onto the surface, but he had to act carefully. During transit, they might be hunted by Shrimp's Fleet; during deployment, they would face blockades from the Human Fleet.

But what else could he do?

He had no choice but to proceed like this.

On the ground, the moment the Military Governor, a trusted aide who rose from his ranks, assembled the troops and launched a massive offensive, he was filled with anticipation.

Fight and win, once victorious, they could dominate the ground, preserve and even expand their territory, then exterminate all those Shrimps!

Then, they would be able to firmly clamp down Temir, keeping Shrimp's forces beyond Golden Pass, fulfilling the great Chief's mission.

Yet all he saw was a defeat.

The situation on the ground deteriorated abruptly.

Even though the loss of only two million troops might seem insignificant compared to the several billion still on the surface,

in reality, the impact was significant. The death of the leader who oversaw all planetary ground forces ushered in massive chaos for the billions of Beastmen on the surface. Even if Saru immediately sent someone to take over and reorganize the command structure, it would take months. During this time, who knew how many capable fighters those Shrimps would eliminate.

Furthermore, among these two million troops were elite units in large numbers, whose loss was even more unacceptable. Half of the high-level units across Planet No.5 were wiped out.

The remaining forces saw a significant decrease in their combat effectiveness.

No wonder Saru was infuriated and disoriented.

He even considered going down to the surface himself.

But he managed to control that impulse.

At the same time, he realized that the situation in the Golden Pass Star Sector could no longer be concealed.

He needed to inform the great Chief.

Even though he expected to be severely reprimanded, possibly even executed, he had to proceed.

Using the Prophet's abilities, he contacted the distant great Chief.

After hearing the situation report, Titus did not explode in anger; instead, his voice turned very cold.

This made Saru even more frightened.

"I will divert one hundred warships to return, picking up scattered warriors from various worlds along the way. You will receive a full-strength corps."

"Guard the Golden Pass, this is your last chance, Saru. If you fail again, you know the consequences."

Saru sighed in relief.

"I will surely complete the mission! I won't fail again!"

With these one hundred warships and the estimated billions of Beastmen he could bring back, not counting the nondescripts, his forces would be much more substantial.

The available movable troops in the billions were one thing; what mattered the most were those hundred warships.

With this resource, in the Temir Star System, he could use his forces to blockade the Human Fleet, then redirect those hundred warships to support the ground.

The battle would become much easier.

He knew this was indeed his last chance.

He could not allow himself to fail.

Of course, before the reinforcements arrived, he had to do his best to manage the situation on the ground and prevent any mishaps.

…

Gu Hang also received intelligence from the Temir Star System.

The Extinction Order for Planet No.2 had been authorized by him for Du Shiliang to issue.

Although it was very regrettable and cold, it was necessary.

He was also aware of the developments on Temir No.5.

After the annihilation of those two million Green Skins, Perbov seized the opportunity to pursue. Not only his own forces were mobilized, but almost the entire Alliance Land Forces on Planet No.5 were deployed, striking a surge of assaults across the global battlefield. In a very short time, they capitalized on the enemy's disarray and discord, claiming at least two billion Green Skin lives.

Although most were lowly creatures, the subsequent eradication of the Green Skin ecosystem and Trash City were major blows to the Green Skin power on the planet.

But it was far from a victory.

Gu Hang had already approved a new batch of reinforcements.

Twenty million warriors from the Dragonhawk 3rd Corps would head to fight on Temir No.5.

However, deployment was a problem.

He was also aware that the Green Skins had not given up on Temir No.5 and were still reinforcing.

This planet showed signs of turning into a protracted battlefield.

Gu Hang had no objections to this.

Just fight.

As long as they could firmly attract a part of the Green Skin forces, and even better, force the Green Skins to divert troops from the main battlefield for support, it would be beneficial.

This also counted as him, a loyal and diligent servant, doing his duty.

Of course, merely relying on the current tens of millions of elite humans on Temir No.5 was not enough to sustain the consumption of this prolonged war.

The meat grinder being prolonged, required more troops to fill the line.

For this part, Gu Hang planned to make Temir No.5 contribute.

While the Beastman fleet still existed, troop deployment was inconvenient, a loss Gu Hang was not willing to bear. However, deploying a massive amount of weaponry and arming the local population as much as possible was more feasible.

He had already ordered officials from the Alliance Military and Political Department to go to Temir No.5. The remaining eighty to ninety billion population on the planet had to push the mobilization ratio higher, the current four to five billion 'Pact Army' was simply inadequate.

In the face of an existential crisis, the mobilization rate of the Temirians had to be pulled to 10% or higher!

Temir No.5 showed signs of becoming a permanent meat grinder.

It was a terrifying thing.

By the hundreds of millions, living beings would continuously die on this planet, one by one. With the current intensity of the war, perhaps every second saw a dozen or even dozens of deaths due to the conflict.

The daily ammunition expenditure alone, converted into money, was an astronomical figure.

Yet, for the survival of the species, these sacrifices, these fortunes, were all necessary expenditures.

Actually, Gu Hang also realized this: the Green-skinned War swept across too vast an area with too great an intensity.

Even a victory, say at Jindi Star where The Emperor descended and wiped out Titus's group of Green Skins, the subsequent issues were not simple.

Estimates showed that hundreds of billions of Green Skins swarmed out from the territory of the Green-skinned Empire, engulfing various places. Which of the planets under attack didn't have tens of millions, or even hundreds of millions, of Green Skins?

To completely exterminate these Green Skins within the entire Star Domain, to destroy the ecosystems they left behind, that would be an enduring task, taking decades was the norm.

The war was bound to be prolonged.

In fact, this was the normal state of the entire Star Sea.

Wars were always ongoing; those few years without a war, like the years before the start of the Beastman War, that brief period of peace that the Alliance had, were the rare commodities in this universe.

And since war was bound to become prolonged and normalized, the Alliance must learn to seek development amidst war.

Here, Gu Hang had two directions of effort, still divided into internal and external.

Internally, all developmental aspects of the Alliance must lean towards the war. The manpower of the Alliance, first and foremost, must satisfy the army's manpower needs, followed by the production needs of various types of military supplies, logistics support, and all kinds of equipment.

But this manpower and resources expended for the war were clearly not what one would call development.

They were pure consumption.

If the war had escalated to the point where the entire society had to devote every bit of manpower and resources to war-related matters, then one would have to forget about development altogether. Thinking about development when survival was at stake?

Fight with all might, fail to fight and perish.

But clearly, the war hadn't reached that point.

If Titus's absolute main force did not return, then the Alliance still had some capacity left; if Titus's absolute main force did return, then even if the Alliance prepared fully for war, they would not be able to win.

So proceed as normal.

Aside from what was needed for war, under the Third Level Mobilization Order, social production must not stagnate.

Various heavy industries producing new means of production, as well as various raw material industries, were all stepping up investment.

Agricultural production was also intensifying.

Under the Third Level Mobilization Order, economic development actually maintained a relatively high number, it was just that most of it was reinvested and consumed by the war, leaving a significantly reduced portion for the over six hundred billion residents of the Tianma Star Sector to improve their standard of living, but at least there was still a little bit.

This was also Gu Hang's target when initiating the Third Level Mobilization Order: normal, even more stimulated high-speed economic growth; minimal investment in people's livelihoods.

And if it reached the Second Level Mobilization Order, then people should forget about raising their standard of living as it would instead drop; moreover, the increase in productivity would likely be affected. Infrastructure construction would almost entirely halt, new factory construction would continue but would shift entirely towards military factories; everything would further serve the production of various military weapons and equipment.

Once it reached the First Level Mobilization Order, not only would a large number of people have to serve in the military, but more importantly, all regular economic activity would grind to a halt, people's living standards would drop significantly, society would no longer develop, most civilian factories would transform to military use, the entire society would serve the war, and all productive forces would start to manufacture more war materials.

Under this definition, Gu Hang very much hoped that the Alliance would never have to initiate the First Level Mobilization Order.

That would mean the halt of societal development, the disruption of the Alliance's development process, and even the potential for development would be overextended.

Still, it should be emphasized, when it truly came down to life and death, the First Level Mobilization Order had to be sounded when necessary.

But unless it came to that, it was best not to raise the level of the mobilization order.

Under the Third Level Mobilization Order, economic growth within society was still fast; as long as the people's livelihood didn't fall, that was good enough.

This was the minimum contingency plan under the premise of responding to the war, while also seeking possible development, and it was also Gu Hang's requirement of the Alliance Government.

The guaranteed option.

Yet to truly gain development amidst the war, one had to rely on another aspect: external.

As long as there was victory in war, there were always spoils to be won. Whether it was development space, wealth plundered, or new territories and populations brought about by expansion, these were avenues for a windfall.

And now, what was Gu Hang's biggest harvest in this war?

Of course, it was the entire Seven Horse Territory.

The signing of the Seven Horse Treaty with six nearby Star Sectors turned them into de facto vassals of the Alliance.

The most recent collection of the Imperial Tax was also the first time the Alliance "helped" the Empire to collect taxes.

Following the signing of the treaty, tax collection began.

Each Planetary Governor had their own opinions about this.

Wasn't it collected every two years?

It’s been less than a year since we last paid the Imperial Tax, we’ve only been under the Seven Horse Agreement for half a year at most, and some have just signed for one or two months.

Chapter 444, The Alliance is Frantically Drawing Blood_2

“You’re going to collect the Imperial Tax now?”

“The Alliance also has a say in this.”

“During the war period, it’s quite reasonable for the tax collection to change from once every two years to once a year, right?”

“I haven’t adjusted the amount of your tax! The amount due remains the same; it’s just that in extraordinary times, I collect it once a year.”

Beneath the might of the Alliance, these planets eventually had no choice but to hold their noses and accept it.

In the six Star Sectors, with a total population of over 110 billion, they indeed managed to collect nearly 12 billion Tax Currency in resources through taxation. Yelisia’s fleet, which mostly comprised ships from the Gu Commercial Firm, as well as some small Empire Commerce Guild ships conscripted from these Star Sectors, worked hard to help the Alliance transport these resources.

These resources each had their uses; some were directly sent to the front lines in packages; the majority were transported back to the various worlds in the Tianma Star Sector to serve as raw materials and subsequent processed goods, used to produce more war supplies, or simply used to issue resources to the workers of the Tianma Star Sector instead of the originally planned welfare, allowances, and salaries, saving money for the Alliance to be further used in development.

In addition to the 12 billion Imperial Tax, there was an extra 1 billion Tax Currency in war taxes, and a large number of Planetary Defense Forces, which, apart from being taken as a form of human tax, were also conscripted in great numbers to serve as ‘Pact Troops.’ Some were directly used as a source of troops to replenish the Alliance Army.

The combined revenue of 13 billion Tax Currency was nearly equivalent to the Alliance's annual income in the past.

With a population of over 60 billion in the Tianma Star Sector, after paying the Imperial Tax each year, the remaining financial income left for the Alliance was only about 13.8 billion.

And now, there were three main parts: the 11.3 billion Imperial Tax that the Alliance originally should have paid was now kept for its own use; the original financial income of 13.8 billion; the revenue of 13 billion brought by the Seven Horse Pact.

A total of 38.1 billion; that was the wealth the Alliance could use each year since the start of the war.

This was a tremendous amount of money!

