Governor 721

Chapter 721

However, Jason Morgan was unable to meet Wang Jiarong as he had hoped.

If the situation had been normal, Wang Jiarong certainly wouldn't have minded having a brief chat with Jason Morgan.

This trade route in the Fox Moon Star Domain is rather important in the future planning of the Alliance Commerce Department, and there is a lot of room for cooperation between the two parties.

She was originally planning to do just that.

A sudden event disrupted her plans.

Their group was to complete the industrial transfer across multiple Star Domains and Star Sectors along the way, engage in interstellar trade, and eventually conduct a large-scale transaction with a caravan from the Infinite Starfield. The number of ships in the entire fleet would certainly be considerable.

Whether large giant-bellied merchant ships or medium and small-sized merchant ships, the numbers were many.

Such a massive transportation fleet, loaded with wealth, was quite substantial; these ships themselves also constituted a significant amount of wealth.

So naturally, a lot had to be invested in security.

Along with the caravan, there were many armed merchant ships.

Armed merchant ships are essentially ordinary transport ships fitted with some ship cannons, and if conditions allowed, some armor could be added, and the strength of the energy shield could be enhanced.

These modifications could provide merchant ships with certain combat capabilities.

Of course, they were not comparable to genuine warships. From the initial design stage, there are many details in civilian ships that determine combat power, and the technical routes differ from those of military ships.

A giant-bellied armed merchant ship, looking as large as a battleship or even bigger, might still be defeated by an escort ship.

It might even not be able to escape.

The giant belly's speed is very slow.

Of course, this is also because the 'giant belly' is one of the most challenging ship models to arm. It is a special-purpose ship designed for cheap, fuel-efficient, and massive transportation. It excels at transport. When modified into a warship, its extremely poor speed, low flexibility, power output limited for cost reasons at the design stage, bulky body that is easy to hit, and lack of suitable positions for installing weaponry...

Some ships are relatively better. For instance, the small Flying Dolphin, when converted into a 'Wild Boar type' armed merchant ship, is somewhat acceptable.

The most suitable is the 'Tiger Whale type,' which is a re-designed ship based on the Whale-class transport ship. However, unlike ordinary modifications, the Tiger Whale cannot be modified from the Whale class; it has to be built as a Tiger Whale from the beginning.

The construction cost of a Tiger Whale is about two billion tax coins, more expensive than the Whale class, but cheaper than the Silver Sword class or Silver Shield class escort ships.

However, it can carry almost as much as a Whale-class merchant ship. The key in terms of combat power is that two Tiger Whales can match a Silver Shield class escort ship.

This cost-effectiveness is pretty good.

During wartime, the military rarely uses Tiger Whales; even the logistics teams don't use them. If the military needs logistical support, they just requisition high-capacity transport ships and then send warships to escort them.

As for ordinary caravans, using Tiger Whales is more ideal.

With no need to carry warships, under normal circumstances, a Tiger Whale can be used as a standard Whale; it's just 25% more expensive and carries 10% less cargo.

And once it encounters danger, it immediately becomes quite formidable, equivalent to half an escort ship.

The fleet led by Wang Jiarong relied on over a hundred Tiger Whales to provide martial protection.

Chapter 722

The Dark Spirit Race, or the Spirit Race, is a unique species of alien in the entire universe.

In fact, they are one of the groups that are quite similar in appearance to humans across the universe.

With two hands and two feet, they walk upright and have a torso. Their faces are quite similar to humans, unlike the Green Skin Orcs with their fierce looks. From a human aesthetic perspective, the Spirit Race's appearance might seem a bit strange, but they are also considered quite beautiful.

The history of interactions between the Human Empire and them is quite long.

Around ten thousand years ago, during the founding wars of the Human Empire, humans discovered traces of the Spirit Race.

However, to this day, the Spirit Race remains a relatively mysterious race to humans.

Unlike many of the regional alien species encountered, the Spirit Race doesn't seem to have a clear 'base', or homeland, or their own country.

From this perspective, they are somewhat like the Green Skins and the Void Insect Species, appearing throughout the universe.

But their numbers are extremely few, and they are clearly entities with whom communication is possible. They are not like the typical aliens, mostly in a state of outright hostility with humans.

The Spirit Race is different; they are 'both enemies and friends'.

Naturally, humans have always maintained a policy of purifying all unclean aliens, and the Spirit Race is indeed part of the aliens, so the overall attitude of the Human Empire towards the Spirit Race is certainly hostile.

But there is a difference.

Where does the Empire have the capability for large-scale outward expansion or expeditions now? Since the Sun Expedition, which lasted sixty years and drained countless resources of the Empire, carving out the Solaria Domain, that area has become a wasteland, an infinite point of hemorrhaging, with chaotic battles among various forces everywhere. Those who went to Solaria as the Cosmic Domain Chair initially thought it was an opportunity—stabilizing that domain would be a great achievement, allowing them to reap massive local benefits and simultaneously serve as an excellent political credential to return to the Central Empire for advancement...

Now looking at it, they thought too much.

The Empire may seem to be warring everywhere, bustling with activity, but upon closer examination, where are they fighting others? Clearly, they're the ones taking the hits!

If not invaded by the Green Skins, then by the Insect Swarm, or chaos;

or it’s internal strife, sparked by conflicts among Empire factions, leading to revolts for various reasons...

In such circumstances, what does it matter if the Spirit Race is treated as a hostile force? Could anyone actively go and assault them?

Moreover, given they appear at various locations across the universe, they might have a lair or might not even have one; this even further diminishes the notion of proactively attacking them.

And the Spirit Race, unlike those truly adversarial races, doesn’t frequently initiate attacks on humans.

On the contrary, sometimes during human confrontations with other enemies, they suddenly appear on the battlefield, cooperating with the human forces to fight those enemies.

Of course, at times, they also attack humans.

Their actions embody an air of mystery. The adjective applies aptly to both their whereabouts and their targets and motives.

