Governor 461

Chapter 461, it's time to urge a bit. Two years passed in a flash.

Everyone assumed that after the Fury Flame Battle Group had launched its near-total offensive, the war situation in the Dragonhawk Star Domain would undergo a comprehensive turnaround.

Even if the threat of the Iron-Tooth Clan could not be rapidly quelled, at the very least, the human military forces should have been able to launch a full-scale counterattack under the leadership of the Interstellar Warriors.

But reality was not as expected.

Certainly, the situation changed, from being overwhelmingly pushed back by the Green Skins, and at least managing to hold the line now.

However, the strength of the Iron-Tooth Clan still exceeded many people's imaginations. When the Fury Flame Battle Group first arrived, they launched a few stunning offensive strikes that set the Green Skins back, but without killing Titus, the victories couldn't be considered truly successful.

Hundreds of worlds in the entire Star Domain thus fell into a protracted war that lasted two years. The battlefront stretched long, with Interstellar Warriors, the reinvigorated Mingyang Sect, and the Star Domain Government constantly drafting new troops to fill their ranks… Everyone was fully committed to this war, yet the stalemate persisted unchanged.

Their greatest victory was nothing more than driving the Green Skins out of the Steel Fire Dragon Star Sector and winning the battle for Jindi Star.

However, to say it was a victory seemed less accurate than acknowledging that the Green Skins' Chieftain had realized that, under the current circumstances, maintaining a heavy offensive was cost-ineffective, so he had proactively withdrawn.

Human forces, pursuing their retreating enemy, reclaimed several worlds along the way, their morale high, only to suffer a significant defeat at Eagle Cry Star in the Snow Eagle Star Sector. Even the Fury Flame Battle Group lost an entire squadron.

Eagle Cry Star thus became a focal battlefield again, but this time, it was the humans who took the offensive. The Green Skin Orcs on Eagle Cry Star were already equipped with numerous Anti-Orbit Cannons and did not fear being besieged by the fleet; the Green Skins' war moons had also withdrawn early to Eagle Cry Star.

Whether in space combat or deploying ground troops, the struggle for Eagle Cry Star became fraught with difficulty.

On other fronts, from the Dragon Biter Sector to Thunder Dragon, then to Snow Eagle, and onto Curse Bone Star District, spanning four Star Sectors, the Beastmen stopped retreating, began to hold their ground, and attempted counterattacks.

Even with Interstellar Warriors as their core, the human military forces could not advance the frontline.

Kazimir Ersu, the Battle Group Leader of the Fury Flame Battle Group, was not in the best mood for a long time.

In his lengthy career, he and his Battle Group had faced enemies like the Green Skins before. But even he had to admit that the Iron-Tooth Clan was the most powerful Orc Clan he had ever encountered in his life.

He never admitted to being careless; when he decided to accept the call for help from the Dragonhawk Star Domain and came here to fight, he was fully prepared, bringing with him an entire Battle Group.

Although this was not the full force of the Fury Flame Battle Group, under normal circumstances, they would never deploy more than a thousand warriors at a single battlefield – that would be unreasonable.

This was not the Princess Star Domain, where they and the Iron Armor Battle Group could cover the sky with one hand in their old lair. They had to act with some discretion.

But as it turned out, the forces he committed were still insufficient.

After two years of war, the Fury Flame Battle Group had already lost more than three hundred combat brothers here.

For a typical Battle Group, losing 30% of its forces in just one war would be considered a heavy blow. Even if they were victorious immediately, replenishing the losses of more than 30% of their personnel would take a long Battle Group a long time.

Moreover, given the Empire's current leaky state, with Interstellar Warrior Battle Groups serving as critical mobile forces, acting as the Empire's most important stopgap craftsmen, how could ordinary Battle Groups have the luxury of taking their time to rest, replenish and equip, and then meet their next challenge at full strength?

Normally, before they even finish one battle, new requests for aid and new orders from the Imperial side fall on them like snowflakes. Sometimes they need to dispatch at least half a company, or even multiple companies, with a variety of ships to several different battlefields; other times, the entire Battle Group gets no respite, having to divide into several companies to face multiple fronts, or simply to launch a full-scale assault.

The Furyflame Battle Group isn't in such a dire situation. If Erso wants, he could immediately transfer over three hundred men and replenish the Battle Group's losses.

Mixing with the Iron Armor Battle Group, they, Furyflame, are also an overbirth Battle Group. Although they are not as large in scale as Iron Armor, their numbers have long exceeded the Empire's stipulated one thousand. The only limit on their deployment of too much force at one time is the Empire's regulations.

Now the problem is awkwardly looming.

Erso wants to end the war as soon as possible; he does not want the main force of the Battle Group to be dragged here for too long.

It's been two years!

They carry the burden of expanding the influence of the triumvirate of Iron Armor, Furyflame, and Bedrock Shield in the Eastern Cosmos Domain. Their core strategy is to gain immense prestige through battle after battle and then, through the special political status as Interstellar Warriors, rally supporters in the region.

However, they have been mired in the Dragonhawk Star Domain for too long.

Although the prestige left behind after winning a difficult war is certainly greater, and it also facilitates the subsequent annexation of the entire Star Domain, they cannot truly empty their strength or spend too much time; otherwise, it would be a loss.

Erso is urgently wishing to end this war.

On one hand, using his own prestige, he has been able to directly call upon more fleets and Defense Armies from other Star Domains, even from the headquarters of the three Battle Groups under the Princess Star Domain of the Spiderweb Domain to the north of the Eastern Cosmos Domain, and he will be transferring two hundred 'rookies' to supplement the losses within the Battle Group.

But on the other hand, he himself is not sure whether such an escalation is enough to annihilate the Iron-Tooth Clan.

Thus, opening a second front, creating a significant breakthrough elsewhere to alter the current stalemate, which has been like a meat grinder on the frontlines for two years, has become a seriously considered option.

And within the Dragonhawk Star Domain, a suitable battlefield naturally exists—the Seven Horse Territory in the Eastern Star Domain.

If the ongoing Temir campaign can achieve a breakthrough, human forces could attack from the eastern front straight into the Green Skins' lair, obliging Titus to rush back in defense.

It would at least greatly undermine the war potential of the Iron-Tooth Clan.

In the past, Erso also believed that the so-called Alliance, along with the remnants of the Phoenix mixed within, was simply too weak to make an impact.

But in these two years, as he understood more about the Alliance's history of rise to power, as well as the recent mentions that the numbers of the Phoenix had even recovered to over five hundred, he realized he had been wrong.

They definitely have the strength to breach the Green Skins' eastern defenses.

They were just not serious enough.

It looks like it's time to urge them on.

Chapter 462, Only the Loser is the War Criminal, The Weak Resort to Treason Kazimir Erso's so-called "encouragement" was not just a matter of thought.

He had truly put it into action.

A detachment of the fleet carrying a company of interstellar warriors was on its way to the Seven Horse Territory.

Going directly was certainly impossible; the route was blockaded by Green Skins. To get to the Seven Horse Territory, one would have to take quite a detour.

In this sense, it couldn't really be said the two sides were completely cut off from each other, since the southern and eastern regions belonging to two other star domains were still Imperial territory.

But how are star domains delineated?

In the True Universe, the physical distance between different star systems is incredibly vast, and for human ships that can at most perform sub-light-speed travel, such distances are not traversable. Only by relying on Star Realm Tunnels to warp can one cross the astronomical distances of the physical universe.

This also means that on a star map, no matter how physically far apart two neighboring star systems may be, as long as there is a connecting Star Realm Tunnel, these two worlds are considered adjacent on the star map and are drawn together.

The logic of connection between star sectors is similar. As long as the star systems within one sector are linked to another system, they will certainly be drawn together on the map. However, it should be noted that the reverse is not necessarily true. Sometimes, two adjacent worlds are drawn together for the sake of completeness and convenience of the star map, even though they may not be directly connected.

Regardless, as long as star sectors are adjacent on the map, they generally won't be too far apart. Without a direct connection, by hopping through other star sectors, one can always make the jump. Otherwise, they wouldn't be drawn so close together.

Within the domain of a star domain, the traffic of Star Realm Tunnels is quite extensive. As long as you are within one star domain, there are always various routes and detours to find a way to another star sector.

However, the situation is different between star domains.

Humanity actively delineates as a star domain those areas with a large number of connected Star Realm Tunnels. Often, such a region may have only one or two connections with another star domain.

On the star map, to the south of the Dragonhawk Star Domain lies the Eagle Silk Starfield. It appears that the two star domains share a large border, but in reality, there are only two Star Realm Tunnels between them—one in the Heigu Ridge Star Sector and the other in the Fire Eagle Sector.

The Heigu Ridge Star Sector is a conflict zone where humans and the Green Skin Orcs are still waging war, although it's not the main battlefield and the fighting isn't as fierce. The government of the southern Eagle Silk Starfield, seeing their northern neighbors in such a state, is somewhat panicked. They too have their own problems to resolve in their star domain, but they still managed to spare some forces to help defend Heigu Ridge, mainly out of fear that the Iron-Tooth Clan might head south through Heigu Ridge and bring the flames of war to their doorstep.

Since Heigu Ridge was no longer an option, the only choice was the Fire Eagle Sector.

From the Fire Eagle Sector at the southern edge of the Yunluo Sector, one turns into the southern area of the Eagle Silk Starfield. Then, nearly traversing the entire Eagle Silk Starfield from west to east, one heads north into the East Adjoining Starfield. The Border Horse Sector has a Star Realm Tunnel connected to the East Adjoining Starfield, through which one can enter the Seven Horse Territory.

That was the only road, an extremely circuitous one; even for a fast ship, the journey would take three to four months.

It was ridiculous, but there was no other way.

The team dispatched by Erso took this route.

Of course, Erso didn't believe that merely relying on the less than a hundred Fury Flame interstellar warriors could make the Alliance "invest into the war more seriously."

The Alliance didn't seem like the obedient type, let alone the Phoenix, with whom they even had a grudge.

They wouldn't be so compliant.

That meant resorting to a stronger approach was necessary.

Of course, not by force.

The Fury Flame Battle Group's Company Commander, Kedoba Javier, leading the team to the Tianma Star Sector and meeting with Gu Hang, carried with him a military order.

It was this explicit command, which had the force of Imperial law, that was key.

They had set off long ago, and by now, they should have arrived.

…

“Kazimir Erso, Battle Group Leader, supreme head of the Dragonhawk Battle Zone, by the authority of the zone’s commander, is demanding that my troops make a full assault on the Golden Pass Star Sector?”

“The order demands that I end the Temir Campaign and achieve victory within two months; within four months, extend the fighting to the Silver Pass Sector, effectively striking the heartland of the Iron-toothed Green-Skinned Aliens?”

“The order insists that we cannot delay, non-negotiable for each target, otherwise I, Gu Hang, as well as the political entity of the Alliance, shall bear indelible responsibility for the failure of the entire battle situation. The maximum penalty for me could be death and the dissolution of the political entity of the Alliance?”

“When necessary, the Fury Flame Battle Group Commander, Javier Kordoba, dispatched to the Tianma Star Sector, can take command of all military forces in the Seven Horse Territory. Whenever he needs it, from the Phoenix Battle Group to the Alliance Troops, from the Imperial Navy, Star Realm Army, to a total of 88 worlds’ Planetary Defense Forces in the Seven Horse Territory, all should unconditionally accept all his orders?”

Gu Hang looked at the copy of the order given to him by the Fury Flame Battle Group’s Company Commander Kordoba and didn’t even feel angry; he just wanted to laugh.

About half a month ago, news came from Border Horse III that Javier Kordoba and the company of the Fury Flame Battle Group he led, had entered the Border Horse Sector and were making their way towards the heartland of the Alliance.

Chapter 462, Only the Loser is the War Criminal, The Weak Resort to Treason_2 He came with orders from the highest command of the Dragonhawk Battle Zone, and being a renowned Interstellar Warrior himself, no one dared to stop him along the way.

The Alliance didn’t issue orders to intercept him either.

So, he made his way to Flying Wing Star without any obstacles.

They refused to disembark from the ship; instead, Kedoba demanded that Governor Gu Hang board the ship to meet with him.

Such arrogance from the Interstellar Warrior was utterly senseless.

Governor Gu Hang paid him no mind, treating him as if he were just a bunch of air.

He continued with his usual duties. He was very busy now. The Alliance had spent a total of three years in this war, and in the last two years, it had finally found its own rhythm.

According to Governor Gu Hang's own summary, it was about seeking development in the prolonged warfare; stabilizing the front line on the basis of defending the peace of Seven Horse Territory, accelerating the integration of the seven horses, and enhancing the comprehensive strength of the Alliance.

Overall, it meant that all Imperial Taxes due from Seven Horse Territory should fully cover all war expenditures; all government fiscal income from the Territory should be prioritally invested in the development of the Territory itself, especially in the development of military potential.

Moreover, the Alliance's control over Seven Horse Territory, through the dispersal of the "Economic Community Act," had expanded from the initial batch of nine worlds to thirty-two worlds now. Those first nine had all sprinted to Vassal grade LV5, and half of the second batch of twenty-three had also reached LV5.

This meant that the Alliance's control over them was now quite strong, even to the point that these worlds that reached LV5 vassal grade could almost be considered another kind of core territory for the Alliance.

Moreover, in these two years, the total GDP of these worlds had increased by at least 30%, with some even doubling.

The one that doubled wasn't some small-scale planet. General No. 6 Star in the Iron Horse Sector was a discarded Fortress World with a population of two billion. It originally had significant military importance, but now it had no military value, similar to the situation with Steel Wing Star before.