If measured in the price of ships, that would equate to 22 'Ravenous Shark' Destroyers; 5 'Musician' Cruisers with some to spare; and even if buying a Battleship was expensive, within two years, one could still be acquired.

Of course, there was nowhere to buy them right now. And besides, this money was not without places to be spent.

In fact, the Alliance now had many places to spend money.

The fierce frontline war alone required the Alliance to pour in five hundred million a month on Temir No.5, and that's with the local planets bearing a significant part of the war consumption.

Not to mention, a large number of Alliance Troops were continuously clearing out the Green Skin invasions in Mist Horse, Eagle Horse Star Sector; although the intensity cannot be compared to main battlefields like Temir No.5, the numbers were substantial!

Moreover, the 'Pact Army,' which far outnumbered the Alliance Land Forces, although in theory, the war expenses were to be borne by the planets providing the troops, not all of these planets could afford the

cost, nor necessarily provide it promptly—this was indeed a matter of capability—the Alliance could not really ignore it.

Everything required money.

The navy was also a huge money pit.

Not to mention, the Alliance was continuously constructing new ships and expanding new legions.

Over 17 billion was spent on military costs in a year.

If not for the fact that they no longer had to pay the Imperial Tax, the Alliance's own finances would absolutely be unable to withstand such expenses.

And now, not only could the Alliance manage its expenses, it was even able to spare 20 billion. And this money, used for military expansion, production reinvestment, infrastructure on the nine major planets of Tianma…everything was launched full scale, even more thriving than before the war began.

Economic production growth indices, which were already not demanded of Osenia, were actually met under the investment of this tremendous additional wealth.

Even far beyond expectations.

10%? Easily exceeded!

The Alliance's financial settlement for the next year was estimated to be over 16 billion, compared to 13.8 billion before the war, indicating a clear growth!

Of course, Gu Hang did not deny that the development of the Alliance was built upon exploiting the surrounding Seven Horse Territory.

But, they were going to be exploited anyway, even the Tianma Star Sector itself was to be extracted from. Previously it was the Empire doing the exploiting, and now, during special times when the Empire couldn't do so, shouldn't the Alliance have a few years to indulge?

The exploitation felt truly exhilarating.

Apart from 'Vassal' benefits, the Alliance also gained direct 'spoils of war.'

Fighting the Green Skins was not initially profitable, as the weapons, equipment, and ships of the Green Skins, even if captured, could not be used or handled by humans.

Nor would there be captives among the Green Skins, for even if they were forcibly taken, one should not expect them to be put to work as laborers.

However, in the Temir Star System in the Golden Pass Star Sector, the Alliance still had gains.

That was the population.

During this period, the Alliance has already transferred over three hundred million people from Temir No.4 and No.5, isn't that also 1.5 billion?

Moreover, Gu Hang never saw the value of a person as merely five dollars.

The value that a person can create over a lifetime is far greater than this number.

These people are currently on Steel Wing Star, contributing their labor to the military construction and repair work on Steel Wing Star, including the building of the Orbital Cannon Fortress.

Latter on, once the transport capacity is increased or a portion of the transport can be freed up from the pressures at the front, these people, and those who will be transferred subsequently, will only leave behind a small part of their population as a supplement for this planet, with the majority being relocated to within the Tianma Star Sector, to be integrated into various worlds.

Three hundred million people, is just a start.

Temir No.4 and No.5, as well as other worlds that may be further invaded within the Golden Pass Star Sector in the future, are not suitable for too many civilians to live on anymore.

As many of these people as possible will be transferred to the Tianma Star Sector.

Korolya's population capacity has reached its limit and even far exceeded it; however, the population capacity of Rage Owl Star, Hongjian Star, and the Fatchess Tri-Star still have spare capacity.

At least until the population expands to eighty billion, the Tianma Star Sector will not be overcrowded.

If it really can't be managed, they can also be settled in other star sectors of the Seven Horse Territory.

Aside from finance, the main growth in economic production is reflected in the military industry. New shipyards have been completed one after another in the Starport on Flying Wing Star and Rage Owl Star; the production lines for Titans, Knight Mechas, Feedback-Type Power Armors, LR and HS series rifles, Lions, and Lion Kings are also all being rapidly expanded.

In the future, there will be more ships and better Land Forces equipment produced.

Not to mention, this is only the account of the economic finance, and the Grace Points haven't been calculated yet.

Rapid economic development brings an increase in Grace Points each month.

Now, the income provided by the Alliance homeland has reached 36,000/month, a 12.5% increase compared to before the war.

The growth of monthly Grace income is not linear; it is not just giving one point per person, ten points for ten people. After so long, Gu Hang roughly figured out that it should follow a certain milestone

growth pattern—a mode that increases a few points after reaching a growth indicator, and will not inflate indefinitely.

This left Gu Hang a bit regretful; otherwise, according to his calculations when he first arrived years ago, a few thousand people could bring him tens of Grace Points; now with the 60 billion people under his direct control, wouldn't that give him several billion Grace Points per month?

But even without dreaming that big, there was something else Gu Hang had not anticipated.

After the signing of the Seven Horse Pact, the other sixty-nine worlds of the Six Horse Territory were all accounted for by the system.

He originally thought the stingy system would not count it for him!

Of course, it was impossible to count all these seventy-nine worlds and over one hundred ten billion people as homeland.

That was not the homeland to begin with.

However, that [Vassal] panel that the system activated when Gu Hang brutally beat up Heijian Star was once again put to use.

The seventy-nine worlds were counted as vassals, and most of the vassal levels were around LV2.

This grade means there is a high tendency for separation and certain societal instability.

A few could reach LV3, which is the stable vassal level. There are also a few that have reached LV1, meaning extraordinarily intransigent separatism.

Gu Hang didn't find this surprising.

It’s quite normal, since these vassals were not acquired through normal means, it is not surprising there is instability within, and that the governors or local powers on the planets want to separate.

LV2 he could accept, as long as it’s not a large number of LV1s, which would lead to higher suppression costs.

As for the Grace Points provided by these vassals, they were not much, mainly because the Grace Points provided by vassals inherently come at a huge discount.

But all combined, they were quite substantial, amounting to four thousand points per month.

This is a supplementary income of Grace Points for Gu Hang, to some extent.

And the major portion of Grace Points comes from war victories.

However, since the battle of Steel Wing Star ended, the minor skirmishes on various planets like Eagle Horse and Mist Horse did not contribute much.

As for the current campaign in Temir, although it was fought on a large scale, it has not yet reached a conclusion, and the system has not settled the account yet.

But it can be imagined that as long as they win, the reward will not be small.

Chapter 445, Sect of Mechanics Cannot Hold On

Although the monthly income had been substantial when added up, it was still too slow.

Since the battle at Steel Wing Star had ended, nearly half a year had passed unnoticed, and Gu Hang had only managed to accrue about 200,000 Grace Points.

That wasn’t a lot.

War was always the fastest source of Grace Points.

The battle at Steel Wing Star had granted him 930,000 Grace Points, and the Temir campaign would yield even more.

Although the naval portion wasn't as intense as that of the Steel Wing Star battle and hadn't caused significant casualties thus far, the land warfare on the two planets involved was on a larger scale than Steel Wing Star.

And then there were the over two billion Green Skins burned to death by the Skyburn Torpedoes on Temir II… Hmm, he wasn't sure how the system would calculate that.

But overall, if the Temir campaign ended in victory, it would certainly result in a substantial amount of Grace Points, no less than a million.

Furthermore, as the war dragged on, it could potentially increase even more.

However, in this regard, Gu Hang actually felt a bit uneasy.

As of now, the Temir campaign hadn't finished, and as he had thought earlier, this meat grinder of a battlefield would become prolonged. However, the war rewards wouldn't be calculated until after the campaign had ended.

What if they lost?

Defeats weren't calculated.

To date, Gu Hang hadn't been spared from defeats—especially now, with countless planets seeing Alliance soldiers battling it out with Mist Horses and Eagle Horses.

Though small in scale, a battle won would result in Grace Points; a battle lost would result in none.

With such massive and prolonged investments in the Temir campaign, what would happen if they ended up losing and having to withdraw?

The large expected bounty of Grace Points would vanish.

That was distressing for Gu Hang.

But he immediately reminded himself.

He couldn’t be blinded by these things.

A million Grace Points is a lot? Of course it’s a lot, a very large amount.

But are a million Grace Points a transformative force? Not really.

Military actions must be judged based on military conditions. If the situation truly changes, they must let go of what they need to let go, and not turn a local battle into a do-or-die war; that would truly be a waste and completely unnecessary.

Nor can they take unnecessary military risks just because they want the Grace Points to be calculated sooner.

Gu Hang understood all these principles.

But that step hadn’t yet been reached.

Who said they couldn’t win the Temir campaign?

Gu Hang believed that the Alliance had a clear advantage!

…

“Gu Hang, be careful, there might be changes with the Temir situation.”

The speaker was Tan Jiuyi, the Star Domain Head.

That day, Gu Hang had received a call invitation from him.

Normally, the Star Language Hall in Yunluo couldn’t reach Gu Hang; their Star Speakers weren’t skilled enough.

However, this time there was no other way, so they assigned Gu Hang an old acquaintance: Zhang Guang’en, A-grade Psychic and Star Domain Great Mage, to personally operate the Star Language Tower.

It took quite an effort, managing to penetrate the green waves of subspace and send the Star Speech information through.

Tan Jiuyi started the conversation by giving thanks.

He thanked Gu Hang for informing him about the outcomes at Frost Origin IV beforehand.

At the time, he was hesitant and unwilling to believe it, but given the gravity of the situation, if it were true, it would be disastrous.

Therefore, on one hand, he hastened to gather the latest information on the battle situation at Frost Origin IV, and on the other, he activated the corresponding contingencies, preparing for the worst-case scenario where Frost Origin IV was lost and the main forces wiped out.

These strategies included drafting a large number of commercial ships from the Empire Commerce Guild, gathering more Defense Armies and Star Realm Armies, asking for assistance from other Star

Domains, converting all local planets to military production, and setting up defenses around the outer worlds near Yunluo Star…

In fact, it was confirmed that Gu Hang hadn't deceived him.

When the situation at Frost Origin IV was confirmed, almost a month had passed since the war had ended.

Indeed, over that month, while Tan Jiuyi had been deliberately seeking out information, a fair amount of news had already suggested this. But until the Founding General of the Mechanical Cult, Chen Haixu, had escaped back to Jindi Star with a group of people and contacted him, did he truly learn the details of the war.

While it was a severe blow, there was at least one thing to be grateful for: he knew a month earlier and had prepared a month in advance, which prevented him from being caught completely off guard by the news.

Actually, these preparations had proven effective.

Forewarned defenses around the outer star systems of Yunluo Star held back and eliminated some of the smaller groups of invading Green Skins, preventing their forces from directly landing in the core area of the Yunluo Sector.

The war supplies prepared in advance also played a certain role.

The direction of the Beastman army was towards Jindi Star.

It was clear that the Green Skins had their primary target set on this Mechanical Cult's Foundry World.

Not attacking Yunluo was indeed a relief for Tan Jiuyi, but he also realized that the fates of Yunluo and Jindi were now more firmly intertwined.

Without Jindi, Yunluo would fall.

And it would fall quickly.