This is the overall impression of the Spirit Race.

Specifically, within the Spirit Race, there are distinctions. They generally have two skin colors: one is gray-black, and the other is pink-white.

Those with pink-white skin are the relatively normal Spirit Race.

The gray-black ones are called the Dark Spirit Race.

This group is more bothersome.

Like the usual Spirit Race, their whereabouts and targets are unpredictable, but their motive is obvious: looting.

No matter if it’s resources, goods, industrial products, ships, people... they steal everything.

Adding to their elusive presence, these Dark Elves are extremely pesky.

They even, at times, directly raid the planet surface.

There are no things like frontal battles, massive engagements of troops, or positional attacks. Using combat airships, the Dark Spirit Race on floating motorcycles quickly completes a raid, kills, loots, and then flees.

The forces they gather for each operation are not numerous, rarely seeking out powerful opponents for direct confrontation, usually opting for a blitz looting approach.

Currently, is there yet another victim of the Dark Spirit Race?

But the more pressing question is, where have these dark-skinned ones fled to? Can they be dealt with somehow?

Wang Jiarong has placed significant pressure on the Navy.

According to her, her trade convoy has many commercial activities ahead. If this group of Dark Spirit Race isn’t dealt with, who knows what troubles may arise in the future.

...

If there’s any force within the Human Empire relatively familiar with the Dark Spirit Race, it would probably be the Anti-Extraterrestrial Alliance.

This group specializes in combating alien enemies and handling corruption caused by aliens. The Judge faction has internal records of various alien species.

The Spirit Race is mysterious, but at least they are better understood compared to most other Empire forces.

What's more, over the years, as the Dark Spirit Race has been causing disturbances all over the Empire, their activities have become more pronounced. Although not fatal, they are annoying, like countless flies and mosquitoes buzzing around the vast Empire territories.

One of the places severely affected is to the south of the Alliance, in the core area of the Eastern Cosmos Domain, the capital region of Wuji Starfield.

Chapter 722:

At the same time, the area within the superlimit Cosmic Domain conducting business with the Alliance is also a region where the Dark Spirit Race is very active.

Therefore, the Anti-Extraterrestrial Alliance has also launched some special operations against the Dark Spirit Race, accumulating more information.

All of it is now being utilized.

Menek Martini did not expect these people to be put to use so quickly.

Within the "Union Plan," besides taxes, there are also many political aspects mentioned. The Alliance indeed possesses full autonomy rights, but theoretically, the Empire can also dispatch an observation group to reside long-term within the Alliance's territory to supervise the situation.

Of course, most people know that this is just a facade project.

It's merely a measure to reassure the gentlemen on Holy Terra.

Is it realistic to expect hundreds of Terran Envoys to truly oversee something? Even if the Alliance intends to rebel, noticing it in advance would still be a question; and even if discovered, it'll be hard to

prevent it. Even if they simply want to send information back to Holy Terra, there's almost no chance as the Alliance could easily intercept it in advance.

Of course, that moment is still far away.

Although the "Union Plan" has not yet been officially signed, Mr. Gu is currently on his way to Holy Terra, but some things have already been initiated in advance.

The members of the observation group stationed in the Alliance; Gu Hang has already invited a batch.

The Tribunal is certainly the most crucial, and Gu Hang invited representatives from the three main Tribunals.

The Alliance even promised to provide some financial support to the Tribunal.

The Heretic Tribunal and the Demon Tribunal remained somewhat reserved, giving no immediate response, stating they would wait until the discussions on the "Union Plan" on Holy Terra concluded. Meanwhile, the Extraplanar Tribunal was rather proactive in aligning with the Alliance.

In the previous war, they had established quite a good rapport with the Alliance and simply left a batch of judges meant to withdraw from the Spiderweb Domain, to return to Holy Terra; they stayed back to form a branch of the Extraplanar Tribunal within the Alliance.

After the signing of the "Union Plan," they will represent the Anti-Extraterrestrial Alliance in joining the observation group to 'supervise' the Alliance's development, checking for compliance with the "Union Plan" regulations. Before the signing, they are effectively a branch of the Anti-Extraterrestrial Alliance co-operating with the Alliance to combat Alien activities on the Imperial's Eastern Frontier.

In a sense, this could even be considered an external expansion of the Anti-Extraterrestrial Alliance. Originally, they had two main core divisions within the Imperial's Eastern Frontier, and subsequently, it seems they intended to establish a third within the Alliance.

Although the Anti-Extraterrestrial Alliance is a large independent force and certainly doesn't take orders from the Alliance, with a rather good relationship, much collaboration against Alien threats is possible.

If the Anti-Extraterrestrial Alliance wants particularly strong support in the Eastern Cosmos Domain, Spiderweb Domain, or surrounding Star Devouring Cosmos, Master Cosmos Domain, and Magrey Cosmic Domain, the power of the Alliance will be a tremendous asset.

And Martini was appointed by Gu Hang to be responsible for dealing with the judges from the Anti-Extraterrestrial Alliance.

He himself was also a judge, originating from the Flash Judgement Court.

The Flash Judgement Court is a smaller tribunal originating from the Eastern Cosmos Domain. Martini is essentially the Judgment Chief there, a senior figure.

When the Alliance was confronting the Fury Flame Battle Group, the Flash Judgement Court was invited by Gu Hang from the heartland of the Eastern Cosmos Domain to be a force opposed to the Silver Tribunal, which was then getting close to the Iron Armor Battle Group. Martini represented the Flash Judgement Court.

Upon arrival, he stayed and was successfully recruited by Gu Hang.

Currently, he's still holding his position within the Flash Judgement Court, while also joining the Alliance's 'Demon Hunter' organization.

The Flash Judgement Court has no objections to this.

They're even willing to send more personnel over—as long as the Alliance can continue to support the Flash Judgement Court financially.

And before leaving, Gu Hang told Martini to make good use of the Anti-Extraterrestrial Alliance people, can't just keep them around for nothing, right?