After signing the Economic Community Act, General No. 6 Star had vigorously commenced civilian and industrial transformations. The original production potential was greatly excavated, especially the refined gold material that could be recycled from dismantling the abandoned fortresses; the planet itself also had a certain industrial base, many of the mothballed military factories had previously been abandoned, and the local planet did not have the capacity to develop, but under the Alliance's hands, none of these were a problem.

According to the most recent report, the GDP of this planet had doubled, the per capita output had increased from less than 0.7 to 1.5.

Development wasn't only occurring in the worlds that had signed the Economic Community Act. Other worlds within Seven Horse Territory, even those where the Alliance hadn't yet managed to develop and sign this treaty, were also obtaining economic growth driven by the intense demands of the war, within the economic trade led by the Alliance.

Not to mention the Alliance's homeland, which under the auspices of 'draining economies,' tax exemptions, and many powerful technologies, was developing even further. Even with the drag of the war, the estimated GDP growth rate was still above 6% per year.

With these factors combined, the Alliance, in the last year, had accumulated about 450 billion in Imperial Tax and fiscal income, a full 70 billion more than two years ago!

Moreover, those 'vassal' worlds under the Seven Horse framework had enjoyed the development bonus, and of course, the Alliance wouldn't leave all the financial income to the local planets. The Alliance had skimmed about half of it, roughly 50 billion, as a special war levy.

This year, the Alliance could access a wealth of five hundred billion Tax Currency.

Although the Alliance Land Forces had been continuously depleted in the Battle of Temir, they paradoxically grew even larger. By now, they had already reached the target of two years ago, namely the 400 million mark, and would soon reach 500 million.

Under the Seven Horse framework, within the unified command of the Alliance, the number of Pact Army forces that could be mobilized by the Alliance had reached a staggering 1.9 billion.

In the naval sector, they had expanded two Moon-class Cruiser docks, and with the original two Musician-class docks, the Alliance could complete four cruisers soon, and in addition, they had built a total of over forty other destroyers and escort ships in these two years. The value of these ships alone reached over six hundred billion, almost half of the Alliance's income over two years had been invested in warships.

Plus with the seven cruisers originally on the front line, the United Fleet would soon have eleven main warships.

In summary, the Alliance had its own rhythm in this war.

There's no way Governor Gu Hang would deal with him!

Javier Kedoba, staying in orbit above Flying Wing Star, didn't even enter the starport and after being hung out to dry for two days, he started to become restless himself.

He repeatedly urged for Governor Gu Hang to come to meet him, but all his messages were like stones dropped into the sea.

Yet, he still dared not land.

Inside the company, there were discussions about whether they should take any drastic measures.

However, Kedoba immediately vetoed that idea himself.

"Take a sledgehammer!"

"They only have one escort ship, just one hundred interstellar warriors. What can they possibly do?"

“Indeed, there aren’t too many warships near Flying Wing Star, most of them are on the front line. However, the combination of armed space stations and ground-based anti-orbit cannons makes it impossible for the Fury Flame warriors to even land!”

“Unless their actions are sufficiently surprising and Flying Wing Star is completely unguarded.”

“But using my ass to think, Governor Gu seems anything but unguarded right now.”

“Moreover, even if they land, what then?”

“There might be five hundred Phoenixes guarding the ground!”

“Going down there is a suicide mission?”

“Despite persistent urging, Kedoba had no choice but to lower his stance.”

“Though he still dared not land, he stopped demanding Governor Gu Hang to meet him and directly sent Kazimir Erso’s order down to the ground.”

“After receiving the order, General Yan Fangxu took it to Gu Hang to see.”

“That was what Gu Hang saw earlier, the thing that made him want to laugh.”

“Order me? Is he qualified?”

“Yan Fangxu, however, hesitated a bit. After thinking for a while, he said, ‘Governor…’”

“Today’s Gu Hang is not only the governor of four planets but also the Star Zone Leader of Tianma Star Sector and the leader of Seven Horse Territory, as well as the Supreme Commander on the Eastern Front

Battlefields of Dragonhawk Battle Zone. However, what was most important was his role as the Alliance Leader; his subordinates were still more accustomed to addressing him as Governor."

"Though, the meaning of him being a 'governor' had long transcended the ordinary scope of any governor."

"On this matter, we really shouldn't take it too lightly. The orders brought by these Fury Flame warriors are effective. Kazimir Erso, this Battle Group Leader of the Fury Flame Battle Group, is actually appointed by the Empire as a Supreme Commander. Theoretically… he indeed has the power to maneuver our forces, and if we disobey, he really can declare us traitors."

"Huh," Gu Hang chuckled coldly.

"Yan Fangxu continued, 'On Kedoba's ship, there should also be Tribunal personnel as witnesses. If we outright disobey the orders, nothing might happen right now, but once they return, it could bring serious trouble for us.'"

"So we should, without preparing enough, just follow the command on this order and immediately initiate the final battle of Temir, and must enter the stronghold of the Green Skins within four months?"

"No, of course not!" Yan Fangxu quickly said, "If their front-line forces can't accomplish it, why should we? I'm just… just pointing out the risk. I think, Governor, that you must have a suitable plan to handle it."

"Actually, I don't," Gu Hang said with a smile, "Nor do I plan to."

"Declare me, declare the Alliance a traitor?" At this point, Gu Hang regained his serious demeanor and earnestly said to Yan Fangxu, "You must understand, only those who lose wars are war criminals; only the weak get declared traitors. If we really rush into battle unprepared, fail to win, and needlessly waste our own strength, that would be a great crime."

"If back in the days on Rage Owl Star, anyone could have declared us traitors; now, maybe some still might declare us traitors, but a Battle Group Company Commander? Or Erso?"

“They don’t have the qualification.”

Chapter 463, Didn’t Use Full Strength? Slander! “I don’t have that qualification…”

After hearing Gu Hang’s words, Yan Fangxu repeated them silently in his mind and felt somewhat exhilarated!

Recalling the time when he was left by Yelisia, from a ‘promising’ member of the Imperial Naval Marine Corps to becoming a military advisor for Gu Hang, who at that time only had a group of mechanic servants as his capital, he never imagined that just seventeen years later, he would have already attained the rank of a general.

This year, he had just celebrated his forty-fifth birthday.

In many military families with traditions, the most outstanding young members might become generals in their forties, but a general? That was already the maximum for many top military aristocrats!

Previously, people might talk about the generals of the Planetary Defense Force alliance, but could they compare with the generals of the Star Realm Army?

Now, nobody talked about that anymore.

It’s hard to say out there, but at least within the territory of the alliance, in the eighty-eight worlds of the Seven Horse Territory, the words of a Star Realm Army General certainly carry less weight than those of an alliance general.

He had long stopped doubting whether his initial decision was correct. It’s just that some concepts that had been in his mind since his growth period were deeply ingrained.

But today, Mr. Gu’s words had a clarifying effect.

The alliance nowadays is no longer what it was years ago.

“I understand,” said Yan Fangxu, “Please instruct me, Governor, what should we do next?”

“Do what needs to be done, follow our own pace. As for that small ship in orbit, let Matins take people to board and take control of it. I suspect their identities; the alliance only recently suffered from the chaos of the Mutinous Star Warriors two years ago, I have reason to believe that these people’s identities are fake.”

“Yes!”

…

In the orbit of Flying Wing Star, Javier Codoba had been very silent for the past couple of days.

He wasn’t blind; he could see what the alliance had become.

Before coming here, he had heard from Battle Group Leader Erso that the alliance hadn’t given their all in this war.

But at that time, both he and the battle group leader knew well in their hearts: it was a spur, an excuse. Perhaps the alliance hadn’t really given their all, their tactics were more conservative, but after all, they were facing the Iron-Tooth Clan.

In the two years of this war, the Fury Flame Battle Group had personally experienced the strength of the Green Skin Tribe. For the alliance to be able to maintain a balance, even slightly advancing on the Eastern Front Battlefields, was already very difficult.

Even if the alliance hadn’t given their all, it was almost there.

They didn’t really expect a Star Region level force, along with a group like Phoenix, which had nearly been wiped out a decade ago, to truly achieve the war goals set by Erso.

Phoenix had recovered to a size of five hundred people, which seemed like a not insignificant number, but that was probably all the genetic bloodline reserves they had left from the past, right? And all fresh recruits, what kind of combat capability could they have? The fleet's ships and the auxiliary troops weren't well established yet; they were all from the alliance.

Such a battle group with just five hundred people was like an Interstellar Warrior without armor.

You say he's an Interstellar Warrior, he indeed is; but when it really comes to fighting, without anything substantive, he can easily be killed, unable to exert his proper combat power.

What they wanted was just to force the alliance to attack with full force, holding more Green Skin forces on the Eastern Front to create opportunities for the main battlefield.

Now, to be honest, the alliance had already done well, given how fiercely both sides had been fighting in the main battlefield. The reinforcements mobilized from the home base of the Green Skins had always been lower than the strategic estimates on the human side. The lacking part, of course, went into the Eastern Front.

But Erso felt it still wasn't enough.

As for how much it cost the alliance for their orders, they didn't care, the most they would do was a perfunctory commendation afterward.

However, when Javier Codoba really arrived in alliance territory, he discovered that something seemed off.

The alliance not having given their all? They damn hadn't used any effort at all!

Though he hadn't descended to Flying Wing Star to see the capital city of Tianma Star Sector, the heartland of the alliance, on his way from the Border Horse Sector into the Seven Horse Territory, he and his warriors had still taken the time to land on the ground.

One look was enough to amaze them.

Not to mention prosperity, but that vitality.

Construction was everywhere, newly expanded factories, infrastructures invested in for economic growth…

If the former could still be understood, the front line was at war, and expanding capabilities was certainly necessary; even if not military factories, but some basic or civilian factories, that also makes sense as the interstellar society naturally has different divisions of labor based on different planetary environments. Some planets focus fully on industrial production, others provide civilian goods and necessities, supporting the workers of the military worlds…

If so, it could barely be explained.

But investing in infrastructure?

What are you doing building these large-investment, long-term vision projects at this time?

Chapter 463, Not Using Full Strength? Slander!_2 Kedoba could only use the excuse of building better roads, better water supply systems, and better power supply systems in preparation for exploding production capacity. He chose to ignore that these were not temporary measures but rather well-constructed, as if they were meant to last for decades or even a hundred years, and that it would be better to deal with war by considering short-term costs.

Until he observed the standard of living of the civilians in this world, he was completely taken aback.

According to his observations, these people were leading a rather good life, one that could be considered moderately prosperous.

Yet what he saw was merely an ordinary worker, but their standard of living was already better than many he had seen in worlds at peace. In fact, some worlds that proclaimed themselves powerful—particularly some Nest Capital worlds—had lower-class citizens living lives worse than those of pigs and dogs.

The scene he saw on Xinbaocheng Star in the Border Horse Sector was this: a worker's family lived well and ate well, and the whole family would go shopping for two new pieces of clothing on rest days—that was when they were stopped by Kedoba and asked about their situation.

If they were truly fully mobilized for war, could an ordinary worker on a peripheral planet of an Alliance power lead such a life?

If the peripheral worlds were like this, Kedoba didn't even dare to imagine what it was like in the core territories of the Alliance!

When he truly entered the core territories of the Alliance, his thinking was further reinforced.

Though in the Tianma Star Sector he cautiously refrained from landing on the surface of any planet, he could still see a great many civilian ships traveling through Star Realm Tunnels and the void within star systems.

The bustling extent of the traffic made Kedoba unable to believe that this was a state of war.

You all have so many ships; shouldn't they all be pulled to the front lines to fight? Even if they are civilian ships, stuffing them with a few guns would help!

Even the girthy ships with no combat ability should be conscripted by the government for transporting supplies to the front lines!

Why can trade and commerce flourish inside the Star Sector?

Does this look like a war?

Aren't you being a bit too nonchalant about the war?

It's nonsense to say you're not giving it your all! Slander! This Alliance hasn't even tried!

This was Kedoba's two-tiered reversal of cognition of the 'Alliance' as a political entity.

But this also made him realize another problem: an Alliance that has not exerted much effort has fought the Iron-Tooth Clan to a standstill, even displaying a slight advantage. How strong would their war potential be once they get serious and fully deploy all of their war capabilities?

From this perspective, the orders given by the Battle Group Leader were spot on.

Winning the Temir battle in two months, breaking into the Iron-Tooth Clan's Nest Capital in four… if the Alliance got serious, it might not be impossible!

At this point, Kedoba had no choice but to take things seriously.

He had to reassess the strength of this so-called Alliance.

No, not just him, the entire Battle Group needed a reassessment.

But as for the current task, it had become more difficult.

The reason is simple: if the strength of the Alliance is as they imagined, then everything is easy to handle.

Would you dare not to obey?

If you disobey, Kedoba might not be able to handle them, but upon returning, they could be convicted as traitors for not following orders and even mobilize some forces to suppress the rebellion during the war.

Moreover, there is no need to worry that the Alliance will pull out abruptly, causing a collapse at the Eastern Front battlefields. It is not a war among kin; there is no such concept as giving up or defecting to the enemy when facing the Green Skins. The Greens won't accept surrender either.

But now, the war potential displayed by the Alliance no longer allows for such action.

You label him a traitor and then come to suppress the rebellion, only to be beaten up by him, who then turns to the Empire claiming your actions were baseless—how do you handle that situation?

But since strong-arm tactics are no longer viable, what about the orders given by the Battle Group Leader?