Those prepared military assets and gathered soldiers, aboard every transport ship they could muster, went to Jindi Star before the Green Skins could blockade the route between the Steel Fire Dragon Star Sector and the Yunluo Star Sector.

Meanwhile, the remnants of the Yunluo Fleet that escaped from Frost Origin IV—yes, the Yunluo Fleet had managed to escape again. When Frost Origin IV took a beating and the Mechanical Ark fell, the Yunluo Fleet was still orbiting the outer perimeter of the planet. Discovering the combat moon and realizing the Mechanical Ark was doomed, they had no illusions and hastily fled.

Chapter 445, Sect of Mechanics Can't Hold Up_2

It might sound rather unkind, but in reality, preserving a fleet consisting of hundreds of warships, including several main cruisers, was crucial for the upcoming defense battle at Jindi Star.

The battle for Jindi Star had already begun.

This time, Chen Haixu and a group of the Great Sages from the Sect of Mechanics didn't run away.

There was nowhere left to run.

Moreover, Jindi Star was not indefensible.

It was the stronghold of the Mingyang Sect, a bona fide Foundry World. Although the Mingyang Sect had dispatched a large number of their Protection Army to Frost Origin IV, that wasn't their entire reserve. On Jindi Star, there remained a huge number of the Protection Army, and even half of the Titan Legion.

Moreover, Jindi Star had a total population of thirty billion, providing ample manpower; around Jindi Star, there were several feudal worlds, or rather, Knight Worlds, guarding it.

These Knight Worlds resembled the former Heijian Star, stripping away the kings. Each Knight Family was awarded a piece of land, with a group of old peasants cultivating their fields and sustaining their lives, reminiscent of a medieval pastoral idyll.

Then, you would see a certain model of a Knight Mecha parked in the old lord's house of these knights.

These knights were the "vassals" of The Emperor—in name only. In reality, they were fully supported by the Sect of Mechanics and loyal to it.

When the knights from these various Knight Worlds gathered, they constituted a military force not to be underestimated.

Of course, they had already rallied once at the behest of the Mingyang Sect to head for Frost Origin IV, and the outcome need not be discussed further.

Yet, this time, they still responded to the call.

Together, these Knight Mechas from the knight families also formed a crucial part of the Mingyang Sect's Titan Legion.

Furthermore, there were at least four to five hundred million of the Protection Army on Jindi Star, plus twice that number of Mechanic Servants.

The combat ability of the Protection Army was not inferior to that of the Star Realm Army. They had ample artillery and armor, along with numerous Mecha Soldiers.

These assets were the solid foundation for Jindi Star to withstand the enemy.

Certainly, if the Green-Skins' Fleet were allowed to bombard the surface from orbit at will, no matter how elite the terrestrial forces might be, victory in battle would be nearly impossible.

But what made Jindi Star different was that this Foundry World possessed a very comprehensive orbital defense system.

Space stations and Star Fortresses abundant with surface-orbital cannons were not so easily dealt with.

Not to mention, the Yunluo Fleet had not been vanquished, which was extremely good news. Although they could not contend with the Green-Skins' main Fleet, they could at least serve as a distraction.

True, the Green-Skins' Fleet was enormous, but under such defenses, even with their combat moons, they could only gain an advantage, unable to completely suppress all human land forces' activities on the ground.

There was still a fight to be had.

Such defenses could not last on other planets and would be quickly overwhelmed.

Once space stations and Star Fortresses were eliminated and enough surface orbital cannons were destroyed, it was only a matter of time before they would be doomed.

However, Foundry Worlds like Jindi Star differed in that their production capacity was fierce. As long as most of the Foundry Plants remained uncaptured by the Green-Skins' Land Forces, loads of orbital cannons could be produced and deployed on the planet.

The condition was that both the Protection Army and Mechanic Servant forces needed to hold their ground.

From this perspective, Jindi Star was clearly a more suitable and advantageous battlefield for humans compared to Frost Origin IV. If the situation from Frost Origin IV had been transplanted to Jindi Star, the Green-Skins would not have had such an easy time, and with Mechanical Arks and an orbital defense system, their crippled pseudo-combat moon would be useless, unable to even secure orbital superiority, achieving at best a stalemate.

However, at that time, the human side's decision makers believed they had sufficient strength to repel the Beastman invasion. Under this premise, they did not want a core world like Jindi Star, which the Mingyang Sect certainly did not wish to see turned into a battleground and be wrecked.

The appearance of the combat moon took everyone by surprise.

As for now, there was nothing he could do but fight desperately.

The defensive battle of Jindi Star had been ongoing for three months, having started slightly later than the Alliance's engagement in the Temir campaign.

It was incredibly arduous.

This intelligence, Gu Hang already knew, even without Tan Jiuyi telling him.

In fact, because Wu Jiarong, a Dominant Bishop who was on the front lines, occasionally sent him a 'message,' Gu Hang was even more informed about the specifics of the Jindi Star battle than Tan Jiuyi.

It was a battlefield more brutal than the ground war on Temir No.5. Firstly, the scale was much larger, with the forces involved being three times greater than those at the Temir conflict, and the quality of troops was much higher.

The Protection Army's equipment standards were even slightly better than those of the Alliance Land Forces; on the other side, the Green Skins' main units and the number of elite Green Skins were far more than here at Temir.

After reviewing the intelligence on the Jindi Star campaign, Gu Hang fell silent for a moment.

He assessed that even with the Alliance sounding the first-level mobilization order, they couldn't wage such a war.

The production capabilities couldn't keep up, not to mention having to fight on their own territory, which would additionally suffer from orbital bombardments… It was just not feasible.

It only goes to show that the revolution is not yet successful, and comrades still need to strive.

But soon, Gu Hang was reinvigorated.

After all, how many years had Jindi Star been accumulating its construction? Plus, the Foundry World of the Sect of Mechanics didn't even have to pay the Imperial Tax—although it had to accept orders from the Empire.

He had only fully controlled the Tianma Star Sector for almost five years; only his home base, Rage Owl Star, had a longer development period of about a decade or so.

Gu Hang believed that given more time, even continuing to shoulder the Imperial Tax, he would quickly reach the level of JindI Star.

And after discussing the situation of the Jindi Star campaign, Gu Hang also mentioned his initiative to launch an offensive on the Temir Star System and open up a second front, which suddenly made Tan Jiuyi realize a problem and issue a warning to Gu Hang.

"We detected that a hundred Green-Skin warships have left the operational sequence of the Jindi Star campaign, and even left the Steel Fire Dragon Star Sector. We don't know their destination, initially thinking these were Green Skins dividing their forces to attack elsewhere, which was very concerning. But combining this with the timing of your launching the Temir campaign, these hundred ships and the soldiers they are transporting, might be an alien force returning to defend."

Gu Hang stroked his chin.

He had not been able to obtain this information in advance.

But likewise, he believed Tan Jiuyi would not speak nonsense about this matter.

A hundred Green-Skinned warships could potentially transport one or two billion Green Skin troops at their limit.

That indeed posed a bit of a challenge.

Seeing Gu Hang in a reflective state, Tan Jiuyi couldn't help but say, "You must be careful, it's imperative that nothing goes wrong."

Gu Hang smiled, "Mr. Tan got concerned about me? A hundred warships plus possibly a billion alien Green Skins leaving the Jindi Star battlefield, isn't that a good thing for the main battleground?"

Tan Jiuyi sighed, "Indeed, it is a good thing. If possible, I would hope all the main Green Skin forces turn towards the Eastern Star Domain to let you drag out the fight as long as possible. Once the reinforcements from Cosmos Domain and the 'Furyflame' Battle Group arrive, we could start counterattacking. But… I know that's not possible. Therefore, I'd rather hope that you do well in the Eastern Star Domain, make a bigger impact, and, ideally, penetrate these damned aliens' stronghold. If you're finished, it could actually cause the Green Skins to focus more forces on attacking Jindi Star."

"Indeed, I'll be careful."

Gu Hang responded with a phrase.

This batch of Green-Skin reinforcements was not to be underestimated. The Land Forces aside, a hundred ships might include a few of the Green Skins' main forces. Their arrival could greatly change the dynamics of the Temir campaign.

With both navies combined, Du Shiliang might not be able to withstand them.

After ending the communication, he pondered for a moment and made a decision.

Chapter 446, Mutinous Interstellar Warriors

Gu Hang's thinking was quite natural: knowing that Green Skin reinforcements were on their way, it was only logical to try to defeat the enemy at hand before the arrival of the reinforcements.

Even if it meant paying a price.

If they didn't take action now, it would be even harder to deal with them once they joined forces.

The terrestrial battlefield of Temir No.5 was unlikely to decide a winner so quickly. Even if you were slaughtering pigs, you couldn't kill billions of Green Skins that fast.

The previous victory Perbov had achieved did successfully disrupt the Green Skin defensive line in one entire direction, throwing the entire planet into chaos due to the loss of their highest commander. Seizing this chance, he efficiently directed his troops, winning several annihilation battles, battles of destruction.

Moreover, across the entire planet, the entire continental range, human military forces had launched a wave of offensive peaks. Over thousands of miles of front lines, with the Alliance Army at its core and the Pact Army in support, there was a full-scale offensive. Often a breakthrough point was made, which attracted a Green Skin counterattack; then the sides, left empty, were breached by humans and surrounded, creating a situation like swallowing dumplings.

Or a Trash City was raided by elite soldiers of the human Alliance, and because the Beastmen were not subordinate to each other and their commands were confused and reinforcements were too slow, the Trash City was left full of farts. In the hands of human elites, they had no advantage and were quickly eliminated. The loss of a large number of personnel was one thing, but the main loss was the production capability of Trash City, as well as a considerable amount of Green Skin military supplies that had not yet been transported out.

Similar situations repeatedly occurred all over the planet.

In total, over two hundred million Green Skins were eradicated in the two months following the battle. Of these, at least fifty million true Green Skin Orcs had been killed.

The Green Skin forces on the surface of Temir No.5 had shrunk considerably.

And to kill those two hundred million Green Skins, the human losses had also exceeded thirty million — mostly from the Pact Army, with a little over ten million casualties coming from the Alliance Army.

The casualty ratio was still quite impressive. Even if farts weren't considered people, it was still 3:5, which was not too bad.

Besides, farts were not really non-people. They provided logistical support to the Green Skin army, which was an important guarantee for the continuation of the war, and were also the appropriate operators for long-range bombardments.

However, the situation on Temir No.5 had slowed down lately.

After two months of fierce attacks, human forces were running out of steam. Soldiers due for a rotation needed a break, and the necessary supplies had to arrive. And the areas taken needed to be "sterilized," otherwise new Green Skins would sprout up, requiring manpower to suppress.

Additionally, the Beastman leader Saru had also sent a new Military Governor to land on the surface. The Green Skin command system began to recover, no longer as disorganized, and it was no longer so easy to take advantage of the chaos to reap large numbers of Green Skin lives as before.

Both sides were licking their wounds.

And in space, the battles were ongoing. Neither side wanted a decisive battle or to make it easy for the other side to support the ground forces, did they?

Gu Hang would not let Du Shiliang go after those Green Skin Fleets with full force right now.

The odds of winning weren't high enough.

What was the point of fighting a 50-50 battle?

And just right, Yelisia's patrol mission in the Seven Horse Territory had ended, and all the worlds had signed the Seven Horse Pact.