They can play a certain role in clearing out the remnants of the Insect Swarm, the group of infected in the Spiderweb Domain.

But honestly, dealing with the remaining incapacitated Insect Swarm isn't much of an achievement. Even without them, it wouldn't make much difference.

Martini had been pondering how to invite them to the northeastern part of the Dragonhawk Star Domain.

The four areas once occupied by Iron Tooth Orcs still have many Green Skins. Although these Green Skins have long since fallen apart, with no unified war chief leading them—and pose very low threat levels and even fight amongst themselves—overall, the scattered Green Skins are still slightly more challenging to deal with than the incapacitated Insect Swarm.

Unexpectedly, employment opportunities came up directly here in the Spiderweb Domain.

Regarding the Dark Spirit Race, Martini himself knew quite a bit. Back when he was in the Cosmic Domain Capital of the Eastern Cosmos Domain—Wuji Star, much of their Flash Judgement Court's duties involved cracking down on the Dark Spirit Race pirates rampaging across Wuji Starfield.

Now, it's like returning to his old profession.

It was precisely because of this expertise that, united with his Anti-Extraterrestrial Alliance judge colleagues, they could swiftly capture the lurking Dark Spirit Race from Yangyu Star.

He then witnessed some truly remarkable methods from the Anti-Extraterrestrial Alliance.

The captured live Dark Spirit Race members were subjected to severe interrogation.

He had interrogated those Darklings before, but honestly, with little success.

Those Darklings seemed quite resistant to interrogation and physical torture.

Whips, electric shocks, branding irons...

Breaking teeth, pulling nails, cutting tongues...

With all sorts of tools and punishments used on them, creating a bloody scene that ordinary people could hardly endure; however, the usually strictly interrogated Dark Spirit Race seemed unfazed.

They seemed not to possess particularly strong wills but rather somewhat... enjoyed these torments?

Martini found it hard to comprehend.

Nonetheless, the Anti-Extraterrestrial Alliance members seemed to have special means, truly capable of instilling fear in the Dark Spirit Race.

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Chapter 723: Comoros

Vice Admiral Du Shiliang of the Alliance Navy paced anxiously back and forth on the bridge.

He was waiting for news from Martini.

After learning that a convoy of Wang Jiarong's trading fleet had gone missing, suspected of being raided, he had rushed over in a hurry.

After Yelisia left, he was the temporary highest commander of the entire Alliance Navy. The safety of Alliance ships sailing across the Star Sea, including within the Spiderweb Domain, was his responsibility.

With an incident involving the Star Sea merchant ships, he was certainly responsible.

Moreover, it might not just be a leadership responsibility. When Yelisia left with Gu Hang, she specifically instructed the navy to set up the Star Sea defense measures in the Spiderweb Domain.

Meanwhile, the Alliance Government had already notified him in advance that Wang's Trading Company's fleet would arrive, asking him to make preparations.

Yet, an incident still occurred.

He felt a sense of injustice.

Despite all the precautions, they didn't expect the Dark Elves.

Previously, the Alliance had never dealt with the Dark Spirit Race. For Du Shiliang, this was an unknown realm. Not only was there no experience, but he hadn't even considered it.

Add to that the elusive nature of the Dark Spirit Race, it was even more difficult to defend against.

But he also understood that these were all excuses after the fact.

Within the Alliance Navy, aside from Admiral Yelixa being the most established, others did not have significantly different experience or capabilities.

Du Shiliang was indeed a veteran; during the Koroga Battle, when Mr. Gu started to make his mark in the Star Sea, he was an Imperial Navy Vice Admiral, a captain of the Tianma Fleet, and had assisted Gu Hang. In a series of subsequent decisions, he made the right choices and reached his current position.

However, there are others like him in the navy; some newcomers have also performed outstandingly in combat.

He didn't have absolute merits to ensure he would always be the navy commander.

Now, with Yelisia gone, a vacancy available, and him receiving an opportunity to lead, if he botched it, his path ahead would be tough.

He might even be seen as 'incompetent for major tasks'.

With events unfolding, Du Shiliang had no choice; his current task was to quickly resolve the situation.

First, he needed to retrieve the missing convoy. They were likely in dire straits, but whether alive or dead, he needed to account for them, and the responsible Dark Elves must be dealt with, or it would be hard to explain.

Secondly, he needed to plug this hole.

With the Alliance actively developing the Spiderweb Domain, massive amounts of supplies exchanged across the Star Sea in the Domain, these merchant and transport ships needed to operate efficiently to meet the Alliance's needs.

And such efficiency relies on one thing above all else—security.

Without security for shipping, they would need to spend massive time and cost on escorts, detours, and surveillance.

That would be unacceptable.

If Dark Spirit Race pirates repeatedly caused losses to Alliance ships, it would spell the end of his acting as the commander.

It would be fortunate not to be relegated back to captaining a regular cruiser.

The Navigators and Star Speakers under the navy, all usable Spiritual Power, frantically led by warships, were scouring the void of the Yangyu Star System, trying to catch any trace.

But the efficiency was low, yielding no results so far.

Next, he shook the personnel. Since the Dark Elves could have infiltrators in Yangyu, perhaps there were more spies? Perhaps some had been corrupted or bribed by the Spirit Race? Could they know any information?

Thus, he requested from a higher level, namely the Military Affairs Department, that Marshal Tadeusz deploy experts from the Military Intelligence Bureau to find further clues.

Of course, he was most looking forward to the Judges' interrogation of the Dark Elf captives.

Upon hearing that the Anti-Extraterrestrial Alliance Judges had some major moves, he ordered the fleet to be on standby and informed the two Furyflame Battle Group companies accompanying the fleet to prepare for battle.

Then, Martini Court brought people from the Anti-Extraterrestrial Alliance on board his ship and delivered good news.

They had pinpointed the enemy's location.

The Dark Spirit Race pirates had a temporary base on an inconspicuous asteroid in the Yangyu Star System. There, they even had a Spirit Gate opened.