That Mr. Gu, clearly showing an inconsiderate attitude.

Kedoba was helpless.

But just dragging things out wasn't a solution, either.

He didn't even have a way to communicate directly with the Battle Group Leader now. The Star Speech device on his ship, along with a Warband Think Tank Member he brought over, neither had the ability to break through the obstacles in the Subspace Green Wave to contact Yunluo Star or Jindi Star directly or to detour from the East Adjoining Starfield via Eagle Silk Starfield and then back to the Dragonhawk Star Domain. Communicating across three star domains was indeed asking too much of someone.

After enduring it for two days and being unable to come up with any solutions, Kedoba decided to withdraw.

He planned to return the way he came, at least to the East Adjoining Starfield, heading to the capital world of East Adjoining—Sanfan Star, where he could use a powerful Star Language Tower to communicate with the Battle Group Leader.

However, just as he had made up his mind, suddenly a subordinate relayed a message: the Alliance Military had sent a message, saying that they had previously encountered an attack by Interstellar Warrior traitors in the Iron Horse Sector and now had reason to suspect whether their identity as 'allied' with the Furyflame Battle Group was genuine.

They requested to board the ship for inspection.

Kedoba laughed in anger.

He was also an old soldier who had fought in the Star Sea with three gold nails for more than three hundred years. During such an extensive stretch of time, he had never been treated in this manner.

Moreover, not only was the Alliance's request seemingly demeaning, but the implications behind it also required some thought.

Chapter 463, Not Using Full Strength? Slander!_3 "Check?"

"I suppose they want to detain us!"

There was no need to consider it, Kedoba was about to reject the request.

However, before he could voice his refusal, the situation had already changed.

The astronomers on the ship had detected that the Star Fortress of Flying Wing Star and the Anti-Orbit Cannons on the ground had locked onto them.

Generally speaking, such interstellar firepower could conceal its intentions when locking onto its target, and the ship Kedoba was on had a rather weak capability to detect such lock-ons.

Without any warning, the Alliance could fire upon them, shredding them into pieces in space without any prior knowledge.

But the Alliance did not do so; they blatantly displayed their intentions to lock on, clearly as a warning, "If you dare to make a move, that would only confirm suspicions of your being turncoats."

The Alliance would cling to that point afterward.

"What to do?"

Kedoba clenched his teeth, steeled his heart, and ordered the ship to ignore the firepower lock-on and to leave Flying Wing Star's orbit at full speed.

In plain terms, his thought was: I indeed didn't expect the Alliance's strength to be so formidable, but even so, would you really dare to bear arms against us, the Fury Flame Battle Group, merely based on such unfounded accusations?

That would change the nature of things!

Of course, he still made fundamental preparations.

Nearly a hundred of Fury Flame's warriors boarded the escape pods.

Just in case anything did happen, they'd at least have a way out.

However, what he least expected then occurred.

Indeed, the firepower in the Star Fortress on the ground did not truly fire. The political considerations of the Alliance weren't reckless enough to blast a ship carrying a hundred interstellar warriors, labeled as 'allies'—the repercussions would be too severe.

But the Alliance was not without other means.

In a blink of dazzling light, more than three hundred interstellar warriors, clad in Red Armor, transported onto Kedoba's ship.

These figures felt eerily familiar to Kedoba.

During the earlier battles in Princess Star Domain, Kedoba had personally fought against the Phoenix Battle Group—it was actual combat.

He had personally killed three Phoenix warriors.

And now, these Phoenix warriors had returned.

They were fully armed and appeared fiercely intimidating.

The three leading tactical teams were even fully equipped with Terminator Powered Armor.

Amidst the silence, a confrontation erupted.

Yet, basic restraint was still observed.

The Phoenix did not fire, and the Fury Flames also did not.

They didn't even resort to weapons like the Chain Saw Swords. The two groups of Interstellar warrior sporting somewhat similar paint schemes, one red and one orange, fought each other in hand-to-hand combat, clad in their battle armor.

By the time Kedoba had knocked down seven Phoenix warriors, including three Terminators, he looked around and saw that all his subordinates were lying on the ground.

Meanwhile, about thirty warriors, including more than ten Terminators, had surrounded him completely.

Kedoba's hand even touched the Powered Sword that he carried at his waist.

But in the end, he let go.

The situation was out of his control.

These damn Phoenix warriors weren't rookies!

Although it was just hand-to-hand fighting and no lives were lost, the performance alone forced Kedoba, a seasoned warrior, to acknowledge that all these Phoenix warriors possessed the genuine skill level of official Interstellar Warriors!

Chapter 464, was it humiliating before? No, the humiliation has just begun On the orbit, a brawl between Interstellar Warriors erupted on the warship occupied by the Fury Flame Warriors, with Phoenix emerging victorious.

Objectively, Kedoba and his nearly hundred warriors were certainly not weak.

Among them was a squad of Terminators, who, if not all veterans, were at least bona fide Interstellar Warriors. After all, Furyflame had always been following Iron Armor, living quite a comfortable life. New recruits, who had just undergone the Gene Seed implant surgery and although had fully developed their superhuman organs, still needed a long period of training before they could shed their rookie status and be formally armored.

This time often spanned five to ten years.

How long had it been since Phoenix rose from the ashes? It was normal for Kedoba to judge most of them as recruits.

When those from Phoenix transferred aboard his ship and the hand-to-hand combat started, he thought his side, despite being only a third in number, would win because of the veterans' prowess—how could recruits compare?

However, they were badly beaten.

But Kedoba was still unconvinced.

He never felt that the Fury Flame Battle Group was inferior to Phoenix.

It wasn’t possible!

Over a hundred and ten years ago, you, Phoenix, were the ones who lost to us—never mind the process, just consider the result—do you really think you can ride on our heads now?

You won, was it not just because you had more people?

I don’t accept this!

How about we personally duel!

See if I don’t beat you into a pulp!

Then, the ‘wish’ of Javier Kedoba was fulfilled.

After being thoroughly defeated, they were forcibly disarmed.

All weapons were taken, powered armor was stripped, and the warship was detained.

It was humiliating. An Interstellar Warrior not dying on the battlefield but instead being showcased naked.

But it wasn’t exactly a surrender without a fight; if you’re beaten in a brawl, what can you do? Besides, both parties belong to humanity, so restraint was necessary to prevent the situation from becoming totally irreparable… Anyway, he was certainly not afraid to die!

They were all ‘sent’ off the spaceship and put under control on the ground.

Officially, they said it was to verify their identities, but in reality, it was house arrest.

In terms of treatment, it wasn't quite like being treated as prisoners. Aside from restrictions on personal freedom and no possibility of regaining weapons, since these people had the physique of Interstellar Warriors needing more stringent surveillance, there were no other major issues.

However, starting the second day of their house arrest, Interstellar Warriors from Phoenix began visiting to 'reminisce.'

The vast majority of Phoenix were people from the Alliance. Among them, however, were four who had experienced the full Redemption Expedition.

That also meant that they certainly went through the Princess Star Domain civil war which led Phoenix on this irreversible path of redemption.

Matins was the Battle Group Leader, and Rizzo was the Head Priest, their ranks made it inappropriate for them to be involved; but the other two veterans had no such reservations.

Diego Calduzzo, the Company Commander of Phoenix First Company, was such a veteran.

If possible, he would have liked to kill every Furyflame.

But the bigger picture prevented him from doing so.

What to do?

Then come and 'spar.'

Not to bully you, everyone without armor, holding blunt training weapons, let's practice in the open dojo.

Inside the arena, Calduzzo consecutively defeated and thrashed twenty-two enemies.

It was normal for him to have such a record.

Not only did he boast a two-hundred-year combat career, with a hundred years emerging from hellish environments like the Redemption Expedition, his strength was not to be underestimated.

Even among the Fury Flame Warriors who came to fight him, many were veterans, some even century-old veterans, but none were his match.

If not for his physical strength slightly failing after fighting 22 matches, he would really have liked to single-handedly break through this either squad of the Fury Flame Battle Group.

However, when Kedoba finally could not stand it anymore and decided to enter the fray himself, Calduzzo made the rational decision to step back.

Of course, he wouldn't step down easily.

He proudly looked down his nose at Kedoba and taunted,

"I've already fought twenty-two matches today and am a bit tired, was actually about to withdraw. But if you want to fight, I can keep you company. After all, this is all the skill Furyflame has."

He was insinuating… no, it was practically an overt statement, that the Fury Flame Battle Group liked to take advantage of others.

This referred to past events.

The whole Fury Flame Battle Group was enraged by this.

Already smoldering from the beatdown by the numerically superior Phoenix on the ship, and now with one of Phoenix breaking through 22 of them in the arena, their frustration grew even more intense.

The eyes of the Fury Flame warriors practically shot flames, wishing they could gang up and beat them.

The ongoing fight was mentioned as a spar, but who didn't understand the real nature?

They came with revenge on their minds to beat up.

The temper of Furyflame was not to be tested.

But observing the several dozen Phoenix wearing powered armor, with bombardment guns and chain saw swords at the ready, whatever fury they felt inside, for now, they had to hold it in.

Making a real move could cause big trouble.

Initially thinking that just humiliating them once would be enough, unexpectedly, when Calduzzo put back on his armor, another Phoenix who had taken off their armor clenched their fists and stepped down the platform.

"Peleites Anatole, 14 years combat experience."

Chapter 464, Was It Humiliating Before? No, the Humiliation Has Just Begun_2 Kedoba, who had originally planned to personally enter the fray, stopped in his tracks.

As a three-hundred-year-old warrior, was it not too disgraceful to bully a newcomer of fourteen years?

It was excessively humiliating.

He didn't need to speak; someone from Furyflame stepped forward. This thirty-year veteran, although less experienced than the Phoenix competitor, Anat, took the stage simply because there were no younger challengers.

As a result, during the battle, this Furyflame warrior was defeated once again.

Anat, this fourteen-year veteran, had already pierced through three from Furyflame and finally met defeat at the hands of the fourth.

Then, the Phoenix sent out their next combatant…

The battles continued, one after another.

In the end, nearly a hundred people from the Furyflame Battle Group's company were broken through.

The Phoenix, on the other hand, had paid a price of just over thirty warriors.

This was hugely embarrassing. Especially after another old warrior from Kalduce fought seven or eight people before Kedoba personally stepped in and won.

But immediately after, Kedoba himself was defeated.

He lost to a veteran Phoenix fighter named Simon Brains.

From the moment Brains stepped in, Kedoba felt something was off. From his gaze, Kedoba could tell this was a true veteran of a hundred battles.

He took it very seriously; he too was a three-hundred-year-old warrior, a proper Company Commander. Among the Fury Flame Battle Group, his strength was among the top, with very few who could surely best him.

Yet today, of all days, he met his match.

And he lost.

It was even more disgraceful.

A bruised and battered Kedoba caught his breath and asked Brains, who had also paid a certain price, “What’s your rank?”

Brains pulled an ugly smile across his face, “Me? Just a soldier.”

He wasn’t lying. This former turncoat, burdened with sins upon his return to the Battle Group, was indeed nothing more than a soldier.

In fact, before that, he didn’t even count as an ordinary warrior, but belonged to a redemption company. It was just two years ago, during the fight against the true traitors, the Chaotic Starry Warriors Gang made up of ashen dead, that Brains and his few redemption company peers undertook several assaults. Of the old veterans that followed him, including himself, four were lost in that battle.

A fifty percent casualty rate was much higher than the overall battle’s rate.

Martins considered their sins redeemed because of this and reported to the Governor; with the Governor’s approval, the four surviving turncoats were readmitted into the conventional combat sequence of the Phoenix Battle Group.

Starting from zero, but after all as a two-hundred-year-old warrior who had undergone a redemption expedition, his level of skill, command ability and such remained intact. As long as there were no extra restrictions, it was normal for him to stand out.

Now he was about to be promoted to squad leader.

But as long as he hadn’t been promoted yet, calling himself ‘just a soldier’ was not incorrect.

Kedoba didn’t believe it, but what could he say?

Defeat was defeat.

Now, every member of this company of the Furyflame Battle Group, from top to bottom, had been challenged and defeated in one-on-one duels.

It was an unprecedented humiliation in their lives.

Wait for it, this disgrace, Furyflame will surely return it!

“Wait a minute!” Kalduce spoke up, “You think you’re leaving just like that?”

Kedoba held back his rage, “What else do you want to do?”

“We still have people who haven’t fought yet.”

“Don’t go too far!”

The sound of a bombardment gun being loaded resonated.

Kalduce sneered, “So, do you want to fight in the arena, or outside? Do you want us to fight in powered armor, or shall we take it off and fight then?”

Killing these Furyflames, Kalduce would not do it—unless they went mad themselves, giving an excuse and an opportunity.

But to beat someone, as long as one doesn’t beat the life out of them, there’s no problem.

Anyway, Interstellar Warriors have thick skin; ordinary punches and kicks aren’t likely going to kill anyone.

By now, Kedoba finally understood the meaning behind the Phoenix Battle Group’s actions.

Was that just now called humiliation?

No, no, no.

That was a proper ‘spar’, where everyone used their skill, one on one, the winners continued to stand, the losers rolled off the stage, and with just thirty people, they beat a hundred from the Furyflame.

How could that be called humiliation? It was a fair fight.

What came next, that was real humiliation.

We’ve only fought thirty people, how could that possibly be enough?

There were fifty Phoenixes on duty here, and behind them, countless more Phoenixes were lining up, waiting for their turn.

What if you can’t fight anymore?

Too bad, you still have to get up on stage and take a beating!