Although it would be best to let half of the United Fleet continue to patrol and deter others for a while, given some vassals' tendencies toward separatism were still not low.

But looking at the current situation, it wasn't fitting.

Yelisia needed to quickly take half of the United Fleet to the Temir Star System, and on the way, pick up Gu Hang and join forces with Du Shiliang, striving to destroy, or at least severely damage, the Green Skin Fleet before the Green Skin reinforcements arrived.

However, just as Gu Hang was about to issue the order for Yelisia to lead the Fleet, the female General preempted him with a message.

There was trouble in the Iron Horse Sector.

The Xiaxing I Star System in the Iron Horse Sector was a star system with three habitable planets. During the previous collection of Imperial Tax, no issues arose with the other two, but there was trouble on Xiaxing I3 Planet.

On this post-colonial planet with a population of 800 million, the separatist forces were particularly violent, having already raised a declared rebellion and raided the planet's prepared Imperial Tax.

Out of a total tax revenue of eighty million for the entire planet, they had only robbed about twenty million worth of goods.

But the nature of this incident was very serious, and naturally, it had to be resolved.

The local forces converted to the Pact Army had already started the suppression of the rebellion, but the Alliance couldn't just stand by and do nothing. After all, the Seven Horse Pact had been signed, so how could they just collect money and not deal with the problem?

Conveniently, Yelisia was nearby.

Alliance operatives first went down to investigate the situation, and then they called for reinforcements, claiming they had found the rebel leaders' location and requested direct military elimination.

The method of elimination was for Yelisia to send out a few Escort Ships, which launched several missiles toward the reported coordinates to bomb the area. After that, the Navy Marine Corps, led by a team of Phoenixes, landed on the Planet.

Their mission was to eliminate the enemy leaders, destroy the command center, and then evacuate.

These tasks should have been a walk in the park for the Phoenixes.

In theory, such physical destruction should have solved the problem, but an accident occurred.

The landed Phoenixes and the Marine Corps they led were all normal at first, but suddenly, at some moment, they went completely off the grid.

Chapter 446, Mutinous Star Warriors_2

Very unusual.

If it were only members of the Marine Corps, that would be one thing, but there was an entire squad of the Phoenix leading the team.

Even if the battle was intense and the mission difficult, they were Interstellar Warriors, how could they disappear without a sound?

Then, the commander on the Starship received information from the ground operatives.

They reported that the Phoenix and the Marine squad had encountered an accident, with rebel forces capable of information interference, resulting in the special task squad being surrounded by enemy forces and unable to contact the higher ups. Reinforcements were urgently needed on the ground.

The commander on the Starship was worried but, after much deliberation, decided to send in more reinforcements.

Missiles were fired again at the enemy's gathered position, followed by a new team of Phoenix leading elite Marines to the surface.

This time, their goal wasn't even to eliminate the enemy's leader or strike at the rebel heart, but merely to cover the previously landed troops and evacuate them via transport craft.

Yet, the outcome of this reinforcement effort was still far from ideal, as the team quickly lost contact after landing.

At this point, the situation was serious.

The ground operatives reported back with updates and requested reinforcements again, but the commander, already suspicious from the previous round, was not going to be fooled a third time.

On one hand, he reassured the ground operatives, and on the other hand, he contacted the superior unit of that group of operatives, reporting the situation upwards.

Then, a new group of operatives descended, and quickly concluded that the previous group had defected. It was feared that the two waves of elite troops, now likely faced grim odds.

The commander on the Starship was furious.

But he also had some doubts.

Defection of operatives… was it that easy to defect? What could a group of native rebels on a planet offer to tempt the special operatives trained by the Alliance's three major intelligence agencies to defect?

Even if they had defected, luring elite Alliance forces to land, but how could dozens of Phoenix and hundreds of Marines be so easily wiped out?

Even with fewer numbers and lacking heavy equipment, if they couldn't win or were surrounded, how could they be wiped out so quickly?

The commanders above no longer considered the possibility that the troops on the ground were still alive, just cut off from communication.

Very low.

Those defection operatives kept sending out false information, aiming to lure more Phoenixes, more human forces to descend. They didn't seem worried about their scheme backfiring; their attitude was more like, 'the more you send, the more I'll consume.'

Were these rebels that strong?

However, it was now time to abandon the approach of surgical strikes and quick resolutions.

The commander called for more reinforcements, and soon the ships in the Xiaxing I Star System were not just a few Escort Ships.

More vessels arrived, deploying large numbers of Land Forces.

The 17th Army Group of the Alliance Army, and the 3rd Army Group, were deployed to the surface of Xiaxing I-3 Planet.

The separatists on Xiaxing I-3 had sparked a substantial rebellion. Five of the planet's provinces had been swept up in it, with a controlled population of fifty million and rebel numbers around three million strong.

They were up against a Pact Army of five million, with the battle ebbing and flowing.

Under such circumstances, an Alliance Army Group of a million soldiers, with extra-ordinarily powerful orbital fire support, would undoubtedly be too much for the rebels.

If there was something extraordinary among the rebels, it would naturally be forced out.

And indeed, it was.

Under pressure, the core military forces of the separatists emerged: swarms of Interstellar Warriors.

Interstellar Warriors?

When the Alliance commander orbiting above received this intelligence from the ground forces, his eyeballs almost popped out!

How could that be possible?

Why would Interstellar Warriors appear among a group of separatist forces from a native planet? How could they possibly get the help of Interstellar Warriors?!

Could it be that everyone is Mr. Gu?

In previous wars, it was the Alliance that stunned others with the Phoenix, leaving them dumbfounded, completely at a loss as to what to do.

Now, the same situation has happened to the Alliance itself.

But soon after, they realized that the Interstellar Warriors helping the separatist forces of Xiaxing I-3 Planet were not ordinary Interstellar Warriors.

They did not bear the Imperial Aquila insignia, nor did they carry the medals that proclaim honor.

Were these members of the Interstellar Warrior betrayed?

The situation had become serious.

Relevant intelligence was rapidly transmitted back. At the same time, warships in the planet's orbit began to prepare to step up fire support.

What about Interstellar Warriors? Without any orbital control, even the most formidable Interstellar Warrior would still have to obediently take the bombardment on the surface.

However, the United Fleet's commander was quickly proven wrong.

Did those mutinous Interstellar Warriors really not have any means to threaten the orbit?

Indeed not. Xiaxing I-3 had a decrepit small starport, a few anti-orbit cannons on the ground that could be counted on one hand, no Star Fortresses in orbit, only a few Armed Space Stations, at best able to defend against small-scale pirates.

Against the current naval scale above in orbit, with escort ships and destroyers adding up to a double-digit count, and at least twenty patrol ships, they had no capacity to respond.

But… who said that these mutinous Interstellar Warriors, popping up from who knows where, could only exert force from the surface?

While the ships of the United Fleet were busily bombing from the orbit, their star gazers soon made a chilling discovery: they noticed the sudden appearance of a massive, unidentified starship within the star system!

This starship apparently had been hidden behind the star all along, its massive presence obstructing many standard monitoring methods.

And now, this warship had suddenly appeared out of nowhere, catching everyone by surprise.

But if it were just one warship, there would be nothing too frightening about it.

After all, there were more than thirty warships in Xiaxing I-3's orbit.

But soon, as this colossal vessel drew nearer, and observers were able to examine it in greater detail, and the related intelligence was transmitted back, sheer terror ensued!

The ship was enormous!

It appeared to be 28 kilometers long! Despite its ominous appearance and being decked with many disgusting demonic goat's head images, and many chaotic eight-pointed star patterns that were explicitly defined as taboo and not allowed in human society, the overall design still allowed some veteran navy personnel to recognize it as a ship very similar to the Retribution-class battleship of the human navy.

The 'Retribution class' was a bona fide mainline battleship! It was also the most common battleship in the Imperial Navy!

Clearly, this was no friend.

It is highly probable that it was the ride of those mutinous Interstellar Warriors on the ground.

Nobody could have imagined that this group of Interstellar Warriors actually had a battleship in their possession.

Although this Retribution-class battleship was just a lone ship, without a large number of non-mainline ships to fight alongside it, which would reduce its combat effectiveness and make it much more vulnerable.

But no matter how fragile, no matter how much its combat effectiveness was reduced, it was still a bona fide battleship.

Presently, the ships orbiting Xiaxing I-3 that were part of the United Fleet were all children compared to this battleship. Its main guns of X-grade could take out a 'child' with a single shot.

No matter the grade of the energy shields or the armor, just escort ships or destroyers with their high-powered energy shields were just that.

A single shot would blow up both the ship and its shields together.

Conversely, the lighter firepower of the United Fleet's ships was much less of a threat to the battleship.

They probably couldn't even break through the enemy's Void Shields, and our thirty ships would be called out one by one and be completely destroyed.

Chapter 447, Iron Horse Sea Battle

The naval battle on the Xiahang I-3 had not truly erupted.

The commander of the United Fleet knew it was impossible to fight, so they certainly didn't force a confrontation. They simply detached from the planet's orbit and fled with their tails between their legs.

Meanwhile, that ghastly Retribution-class Battleship did not pursue them.

It only approached Xiahang I-3, bombarded the surface with a few cannon rounds, then deployed transport ships that landed on the ground.

Soon, these transport ships returned to it. Immediately afterward, the battleship left the planet's orbit and set off into the distance.

The unnerved ships of the Alliance Navy had also come to their senses by this time.

This battleship was probably belonging to the rebel battle group that had appeared on the planet. Its emergence into the planet's orbit was likely just to retrieve the battle group.

It seemed this battle group did not wish to occupy the planet.

They must have realized that with their strength, even with a battleship at their disposal, they could not realistically confront the Alliance head-on, especially not achieve victory on the ground.

So what was their purpose in causing trouble?

Considering the events that had occurred before, it was probably to lure the official Phoenix to come.

And they indeed succeeded.

They tricked two Phoenix Squads into landing on the surface and falling into their clutches.

What did they want with the official Phoenix?

It was likely for the Gene Seed.

Having received intelligence from the front lines, Gu Hang had made this assessment.

Even the identities of these individuals, Gu Hang had surmised, and he felt it was highly probable he was not mistaken: the stain of the Phoenix, that rebel force known as 'Ashen Deceased.'

After learning of this force from a few Phoenix deserters from Sydney Blaywins, Gu Hang felt that these fellows would eventually cause trouble for the Alliance.

The reputation of the Alliance was growing, and the Phoenix were becoming increasingly known as the news of the Alliance's resurgence spread.

That traitorous leader named Zhong Jihua had an extraordinary pursuit of the Phoenix's lineage. His causing trouble was almost inevitable.

However, his timing couldn't have been worse. The Alliance was currently mostly preoccupied with the frontline battle against the Green Skins. A sudden fire in the backyard would definitely cause chaos.

Perhaps, Zhong Jihua had chosen this moment deliberately.

But Gu Hang was not entirely unguarded.

Since the war with the Green Skins had begun, Gu Hang had been very cautious with his use of Interstellar Warriors. He had not blindly thrown his most elite forces into the frontline battles because of their intensity.

On one hand, the time had not yet come.

On the other hand, it was Gu Hang's need to keep the Phoenix prepared for necessary defense.

Instead of allowing these elite warriors to be depleted in direct combat, it was better to conserve their strength for a critical strike when necessary.