Du Shiliang hastily ordered a full military mobilization, and en route, absorbed some knowledge about the Dark Spirit Race.

After listening, his expression was quite unsettled.

...

Zelnos Blood Curse looked down from a high platform, observing tens of thousands, over a hundred thousand, prisoners moving supplies on this little asteroid under the whip of Blood Slaves.

Normally, ordinary mortals could not move freely on an asteroid without protection. To enable these humans to operate, a channel was set up between the temporary docking point and the Spirit Gate on the asteroid, about sixty meters in diameter. Several large life support facilities were arranged along the route, a thin layer of energy protected the channel area from deadly cosmic radiation and maintained oxygen and temperature inside, allowing for human activity.

Chapter 723: Comoros_2

The human captives were originally more than just this number. This time they hit the jackpot, raiding more than a dozen ships and brought them all back to this temporary base. Among those dozen ships, there was a large batch of crew alone, not to mention the vast number of immigrants hitching a ride.

However, after their raided ships arrived at this location, within less than ten days, most of them were killed.

There was no resistance.

The unarmed human captives didn’t have much means of resistance in the first place. A few heavily resisting armed merchant ships were destroyed, turning into space debris; those captured were infiltrated by the Dark Spirit Race with their Blood Slaves, who stormed inside the ships, slaughtered the

armed guards, then introduced specially-made drugs into several internal air circulation systems throughout the ship, knocking everyone out, easily completing the captives' work.

This has become the common practice of the Dark Spirit Race pirates, they have become very adept at it.

Even after a successful raid, they have a rather sophisticated method for dealing with these captives.

Human population raiding is indeed the most important goal of the Dark Spirit Race when they go out to rob. Humans, whether of the human race or others, are all emotional, intelligent, and soulful advanced beings, which are their targets.

The development of Comoros requires a large population.

The Spirit Race is a population-scarce species. With insufficient population themselves, they can only rely on other races.

Supplementing labor is just one of the smallest reasons for these black sprouts capturing captives and slaves.

The largest goal is for slaughter, abuse, and amusement.

Although it sounds rather absurd, it is indeed true.

Zelnos had a long period without proper slaughtering or torturing. He felt his soul was about to dissipate.

No, it wasn't merely a 'feeling', it was reality.

The Spirit Race, tens of thousands of years ago, was the undisputed dominator of this universe. They possessed a highly advanced civilization, vast territories, and a splendid culture...

But all of this was completely obliterated in the Spirit Race's boundless enjoyment, indulgence, revelry, and downfall.

The entirety of the Spirit Race became sacrifices, resulting in the birth of the youngest deity among the Subspace's Four Gods.

Its birth consumed the destruction of a universe dominant race.

The brilliant civilization and nation of the Spirit Race thus vanished utterly, along with their 'gods' — some fell or were corrupted by Slaanesh, becoming her toy and minion.

The remaining Spirit Race split into two branches.

Both claimed themselves as the true inheritors of the Spirit Race.

One branch, with white skin, became known as the Ark Eldar. They established sanctuaries — often an Ark sailing in space. The Ark was equipped with soul stones, creating a virtual space. The Spirit Race's souls were placed in the soul stones, severing their souls' contact with Subspace.

They practice asceticism, self-denial, and strictly guard their minds, enabling them to avoid being noticed by Slaanesh in life, while their souls, after death, return to the sanctuary, becoming fuel for the Ark.

While the other, with dark skin, lives in the mystical city of 'Comoros'.

Comoros is located in the veil between Subspace and the real universe.

The veil of reality supposedly lacks the concept of thickness, but during the Spirit Race's peak era, their technological level was unimaginable, they were able to carve out a space within the veil and build a city.

This ’city’, unlike typical cities, since it isn’t in the real universe but within the veil, can use Subspace to open pathways within the city at any time, much like a Star Realm Tunnel, leading to any location in this real universe.

However, they were not located in Subspace, allowing them to escape the calamity during Slaanesh’s birth, which swept across both Subspace and the real universe.

Yet escaping the calamity doesn’t imply everything is fine. Every living Spirit Race couldn’t escape Slaanesh’s control, and this isn’t just talk. Unlike the Ark Eldar who established sanctuaries and promoted asceticism, the Dark Spirit Race had chosen a different path.

Their souls were connected to Comoros, ensuring their souls wouldn’t be immediately absorbed by Slaanesh — once this connection is severed, it’s over, their souls would be directly drawn into Slaanesh’s domain, becoming her eternal toys.

That is the most painful thing.

Should they die, their souls would also return to Comoros, preserved in the soul boxes they left. Within the Dark Spirit Race, they have high-grade blood engineers known as Blood伶 people, who would craft a flesh body to allow their souls to revive.

Of course, there would be a lengthy weakness period. Therefore, the best outcome would be being able to bring back the dead Dark Spirit Race’s body and perform surgery for much better results.

If surgeries haven’t been done for too long or the death time is too extended, then the Dark Spirit Race would truly die — after death, their souls would belong to Slaanesh.

This is the ultimate fear for every member of the Spirit Race.

They fear true death far more than any other races.

Because, unlike other races, for whom death leads to nothingness; for them, dying means eternal torment and punishment, lasting until the universe’s destruction, with no liberation.

Even if they haven't died completely, the Dark Spirit Race is more prone to attract Slaanesh's attention compared to their compatriots on the Ark.

In other words, Slaanesh would constantly have her eyes on them, constantly absorbing their souls. However, with Comoros's protection, this process is relatively slow.

If they do nothing, maybe ten years? Twenty years? Fifty years?... Ultimately, their souls would be absorbed slowly.

To prevent their souls from being absorbed, they would need to find substitutes.

Through abuse, violence, massacre, and other means, creating boundless pain would serve as soul substitutes to be absorbed, preserving their own souls. Additionally, it could replenish the deficiency in their souls, achieving extended lifespan and enhanced strength. The most powerful governor in the family might even truly attain immortality.