That was a ‘rotation battle’, and that was the true humiliation!

…

Gu Hang, of course, knew about the farce the Phoenix had stirred up, but he didn’t want to interfere.

What was there to manage?

He knew the Phoenix had a vendetta against Furyflame. They were on a mission for vengeance.

The old soldiers who had experienced the conflict a hundred years ago, the redemption expedition, didn't need any explanation, the hatred was their personal experience, etched into their bones.

And for those new recruits, while they were all Alliance People, only recently having become Phoenixes, and hadn't experienced that hatred, their growth process after joining the Phoenix inevitably brought them into contact with the history of the Battle Group. Thus, they naturally took on that same hatred, ingraining it into their hearts.

Though not as intense as the old soldiers, they possessed the recklessness of the young calf not fearing the tiger. They might even be more ruthless and careless than the old soldiers when it came to fighting.

Let them handle it.

Gu Hang had only declared once to Matins to keep his soldiers in check, to avoid any casualties, and that would be enough.

Gu Hang himself had more important things to do.

Cleaning a warship.

The Firebath Nova Battleship had already been in the docks of Flying Wing Star for two years, being cleaned.

The effects were very clear.

At first, those working on the ship who stayed aboard for more than an hour would experience hallucinations, a burning sensation throughout their body, and symptoms of distress; staying more than six hours greatly increased the risk of losing control and attacking their companions indiscriminately.

Therefore, the Alliance's ship maintenance workers, engineers, and clergy who built chapels and sprinkled holy water aboard the ships were all under strict regulations that they could not work more than three hours at a time. There were multiple shifts a day, and workers rotated for rest.

At the same time, priests and psychiatrists were on standby in the Starport, ready to soothe their agitated emotions and ensure that they didn't succumb to serious corruption.

However, as Gu Hang 'cleaned' the warship repeatedly, and as both State Religion and Sect of Mechanics clergy carried out their respective actions, building churches in their own styles, and the statues of The Emperor were erected one by one inside the warship, the issues began to gradually ease.

During this process, the continuous work time limit was extended from three hours to six, then to nine… Over the past six months, the workers were able to work onboard the warship continuously for fifteen days.

Of course, it wasn't fifteen days without rest; it's just that the Battleship was too large—measuring thirty kilometers in length, with width and height also in the range of kilometers. Its scale was similar to a three-dimensional fortress city, transplanted into space, and the internal structure was incredibly complex. Three hours might have just been enough to reach the workplace before having to head out again.

Long-term work inside the ship was necessary, especially for the deep repair and cleansing tasks.

As of now, the cleansing and repair work on the Firebath Nova was essentially complete. If Gu Hang wished, he could now order the Navy forces to board the ship and take it out to join the battle.

However, the Firebath Nova was currently the Alliance's most expensive single asset, and it also played the most important role in Gu Hang's upcoming war plans; there was no room for error.

Gu Hang preferred to delay its deployment in battle, to clean it a few more times, to perform additional maintenance, to ensure that the entire warship was in perfect condition before it engaged.

Chapter 465, the Alliance Rushes to the Battlefield! After washing the ship, Gu Hang, slightly fatigued, realized it wasn't time to rest yet.

He still had a lot of work to do.

The Alliance was preparing for war.

In fact, Kedoba's previous glimpse into the Alliance's situation had been an eye-opener, leading to a mentality shift from believing the Alliance had already done its best to thinking that the Alliance hadn't tried hard at all. These thoughts were not entirely accurate.

At the very least, they were one-sided.

The Alliance, of course, had not given its all; otherwise, the Land Force troops on the front lines wouldn't be able to take turns resting and sending new troops to fight in the Temir Star System as circumstances allowed.

The Alliance Supreme Command called this the "Temir Rotational Battle," which was essentially substituting training with actual combat, directly exposing soldiers to the battlefield atmosphere and engaging them in personal combat.

This would naturally result in more casualties than using veteran soldiers, but it was an inevitable path.

After the rotational battles, there was a clear increase in the combat effectiveness of the Alliance's various land armies. Even some newly formed troops, which had a relatively small proportion of soldiers trained by the "Soldier Token" system, saw a rapid increase in the ratio of T5-grade soldiers after being seasoned by combat on the battlefield.

Another indication was exactly what Kedoba had thought: if the Alliance had truly mobilized for war to the fullest, it wouldn't be possible for people living on the peripheries of its power to still enjoy a decent life.

Although, in many places within the Border Horse Sector, the annual consumption per capita was only around 0.6 Tax Currency, which wasn't considered high. Compared to the Alliance Core Region, it really isn't much; but looking at the broader context of the entire Empire, a citizen being able to spend 0.6 Tax Currency a year on energy, food, industrial goods, housing… all material goods combined, is already quite impressive.

Within the Empire, many worlds have lower-class citizens living in dire straits.

The Alliance was still investing resources, undertaking basic investments and developments in various planets, seeking greater returns in the future.

However, if the war situation truly became dire and the Alliance issued a second or even first-grade mobilization order, the standard of living for the populace would definitely be compromised. Yet at the same time, the Alliance under extreme duress would unleash a far more terrifying war potential than it currently had.

The number of troops and the production capacity for military goods would increase exponentially.

But the Alliance wasn't actually not trying at all. From certain perspectives, the Alliance was indeed doing its best.

After all, a third-grade mobilization order was always active.

The difference lay in the fact that under a third-grade mobilization order, the Alliance wasn't lacking in personnel or conventional resources. On the Eastern Front Battlefields against the Iron-Tooth Clan, the Alliance even had a surplus.

So what was the Alliance lacking?

It was cutting-edge equipment.

Such as the Land Force's tanks, Mecha, even the Titan, and Warships.

And these could not be obtained by squeezing civilians and workers.

What was the Alliance's method for obtaining this high-end equipment?

It was the Black Box.

Of course, for each technology, aside from Black Boxes that directly produce finished products/components, there were master Black Boxes that could produce the production lines/key components necessary to make these products.

But this also meant that if there was a technology the Alliance didn't fully understand, then without the master Black Box, the Alliance would not be able to expand the production capacity of that product.

This was the case with many of the Empire's lost technologies: the capacity to produce them was fixed and could not be expanded.

Of course, Black Boxes could not be lost. However, even when Black Boxes were available, the expansion of most high-end production lines could only rely on the incremental output from master Black Boxes. The Alliance couldn't build these production lines on its own.

This meant that the rate at which the Alliance could expand its high-end equipment was limited by the output capacity of the master Black Box. Even if Gu Hang squeezed the civilians dry, it wouldn't help; the factories producing Titans and the Starship Dockyards were already running at full efficiency and couldn't fit any more workers. New factories and dockyards had to wait for Black Box production, and having workers on hand wouldn't be of assistance.

This was the most important reason Gu Hang didn't resort to squeezing.

Extracting excessive labor from civilians could yield more troops, food, and basic industrial goods. But the advanced equipment that the Alliance needed most wouldn't increase at all. The Alliance didn't lack the former; it was the latter that was in short supply.

It made more sense to use the resources for local planet construction and improving the standard of living of civilians. The former was an investment for higher future income, while the latter was necessary to stabilize local societies and gain broad public support.

Of course, not every technology extracted from the system had this issue.

Some technologies with low tech content and foundational nature had already been mastered by the Alliance. Even if the Black Box vanished, it wouldn't affect production, and the Alliance could still proceed and expand capacity.

For instance, the G Series Rifle, the LR Series Laser Gun, the Strider Combat Vehicle… and even recently, technologies like the Lion Tank, Windfalcon Fighters, Sentry Mecha, powered Exoskeletons, and Flying Pig Transport Ships had been mastered by the Alliance.

But, with high-end technologies, the Alliance was somewhat lacking.

Technologies like the Lion King Tank, Knight Mecha, Titan, and various Warships were not yet fully understood.

However, there were two sides to this as well.

Mastering these high-grade technologies was very difficult and required a long time. After all, even though the Black Box granted the Alliance such technologies, it could not completely fill all the industrial foundations the Alliance needed.

Chapter 465, the Alliance Rushes to the Battlefield!_2 However, the good news was that with the Black Box and its products, the Alliance's research teams would eventually digest all these technologies.

This was actually quite rare.

The majority of worlds wouldn't even have this chance.

…

During these two years, the Black Box Factory located within the Storm God Kingdom worked day and night to set up production lines for various kinds of advanced equipment.

With each production line assembled, the production capacity of that equipment increased.

In the past two years, the Alliance had accumulated quite a significant foundation.

Those starships, one after another, endless fearless Knight Mechas, Lion King Tanks…

Even the ‘Skyburn Torpedoes’ had a production line set up by the Alliance in these two years.

With the Skyburn Torpedoes on Temir II, coupled with the stock produced earlier through the Black Boxes… Now, the Alliance could execute more than ten Extinction Orders.

For worlds that had been completely ecologically transformed, exhibiting few or no signs of human activity and infested with Green Skins, the ‘Skyburn Torpedo’ was the best tool.

Although it would incinerate the entire surface of the planet, collapsing the ecosystem and rendering it unsuitable for colonization, using Skyburn Torpedoes was more cost-effective compared to endless manpower fighting for each inch of land against the Green Skins.

After all, the cost of taking back a planet using Skyburn Torpedoes in combination with planetary climate reengineering, while substantial, would still be less than the cost of deploying Land Forces to take over these kinds of worlds.

Moreover, during a state of war, the planet’s inherent value was secondary; the rapid and direct weakening of the Green Skins’ war potential was a much more important matter.

The destroyed worlds weren’t completely void of value, after all – it wasn’t an ‘Earth Explosion Star Annihilation’ being used, so humans could still establish mining operations on those planets.

Colonization might be infeasible, but the mineral resources certainly wouldn’t be incinerated by the Skyburn Torpedoes.

Additionally, Gu Hang had spent all the Grace Points he had accumulated over these two years.

No gambling, no spending on other miscellaneous things, but all invested in military expansion.

Soldier Token training, Commissar training, Interstellar Warrior training, Gene Seed exchange…

Averaging 39,000 Grace Points each month, plus an average of 8,000 points per month provided by Vassals, totaling more than 1.1 million Grace Points, all spent in these areas.

Accumulating a base, enhancing war potential, building up forces… there was no doubt that Gu Hang was preparing for a massive scale war.

In fact, without Kazimir Ersu saying so, Gu Hang had already decided to deploy sufficient forces to win the Temir Campaign decisively. His current preparations were all for this goal.

However, this war could not be a risky gamble, nor could it be a battle where the Alliance staked its fate. Gu Hang wouldn't face the Green Skin Orcs with forces roughly equivalent to or only slightly better than theirs. If possible, Gu Hang would use five times, ten times the force to crush the Green Skins in the Temir Star System, ensuring a quick defeat that would prevent the main Green Skin forces from posing any further threat to the Alliance.

As for what to do next, Gu Hang would have two choices: either charge into the Green Skins' lair, taking advantage of their vulnerability and engage in destruction – oh, without the last two, as there was nothing worthy of plunder from the Green Skins.

Alternatively, he could choose to move from the southwest, collaborating with the main forces of the Human Empire to pincer attack the principal Green Skin force led by Titus.

That would depend on the situation at the time of the war.

But as it stood, the Alliance's primary and most important war objective was just the Golden Pass Star Sector, right there in Temir.

But though Gu Hang had long been ready to fight this decisive battle, the Alliance had its own pace and certainly wouldn't rush into battle in two or four months as 'Furyflame' Erso demanded.

Dream on.

…

Erso had already learned about what happened in the Tianma Star Sector.

Indeed, Commandant Kordoba lacked the capacity to directly contact Jindi Star, and Erso couldn't contact Kordoba directly either.

But Erso could contact Flying Wing Star.

When he calculated it was about time, he had the chief Think Tank of his Battle Group, a Psychic equivalent to a Mortal grade A+, establish communication with Flying Wing Star.

He inquired if Kordoba's team had arrived and whether the Alliance had launched a full-scale offensive as per his request and arrangements.

The Alliance responded that indeed a group claiming to be from 'Furyflame' Battle Group had arrived, but they could not verify these people's identities and were in the process of doing so.

Erso was furious, demanding a direct conversation with Gu Hang.

Gu Hang couldn't be bothered with him and sent Salihoovich to feign cooperation with Erso.

Sending my Chief Diplomat to communicate with you is already giving you enough respect!

Of course, Erso wouldn't see it that way. He threatened several times to denounce the Alliance and Gu Hang as traitors. Salihoovich just explained with a smile about the Alliance's difficulties, what support they needed, and slyly questioned whether Erso's commander-in-chief status had ever been recognized by the Alliance, the legitimacy of the Star Domain Head's signed appointment…

In short, with his reliable glibness, Salihoovich talked around the bush a great deal, but in essence, he didn't say anything substantial.

Chapter 465, Alliance Rushes to the Battlefield!_3 Erso was not easy to fool. After numerous exchanges, he naturally knew that although the lives of Kedoba and others were not in danger, their situation would likely not be good. He was also angered that the Alliance dared to truly ignore and delay his orders.

However, the condition of the Alliance revealed through Salihoovich's words secretly alarmed him. Despite his anger, he had to consider whether it was feasible to declare the Alliance as traitors.

He wanted to do so, and it wasn't difficult. The Fury Flame Battle Group had been involved in the Eastern Cosmos Domain for some time. Although the overall expansion of influence was not particularly strong, at least they had a good relationship with the Tribunal of the Eastern Cosmos Domain.