Only, that necessary moment to strike had not emerged yet, and the event Gu Hang had been guarding against had occurred first.

It seemed Yelisia would not be able to come to pick him up, nor could she immediately move north to participate in the Temir campaign.

Even Gu Hang himself would now have to personally visit Iron Horse.

The situation in the Iron Horse Sector definitely needed resolving.

The relationship between this rebel force and the Phoenix was something Gu Hang could not ignore;

At the same time, Gu Hang could not allow that suspected 'Ashen Deceased' rebel force to create turmoil in his rear.

They had roughly two to three hundred Mutinous Interstellar Warriors, they worshipped the Evil God, and they also had a battleship; being able to operate this battleship meant they had at least a few hundred thousand people on board…

In head-on combat, excluding the battleship, this rebel group was not up to par; but considering the battleship and the risks of them possibly collaborating with separatist forces on many planets, if Gu Hang did not solve them, his rear would be thrown into utter chaos.

Of course, he would not go alone.

With a single message, he contacted Matins.

…

A month later, Iron Horse Sector, Iron Dong II Star System.

There were three Star Realm Tunnels connected to this star system, leading to Tie Dong III, Tie Dong I, and Border Horse Sector's Border Horse IV.

The "Wraith Spike" was moving towards the jump point toward Border Horse IV.

Or rather, it was fleeing.

It was being chased by the human United Fleet.

Although the battleship was formidable, the Retribution-class had a flaw that simply couldn't be compensated for: it was slow and not agile enough.

Despite its ferocious firepower, thick armor, and very high energy level Void Shield making it the most abundantly employed flagship in Empire battles, capable of being an absolute core of attack and defense in large Fleet battles, it also required a large number of cooperating escort ships to ensure its protection.

But now, there was no such group alongside "Wraith Spike."

Hence, they did not dare engage directly with the United Fleet.

Over the past month, there had always been some smaller ships tailing them, monitoring their movements. Whenever they tried to turn around to fight, these smaller ships, taking advantage of their speed and agility, would immediately scatter; as soon as they turned back, the ships would follow again.

The leader of 'Ashen Deceased,' Zhong Jihua, was incredibly irritated.

He even ordered that after performing one Star Realm jump, the ship should stop at the other side's jump threadIdx

to prepare for an ambush against the following small ships.

Chapter 447, Iron Horse Naval Battle_2

However, the plan failed.

The small boat that had been following their trails didn't jump at all; instead, on this side of the Star Realm Tunnel, another small boat was watching them from a distance.

It didn't matter if our boat was small, having many could do the job.

If you can’t catch up, can’t hit, and can’t shake them off, then that’s the only option.

At first, Zhong Jihua just found it annoying but didn’t feel it was particularly dangerous.

Let them watch.

What can you possibly do to me?

At worst, they are only afraid of spying on him. When he actually wants to do something, these small boats have no way to stop him.

However, by now, he was starting to feel something was wrong.

A long surveillance could be overlooked, but the wizards on his ship had repeatedly provided him with intelligence, informing him that a large number of ships were shuttling through the Star Realm Tunnels around Tie Dong II.

What do they want to do?

Ambush me?

It really seemed like it.

If a fight was to break out, a fleet with three cruisers as the main force and a total of more than a hundred ships against a lone Retribution-class Battleship, who would win?

That’s not easy to say, the latter’s chances of winning might not be more than twenty percent.

Before, he thought the so-called ‘Alliance’ wouldn’t really fight him to the death.

If they defeated him, what then? The United Fleet would have to pay with the loss of at least more than half of its ships, most of which were likely to be cruisers.

Is such a high cost worth it?

You are still at war with the Green Skins.

Indeed, Zhong Jihua was aware of this information.

Otherwise, he wouldn't have come here.

It was precisely because the Alliance was in a state of war, and this war appeared to be extremely fierce, that he had come to this place.

What he wanted was indeed just as Gu Hang had guessed: the Gene Seed of the Phoenix.

The Ashen Dead Squad was a group of deserters from among the Phoenix who were born after turning to the Chaos God. Back then, people like Zhong Jihua thought that the Phoenix was doomed to destruction, and staying would have been meaningless, only to die with the Battle Group.

It was all the Empire's fault. The Phoenix were fighting for the Empire, and it was the Iron Armor who were traitors. Yet in the end, they were betrayed by the Empire, sentenced to the Penitent Crusade, and doomed to a fate of certain death on that expedition.

So, they rebelled, they turned to the Evil God, and named themselves 'Ashen Dead'.

From the ashes of the burned-out Phoenix, the dead returned from hell with a fire of vengeance.

Such was the meaning behind their new name.

But who could have imagined that the Phoenix hadn't died at all?

Not only did they not perish, but in those years, with the support of that ‘Alliance’ that had emerged from who knows where, they had grown stronger and even began to show signs of returning to their former glory.

How could Zhong Jihua and his ilk accept this?

Was our choice back then wrong?

That’s impossible!

To prove they weren’t the wrong ones, Zhong Jihua led his War Faction to the Eastern Cosmos Domain, the Dragonhawk Star Domain.

Here was the opportunity to expand the scale of the War Faction. This place held the Gene Seed they had long desired, kin of their own blood; they also looked for opportunities to destroy this human power spanning nearly a hundred worlds.

Solely with their power, that was of course not feasible.

But weren’t there the Green Skins?

As long as sufficient chaos was caused in the rear, it could be done.

Hence, the incident aboard Iron Horse I-3 occurred.

Through the wizards, they corrupted the captured Alliance spies, delivering false intelligence, and sent down two teams of Phoenix.

Those two teams of Phoenix, totaling twenty individuals, ended up with a predicament that was anything but delightful.

Although the fighting capacity of the Phoenix was undoubtedly strong, the Ashen Dead were all veteran soldiers. It was a classic case of the prepared versus the unprepared, a tenfold force effortlessly overwhelming the new Phoenix recruits, that they couldn't even send a message out was only to be expected.

Sadly, the so-called Alliance's response speed was still very quick.

They could only run.

They had thought they could easily escape on their big ship, but it seemed that wasn't possible.

But even now, Zhong Jihua couldn't quite bring himself to believe that the Alliance really dared to deploy their precious fleet to besiege him.

However, he wasn't unprepared for this.

The corresponding orders were given; the "Wraith Spike" continued its course toward Border Horse IV.

If the Alliance's fleet didn't dare go to war, they could swagger away; but once the battle began… bring it on.

Firstly, the "Wraith Spike" would be capable of blowing up almost half of the Alliance's fleet;

Of course, the "Wraith Spike" would also be done for.

But what of it?

They were Interstellar Warriors!

In battle, they could let the “Wraith Spike” charge and smash its way towards the clustered Alliance ships. When asked what the most powerful weapon on the Retribution-class Battleship was, it probably was not any Light Spear Array, nor any oversized Colossal Cannon, but rather the ancient “ram” mounted on the prow of the ship.

Using its massive bulk, a Retribution-class Battleship’s charge would smash any smaller vessels to bits; and it itself, protected by the ram, would suffer no harm.

Of course, this wasn’t any kind of conventional weapon, and no one used this thing as the decisive weapon in a real sea battle. The so-called “ram” served mostly a decorative purpose.

However, if the battle really did break out below, Zhong Jihua didn’t intend to have the ram act as pure decoration.

Both cannons and ram could be put into action.

And after the ships drew near each other, the “Ashen Dead Squad” could apply their biggest tactic: the Boarding Tactic!

Whether it was through boarding ships after closing the distance or simply through direct Subspace Transmissions by the former Think Tank, now the War Faction Wizard of the battle group.

Once on board the enemy’s ship, they could take control, use the War Faction Wizard to summon Chaos Divine Power, and rapidly corrupt the crew.

In a very short time, they could “hijack” the ship.

Then they could continue fighting.

Using such tactics, they could be executed multiple times in succession.

How many ships did the Alliance have to be taken from them?

Each success for them meant one less ship for the Alliance and one more for them; wouldn't that make up for the Escort Ships "Wraith Spike" was lacking?

If what they captured were the Main Cruisers from within the United Fleet, the situation would get even worse.

In short, for Zhong Jihua, if there was to be a fight, so be it!

And indeed, the whole situation developed just as he had anticipated.

When the "Wraith Spike" approached the Star Realm Tunnel jump point leading to Border Horse IV, a fleet jumped out from there.

At the same time, from the jump point at Iron Horse I, a group of Alliance ships also appeared.

They belonged to the same group, a pincer strategy, also devised by the Fleet Commander, Major General Yelisia.

Maintaining a distance from both sides, and avoiding concentrated attacks by the "Wraith Spike," they prepared to carry out an encircling move.

In this situation, Zhong Jihua no longer considered any other factors.

He issued orders again, informing all members of the battle group:

"Prepare for battle, let us have a glorious fight!"

And his brothers gave him a clear feedback: "Roar!"

He shouted again: “Blood for the Blood God!”

The communication channel immediately echoed: “Skulls for the Skull Throne!”

Amidst the high morale and bloodthirsty cries within the Ashen Dead, the distance between the two sides grew ever closer.

The “Wraith Spike” opened fire first.

Its range was farther than any other ship in the Alliance.

And this caught the Alliance fleet somewhat by surprise. A ‘Silver Sword-class’ Escort Ship was hit.

The X-grade Light Spear Array instantly melted the Silver Sword’s energy shield, and the force of the blast punched a big hole in the ship.

Immediately, the Silver Sword lost power, spinning in space; then after half a minute, a more violent explosion occurred inside the Silver Sword, turning it into a fireball in the void.

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Wraith Spire scored a victory right from the start, one cannon blast destroyed a Silver Sword ship.

That was the expected performance of a Retribution-class Battleship. A solid hit with the “Heavenly Punishment” Light Spear Array of X grade meant results like this.

Moreover, aboard the Wraith Spire, there were three more X-grade Colossal Cannons of the same grade.

In terms of firepower, the Colossal Cannons of the same grade were much more powerful than the Light Spear Array, but the trade-off was a significant drop in accuracy.

There were also 18 powerful weapons of L grade, already amounting to the same number as those of the three Human Fleet cruisers put together.

Such was the might of a Battleship.

Of course, losing an Escort Ship as soon as the fight started was also a matter of luck. From such a distance, even the light spears were not that easy to target accurately.

In fact, the subsequent three Colossal Cannon shots, along with multiple salvos of L-grade weapons, all missed their mark, with only a few managing to hit but failing to cause any further damage.

During this process, the fleets were closing the gap between them.

The Wraith Spire charged full speed at a part of the United Fleet that had emerged from Border Horse IV. As the distance between them diminished, the exchange of fire became more accurate, resulting in a rise in the hit rate for both sides.

The Human Fleet's losses began to escalate.

But at the same time, the Void Shields surrounding the Wraith Spire started to flicker more frequently, gradually turning a dangerous shade of red. Some of the United Fleet's firepower could even penetrate the Void Shields, directly damaging the Wraith Spire's armor and hull.

The strength of the Void Shields mounted on the Wraith Spire was, of course, very high, but it could not withstand being the sole target of attack. Without any Escort Ships to intercept fire and not even small ships to shield it, all of the United Fleet's artillery needed to be endured by the ship itself. Even the strongest Void Shields couldn't withstand such relentless bombardment.

Not to mention, half of the pursuing fleet continued to pour firepower onto it as well.