This is the genuine reason the Dark Spirit Race continues to raid foreign populations.

Leading such a raiding fleet is Zelnos Blood Curse.

He is a mid-level cadre of the Blood Curse Family, one of the top-ranking families from Comoros. His mission within the family is to lead a raiding fleet, frequently launch attacks, and reap benefits.

With Comoros's characteristic of being able to open a door to the real universe anytime, they can truly come and go without leaving a trace.

However, the Veil Spirit Gate doesn't come without limitations.

A place where a Veil Spirit Gate can be opened must necessarily have an entity constructed by the Dark Spirit Race in the real universe, serving as a location's coordinates.

The area where Zelnos frequently operates isn't in the Spiderweb Domain but in the northern Star Devouring Cosmos.

The fierce battle in the Spiderweb Domain was daunting even for the Spirit Race of Comoros. There are plenty of places to raid so there's no need to bother when humans fighting amongst themselves, humans battling the Void Insect Species, causing bloody confrontations.

Unexpectedly, there won't be any attention on the Spiderweb Domain for a long time.

However, a sudden order from the family's upper echelon forced him to be dispatched there.

He was compelled to lead his raiding fleet, return to Comoros first, then enter the nearest Veil Spirit Gate coordinates in the Spiderweb Domain — located in the northern Sword Gate Starfield of the Spiderweb Domain — followed by a long voyage in the real universe, arriving at the Fox Moon Star Domain to establish a Veil Spirit Gate and then launch raiding actions.

His raiding target is the Alliance.

Or rather, another power conducting trade with the Infinite Starfield.

Chapter 724: The Emperor's Most Rational Son

Zelnos Blood Curse isn't exactly a small character. His position in the family is decent, arguably a mid-level cadre.

He isn't uninformed; with over a thousand years of life and numerous experiences in looting outside, he could be considered well-versed in the world.

When it comes to something that can be considered an important target in the Infinite Starfield, it is, of course, the reason for the name of this starfield: the Infinite Legion.

In legend, there is a prophecy:

[The son of the youngest Evil God, who most venerates rationality, will return to the mortal world in the Era of the End, deciding the final fate of the Spirit Race.]

This prophecy is quite thought-provoking. Each element needs to be pondered over a bit to understand its meaning, and there are many different directions for interpretation.

Who does ’the youngest Evil God’ refer to?

It clearly isn’t those three ancient ones in Subspace. In the past, it was generally believed to be Slaanesh, the fourth Evil God who rose at the cost of the universe-dominant Eldar Empire’s fall.

But if it’s Slaanesh, does she have a famous ’son who venerates rationality’?

Hard to say.

Hoping to find someone among the Slaanesh Demons, Demon Princes, who can be absolutely termed as ’venerating rationality’, is impossible. The Slaanesh Demons who pursue indulgence, wanton behavior, and extreme pleasure can’t possibly venerate rationality without causing laughter.

However, if you pay attention to the word ’most’, it seems to suggest a relative comparison, like finding a general among the short ones, who relatively venerates rationality. It’s not entirely impossible to forcefully find one.

This is one aspect of interpretation.

Another interpretation believes the youngest Evil God refers to the ascended Emperor of humanity.

But is he really at the level of the Four Gods of Subspace?

There is debate within the Spirit Race about this, and it’s not certain.

But if we set aside the debate and consider him as the fifth main god of Subspace, then the term ’son’ becomes very strong in its reference. It refers to the Legion Commanders who commanded various Interstellar Soldier Corps when the Empire was established. Each was created by the Emperor according to his genetic template, making them Demigods. Each Battle Group was further created from the genes of these Demigods, essentially ’deteriorated versions’.

Theoretically, every Demigod is an Eternal Life, a son of the Emperor, and can now be called the Son of God.

As for ’who most venerates rationality’, it’s a bit hard to say, but it’s widely believed to be the former Legion Commander from the Infinite Legion.

They say he is eternal, but after the Emperor’s ascension, his sons gradually due to various factors, either fell or disappeared, vanishing from everyone’s sight.

Only the Legion Commander of the Infinite Legion, who once presided over the division of the Interstellar Warrior Corps into smaller Battle Groups and wrote the "Star Warrior Codex", which was revered as a canon, once became the Regent King of the Empire and ruled the Empire for quite some time.

But in a war, he suffered a life-threatening strike from a Demon Prince’s sword.

His subordinates could only place him into a Stasis Position to temporarily preserve his life.

The only function of the Stasis Position is that time no longer flows within it. The Regent King, therefore, preserved his life but stayed forever in that moment of crisis.

The method to release the Stasis Position is not difficult, but once released, he would swiftly meet his death.

He’s been on the home planet of the Infinite Legion, Ultramar, for nearly ten thousand years now. The Infinite Legion has, during these ten thousand years, constantly been seeking ways to save their Father of Genetics. There has been some progress, but given the insufficient success rate, who dares to gamble?

And so, to this day, the Regent King remains in this state.

Putting aside other interpretations, a significant portion of people have firmly believed the figure mentioned in the prophecy is this former Regent King of humanity, the Emperor's son, the Father of Genetics of the Infinite Legion—Robert.

According to the prophecy, will he awaken in the Era of the End? What does it have to do with the Spirit Race?

What exactly is the Era of the End?

What fate will the Spirit Race face because of this?

Interpretations of these things are even more varied and indefinable.

Not only are interpretations of the prophecy different, but opinions among the higher-ups of the various families in Comoros regarding the prophecy also differ.

Even though the prophecy originated from the Wu Ling Sect, created by the eldest Great Witch Spirit with a lifespan of tens of thousands of years, not every family's governor believes it.

Comoros is a cold-blooded city full of intrigue; who knows if the prophecy was fabricated by the Wu Ling Sect for some untold secret with ulterior motives?

Believing it could mean falling into a trap, right?

The internal strife between families in Comoros is not only as intricate as the political struggles on Human Holy Terra, but even more intense and bloody.