Moreover, the current 'administration' of the Dragonhawk Star Domain's entire Star Domain Government now relied entirely on the Fury Flame Battle Group's struggles. Almost everyone has become an administrative and logistical group, diligently scavenging resources from all controllable star sectors and planets to supply the war. The Star Domain Head, Tan Jiuyi and his group, could almost be said to be in the shape of Furyflame.

However, the Mingyang Sect from Jindi Star had a tougher backbone—they had the capital to be tough. Interstellar warriors, even if facing just a branch sect like the Sect of Mechanics, had to ensure a certain level of respect. Not to mention future considerations, during this war, although the Mingyang Sect lost their main fleet, their Protection Army and their Titan Legion remained a very important force; sometimes Erso even had to beg these Oil Heads.

Overall, if Erso wanted to, with his status as a Battle Group Leader, appointed as the Supreme Commander by the Star Domain Government and a good relationship with the Tribunal, coupled with the Star Domain Government's fear to disobey, he could truly declare Gu Hang a traitor.

But he also had concerns.

First was the issue of effectiveness. This kind of declaration of treason issued by the Star Domain Government, with a few mid-level judges involved, was somewhat dubious in force. But if it were only legally dubious, it would still be manageable; the key issue was that once declared, it could not be enforced.

You accuse someone of traitraion, then what?

Suppress the rebellion? Clearly, there was no strength for that—there was still a fight against the Green Skins going on.

Seek external assistance, like the Imperial Army from other star domains to suppress the rebellion? Then why not directly deploy them to the main battlefields?

To fight against the legitimate enemies of the Empire, the Green Skins, where clear merits could be earned, people still wanted to wait and see, conserve strength, or they couldn't come due to their own troubles. Moreover, why fight against the Alliance?

For internal matters of your Star Domain that you can't even sort out, all messed up, why would the foreign army intervene without clear benefits?

Besides the issue of efficacy, a bigger problem Erso worried about was that the Eastern Front battlefields were still holding on; if he tried any tricky maneuvers and collapsed the Eastern Front, that would truly be disastrous.

Because of these considerations, during multiple communications with Salihoovich, Erso could only continuously issue threats but never dared take any particularly clear actions.

However, his patience was gradually wearing thin during this time.

The war was not going well, and he was annoyed daily.

That Mr. Gu, truly had quite the influence!

Until now, Erso had never heard a word directly from Gu Hang.

When all these frustrations accumulated for various reasons and grew heavier, Erso eventually almost lost control of his own state.

He once again brought out the idea of declaring the Alliance treason, an idea he had previously suppressed with rationality.

If Gu Hang continued to provoke him, he might actually do it.

I consider the big picture, and you don't, right?

Then don't blame me for not being polite!

However, just when he was about to really lose his patience, a call from the Eastern Cosmic Domain Capital Wuji Star awakened him.

Cosmic Domain Chair Zuo Zhaofeng personally made the call to inquire about the situation in the Dragonhawk Star Domain.

Chairman Zuo, after thanking the Fury Flame Battle Group for answering the call and admiring the accomplishments of the Fury Flame Battle Group in the Dragonhawk Star Domain, specifically mentioned the Eastern Front of the Dragonhawk Star Domain.

He seemed quite knowledgeable about the situation on the Eastern Front, speaking with undisguised admiration.

In his words, Gu Hang and his Alliance, in their actions on the Eastern Front of the Dragonhawk Star Domain, were exemplary. Not only did they withstand battlefield pressures, but they also protected the flame of human civilization amid war, ensuring the peace and prosperity of the people and uniting society.

These praises themselves were nothing special. However, the political implications revealed made Kazimir Erso have to be sensitive.

It was normal for Zuo Zhaofeng to show interest in the situation in the Dragonhawk Star Domain.

This was not the first communication, after all, it was an important war happening within his jurisdiction. In fact, the Cosmic Domain Government had also provided very important support, with 40% of the resources currently consumed on the battlefields of the Dragonhawk Star Domain coming from the support of the Cosmic Domain Government. Moreover, the reinforcements Erso was waiting for, apart from those he had assembled from his own Battle Group, were coming from the Cosmic Domain Government.

However, specifically mentioning Gu Hang seemed to convey a certain message.

Erso had to think deeper about what Gu Hang and the Alliance really meant.

After being irritated by Gu Hang, he had, of course, investigated some of Gu's background.

He knew that Gu Hang seemed to have a very good relationship with the current Central Imperial Military Affairs Department Executive Minister and former Apostle of War, Bochoya Galaraldo.

Chapter 465, Alliance Rushes to the Battlefield!_4 But in his original judgment, one was a high official of the Empire, and the other was the head of a Star Region level faction; how good could their relationship really be?

Moreover, the Iron Armor, Furyflame, and Bedrock Shield three major battle groups had their people within the Central Empire.

This faction of theirs wasn't the same as that of Bochoya Galaraldo.

If we're not in the same faction, why should I give you face?

However, now it seemed he couldn't think that way anymore.

Offending Galaraldo wasn't something Erso feared, the Emperor was far away; but Chairman Zuo was currently in charge.

They originally intended to expand their influence in the Eastern Cosmos Domain, and Chairman Zuo, the head of this Cosmos Domain, was a key figure.

Moreover, he also knew that Chairman Zuo was in cahoots with Galaraldo. When Chairman Zuo spoke up, firmly supporting Gu Hang, did that mean Gu Hang actually held a not-so-low position within Galaraldo's political faction?

Erso had to reassess the impact of this situation.

Besides, even if he stubbornly offended a whole bunch of people and insisted on going through with it, the power of a Cosmic Domain Chair was clearly not to be underestimated. If Chairman Zuo backed it, this 'treason' probably couldn't be stamped out!

Kazimir Erso felt he was almost suffocated.

At this moment, it had been half a year since he sent people to the Tianma Star Sector. He had already decided out of sight, out of mind; he couldn't even be bothered to call the Eastern Front anymore.

Return my people, Gu Hang, and I'll pretend that battlefield doesn't exist!

Can't I just fight my own battles?

But just at this time, he received a call from the Alliance Army.

The person he spoke with was no longer Salihoovich but claimed to be Tadeusz, the Admiral and General Commissar of the Alliance Military and Political Department.

The style of Tadeusz was completely different from that of Salihoovich. With a very serious attitude, he informed Erso of something:

“By the authority vested in me as the Alliance General Commissar, I fulfill my duty to inform our allies of our military actions: the Alliance has resolved to launch our full forces three days from now, marching towards the Temir Star System, with General Gu Hang personally leading the charge to oversee the entire operation.”

These few words made Erso want to explode with anger all over again.

Half a year ago, when you were supposed to attack full line, you didn’t care; now, just when I’ve given up on you, you’re going to fight?

Why didn’t you say so earlier?

Would it have come to this if you had?

Could it be because of the timing of the combat operation plans?

It’s not something we can’t discuss, let’s talk about it!

…

Kazimir Erso’s actual thoughts really never mattered to Gu Hang.

When he let Salihoovich handle it, he had already told the diplomat to deal with the affairs on his own, no need to come and tell him.

He couldn’t be bothered.

And now, with Tadeusz conveying the news of his advancing, it was just as the literal meaning implied, merely fulfilling the duty of informing allies.

He didn’t need, nor did he expect Erso’s cooperation.

Of course, he didn't underestimate Erso's abilities. As long as the Battle Group Leader was not foolish, he actually only had one choice: to cooperate and support the Alliance's offensive.

Whatever you decide, it's up to you.

As for Gu Hang, his attention was entirely focused on the war at hand.

Winning the battle was the key to everything.

Gu Hang boarded the flagship of the Alliance Navy, the 'Firebath Nova'.

This Retribution-class battleship, after two years of full-scale repairs, renovation, and purification, had completely changed.

From its original black infused with blood red, full of decay and madness, it was now painted in alternating shades of blue and white.

It was reborn.

According to the Chief Technical Consultant of the Flying Wing Star Shipyard, the Dominant Bishop Wang Zhaoran, the machine spirit of this warship was now calm and stable, ready to burst forth, prepared to once again fight for the Empire!

Under the lead of the 'Firebath Nova', dozens of newly built warships, along with twice as many civilian ships serving as transport vessels, set out from the Flying Wing Star Starport, arriving from the Rage Owl Star System.

This fleet, numbering over a hundred new ships, majestically sailed forth from the Flying Wing Star System towards the battlefield!

Chapter 466, I've had enough already! The war had begun.

Or rather, the war had never actually ended.

“Report to the commander! The Star Observation Agency has detected the enemy’s traces! They’ve appeared!

“They are on standby outside Temir No.5, in a similar state to before. Once we start providing large-scale fire support to the ground again, they will surely rush over and attack our rear.”

“Please give your instructions, Commander!”

“Proceed as planned.”

“Yes!”

After sending the deputy away, Yelisia stood on the bridge, gazing into the void in front of her.

The “Quintet” she was currently aboard had replaced the Opera Cruiser and had become the flagship of the United Fleet.

Over the past two years, she had been on the front lines of the Temir Battlefield, fighting the Green Skin Orcs.

But to call it fighting was an exaggeration; the battles weren’t fierce.

She, too, knew a portion of Gu Hang’s plans; it wasn’t time for the final battle, and there was no need for her to engage in a bloody struggle with the Green Skin Fleet. Although by her own estimation, with the forces at her disposal, they actually had a seventy percent chance of victory should a battle occur.

But…

There was no need.

A seventy percent chance of victory wasn't enough.

Moreover, how could mere victory be satisfactory? In Gu Hang's view, what they needed was a resounding victory with minimal cost. They not only had to annihilate the main force of the Green Skin Fleet but also do so without suffering any losses.

To achieve this goal, the power Yelisia had at her disposal was insufficient.

And the Green Skin Fleet was even less ambitious.

The disparity in strength was significant, and naval battles couldn't be fought like land battles. Warships were extremely precious to the Green Skins. Even with their disposition, they would not engage in reckless battle.

For both parties, the mutual bottom line was to prevent the opponent from launching large-scale orbital cannon fire on Temir No.5.

The battle on the ground was just as important. The Beastmen had begun to emerge, born from the local ecosystem, amassing a total of four billion combatants, of which the regular Green Skin Orcs amounted to over one billion;

The Alliance Army had nearly one hundred million troops engaged in combat here; and, through arming local forces, the Alliance's investment in Temir No.5 had been considerable, with the total forces of the Pact Army surpassing one and a half billion—a rather high mobilization rate compared to their total population, reaching 20%.

Their planet had a total population of only about eight or nine billion, a significant portion of which had been evacuated, and a significant amount of manpower had been consumed in the wars of the past few years. Maintaining a force of one and a half billion was already the planet's limit.

But this scale of force was clearly insufficient. The Alliance had conscripted around eight hundred million troops from various other planets to Temir No.5.

The currently engaged human warriors numbered 2.4 billion, with over six billion civilians in the rear.

With forces of this magnitude, neither side could endure a large-scale orbital bombardment, as the losses would be devastating.

Due to multiple factors, the fleets of both sides were actually very cautious and no large-scale battles had broken out. The focus of contention centered around two things.

First, was strangling the reinforcements sent by the opposition to support the ground forces on Temir No.5. Ambushing at jump points or even invading the opponent's rear area from a jump point to raid transport ships.

Losing a transport ship was a painful blow. The value of the ship itself was one thing, but more importantly, the people and resources on board would be completely lost.

Later, both sides began to strengthen protection for their own transport ships, not allowing single ships to travel alone. Instead, they amassed a larger convoy with the main fleet escorting for protection. With the understanding that there would be no decisive battle, the opposing side would generally give up on targeting such a large group.

Second, was the attempt to secretly bombard the surface, striking quickly and retreating to avoid being caught by the opposition.

The human fleet had the advantage in this regard. The United Fleet was slightly larger than that of the Green Skins, which meant they had the capacity to deploy a sufficient number of ships to face off against the Green Skins while simultaneously sending a few to bombard the planet's surface.

When the Green Skins were hit hard, they showed signs of desperate resistance. At such times, the human side would wisely back off, no longer continuing the bombardment; but they wouldn't retreat far. As soon as the Green Skins indicated their intention to bombard the surface as well, the United Fleet would rush in, ready for a decisive battle if the Green Skins dared to bomb.

At that point, the Green Skins would also have to withdraw.

The main strategy for both sides was one of entanglement and tug-of-war.

In such a situation, it was highly likely for skirmishes to escalate. Every conflict carried the risk of devolving into a fleet battle to the death.

In fact, such incidents had happened several times, but each had been restrained in the end.

It was foreseeable that if this situation continued for a long time, it was bound to result in a major crisis sooner or later.

But fortunately, this situation had never occurred.

However, this time was different.

Yelisia had adopted an attitude that they would carry out a full-scale orbital bombardment of the ground. The Green Skin Fleet, which had always been somewhere within the star system, did indeed show up.

It was as if the past two years of routine, every encounter seemed like a dangerous, close-quarters dance for two.

But often, both parties would withdraw at the last, most dangerous moment with an understanding.

The Green Skins had yet to realize, this time was different.

They were going through the motions as if they were desperate, but this time, the Human Fleet did not retreat. Over a dozen warships were still carrying out the orbital bombardment.

Saru, aboard the Green Skin flagship, now found himself in a catch-22 situation.

Why aren’t you playing by the rules anymore?

Weren’t the past two years of acting together quite satisfactory?

Why the sudden change?

What should I do now?

Before Saru had time to think, requests for battle from the captains of various warships drifted onto his flagship like snowflakes.

The wording differed from one to another, but what they had in common was high coarse language content; packed with fervent waaaghs, the message was the same: obliterate these puny human ships!