Yet despite this, the Alliance Fleet's achievements were limited to only turning the Wraith Spire's Void Shields red. The cost was steep, as in a short span of time, at least ten warships were reduced to space debris.

Even the cheapest Patrol Ship cost more than thirty million each, ten ships amounted to three hundred million; not to mention, amongst the destroyed warships, there were also three Escort Ships.

In a mere moment, the Alliance's losses in the naval battle had exceeded one billion.

Naval decisive battles were indeed the most expensive affairs.

Without the Tianma Fleet being taken under the wing of Gu Hang, without the centuries of accumulation from the Gu Commercial Firm, the ships the Alliance had saved over the years would not have been enough to sustain the battle.

Even with such an exchange rate, Zhong Jihua aboard the Wraith Spire was still not satisfied.

Did he care about knocking out a few small Alliance ships?

Of course not.

At his command, the mighty firepower of the Battleship ferociously targeted the absolute core of the opposing fleet cluster in front of them, that cruiser.

However, much of the firepower was intercepted. Even those that couldn't be intercepted were met with Patrol Ships ready to take the hit.

After such a long exchange, they had failed to pose any substantial threat to that cruiser.

Nevertheless, the gap had narrowed to the point where Zhong Jihua was satisfied.

Led by the War Faction Wizard, two hundred Interstellar Warriors were on standby inside four Boarding Torpedoes.

Directly boarding through Boarding Torpedoes was a conventional tactic for the Human Navy. Boarding Torpedoes themselves were not cheap, and when loaded with personnel and equipment, the cost was even higher. In naval battles, all sorts of accidents could happen during the flight to board, making them easy to intercept. If intercepted, both people and craft were lost together, and the loss was immense.

Moreover, given the limited space inside a Boarding Torpedo, there was a limited number of personnel and equipment that could be carried, and there was no guarantee of victory even after boarding.

The Green Skins loved such tactics, for they did not value their lives, and their Boarding Torpedoes were as cheap as if they cost nothing.

Human Fleets disliked this approach, although the Navy Marine Corps wasn't really valued by the naval brass, there was still a need for a balance between cost and effectiveness.

Except for the Interstellar Warriors.

They were strong enough and elite enough that even with few in number, they could accomplish tasks that normally required large forces, perfectly suited for boarding combat on a battlefield with limited deployment options and confined spaces.

The only issue was the security of the deployment.

Interstellar Warriors were powerful but also very valuable. The destruction of a Boarding Torpedo wasn't critical, but the loss of a vessel full of Interstellar Warriors was something no one could afford.

Thus, when the Battle Groups engaged in boarding combat, they each revealed their ingenious methods in this phase: they sought ways to accurately and safely transport personnel to the enemy ships.

Some improved on the Boarding Torpedoes, making them sturdier and more agile, or invisible to detection, coupled with multiple launches and lots of false targets to hide the real Boarding Torpedoes… In short, they spared no expense.

Others experimented with Psionic Teleportation, which was more precise but had higher requirements, as well as risks; it was prone to being displaced by counter-teleportation devices.

And the “Ashen Dead” employed a combination of both methods.

Zhong Jihua on the command bridge, staring at the swarms of Alliance ships before him, his eyes filled with madness.

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He shouted loudly, “Depart!”

Immediately after, the Wraith Spike unleashed more than twenty boarding torpedoes.

Of these, most were dummies, with only four actually filled with the Ashen Dead.

The Alliance Fleet’s intercepting firepower, of course, sprang into action, destroying many boarding torpedoes.

The four genuine boarding torpedoes carrying the Ashen Dead did take some hits as well. However, all four were equipped with small energy shields, which blocked the attacks.

Of course, this also revealed their positions.

But it didn’t matter.

In an instant, a crimson light enveloped the four boarding torpedoes, and suddenly, they vanished.

The next moment, all four boarding torpedoes simultaneously appeared inside the Void Shield of the Opera Cruiser!

Then, they violently breached the hull of the Opera Cruiser.

The incredibly hard conical front of the boarding torpedoes broke through the cruiser's armor and, while causing a minor explosion that detached the combat section, conveniently created a great exit space for the warriors inside the torpedoes' rear compartments.

Following that, a total of 200 Mutinous Star Warriors from the four boarding torpedoes all burst out.

In a very short time, they cleared out the surrounding enemies.

On a cruiser like the Opera Cruiser, which typically has a hundred thousand personnel, a significant portion belongs to the so-called 'ship's world' — those born on the ship, whose parents, or even grandparents, were crew members. They serve as ship's servants and include several families of technical officers.

These people are critical for a starship to be able to launch, to sustain itself during long voyages. At the bottom of the starship, they even constitute a closed, self-sustaining society.

On ships of the Tianma Fleet, this phenomenon was not particularly pronounced, and some sailors were able to retire and leave the ship, to be replaced by new people from terrestrial planets.

After all, they were often stationed at their home base.

However, within the Empire, some ships that were always on assignment, constantly traveling through space, the so-called 'ship's world' meant that generations had never left the ship, intermarried amongst themselves, and spent their entire lives on board, which was quite common.

But regardless of whether they were recruited or had been on the ship for many years, these sailors, workers, and serving class clearly lacked combat capability.

Even during times of war, when they would be issued weapons, it was the same case.

After the Ashen Dead successfully boarded, they first encountered resistance from these armed sailors, amounting to a few thousand people. They were, of course, swiftly swept aside by the boarders.

Then, the Mutinous Star Warriors did not continue their fierce assault; instead, they paused and waited on the spot for two minutes.

During this time, more boarding torpedoes came in.

These boarding torpedoes, without the help of the War Faction Wizard, did not have teleportation capabilities and suffered heavy losses while breaking through the intercepting firepower. The greatest loss occurred when they slowed down to pass through the Void Shield.

Out of sixteen boarding torpedoes, only three made it through.

This rate was very low, and it was significantly less than what would be expected under normal conditions.

This was because, on the current battlefield, the Alliance only had the Wraith Spike as a target; when the boarding torpedoes appeared, a large amount of intercepting firepower was naturally drawn to them.

From this perspective, having three torpedoes manage to board was already quite impressive.

And from these three boarding torpedoes, a total of fifteen hundred people disembarked. They were all dressed in black and red combat suits, with a significant proportion of them equipped with exoskeletons.

These people belonged to the Servant troops of the Ashen Dead.

After joining up with the real Ashen Dead, the total force of one thousand seven hundred people began to advance into the interior of the Opera Cruiser.

During this process, the Opera Cruiser's troops also began to assemble.

Aside from the regular crew, out of the hundred thousand on the ship, there were twenty thousand from the Navy Marine Corps, even equipped with armored vehicles, Sentry Mecha, and the likes.

These troops' combat effectiveness, of course, was much stronger than the sailors from the first wave.

However, as the Ashen Dead advanced with their elite auxiliary forces, the Navy Marine Corps once again miserably became a backdrop.

The armored vehicles blocking the main corridor inside the Starship were destroyed by the Ashen Dead's plasma guns, then swiftly pushed aside, dismantled. Right after that, the Terminator Squad of the Ashen Dead burst through the breach, shrugging off the bombardment from the semi-fixed autocannons behind them, using handheld grenade launchers to remove all of those human firepower points.

After clearing the corridor, the troops immediately followed up, and ahead of them appeared another team of Sentry Mechas from the Marine Corps, but this time they were directly cleared out by the Mutinous Star Warriors using bombardment guns.

Leading the entire team, the Interstellar Warriors' pace of advance, though sometimes fast, sometimes slow, was on the whole quite smooth, and they resolutely headed toward the Starship's command bridge.

The command bridge is the command center of a warship, as well as its brain. Once there, they could take over control of most of the Starship.

At the same time, they could also use the broadcast system facing the whole ship from that point to quickly spread chaos corruption through the War Faction Wizards.

This was a temporary measure, unsuitable for large-scale use. But in the critical, enclosed environment of the Starship, it was quite effective.

This move, they had already used many times in the past, and were adept at it.

To take over the ship was just such a simple matter.

The commander of this unit of the Ashen Dead, Anconi Ben, even found it a bit boring. He said, “This so-called Alliance really isn’t anything special.”

“Just like the ships of the other Empires, there is no difference.”

“Weren’t they saying there’s a Phoenix? Why hasn’t it shown up? It would at least relieve our boredom to have those nobodies, those green recruits appear.”

While he was saying this, suddenly he received intelligence.

An auxiliary army group arranged on the flank reported they had been routed.

At first, he thought it was just the work of an elite force from the Marine Corps.

After all, those on board the Starship also had a considerable number of Sentry Mechas. The auxiliary forces positioned on the flank, although highly skilled and augmented by Chaos Divine Power, could still be normally defeated under enemy numerical superiority.

The commander quickly arranged for support, and another auxiliary force rushed over to plug the gap.

But soon the squad was annihilated. At the same time, new information came in: those who had routed them were not merely Marine Corps soldiers, but a group of warriors wearing Red Powered Armor!

At this, Ben really got excited!

To say it was boring, and then interesting things appeared, didn’t they?

However, after thinking it over, he still decided not to deviate from the plan.

Their current priority was still to take the command bridge first.

Once they held it and let the War Faction Wizards do what they needed to do, their main force could just stay inside the bridge with ease.

Those ‘green recruits,’ those ‘nobodies,’ if they wanted to do something, they would naturally have to attack the command bridge proactively. By that time, they could set up a defense line at the command bridge and easily wait for the enemy.

In his view, it was normal for a few Interstellar Warriors to appear on this cruiser, but the number should not be large.

However, the subsequent messages, one after another, put him on alert.

From another direction on the flank came sightings of Phoenix Interstellar Warriors.

Following that, the frontal assault troops also reported encountering resistance from the Phoenix, limiting their advance.

“How many are there?”

Anconi Ben already felt something was wrong.

But if it were just limited to this, he would just feel wrong, anxious. Even if they had one hundred, or even two hundred Phoenix in front of them, so what?

These new Phoenix, just as he said, were ‘green recruits.’ By their standards, a bunch of people who had just become Interstellar Warriors, at most for ten years—what was there to fear?

Anconi Ben looked down on the current Phoenix, calling them “rookies,” and of course, there was a reason.

Among the members of the Ashen Dead, most were former members of the Phoenix who had withdrawn from the penitence expeditions; regardless of their willpower or quality, they were, after all, bona fide centennial veterans.

Another part of the members who were not from Phoenix were those Mutinous Star Warriors that Zhong Jihua had absorbed and integrated over the past decades through fire and threat, temptation, and protection from the Evil God.

They were also all veterans.

The rebirth of the Phoenix Battle Group began when they finished their penance expeditions and cooperated with the Alliance.

The time that had passed since then was just about a decade. Even the Phoenix who appeared on this Starship now were the very first group of Interstellar Warriors. Their combat careers had lasted merely this much time.

Typically, one veteran could handle three rookies without a problem.

That was even under conditions where the equipment was equal.

Moreover, when the scale of the forces involved increases, this proportion of attrition would even rise. One veteran could fight three rookies, maybe a hundred veterans could take on four hundred rookies.

The larger the scale of the battle, the more complex and variable the situation could become, allowing the veterans’ experience to play a greater role.

There were two hundred of these veterans here. Could the newly formed Phoenix bring out eight hundred now?

According to the information they gathered, that clearly wasn't possible.