A single misstep could lead to eternal damnation.

Those who don't believe either completely ignore this message or strongly oppose it, or pretend to believe it to use the prophecy for other purposes.

There are also those who believe.

But believing doesn't mean there's a consensus on opinion and action. Some think it should be utilized, some believe it should be preemptively destroyed, some advocate for proactively establishing contact, and some think...

There are too many possibilities, both true and false.

Zelnos himself can't clearly discern the thoughts of his fellow kinsmen.

He even dares not determine what his Blood Curse Family's true view is of the prophecy.

But one thing is certain: the Blood Curse Family is among the top families most interested in and proactive about the prophecy.

They have united many allies, making numerous arrangements and plans.

These arrangements have even stretched and lasted for hundreds or thousands of years.

What Zelnos is responsible for is just a very small part of one link—imposing a trade blockade on the Infinite Starfield.

It's not about using full military force to completely lock down the Infinite Starfield; that's unrealistic. Even if the Blood Curse Family has such power, they would never want to confront the powerful Infinite Legion head-on, as the end result would certainly be destruction.

They have adopted the overarching strategy of predatory warfare.

Instead of directly targeting the Infinite Starfield, they mainly focus around it, attacking those ships that trade with and transport to the Infinite Starfield.

Dispersed looting is the method that the Dark Eldar excels at, leaving the Infinite Starfield and the Infinite Legion somewhat at a loss.

Up to now, they are still unsure if the Dark Spirit Race's actions are targeting them.

Chapter 725: Sleepless and Uneasy

The Infinite Corps not sensing that the Dark Spirit Race was targeting them is somewhat inaccurate.

They simply didn't have concrete evidence, just some suspicion, and weren't too sure.

After all, isn't plundering a common thing done by the Dark Spirit Race?

Those attacked were not solely the merchants of the Infinite Starfield; there were other merchant ships as well, and the attacks didn't always happen within the Infinite Starfield or even its surroundings. Some were hit right as they set sail.

Is this definitely targeting them?

Of course, after a long period of time, they eventually realized.

No matter what the Dark Spirit Race's goal was, at least the end result showed that the Infinite Starfield suffered greatly and their development was heavily affected.

Although not completely cut off from the outside world, external trade required enormous effort and a significant deployment of forces for escort missions.

The efficiency of trade and transport depends on safety.

With circumstances this unstable and the risk of plundering, it means that many profit-driven, loss-intolerant, risk-averse convoys would abandon the idea of doing business with the Infinite Corps.

And those who do succeed in doing business must invest more in security measures.

More escort fleets were necessary, and sometimes the Infinite Corps had to frequently intervene personally for protection.

This undoubtedly reduced efficiency and increased trade costs.

The development of the Infinite Starfield suffered certain setbacks.

Of course, relying solely on this strategy to inflict substantial damage on the Infinite Starfield would certainly not be sufficient.

But no worries, this is just one of many strategies.

Zelnos arriving at the previously unexplored Spiderweb Domain was also because the Alliance started doing business with the Infinite Starfield there.

It seemed large in scale, and stable connections would be established in the future.

How could that be allowed?

Thus, the disruptive warfare of the Dark Spirit Race naturally stretched to the Spiderweb Domain.

Yet, what was unexpected was the Alliance’s reaction speed... it was a bit too fast.

Zelnos was an experienced plundering captain; he had robbed many human forces in his life, including some so-called 'great powers.'

Whenever they succeeded, they usually had ample time to quickly retreat thanks to the high convenience and secrecy provided by the Veil Spirit Gate.

Then, thanks to the highly camouflaging infiltrators, they continued to gather intelligence in human society. Once the storm blew over, they'd strike again.

However, what he didn't expect was that the infiltrators were captured so quickly!

Upon confirming the loss of contact with the infiltrators, he quickly made a judgment.

Logically, his kind should be tight-lipped and not afraid of severe torture.

Given humans' limited methods compared to the combinations of drugs, surgeries, and the dual torment of body and soul his kind uses, it was a mere drizzle. Indeed, unless taken to a certain extent, they would even take these pains as pleasure.

They weren't afraid of death; if they died, they would simply return to Comoros and be resurrected by the family-supported Blood灵人, albeit weakened for a while.

In this case, being caught wasn't a big fear, right?

Zelnos's subordinates thought the same, intending to continue the routine of transporting supplies and captives into the Veil Spirit Gate, to the privateer port in Comoros, or even hold ceremonies to temporarily expand the Veil Spirit Gate to fit a few starships.

However, Zelnos ordered a halt to the operation.

He instructed everyone to expedite the process, bringing as many supplies as possible, then conduct a massive execution of captives to extract soul energy to maintain an enlarged Veil Spirit Gate, allowing privateer ships to pass quickly.

The Veil Spirit Gate's normal state was a primary gate with a diameter of several tens of meters, not connecting Comoros and the Real Universe when inactive.

A regular activation connects the two sides, allowing people and goods to move freely.

Temporarily inputting significant amounts of pained souls could temporarily expand the gate, allowing starships to pass— but one had to be quick, as soul depletion would cause the gate to shrink gradually until it was no longer passable.

The Dark Spirit Race's ships were, in design, made to be slender to facilitate passing through the limited-size Veil Spirit Gate; they even had some technologies that could slightly expand the gate when passing through it. Moreover, the shape could morph following the starship's exterior, not necessarily pure circular, greatly enhancing their ships' passability.

Human vessels, of course, had no special design for this aspect. Therefore, opening the gate to fit a human ship of the same specifications into the gate as spoils took more time, requiring the meticulous slaughter of individuals to create enough fear and pain as fuel.

But there was no time for that now.

Under normal circumstances, infiltrators wouldn't reveal anything, but given how fast they were captured, it seemed these humans had mastered some special method to quickly identify and locate infiltrators.

If they had such technology, could they have some way to quickly extract information from infiltrators?

He felt it was very possible.

You can't gamble on such matters.