In reality, the Green Skins had accumulated far too much anger in the push and pull of the past two years. No need to mention others, Saru was no exception.

However, as the chieftain, he must maintain the bare minimum of rationality, and he suppressed the aggression in his beastman bloodline.

But to this point today, it became impossible to hold back any longer.

Moreover, even from a rational standpoint, would continuing to appease be a good choice?

Could he, leading the Fleet, stand by idly as four billion Green Skins on Temir No.5 were left completely exposed to the human warship’s artillery?

Impossible.

Then, no more hesitations.

A fierce light thickened in Saru's eyes, he grabbed the communicator and bellowed:

"Shrimps have no principles! Lads, charge with me! Wipe out these shrimps!"

"waaagh!!!!"

Following that came the communications: ghastly screams and howls, waaaghs erupting from all quarters, the Green Skins no longer had to suppress the warmongering fire in their hearts; the entire fleet began swarming forward, assailing the Human Fleet with all their might.

This scene aroused a surge of bravado in Saru's heart.

Damn it!

I've had enough!

However, as the Green Skin Fleet charged, the first shell fired from the Human Fleet instantly cooled Saru's rage.

Instead, it raised a suspicion:

That shell, it hit nothing, passing through empty space, but its brilliance and the overwhelming power it displayed in the visual field made Saru recall:

Could the Shrimps' biggest ships before, fire such a shell?

The power of that shell, it could even rival the main cannon of Chieftain Titus' flagship, right?

Am I facing the same opponents as before?

Sneaky shrimps!!

Chapter 467, The Shrimp is Really Too Treacherous A blast from the heavy cannon, though it missed, still made the beastman leader Saru feel a great danger.

However, since it didn't hit, he could only gauge the might of this cannon through observation. Perhaps things weren't as they seemed?

Moreover, after the Green Skin Fleet charged, the Human Fleet did the same. The distance between the two fleets quickly closed to a perilously close range.

At that distance, the accuracy and power of the heavy cannons from both sides were enough to annihilate each other.

The arrow had been shot; there was no turning back.

To think of turning tail and running now would mean sitting ducks for a few more volleys. Even if some ships managed to escape, the losses would be colossal. Not a total annihilation, but at least half, or maybe even more, would be lost.

And it would be a pointless loss.

The only option was to keep charging.

Saru hoped that he had misjudged the situation.

However, that hope was quickly dashed.

Because with the next shot, a clear and direct hit struck one of the beastman ships.

That ship, on par with a human Escort Ship, had energy shields and armor that were no laughing matter. It could even withstand several hits from a human cruiser's L-grade cannons.

But under the barrage of this cannon, it was utterly annihilated.

Shield and ship, completely obliterated.

Saru's initial assessment based on that missed shot was spot on, absolutely correct.

So, what to do now?

Saru had no choice left.

No matter the trepidation in his heart, no matter how slim the chances of victory he observed, he had to lead his troops into battle.

"Charge! Charge! All ships, be ready to board! Once we're within range, jump over, and with our great cleavers, axes, and spears, board their ships and blow those shrimps to bits!"

In a situation with no alternatives, this was the only method Saru could conceive of that might lead to victory.

The ship-to-ship combat intensified.

The total number of warships involved in the battle approached nearly five hundred. Such a large number of warships duked it out just outside Temir No.5's orbit.

And without a doubt, the ones at an absolute disadvantage were the Green Skin Orcs.

Their ships were blown up one after another under the barrage of an unknown colossal cannon used by the humans.

Even Saru's flagship, belonging to the Green Skin Orcs, took a hit from a heavy cannon—a kinetic cannon shell, traveling at sub-light speed, struck solidly.

His ship, equivalent to a human cruiser in size, didn't shatter like an Escort Ship would with a single shot. However, this hit directly overloaded the energy shields of his large ship, and if hit again, an explosion was inevitable.

In fact, now that the energy shields were overloaded, even a more ordinary cannon could pose a deadly threat to his flagship.

And it was at this moment that Saru finally got a clear look at the most deadly thing of all:

It was a very large, very imposing warship.

It appeared to be of a similar scale to the so-called 'hulking belly' Transport Ship of the shrimps, but a closer look revealed a stark difference. This warship wasn't bloated at all; its appearance was formidable and sleek, with even the ram installed on the top being quite in line with the Orcish sense of aesthetics.

It was even larger than Chieftain Titus's flagship! Only slightly smaller than a Battle Moon!

But how had it gotten there?

The space of the Green Skin Orcs was also often active within the Temir Star System. Although their methods differed, the orcs also had roles akin to stargazers, capable of monitoring almost the entire state of the star system.

A formidable warship of such size could not go unnoticed.

Saru suddenly remembered something.

Not long ago, the Human Fleet initiated an operation involving multiple large-grade ships entering the Temir Star System. The main force of the Human Fleet escorted these ships from the jump point all the way to the orbit of Temir No.5.

This had actually become quite a common occurrence over the past two years. Those massive ships were known to the Green Skins by name—Colossal Carriers. They were gigantic but slow, with no combat capability. The Green Skins had captured one during past raids, causing the Shrimp significant losses. After that, the Shrimp learned their lesson, always gathering several carriers and escorting them with the main fleet.

Saru had assumed it was the same situation this time, but it seemed not. Among those several large targets, a Battleship was hidden.

Unless one got up close for observation, all that the tribe's Shaman could see were several equally large ships, tightly protected in the middle.

Indeed, the Shrimp were very cunning.

But he still had one last resort—

Bail out!

And now, it was a situation where if he didn't bail out soon, there'd be no chance left.

His flagship's energy shield had been breached, and he could even see many of the Shrimp's cruisers aiming their guns at him.

To not bail out would mean waiting to be buried with his ship.

He grabbed the communicator and roared to all the Green Skin Ships, "Boarding Torpedo assault! Target, the Shrimp's biggest ship! I'll lead the charge! Follow me, everyone!"

“Waaagh!”

Dropping the communicator, he and his Personal Guard quickly boarded the ‘Boarding Torpedo’.

The Green Skins’ Boarding Torpedoes were nothing like the humans’. They didn’t even resemble a ship but were more like a gigantic, hollowed-out rock or hill. Inside, there was some awe-inspiring Green Skin technology. Placed on the launch frame, bunches of Green Skin warriors were stuffed inside, and once full, this ‘big rock’ would be catapulted towards the target by the launch system.

Of course, that was the treatment for ordinary Green Skin warriors. As the Beastman boss, Saru still had the luxury of a spacecraft for his Boarding Torpedo.

Overall, the success rate for such boarding was surprisingly high. The solid rock structure was sufficiently thick and not easily destroyed. The primitive-looking Green Skin technology inside was magically capable of guiding the rock with precision, and upon landing, the structure would break apart to absorb the impact, protecting the Green Skins inside from being smashed to death.

But today, the risk of bailing out was too great.

The primary reason was the distance between the fleets, which was far too great. This meant that the Boarding Torpedoes and ships had to travel a long and unprotected distance under heavy fire.

However, Saru still had no regrets about his decision.

Because as soon as he stepped onto the boarding ship, and alongside a multitude of Boarding Torpedoes, was launched from his flagship, he witnessed his own flagship being hit by multiple Shrimp Colossal Cannons, Light Speers, and missiles, exploding into space debris.

If he hadn’t left, he too would have died on that ship.

As for now, although it was still incredibly dangerous, at least he had a chance to fight for his life.

His crimson gaze no longer looked back but was instead fixedly staring ahead.

All he could see now was the blue-and-white Human Battleship getting closer and closer.

One by one, the Boarding Torpedoes that had been launched with him were destroyed, but he paid them no heed.

His focus was solely on that Human Battleship as it approached ever nearer.

May the gods bless him! After a long flight, he managed to slow down and pass through the Void Shield, smashing into the interior of the Warship.

He had actually succeeded in boarding!

As soon as the hatch opened, he couldn't wait to charge out, bellowing 'waagh'.

But what greeted him was a bomb, silencing his roar.

Lifting his head, he saw dozens of Shrimp clad in Red Armor standing before him.

These armored Shrimp each stood as tall as a Beastman chieftain, unlike the ordinary ones.

Chapter 468, Reverse Beheading Although he had never personally dealt with them, Saru knew these canned shrimps were formidable.

He still had some knowledge of the main battlefield. He knew that two years ago, a group of orange canned shrimps had showed up and caused great trouble for the Big Chieftain.

He had previously been thankful that the canned shrimps hadn't appeared in front of them.

—Of course, the cunning Saru in front of his subordinates cursed, saying it was a pity not to have encountered such enemies, because if they had, they would have slaughtered them and sent them to the Big Chieftain, making him happy.

However, he hadn't expected that these canned shrimps would appear at such a critical time, on such a critical target.

Boarding and destroying the battleship from the inside was the only victory scenario Saru could think of.

Resulting from the blessings of Mr. Mao, he had managed to board, but now he was faced with enemies that even the Big Chieftain found troublesome.

Yet, orcs did not fear strong enemies, and Saru was no different.

He took a hit from a bomb, and even had to endure a barrage from a Bombardment Gun, yet he still let out a thunderous roar and charged forward furiously.

Bombs rained on his massive body, mixed with blasts of plasma and heat rays.

Yet, he withstood all these attacks.

His entire body was wrapped in the heavy armor of an orc, even taller than three meters high, surpassing some of the bigger canned shrimps.

The armor covering him had been personally crafted by the master of the Iron-Tooth Clan. Every piece was thick, and it was all made of super-metal personally refined by the master, granting Saru incredibly formidable and terrifying defensive capabilities.

Ordinary bombs couldn't penetrate his defenses, and even heavy bombs weren't damaging enough. Only heat rays and plasma were truly lethal, but they wouldn't easily get through his energy shield.

Furthermore, on his back, he carried a shield. The shield, painted with an image of Mr. Mao by the Great Orc Shaman, along with the energy shield built into his armor, emitted a greasy green glow around him.

The God-blessed energy shield had extraordinary power.

It was no easy feat for an energy shield to withstand the firepower of half a squad of Interstellar Warriors at close range; although it wouldn't fail immediately, the shield would drain quickly and eventually break. The clever part about this shield was that it didn't just passively take hits.

Bombs and heavy bombs that didn't break through allowed some damage to slip by; a few plasma shots could also sneak through, as they were not easily penetrating, or if they did, Saru's incredibly strong body could fully withstand the damage.

The most dangerous heat rays were blocked with full force.

Besides these passive defenses, Saru's counterattacks were also extremely fierce.

He wielded a huge revolving pistol in his hands, with a somewhat worrying hit rate. During his charge, he fired eight shots, five missed, but the three that hit took the lives of three Phoenixes.

What was crucial was that under Saru's cover, many Green Skins charged forward.

By his side were his Black Orc Guards. Each was strong enough to be the chief of a tribe. They were also outfitted in heavy gear, not as luxurious as Saru's, but definitely not weak. Bombardment Guns could injure them, but were not lethal in one hit.

The weapons of the Navy Marine Corps soldiers with the Phoenixes were even less effective against them.

These Chief's trusted aides shot as they charged, causing certain casualties among the Phoenixes.

They ran at incredible speed, and under Saru's leadership, they violently clashed with the Phoenixes.

Of course, the Interstellar Warriors didn't fear close combat, but this was also what the orcs were best at.

In the skirmish, the humans quickly fell into a disadvantage.

The Phoenixes were fierce, but their numbers were too few compared to Saru's trusted aides. And the allies by their side, hundreds from the 10th Brigade in Feedback-Type Power Armor and Marine Corps Elites in exoskeletons, appeared particularly frail against Saru's trusted aides.

What was most terrifying was Saru himself, the Orc Warlord, rampaging through the ranks.

Once in hand-to-hand combat, his energy shield could no longer function, but his bravery, combat skills, and terrible brute strength were even more savagely displayed.

Almost no Phoenix could match him in a single round, as his battle-axe shattered the chestplate and torso of an Interstellar Warrior before swiftly decapitating another Phoenix.

Only Terminator warriors, similar in size to the Orc Warlord, could manage slight resistance in small groups of three.

However, the Interstellar Warriors did not have the numerical advantage. After they barely stopped Saru, they were suddenly shot in the back or slashed by another of Saru's trusted aides.

This instantly gave Saru an opening. He charged in, ignoring the other two Phoenix Terminators continuously striking his back, and in a blink, his ferocious battle-axe chopped down seven or eight times, shattering the enemies before him.

Chapter 468, Reverse Beheading_2 Again turning his head, the remaining two Terminators had already moved quite a distance away.

Not only them, but everyone else as well.

The Phoenixes were retreating.

King Saru roared and charged forward, leading his Personal Guard in a pursuit.

This forced the Interstellar Warriors to leave some behind to cover their retreat.

After devouring the rearguard and killing another Terminator, no other enemies were visible.

The heat of battle having somewhat subsided in Saru, he didn't continue his fierce charge. He reorganized his troops, expanded the landing zone, and after receiving another full wave of Green Skin youths via landing torpedoes, he again led his men deeper into the ships.

…

Saru's earlier assessment had been mostly correct. Gu Hang had indeed camouflaged Firebath Nova as a Colossal Belly Transport Ship, and amid the multilayer protection of the main fleet, had slipped secretly into the Temir Star System.

The other ships from the Tianma Star Sector that he brought were left near the jump point at Steel Wing Star, to prevent scaring off the Green Skins by bringing in too many warships at once.