Therefore, Anconi Ben was just slightly nervous, even somewhat excited because of the emotions stirring within him.

This was somewhat of a challenge!

Otherwise, there was nothing serious enough to make him buckle down.

And since it was time to be serious, naturally, they could not be too careless.

Their core target had never changed: the bridge of the Opera Cruiser.

The central assault force, comprising the two hundred Ashen Dead, was always deployed in the main attack at the front, only guarded by the Auxiliary Army on the flanks to prevent interference with the assault team.

But now, they had to fight even more resolutely.

Anconi Ben decided to visit the front line himself.

Dressed in Terminator Powered Armor, he led an entire Terminator Squad, accelerating their advance as the army's spearhead.

He finally saw the Phoenix blocking their path firsthand, causing their attack to be restricted for the first time.

The narrow corridor couldn't accommodate too many people fighting simultaneously. The ones he faced were merely about twenty Loyalist Interstellar Warriors.

Looking at their bright red armor and the ostentatious Phoenix emblem on their shoulder pads, Anconi Ben even felt a momentary daze.

Was it nostalgia?

Of course not!

There was only anger in Anconi Ben's heart!

It was the kind of anger that could not be quelled unless the Phoenix were completely killed and destroyed!

"I will never acknowledge those ahead of us as Phoenix! They're not fit to wear this armor! Kill them all! Kill all these impostors!"

Clearly, others among the Ashen Dead shared similar sentiments.

Encouraged by Anconi Ben, they were all howling and emboldened.

However, when the Ashen Dead's Terminator Squad began their full-fledged charge, the Phoenix directly retreated.

Clearly, this was quite rational.

There were but ten to twenty Phoenix members in front of them, all wearing ordinary tactical Powered Armor, facing the full charge of an entire Terminator Squad. Blocking them was impossible, and retreating made sense.

But this gave the Terminators in the Ashen Dead a feeling akin to punching cotton.

Just as they were shouting their battle cries and charged with menacing momentum, the opposing side actually retreated.

However, this allowed them again to advance a significant distance.

According to the usual structure of a Moon Class Cruiser—Musician-class being a variant of Moon Class—they should now be close to the command center, the bridge.

Ahead, past one large gathering center, they should arrive soon.

The gathering center served as the departure point for the cruiser's Marine Corps; it could also be used to gather the ship's senior officers, muster their subordinates for speeches, and engage in collective activities.

The space was relatively large.

In a boarding battle, such areas could serve as the main defensive spaces.

After all, when facing a boarding action, the attacking enemies were usually few but elite. In confined areas, elite forces could have a particularly significant role since the defenders couldn't leverage a numerical or firepower advantage.

These relatively larger areas were better for strategizing troop deployments and more convenient for positioning powerful firepower.

Conversely, for the attackers, such places were not so friendly.

Despite being full of rage, even though anger and bloodthirsty killing intent seethed in his chest, Anconi Ben was not blinded by this fury.

He wouldn't recklessly charge in.

He arranged for a small group of elite Auxiliary Army to enter the space first.

After the elite Auxiliary Army entered, they found some defense, but it was just some Marine Corps from the Starship, with no Phoenix in sight.

It seemed like a trap.

After thinking it over, Anconi Ben still sent in more Auxiliary Army to try and take that place directly.

If it was a trap, then they would test and see.

The defense of that area was directly overtaken by the Auxiliary Army.

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Anconi Ben remained uneasy, but since things had come to this point, he decided not to obsess over it any longer.

After all, from this assembly hall to the bridge command, it was at most a distance of merely three hundred meters.

No matter what tricks those lapdogs of the false emperor had set up in the assembly hall, let them set it. Anconi Ben was confident enough to lead his team and recklessly charge through the three hundred meters.

With overwhelming confidence, he led his team and stepped into the assembly hall.

At that moment, gunfire erupted from all the passages leading to the assembly hall.

Even the route they had taken to get there was included in the ambush.

As expected, this place was just as he suspected—a trap. The moment they stepped in, enemies approached from all sides.

Furthermore, in every direction, his elite auxiliary forces, imbued with Chaos Divine Power, reported spotting traces of the Red Armored Phoenix.

These auxiliary forces, though mortals at their core, could hold a significant advantage against ordinary Navy Marine Corps. However, when facing the Phoenix Interstellar Warriors, they were as trivial as mere clay chickens and pottery dogs, easily destroyed.

No matter how much Anconi Ben looked down on the current Phoenix, no matter how he derogatorily referred to them as “rookie eggs,” they were legitimate Interstellar Warriors, not something ordinary mortal troops could contend with.

Yet…

“What of it? Lifting a stone only to drop it on your own foot!”

That was his assessment.

He decisively ordered all the stationed auxiliary forces to hold their positions, defend to the death, and delay the advancing Phoenix as much as possible. Simultaneously, he led all his Ashen Dead in the charge toward the bridge spur.

The Interstellar Warriors were fast. When they all ran, the four hundred meters vanished almost in a blink.

You breakthrough quickly, but can you be faster than me!

With such a thought, two hundred Ashen Dead charged forward at full speed.

But just as they entered the passage leading to the bridge, a splendid bolt of lightning streaked directly toward them from the end of the passage!

Anconi Ben reacted quickly, lowering his head and sidestepping, avoiding the strike. But an old Terminator behind him was not so fortunate.

Anconi Ben turned his head and saw a hollow about half a meter in diameter appear in the chest of his combat brother.

The lightning had melted right through the thick frontal armor of the Terminator!

What kind of weapon was this?

Even a plasma cannon would hardly achieve this effect!

Could it be that the defending army on the starship had positioned a plasma cannon at the entrance of the bridge command, aimed down the corridor?

Were they not afraid the plasma cannon would blast through their own starship?!

“Careful, it’s a Psychic,” warned a War Faction Wizard at that moment. After saying this, the wizard added, “Not just any Psychic, a powerful one.”

Anconi Ben was about to speak when the roar of bombardment guns echoed from the other end of the corridor.

Immediately following, he and his Terminator Squad heard continuous sounds of bombardment hitting them.

However, at the same time, without any need for his orders, the veterans ferociously retaliated.

A normal bombardment gun, though damaging, was not significantly so against Terminator Powered Armor; in contrast, the larger caliber Heavy Bomber Guns or even the Revolver Grenade Cannons held by the Terminators had the capability to inflict lethal damage on ordinary Interstellar Warriors in tactical armor.

In terms of armor and firepower, the two sides were not equal. Even if the opponent pulled out a melt gun or plasma gun, the situation wouldn't change much. Admittedly, these types of weapons posed a bigger threat to Terminators, but they fired slow and had relatively limited firepower density. Any Phoenix daring to charge their weapons to attack them would likely die from the Terminators' firepower first.

Yet, the reality once again surprised him!

In front of him, at the other end of the corridor, a brilliant blue light membrane suddenly appeared, continuously blocking their firepower.

This light membrane resembled an energy shield, but he knew it absolutely was not.

If it were an energy shield, it could only be a mini shield at most, otherwise, it could not be positioned here; and if it were just a mini shield, then it wouldn't be able to block the combined firing of the Terminators and the many Ashen Dead behind them.

Could it be the "powerful Psychic" the War Faction Wizard had warned him about?

But wasn't that a bit too powerful?

During this process, another bolt of lightning struck, and another Terminator veteran fell.

By now, Anconi Ben was somewhat panicked.

He lifted his head and saw two figures under that brilliant blue light that greatly attracted his attention.

One of them was a person dressed in the bright Red Armored Phoenix Powered Armor, donning a black and white skull helmet.

Although the face was not shown, Anconi recognized him immediately—that was Priest Chief Rizzo of the Phoenix Battle Group.

He was someone who had provided him considerable help during his career as an Interstellar Warrior.

It was as if he could feel the cold gaze through the skull helmet.

This psychological pressure even made him turn his head away, daring not to meet their gaze.

The other striking figure was a man dressed in a general's uniform.

He did not look particularly tall, just a normal mortal stature.

However, the dazzling blue light in his eyes was terrifying.

The moment he made eye contact with those eyes, Anconi Ben felt his soul tremble.

This trembling of the soul was not only from a direct impression of power but something deeper.

Most directly, the power of Chaos God's Grace, which he used to feel at every moment from the Tyrant's Divine Realm, had greatly receded under the direct gaze of this man.

Was this the "powerful Psychic" the War Faction Wizard had spoken of?

At that moment, the voice of the War Faction Wizard resounded in his mind again:

"Charge, kill him up close, I can only hold on for a little while…"

His voice was filled with pressure and pain.

Anconi Ben could not remember when he had last heard his War Faction Wizard in such a condition.

Previously, that guy had been the Chief Think Tank of the Battle Group, possessing strong Psychic Power along with a sturdy physique of an Interstellar Warrior, more powerful than a so-called A-class Psychic among normal humans.

Not to mention, after they embraced the Tyrant, receiving the grace of Chaos Divine Power, and getting closer to Subspace, the former Chief Think Tank, now Chief War Faction Wizard, had become even more powerful in his psychic abilities.

It was only because the Tyrant did not favor Psychic powers, preferring the power of blood and fire, otherwise, if he had sided with one of the other great powers, the Chief Wizard's power could have become even more formidable.

But even so, since leaving the Phoenix, Anconi had never seen too many individuals who could match the War Faction Wizard in terms of Psychic Power.

But now, the War Faction Wizard was not talking about how long it would take him to defeat this mortal, but how he couldn't hold on much longer against this mortal?!

That was unimaginable to him.

However, now was not the time to be astonished.

He had never thought that a Psychic, a mortal, would become the biggest obstacle in what he had thought would be an easy battle. But then, the cruelty granted by the Evil God's grace surged in him at that moment.

And he had no intention of controlling it.

Now was exactly when he needed this powerful impulse!

“Charge!” he yelled, taking the lead!

All the Ashen Dead charged with him!

They even gave up continuing to shoot, Chain Saw Swords, Flesh-Tearing Battle Axes, Skull-Crushing Warhammers… a variety of fierce and barbaric melee weapons emerged in their hands!

They would end it with close combat!

Chapter 450, The Death of the Ashen Dead

The Chief Wizard of the Ashen Dead Squad was indeed quite formidable.

In fact, he was equivalent to the level of a normal Grade S Psychic, which was only slightly inferior to Gu Hang’s typical level.

But Gu Hang, at that moment, had undoubtedly torn open the rift between reality and Subspace, and the power of the Storm God Kingdom had already revealed itself.

In this form, Gu Hang, who almost reached Alpha-level strength, could easily defeat the War Faction Wizard.

He could strip away some of the wizard’s connection to Subspace, rendering the Chaos Blessing ineffective; then, the weakened wizard would become a toy in his hands.

However, Gu Hang didn’t do that.

Dealing with a War Faction Wizard was not Gu Hang’s priority.

Right now, he was at least doing three important things at the same time.

Apart from wrestling with this formidable War Faction Wizard, Gu Hang was also confronting those Mutinous Interstellar Warriors.

Especially those in Terminator Armor.

Gu Hang willingly allowed the Phoenix Battle Group to engage the Ashen Dead rebels in a decisive battle, even if it would result in some avoidable casualties, as this was the Phoenix Battle Group's own will.

Before setting out, after Gu Hang transmitted the operation orders to Matins, the Phoenix Battalion Leader burst with strong initiative. He had almost mobilized the entire battle group's maneuvering forces and invested them in the battle.