He pressured his subordinates to abandon everything and swiftly kill, expand the Veil Spirit Gate rapidly enough to allow them to board ships and escape.

But even so, the Alliance Fleet arrived before they completed their work.

Zelnos's expression remained unchanged. He informed all subordinates that they were progressing well, the faster massacre procedure was underway, and the gate would soon open wide enough, ordering part of the team to harass and hold off the human ships.

Under pressure, several privateer ships were ordered out, then he turned and fled with the rest, sealing the Veil Spirit Gate behind him.

The materials left outside, the men and ships not returned were abandoned. It also severed the possibility of humans pursuing them through the Veil Spirit Gate.

Such decisiveness.

...

After achieving victory, Du Shiliang was still somewhat disgruntled.

The ships plundered were recovered, but half of the goods were missing, 80% of the personnel were dead, and the survivors suffered severe mental trauma.

Most crucially, those damned Black-skinned pirates escaped!

While four privateer ships remained, they were clearly left as sacrificial pawns, not enough to fill the gap, while the main forces of the Blacks escaped right under his nose.

The only remaining Veil Spirit Gate consisted of a sixty-meter-diameter arch made of silver-gray metal material.

According to the Judges, it was a beacon for the Veil Spirit Gate in the Real Universe. Once destroyed, the Dark Spirit Race couldn't open it again— unless they slipped into the Real Universe and rebuilt it.

Upon hearing this news, Du Shiliang breathed a slight sigh of relief.

The retrieved ships, goods, and personnel were handed over to Wang Jiarong; relevant reports would be submitted to the Alliance Government, Military Affairs Department, and copied to all relevant parties.

At least this could be accounted for.

But then he began to worry: Who knows how many Veil Spirit Gates the Dark Spirit Race had established throughout the Spiderweb Domain? Or where exactly they were?

With it not thoroughly cleaned, it was hard to rest easy.

Chapter 726: Defense Plan

Sure, here is the translated text:

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Du Shiliang did not receive any blame.

After Wang Jiarong received the recovered ships, cargo, and personnel, she expressed her gratitude to him and requested more escort power. The entire caravan started moving again.

Although there was still worry about pirate attacks, the caravan's mission had to be completed properly.

Reports sent to the Alliance Government and the Military Affairs Department were not criticized either.
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Marshal Tadeusz communicated with Du Shiliang.

No time was spent on reviewing past events. Tadeusz was most concerned about the overall plan for the Alliance Navy's security work throughout the entire Alliance.

A single plundering event was not critical; the sudden appearance of the Dark Spirit Race, as a new enemy, catching the Navy off guard was also understandable.

Tadeusz would not question Du Shiliang in these aspects.

However, this situation must be prevented and must not occur again in the future.

The Alliance Government is also highly concerned about this.

Previously, the Alliance had never faced particularly severe pirate challenges. Even during wartime, the safety of interstellar transportation was relatively high.

The Dark Spirit Race, an elusive organization, posed a significant challenge to the maritime security of the Alliance.

Tadeusz was eager to know whether the Navy Headquarters' defense plan was reliable.

Since Yelisia left, Du Shiliang has been the acting chief responsible for the Alliance Navy, feeling a lot of pressure. He was, in fact, somewhat unsure about how to deal with the Dark Spirit Race due to lack of experience.

Fortunately, if he didn't have the expertise, someone else did.

Judge Martini had been long active in the Eastern Cosmos Domain, where attacks from Dark Elf pirates were common, providing a set of conventional measures for reference.

Moreover, there is the more important Heretic Tribunal. Experts who are specialized in dealing with various Aliens could offer significant help through their unique interrogation methods for Dark Elves.

With the help of these two parties, Du Shiliang managed to present a barely passing plan.

It focused on proactive engagement and sweeping operations, with passive patrol defense as a supplement.

Regarding the so-called passive defense, the frequency of the Alliance Navy's dispatches increased significantly. More escorting for Alliance caravans, spreading the fleet out a bit, and pre-emptive scouting of important trade routes and tax fleet paths ensured security.

This is a relatively conventional method, but one cannot solely rely on passive defense.

As long as the Dark Spirit Race sneaks into any star system, they can easily build a low-cost Veil Spirit Gate on a deserted asteroid or an uncolonized, non-habitable planet in the vast universe. Once completed, they could open a gate from their home in Comoros, allowing them to come and go freely.

With such high flexibility, passive defense is inadequate and would lead to a defense line riddled with holes.

More importantly, reliance was placed on proactive measures to explore and eliminate potential Veil Spirit Gates established by the Dark Spirit Race in each star system.

Destroying the gate would prevent them from coming through.

However, these gates, with diameters usually around tens of meters, are like a grain of sand in the cosmic scale, making them very difficult to find.

Furthermore, they do not need to be built on habitable planets; they just need to be anchored to a location where the Veil Spirit Gate can be stabilized.

Experts from the Tribunal have some methods for quickly locating these gates.

To be honest, the reliability isn't particularly high, but it's relatively more efficient than aimlessly searching.

At the same time, the Alliance has an advantage many areas confronting the Dark Spirit Race do not.

That is Spiritual Energy.

The Storm Mage Corps do not belong to the Alliance Military, Alliance Government, or the Alliance Legal Affairs Center. Their role is more akin to the Sainte-Lys Nun Association or the Phoenix Interstellar Warrior Group, being an independent organization outside regular jurisdiction, including the Mage Corps itself, as well as the Alliance National Mage College established on many planets.

In a way, they are the Psychic Cultivator's Association of the Alliance.

In terms of power structure, they report directly to Mr. Gu's leadership.

Of course, in reality, they still rely on the Alliance's finances, and before Gu Hang left, he also instructed the Mage Corps to cooperate with the work.

In practice, Du Shiliang's plea for help from the Storm Mage Corps received a positive response.

The Mage Corps also wanted to improve and needed to demonstrate their value.

It was so under the Governor, and it was the same when the Governor temporarily left.