Now that the battle had already started, those ships left at the jump point in the Steel Wing Star System no longer needed to hide. They had received the message and had begun the jump, though crossing a jump point was not something that could be done in a moment; even in the best case, it would take more than two days. This battle could hardly count on them anymore, but they might still be able to catch up for a chase to expand the victory after the battle had ended.

But it didn't matter, victory in the war didn't need them. The participation of a Retribution-class Battleship in the battle, along with Gu Hang's own strength, was enough to change the situation.

Indeed, that was the case.

When the Green Skins had failed to realize there was a Battleship among the human fleet before the battle and launched a fleet charge, the outcome of this maritime battle was basically sealed.

However, war is something that does not tolerate even a little negligence.

Did the Green Skins really have no way left to turn defeat into victory?

That might not necessarily be so.

When all else fails, resort to boarding tactics.

If an Orc Warlord with elite troops could cause a huge commotion inside the Battleship, even causing irreversible damage, it might indeed be possible to capsize in the gutter.

Gu Hang had plans and preparations for this.

The interception fire network of each ship was fully activated to catch the Green Skins' boarding torpedoes and destroy them in the void before they could complete their boarding.

Moreover, every main ship was staffed with Phoenix Interstellar Warriors.

Gu Hang had brought almost the entire Battle Group.

With the development over the past two years and after investing quite a few Grace Points, the total number of Phoenixes had reached a scale of eight hundred.

Among them, three hundred Phoenix Warriors, led by Matins the Battle Group Leader, were stationed on Firebath Nova; the other eleven cruisers each had nearly fifty Phoenixes.

The elite special forces of the Tenth Brigade were also almost fully deployed. Even though they did not have the combat power of Interstellar Warriors, the elite in Feedback-Type Powered Armor, along with

Sentry Mecha aboard the ships and the elite of the Navy Marine Corps, still possessed formidable strength. Ordinary Green Skin troops would be overwhelmingly crushed by them.

The troops were prepared for a rigorous defense, guarding each ship's safety.

Most of the Green Skins' attempts to board were foiled.

A large number of boarding ships and boarding torpedoes were destroyed by the dense interception fire network; the few who succeeded in boarding were eliminated under the protection of elite troops within the ships.

Of course, Firebath Nova was the main target for the enemy. Not only Saru himself and those on his ship jumped onto this human flagship, but many others from various Green Skin ships as well. Most were intercepted, but due to the sheer number, quite a few still managed to board.

Most of the boarders, Green Skin Beastmen, were strongly suppressed by the Phoenixes with elite special forces. They often couldn't even move away from their landing points, let alone cause any damage to Firebath Nova.

Only at the location where Saru personally participated in battle was there an oversight.

But this wasn't really an oversight, more something that had been anticipated.

The enemy adopting boarding tactics as a last resort was within Gu Hang's expectations. Their presence included individuals of formidable strength, chilling memories of the maritime battle planned in the Rage Owl Star System remained, and he dared not underestimate them.

But this was also an opportunity.

Beheading the leader of the Green Skins was always the most hassle-free way to defeat them. And now, this leader had delivered himself right to their doorstep, hadn't he?

The Phoenix Squad that initially encountered Saru face-to-face received the order to retreat.

It was normal for a potent Orc Warlord to show such strength.

Although sacrificing two Terminators and more than twenty Interstellar Warriors was costly, at least the rest were alive and had withdrawn.

Not retreating would have meant getting slaughtered by Saru without effort.

Phoenixes weren't lacking in the courage to fight to the death, but it was unnecessary.

Matins, as the commander of the anti-boarding battle, decided to confront him personally.

An ordinary Phoenix combating such a powerful Orcish Warlord wasn't enough to win, and the losses would be immense, a pain the heart of the Battle Group Leader couldn't bear.

Such a formidable individual indeed warranted being dealt with by a champion such as Matins, the Battle Group Leader.

Chapter 468, Reverse Decapitation_3 They quickly encountered each other.

At this time, King Saru had already been active on the Firebath Nova for over half an hour.

That might seem like a lengthy period, but in reality, Saru hadn't managed to accomplish anything particularly important. The Firebath Nova was simply too large; finding and destroying certain core, vital areas was not so easy—a lot of time could be spent just searching.

So far, the damage that Saru had caused was still within manageable limits. It had some impact on the Firebath Nova's combat capabilities, but overall, the damage was repairable.

Of course, if no one dealt with him, he would eventually cause some real trouble.

The moment the two sides met, there was no wasted chatter—the battle began immediately.

Aside from Matins himself, over a hundred Phoenix Warriors were involved in the battle, including the Terminator Squads from the First and Second Companies, totaling over twenty.

Matins's task wasn't just to tackle Saru alone. The entire trusted aide squad led by that fellow, all elite among Green Skins, needed to be wiped out.

As soon as they engaged, both Matins and Saru realized they had met formidable foes.

Neither could gain an advantage over the other.

In terms of equipment, King Saru had the better end; but Matins wasn't far behind—his Iron Cavalry Terminator Powered Armor, direct output from the Black Box, was seamless and flawless, an example of fine work. Although he didn't have the opportunity to get a Sage from the Sect of Mechanics to fit him with too many personalized fittings, the quality wasn't low either.

When it came to combat skills, to be honest, Saru was slightly stronger. Although Matins had already reached the strength equivalent to a Battle Group Champion, he was still a bit behind a top-tier warlord like Saru. There wasn't a huge gap in class, but it had to be admitted that there was a slight difference.

However, within Matins's movements, there was a trace of thunderous power, something Saru didn't possess.

Gu Hang had already expanded the domain of the Storm God Kingdom, and although the primary work wasn't about 'buffing' the Interstellar Warriors, it was still not much effort to help out incidentally.

Saru also had Mr. Mao's blessing on him, but that was hardly comparable to Gu Hang's specialized training.

The two fought evenly; even if Matins was at a slight disadvantage, there was no chance of defeat for the moment.

His objective was quite clear: just to tie up the Orc Warlord.

The rest of the human forces were rapidly decimating Saru's trusted aides.

With twenty Terminators, when not faced with Saru personally slaughtering them one by one, and only dealing with the ordinary Beastman trusted aides, they still held a significant advantage. Moreover, the Phoenix Warriors had strong tactical coordination. Eighty ordinary Interstellar Warriors fought alongside the Terminators, providing support to compensate for the Terminators' lack of flexibility.

Not to mention, over a thousand elite special forces were fighting together. Though these Feedback-Type Powered Armor human warriors had slightly less individual combat capability than the Beastman trusted aides, their numbers were overwhelming.

With their coordinated tactics, Saru's elite trusted aides were being steadily reduced.

One after another, the formidable Beastman warriors fell, all witnessed by Saru.

He was both agitated and angry, roaring and launching wave after wave of tempestuous attacks on Matins. He wanted to quickly kill this canned shrimp in front of him, and then he would have a chance to help his men turn defeat into victory.

However, Matins fought calmly and steadily, like a firm rock withstanding the immense pressure Saru exerted on him, clinging to him desperately so that he couldn't break free. And when Saru became overly impatient, attempting to abandon him to seek out others, Matins would often bare his fangs and fiercely bite him. A strike from a Fine Work Dynamo Sword, driven by powerful force, could genuinely threaten Saru's life.

The battle situation gradually clarified.

Desperate, King Saru savagely swung his axe at Matins. With that blow, he threw caution to the wind, ready to risk being slain by Matins if it meant taking this canned shrimp down with him.

But at that moment, he suddenly felt an odd force collide with him.

He wasn’t knocked away but slightly staggered.

Matins seized the opportunity to thrust his sword, which Saru blocked with his battle axe.

He was just about to curse the treacherous shrimp for ruining a glorious duel, but then, he suddenly felt a chill at his back.

Another Terminator Warrior had appeared behind him.

It was the Company Commander of the Phoenix First Company, Kalduce.

He was quite powerful, and while he would certainly be defeated in a one-on-one with Saru, with the Think Tank of the Phoenix freeing their hands to help with interference and control, and with Matins wrestling with Saru in front, Kalduce taking the opportunity to slip behind him and deliver a righteous backstab was not an issue.

Even if the backstab failed, and Saru reacted, with Kalduce’s skills, he likely wouldn’t be killed in retaliation.

No such situation occurred; his sneak attack was successful.

Saru, stabbed in the back, suddenly felt his hands weaken.

Matins didn’t miss this opportunity; he surged up and, with a swift movement of the Fine Work Dynamo Sword, chopped off Saru’s axe-wielding arm, and then with a flourish of his sword, he decapitated Saru.

Witnessing the death of their warlord, the remaining Beastman trusted aides fell into disarray.

Already at an absolute disadvantage in battle, they were no longer able to withstand the joint assault of the Interstellar Warriors and the elite special forces, and they were quickly annihilated.

The Beastman leader was beheaded!

Chapter 469, Temir's Great Victory! The one who helped Commander Matins kill King Saru, besides the backstabbing Kalduce, was another, none other than the Battle Group's Chief Think Tank, Henrik Larson.

At first, he led several Psychics that had been deployed, engaging in Spiritual Power confrontations with multiple Orc Shamans, successfully suppressing these Orc Shamans and preventing them from interfering with the human troops. Then, Kalduce personally made a move, striking these few Orc Shamans and eliminating them, thereby liberating his own Psychics. This set the stage for the joint attack on Saru later on.

After the Orc Warlord was killed, the situation aboard the Firebath Nova was practically decided.

At this point, the overall state of the naval battle was also quite clear.

Gu Hang was on board the Firebath Nova himself, but he wasn't concerned with the boarding Orcs at all.

On one hand, he trusted that Matins and his Phoenix squad could handle the situation well; on the other hand, Gu Hang was preoccupied with another matter.

He was assisting with the naval battle.

From Saru's successful boarding to his death, there was a span of just about forty to fifty minutes. Not to say that Saru had any chance of success, even if he had managed to destroy the 'Firebath Nova' from the inside, it wouldn't have reversed the situation in the battle.

During these forty to fifty minutes of naval combat, the Green Skin Fleet had already suffered heavy losses.

The target of the Firebath Nova, in fact, didn't need much of Gu Hang's attention. When the Green Skins, in a bid to grasp a thread of victory, opted for a close-range bombardment with Boarding Torpedoes and shuttles, engaging the Human Fleet in close-quarter barrages, the Firebath Nova, a Retribution-class Battleship, naturally found its best performance stage.

It wasn't fast enough, nor agile, but it boasted ferocious firepower, strong shields, and thick armor—it was a born core of firepower, a king of battleship artillery duels.

Any Green-Skinned Warship in the crosshairs of its main guns at that distance didn't stand a chance. With four main cannons, including one 'Divine Punishment' Light Spear Array of X-grade and three X-grade Colossal Cannons 'Destruction Verdict', a hit would typically spell doom for most Green-Skinned Warships, shields and all. Even those equivalent to Human cruisers would see their shields shattered by a single shot.

Once the shield was broken, the ship, although still protected by armor, would suffer hull damage with every hit. If, by chance, it struck a weak spot or pierced through and damaged critical parts of the ship, it could cause devastating damage.

Not to mention, the Retribution-class wasn't limited to these four main guns. With twenty L-grade heavy cannons, almost equivalent to four cruisers, it often followed up an X-grade cannon shot with five L-grade ones targeting the same enemy.

As long as the first hit landed, breaking the shield, the following shots could pose a serious threat.

It was in this way that multiple Green Skin main warships were destroyed.

Let alone the occasional small ship caught in the crossfire.

The Human side also had eleven cruisers, more in number than the Green Skin main ships, and they were formidable as well.

Since Gu Hang didn't need to provide support for the battleship, he aided the eleven cruisers instead.

His coordination with Yelisia, the Fleet Commander, was also quite good.

Yelisia, within the command channel, adjusted the formation of the entire Fleet, directed the fire of the Fleet, and managed dispersal and encirclement. And whenever there was a chance to eliminate one of

the enemy ships, Gu Hang used his Psychic Power, boosted to Alpha-level by the blessings of the Storm God Kingdom, to rip apart the enemy ship's energy shield.

Once the cannons fired, it often led to the destruction of an enemy vessel.

Their cooperation could be considered perfectly in sync.

Thus, the Human Fleet had two rapid methods to destroy a Green Skin main ship in this battle.

And how many main ships did the Green Skins have that were capable of fighting?

The Green Skin Fleet, despite heavy losses, engaged in a futile exchange of fire with the Human Fleet, waiting for those who boarded, especially their boss, King Saru, to destroy the enemy flagship.

If he had accomplished this feat, undoubtedly, the Green Skin Fleet's morale would have soared.

However, as the moment failed to arrive, the Orcs couldn't help but question: What has become of King Saru?

It was natural for them to think this way.

From their perspective, after King Saru called for an all-out attack, his flagship was destroyed. Who knew if the shuttle King Saru boarded had successfully landed? Was it destroyed in the void? Even if the boarding was successful, had he already been taken out by those on the ship?

Otherwise, why, after so long, was that mightiest and most formidable ship among the Shrimp still firing one after another, turning our warships into space junk?

With the flagship destroyed, the long-awaited boarding that brought no news, and the rapid elimination of their warships…

The morale of the Green Skin Fleet inevitably began to plummet.

And at that moment, an even worse situation emerged: with the chief, Saru, out of contact, the Green Skin Fleet command system completely collapsed.

Even though they were still unaware of Saru's death, under such pressure, without anyone prestigious enough to take command, the captains of the Green Skin ships began to have their own ideas.

Chapter 469, Great Victory for Temir!_2 "Some wanted to retreat, it was obvious that the battle was lost. Saving each warship that could escape meant preserving lives for future battles. Dying now meant no chance to fight later."