And to Gu Hang, the battle group's savior and loyalist, he strongly expressed a wish: It was better for the blades killing the Ashen Dead to come from the Phoenix.

Gu Hang understood his thoughts and agreed to this request.

But this did not mean Gu Hang would let the battle group and war faction duel alone; that would only increase casualties.

The Phoenix had just regained a strength of five hundred. Could they win against double the number of Ashen Dead? They should be able to, although the opponents were all veterans, and the Phoenix was almost entirely composed of new recruits. However, these new recruits of the Phoenix weren't what people typically imagined.

Before becoming Interstellar Warriors, every Phoenix Interstellar Warrior had undergone training through Gu Hang's Soldier Token system and advanced to the T1 level. Purely in terms of combat experience and skills, they had reached the level of a regular Interstellar Warrior.

This level was still no match for the veterans, but the gap was definitely not so vast that double the number couldn't overcome the opposition.

Nonetheless, the casualties would not be small.

Even if there were a significant number of elite soldiers from the 10th Brigade on board, wearing Feedback-Type Powered Armor, they posed a threat to Interstellar Warriors. However, their combat power was too different; involving them in the fight would also result in significant casualties.

Not to talk about sacrificing the Phoenix, even the loss of the 10th Brigade's elite would grieve Gu Hang.

If he were not present, it would be different, but as he was there, he would personally take action to significantly reduce the casualties of the Phoenix.

Eliminating the Terminator Squad from among the Ashen Dead was something Gu Hang needed to do.

This squad of Terminators from the Ashen Dead, all elite veterans, would truly cost the Phoenix many lives if confronted at close range.

Totally unnecessary.

Using a surge of Spiritual Energy to crush all the boarding Ashen Dead wasn't feasible for Gu Hang. An Interstellar Warrior's body was robust, and their soul had a certain uniqueness, deriving from their bloodline and the Subspace Essence, which almost no one would recognize, but Gu Hang could faintly discern.

Extinguishing an Interstellar Warrior with Spiritual Energy would be very taxing, let alone killing two hundred veterans all at once.

However, using Spiritual Energy to protect the Phoenix, conjuring something akin to an energy shield but actually much more convenient like a Spiritual Energy guardian, was relatively easier.

This greatly aided the Phoenix during exchanges of fire. Otherwise, in narrow passageways lacking cover, facing a group of Terminators more formidable than the usual tactical Powered Armors, the Phoenix would have been at a severe disadvantage.

And after the group of Terminators began their charge, Gu Hang used highly concentrated Thunder Spears to strike at the enemy.

He could still manage to annihilate a Terminator with one strike.

During the charge, Gu Hang was engaging in this kind of selective targeting.

In just a few hundred meters, at the charge speed of the Interstellar Warriors, which was almost a matter of a few breaths, Gu Hang launched a total of six Thunder Spears.

For the Ashen Dead's Terminators, there was no way to avoid them in the current environment. Even if one dodged, the one behind it couldn't.

The six Thunder Spears spelled death for six elite Terminator veterans.

But finally, the Ashen Dead reached close quarters.

During this process, in addition to the six Terminators killed by Gu Hang's strikes, more than a dozen Mutinous Interstellar Warriors from the Ashen Dead died under the barrage of various ranged weapons.

And now, with the distance between the two sides very close, close combat was inevitable.

"For the Emperor!" wielding a Gravity Scepter, Priest Rizzo shouted as he charged forward.

He picked his target, Anconi Ben, the leader of the Mutinous Dead.

A heavy collision occurred between the Gravity Scepter and the flesh-rending battle axe, and Rizzo was at a disadvantage.

The output of the Terminator Power Armor was far stronger than that of Regular Powered Armor.

Anconi was utterly thrilled.

Chapter 450, Death of the Ashen Dead_2

He seemed to be back in the old days.

In the past, he had more than once sparred with Priest Rizzo in the Warband's Arena.

At that time, he was never a match for Rizzo, who tirelessly corrected his moves over and over.

Of course, in their interactions, sparring was not the main focus; they spent more time together in the chapel of the Battle Group's flagship, studying scriptures and analyzing the profound teachings of The Emperor.

He was born into a family of State Church Priests on the Warband's Homeworld, and he was expected to follow the path of his forefathers, to become a respected denizen spreading the gospel of The Emperor and representing the Divine Emperor.

However, from a young age, he disliked such responsibilities and preferred heroic legends and stories instead.

Unsurprisingly, on the Phoenix's Mother Planet, no one could rival the renown of the Phoenix. The history of the Battle Group and the valiant names of every warrior flowed through the planet. Every person on the Phoenix's Mother Planet grew up listening to such legends. It was only natural for a young man to yearn for more.

And so, when the Phoenix conducted another recruitment for new warriors, he naturally signed up.

His parents supported his decision.

Shouldn't they? It was only natural for the child of a Divine Emperor's Priest to enroll when the Divine Emperor's Angels were recruiting. If he were rejected, the experience would still aid Anconi Ben in his priestly career later, proving his unwavering loyalty to the Divine Emperor.

But what if he were chosen?

Don't joke, the odds were too slim.

Out of hundreds of thousands carefully selected young people, the Battle Group only recruited fifty—the odds were extremely low.

It was merely a formality.

But this was his parents' viewpoint. The young Anconi dearly wanted to succeed.

To become an Angel of The Emperor, fulfilling his family's longstanding faith in the Divine Emperor, would allow him to escape the dull and tedious religious scriptures and become the hero he had always admired, allowing him to chase the glorious honors he longed for.

And indeed, during the training and selection process, he began to display remarkable talent. Although not among the best, he held at least some hope for success.

However, he ultimately failed to be selected.

In the last and most critical competition, he ranked only in the seventies. This was certainly a high achievement among all the candidates, but compared to the few slots available in the Phoenix, there was a significant gap.

This slight gap was as vast as the difference between heaven and earth.

His fate then seemed to be shattered dreams, returning home, where his outstanding performance in the Phoenix's selection would lead various powers within the planet to vie for him. After all, even those eliminated from the Phoenix, holding such a ranking, proved to be one of the finest young people on the entire planet.

Yet, no one understood the pain in his heart.

However, in the end, a man wearing a skull helmet saved him.

Priest Rizzo personally selected Anconi as an additional candidate to join the Phoenix.

It was nearly the happiest day of his life.

But after joining the Phoenix, he realized that many things were different from what he had imagined.

Life as an Interstellar Warrior was not always glorious; mundane training was the norm.

Especially for new recruits.

If it were just that, he could have endured it.

But Priest Rizzo, the Priest Leader of the Phoenix Battle Group, did not choose him for his exceptional combat talent. No matter how outstanding he was, it was only relative. If he truly had exceptional talent worth making exceptions for, he wouldn't have ranked only in the seventies previously.

Rizzo needed to expand the number of priests in the Battle Group, and Anconi was his chosen candidate.

Before becoming a Phoenix, he had to bury himself in scriptures, and after becoming a Phoenix, he still had to bury himself in scriptures. Wasn't his becoming a Phoenix in vain then?

Amidst his resentment, the only reward he received was occasionally being able to spar with Priest Rizzo in the arena due to his good performance. At those times, Rizzo would finally shed the stern face of a teacher and join him as a fellow warrior, sweating together.

He thought he could never go back.

Of course, he truly couldn't go back.

Knowing that the Phoenix had been resurrected by the Alliance, that his mentor Rizzo was still alive, and that Zhong Jihua had ordered the team to deal with this newly reborn Phoenix, he had envisioned this scene.

Since he couldn't go back, he would bury it himself.

"Teacher Rizzo, your moves have slowed down!"

Rizzo didn't say a word, just put in a strenuous effort with the Gravity Scepter, taking on every powerful and heavy strike from Anconi.

Each of Anconi's strikes was accompanied by a taunt, and his emotions soared higher and higher, his vision within the helmet already a bloody red. His movements were sharp and precise, each swing of the battle axe carrying a deadly threat.

But Rizzo's gaze remained calm, his movements though slow, were still steady. The Gravity Scepter danced in his hands as if it had its rhythm.

"Teacher, your moves are still so clichéd."

"Haven't you made any progress over the years?"

"Didn't you learn anything from the bogus words of the False Emperor?"

Chapter 450, Death of the Ashen Dead_3 “That’s really pitiful, why not come and worship the Blood God! He will grant you true power!”

Anconi mocked, his axe creating gusts of wind, nearly tearing the air apart.

He was almost toying with his opponent.

The power of the Blood God boiled within him, if he had wanted, he could have chopped off Rizzo’s head with one swipe of his axe.

He didn’t do that, he just kept activating the Gravity Scepter again and again, leaving wound after wound on Rizzo’s body, satisfying his own heart.

The next axe strike, he thought, would sever the teacher’s hand.

Suddenly, lightning flickered around Rizzo’s body!

It gathered on the Gravity Scepter, making this already heavy weapon even more terrifying.

Anconi sensed something was wrong, his mocking stopped abruptly, he tried to quicken his offense, but it was too late. Rizzo’s counterattack finally arrived, he swung the scepter wrapped in lightning as if a god had descended, with an unstoppable force.

“This is…” A flicker of terror crossed Anconi’s eyes, he tried to block with his battle axe, but the thunderous power seemed to tear through all defenses.

The thunder burst forth, striking directly at Anconi’s helmet. It was a killing blow, a perfect combination of lightning and gravity, instantly shattering Anconi’s helmet, followed by the crushing of his skull.

Anconi’s body trembled a few times in the thunder, then, like a puppet with severed strings, slowly fell down, lifeless.

The old Priest had been suppressed throughout the fight, but with just one counterattack, killed Anconi.

It was like a miracle.

A regular Powered Armor under an Interstellar Warrior, with a gap that could not be bridged even by a Terminator.

But Rizzo's strike carried a force that the Captain of the Terminators couldn't react to, nor stop. The explosive thunder was lethal.

Rizzo gasped for breath, but he could feel the power rising within him, not dissipating but growing even stronger, to the point where the wounds Anconi had inflicted no longer hurt.

He turned back to look at Gu Hang, only to see the Governor still standing in the same spot, the blue light in his eyes brighter than ever.

Rizzo nodded slightly, aiming the Gravity Scepter at another enemy.

It wasn't just him moved with the power of thunder, every Phoenix seemed to have been enhanced in the fight, demonstrating this miraculous power.

That was certainly Gu Hang's doing.

Once close combat ensued, making it no longer feasible to use Thunder Magic to annihilate the enemy, he switched tactics.

On one hand, he tried to cut off the Evil God's power, and on the other, he imbued the Phoenixes with the power of thunder.

After Anconi's death, the situation on the battlefield became clear.

Although the Phoenixes still had to pay a certain price, the eradication of all the ash dwellers present was no longer in doubt.

With a bit of effort freed up, Gu Hang also finally intensified his effort, no longer tangling with that War Faction Wizard. His formidable Spiritual Energy instantly boosted his output. The War Faction Wizard, standing at the rear, had his helmet and visor instantly burst, blood spewing from them. His massive body then thunderously fell down.

After dealing with another opponent, Gu Hang finally had the time to focus all his energy on the third task he had been undertaking: tearing open the veil between Subspace and the Real Universe, sending more Heroic Spirit Warriors into the ‘Wraith Spike’!