"Some, blinded by battle rage, insisted on fighting to the end, resolutely carrying out Saru's final command to keep jumping and fight, hoping to turn defeat into victory."

"In the communication channel, the chiefs of the Green Skins argued fiercely."

"It was normal to have disagreements on battle plans and strategies, but the real problem was arguing while the war continued, especially when under immense pressure. Even worse was when no one could persuade anyone else, leading to everyone acting independently and throwing the entire army into utter chaos."

"The Green Skin Fleet had effectively collapsed."

"Those who wanted to continue fighting deployed more troops to jump, but most of these jump torpedoes were blown up mid-air, and the few that successfully landed inside enemy ships were annihilated. The Green Skin ships deploying troops were also destroyed one by one in battle;"

"Those ships that fled were also chased down by the part of the Human Fleet assigned to pursue them. In the following hours and even days, they were relentlessly pursued and destroyed one by one."

"In any case, whether choosing to fight to the death or to flee, the outcome was the same."

“Gu Hang had spent a lot of effort and two and a half years preparing for this decisive battle at Temir, with the aim of completely crushing the eastern line of the Green-Skin Army in this one battle. The Green Skin Fleet was his primary target, and if possible, Gu Hang would not let any enemy ships escape.”

“Temir Star System served as a hub of space routes, with five jump points leading to five different Star Realm Tunnels, respectively going to Golden Pass I, Golden Pass II in the Golden Pass Star Sector, Shui Wuheng Star System, and Copper Barrier II in the Copper Barrier Star District, as well as Steel Wing Star in the Eagle Horse Star Sector.”

“After the naval combat outside Temir No.5’s orbit, dozens of Green Skin ships still managed to scatter and flee. A part of the United Fleet’s warships pursued these Green Skins in space for days, even weeks; meanwhile, at the five jump points of Temir No.5, the Human Fleet had already arrived to guard them. As soon as the Green Skin Fleet appeared, they and the pursuers encircled and likely annihilated them.”

“Furthermore, the Human Fleet had positioned many warships—especially the Firebath Nova, which was not adept at chase battles—to support land combat from orbit above Temir No.5.”

“This was indeed a real degrading strike, and this time, the Green Skins couldn’t wait for their ships to arrive in space to drive the human fleet away.”

“With the Firebath Nova leading, accompanied by three cruisers, a total of one hundred warships participated in the orbital support for ground combat, boasting a terrifying firepower!”

“This force was sufficient to execute an Extinction Order.”

“The most rustic but also most frequently used method of Extinction Order was simple orbital bombardment by warships. The fleet would meticulously bombard every inch of the planet’s surface, carpet-bombing without missing any spot, which was the simplest form of Extinction Order.”

“The expense wouldn’t be small, as ship cannons are costly. Bombarding every inch of a planet could potentially cost more than deploying a single Skyburn Torpedo; and it might not be as effective as the Skyburn Torpedo.”

“What’s even more crucial is that this method of executing an Extinction Order required a whole fleet to stay in orbit around the planet for a long time.”

“The cost-effectiveness was poor.”

“But the reason why this method was most common was that the Skyburn Torpedo and other higher-grade Extinction Order Weapons were exceedingly rare, weren’t they? These weapons are difficult to manufacture, take a long time to produce, and are quite scarce on the market.”

“If not, who would choose a less effective method of glassing the land with ship cannons when more functional and thorough Extinction Order Weapons are available?”

“Even the Alliance, with the capability to produce Skyburn Torpedoes, had only accumulated slightly more than ten so far. If used recklessly later, they might run out.”

“Of course, at this moment on Temir No.5, there was no need for an Extinction Order as they were not aiming to annihilate the entire planet.”

“Just providing fire support to the ground, the existing arsenal was indeed sufficient.”

“And the effect of their orbital support fire was also quite formidable.”

In the first half month, the Green Skin population on the ground had sharply declined by two billion!

The primary target of the Human Fleet was the various major Trash Cities where Green Skins mass gathered.

These Trash Cities, typically established around the periphery of the Green Skins’ ecological circles, once destroyed, not only eliminated the large populations of Green Skins congregated within, but also prevented the Green Skins from regenerating on a large scale. Moreover, these Trash Cities were also war factories responsible for producing weapons, equipment, and ammunition for the Green-Skin Army, and their destruction inevitably meant these functions could no longer be carried out.

However, this was a strike against the Green Skins' war capabilities, the extent of population damage was actually quite manageable.

The greatest casualty effect was not entirely due to fleet bombings but also required the coordination of ground troops.

The ground troops launched an unrestrained full-scale attack, and wherever the Green Skins showed signs of resistance, it was as good as having their congregation detected by the human forces, and then fleet bombings were promptly called in.

This led to massive casualties.

Furthermore, Supreme Commander Perbov, in charge of the ground campaign, intentionally directed his troops to approach, encircle, and intercept the Green Skins from various angles and routes, pushing them toward one area.

His battle plan achieved unprecedented success—it could not possibly fail. The Green Skins couldn't resist or retaliate. If they dispersed their forces, they would be intercepted and driven until confined in an area, unable to move, and then came the fleet bombardment. Every inch of the ground within the encirclement would be bombed, followed immediately by ground troops sweeping over the battlefield, simply needed to kill off any survivors.

And if the Green Skins amassed forces to resist, they would be directly bombed, killed, and dispersed, then the previous steps would be repeated.

These scenes continuously played out across the entire planet. The human military, totaling over two billion, was divided into over a hundred Army Groups, carrying out similar plans on battlefields all over the planet. Meanwhile, over a hundred warships, including battleships, hovered in orbit, ready to be called upon.

This was why, within half a month, the Green Skins had lost two billion lives.

There were still two billion Green Skins remaining on Temir No.5, but their defeat was already sealed.

Realistically, the number of potent Green Skin Orcs was probably less than a hundred million. During the battles, these orc troops were the main combat forces and were the primary targets of attacks. The remaining approximately 1.9 billion were basically weaklings, whose combat abilities were very poor.

Moreover, the Beastman Overlord on the ground had also perished. After his location was discovered, he and his trusted aide army were annihilated by a “Destruction Verdict” fired from a battleship.

Further, after the destruction of the Trash Cities and various ecological zones, the Green Skins essentially lost their potential for war. In a normal war situation, they might have been able to pick up trash directly from the battlefield, allowing those weaklings to produce equipment, ammunition, and supplies on-site, but under the present circumstances, they clearly had no such opportunity.

If the war continued, the Green Skins would likely only be able to go into battle armed with machetes.

Proper Green Skin Orcs holding machetes might still pose some threat, given their significant biological strength; but if those weaklings could only wield machetes, they, originally fodder troops, were now less than fodder, nearly devoid of any combat capability.

Main forces wiped out, leader killed, war potential exhausted—what chances did the Green Skins still have?

Thus, the battle of Temir came to an end, and from any perspective, it could be called a ‘great victory’!

This point, even the system acknowledged.

Chapter 470, 8000000 Blessings The victory of the Temir Campaign was certainly a major triumph.

Whether one looked at the scale of the war, the exchange ratio between the two sides, or the influence the war wielded, describing it as ‘major’ was no overstatement.

In terms of scale, the battle had actually lasted for more than three years, with over 6 billion troops from both the Green Skins and humans engaging in combat, using an entire planet as the battlefield; at sea, the combined fleets had totaled more than six hundred warships.

In terms of influence, the outcome of the Temir Campaign would directly affect the situation along the entire Eastern Star Domain's frontline and indirectly the entire Star Domain's war.

And the exchange ratio was even more exaggerated.

Combining the three years, more than 700 million human soldiers perished on the surface of Temir No.5, primarily composed of Pact Army, but the Alliance Army had also spilled blood here, a non-negligible 60 million.

But the Green Skins' losses were more terrifying. They had accumulated a loss of 50 billion in living forces, and the remaining 20 billion had no way out either.

Those that emerged from the local ecosystem were, after all, in the minority; most reinforcements were transported from other planets.

It is true that Green Skins could grow from the ground and at a rapid pace, but a loss of over 7 billion in one go was unquestionably a severe blow in the short term.

Yet, these were not the greatest losses the Green Skins had suffered.

The greatest losses were their ships.

During the naval battle just beyond the orbit of Temir No.5, the Green Skin Fleet saw one hundred and ninety-three of its ships destroyed by the Human Fleet, a tally meticulously recorded by the navy.

Furthermore, of the more than one hundred warships that fled, eighty-four were gradually taken out during the pursuit.

Roughly thirty warships were left, but they didn't manage to escape either. The humans had sealed all five jump points of the Temir Star System, forcing the Green Skins into a blind flight via conventional sailing methods, fleeing outside the Star System.

They had run too far, almost leaving the Star System, beyond the normal range covered by Star Language Towers and Stargazing Towers. The Human Fleet couldn't chase beyond the bounds of the Star System—that was simply too far, and without communication from the Star Speech Towers or navigation from the Stargazing Towers, there was a risk of getting lost in space, with a chance of not returning.

But the Green Skin Fleet chased into the unknown cosmos would encounter the same problems. They too navigated the Star Sea with the aid of Star Realm Tunnels. Without Star Realm Tunnels, they too would become lost in the cold, dark expanse of space. By the time they made their way back, or if luck carried them to another Star System, who knows how many years would have passed.

Those Green Skin ships that plunged into the dark cosmos were basically no longer capable of posing a threat.

From this perspective, the Green Skins' three hundred ships were as good as entirely destroyed.

And the cost to humankind was merely about twenty ships, mostly small ones at that.

The sea battle portion was an even more exaggerated victory than the ground combat that had raged for three years, achieving an exchange ratio of 1:10.

With that in mind, it was only natural for the Temir Campaign to be rated as an 'epic triumph' by the system.

[Temir Campaign Summary: Resounding Victory, awarded 8,784,990 Grace Points]

Seeing the information on the campaign summary screen, Gu Hang couldn't control the expression on his face, beaming with joy!

Not in vain had he spent so much time, a full two and a half years, fighting this battle.

The Temir Campaign had lasted for so long, accumulating countless Grace Points in the pool, which he had swept up with absolute strength, achieving a resounding victory at a relatively small cost, and cashed them out in one fell swoop at a very high coefficient.

“Just over a satisfying victory, shouldn’t there be a higher appraisal? Perhaps it should be called ‘Epic Victory’?”

“But to achieve that level of appraisal, it’s probably very difficult. I imagine the hard requirements include having one’s own strength be about equal or even less than the enemy’s, and still winning the battle with a small ratio of casualties, all the while the war’s influence must be significant. Only then can one obtain the highest coefficient of appraisal.”

“The influence and casualty ratio of the Temir battle surely met the conditions. However, being smaller in size than the enemy, that was not satisfied at all.”

“But Gu Hang didn’t care.”

“Real warfare isn’t playing games, and there’s no option for Gu Hang to reload and retry. He wouldn’t risk deploying a small number of troops for a big win just to get a high appraisal, to get more appraisal points.”

“If possible, he would rather every war hereafter be won with a superior number of troops overwhelming the enemy.”

“A lower score doesn’t matter. What’s crucial is ensuring victory, keeping our own troop losses to a minimum.”

“Besides, 8.8 million Grace Points made Gu Hang very satisfied, the equivalent to eight times the earnings of the Steel Wing Star campaign.”

“It’s quite normal to have so much. In total over three years, this naval battle’s achievements were three times that of the Steel Wing Star campaign; the ground battle results were dozens of times greater.”

“Even if the majority of Green Skins eliminated on the ground were of the lesser kind, the quantity is still evident.”

“It’s quite normal for the Grace Points to be high.”

“With these 8.8 million Grace Points, many of Gu Hang’s subsequent plans could go much smoother!”

“…”

“After the Temir battle concluded with absolute superiority, the benefits for Gu Hang weren’t just the income from Grace Points.”

“The destruction of three hundred Green-Skinned Warships and seven billion Green Skins meant that the Dragonhawk Star Domain’s eastern part was wide open to the Alliance.”

“Moving forward with strategy, whether pushing north to pierce through the Green Skins’ four major Star Sectors or southwest to pincer the main force led by the Beastman chieftain, there was one unavoidable target, and that was the Golden Pass Star Sector itself.”

“While pursuing the Green Skin Fleet, the Firebath Nova, accompanied by a hundred warships, also bombarded Temir No.5.”

“These two tasks continued for over half a month until the system’s settlement appeared, heralding a final conclusion. Then Gu Hang ordered the main forces to advance into the depths of the Golden Pass Star Sector.”

“Leaving behind thirty ships to continue supporting the remaining battles on Temir No.5, the Firebath Nova and ten cruisers, carrying over two hundred million Alliance Army troops and almost one billion Pact Army troops brought over from the Alliance rear, formed the total military force for the mission across the entire Golden Pass Star Sector.”

“1.2 billion wasn’t the limit of the Alliance’s forces, but it was the limit for the Alliance to transport troops across Star Sectors simultaneously. For this, the Alliance mobilized more than thirty Colossal Belly

Transport Ships. Each Colossal Belly could carry a group army of twenty million, accounting for six hundred million. The remaining six hundred million were crammed into the various warships and armed merchant ships."

"This was the utmost limit of the transport capacity; any larger, and the fleet would have to drop off people, equipment, and supplies before making another trip. Counting the time for loading and unloading, it would take at least several months, close to half a year."

"From this, one can see the value of transport ships."

"But for now, with a total military force of 1.2 billion, plus two hundred and fifty Human Warships, there was an absolute advantage over the remaining Green Skin forces in the entire Golden Pass Star Sector."