With the help of batches of Spiritual Masters, combined with the Tribunal methods, this approach provided a relatively reliable solution for detecting Veil Spirit Gates even in their silent state.

Besides eliminating Veil Spirit Gates, there should be tight measures to prevent the Spirit Race from establishing Spirit Gates.

The good news is that the Spirit Race does not directly use Subspace Engines for interstellar navigation—researchers believe it's not due to a lack of technology but out of fear of becoming easy prey to the Subspace Evil God interested in them once entering Subspace.

Therefore, the Dark Spirit Race conducts interstellar travel using Star Realm Tunnels instead of the convenient Comoros Veil Spirit Gate for swift navigation, or simply through regular travel.

The Dark Spirit Race's ships slipping in to build Veil Spirit Gates are often small in scale and have very advanced ship stealth technology. It is a technology humans manage on ships of traveler size, but they accomplish it on Escort Ship scale.

This means that even if interstellar outposts were built at warp points, it would still be easy to let them slip through.

Unless many outposts are established at every warp point, equipped with Judges and Psychics for long-term stationing.

But this is clearly not feasible; there are simply too many and the costs are too high.

However, this can be done in key hub regions.

In conclusion, after hearing Du Shiliang's entire report, Tadeusz was relatively satisfied.

He also approved the budget Du Shiliang needed, and the General Logistics Department and the Navy Logistics Department collaborated with the United Government's production department to start further outpost construction and settlement plans.

The Alliance officially began to face the challenges the Dark Spirit Race pirates posed to its development.

The most direct manifestation was evident in their adversaries.

Zelnos Blood Curse encountered significant trouble.

When he took his raiding fleet through another Veil Spirit Gate and found an Alliance merchant fleet, he did not dare to make a move.

The escort force was strong, and if he attacked, it might lead to significant losses and possibly cause delays, allowing humans to block them.

His hesitation, however, resulting in ten days later, a larger human navy fleet arriving in this star system.

They seemed to have detected something, and although they didn't catch Zelnos' fleet, they found and destroyed the Veil Spirit Gate.

This fleet from the Blood Curse Family was trapped in the real universe of this star system.

Chapter 727: Betrayed by My Own Kind

Zelnos Blood Curse is now one hundred percent certain that he has been set up.

Betrayed by his own kind.

That's not surprising. Among the Dark Spirit Race, setting each other up is all too common.

No other race's internal struggles are as severe as those of the Dark Spirit Race, with their endless treachery.

But this time, he really couldn't figure out who had set him up.

It's not because there were no suspects, but because there were too many.

Was it someone within the Blood Curse Family who didn't want to see him achieve merit? Someone he had offended, taking this chance to get at him?

Or was it another family outside the Blood Curse Family, trying to ruin the Blood Curse, and got him involved?

Any of these were possible.

But whoever did it this time, and whatever their motives, they indeed drove him to a dead end.

He led a team through the Veil Spirit Gate into the Real Universe, got blocked on this side, and the Veil Spirit Gate was also destroyed, but this wasn't really the issue.

At worst, it would be a game of hide and seek, and he'd find somewhere to build another one.

A sixty-meter diameter Veil Spirit Gate is essentially just a beacon, not hard to build, and his ship had the equipment, materials, and manpower.

The challenge was opening the gate, which required tortured souls.

But even that wasn't a concern. If they didn't dare to raid well-guarded convoys, they could send small boats or landing crafts, using superb stealth technology to sneak onto a human planet's surface, attacking villages or the lower cities of human Nest Capitals, they'd always be able to abduct people.

According to his experience, most of the time they could pull off these raids without anyone noticing. The local human governments couldn't even stop them, and it usually took a long time for them to realize there had been a massive disappearance of people.

Sometimes they never realized it at all.

When a few thousand, or ten thousand, people went missing in the lower districts of Nest Capitals... was that not just a normal fluctuation?

But the Alliance taught him a lesson.

When he attempted a raid, he indeed succeeded, the Dark Spirit Race's stealth technology was excellent, bypassing the planet's defense systems.

The most dangerous phase had passed, and the rest should have been simple.

Based on past experience, he chose an unremarkable poor area, abducted over three thousand people, and was about to make his escape.

Yet just then, a major problem occurred: they were discovered!

Even though they had safely passed the most dangerous landing phase, how were they discovered during the abduction?

Later, he realized it was his past experience that misled him: the Alliance's control and management at the grassroots level was simply not comparable to that of typical Empire Worlds.

When a hundred people went missing, the grassroots reacted; when grassroots officials disappeared, the higher-ups raised alarms; when a thousand people vanished, the area's officials were sweating in panic, fearing great responsibility...

Of course, at that stage, they still hadn't realized the enemy was the Dark Elves, but assumed some pest infestation had occurred again.

The local Planet Defense Army was the first to respond and was predictably defeated by them.

The combat prowess of the Dark Spirit Race was formidable. Their population among the various freaks of the universe is pitifully scarce. If their individual combat ability was lacking, that would be absurd.

Not to mention the real darklings, even the blood-slaves modified and controlled using flesh technology by the darklings, along with the interstellar mercenaries loitering around Comoros, working for the darklings, possess quite formidable combat capabilities.

But low numbers remained an issue.

This was not their home turf; being contained would spell disaster.

Thus, despite military superiority, they were forced to abandon their spoils and retreat rapidly.

As they returned to their vessels, they encountered a truly difficult enemy: the stationed Alliance troops on the planet arrived.

These were actual Alliance Army units.

Under the persistent investment of Gift Points by Gu Hang, the nurturing military industrial scale of the burgeoning Alliance, and the baptism of numerous wars and victories, the Alliance Army had grown increasingly powerful. They had combat ability surpassing that of ordinary Empire Star Realm Army, leaving a strong impression on Zelnos.

His blood-slave units and mercenary troops composed of various alien species, when faced with an equal number of the Alliance Army, were pushed back in defeat.

Zelnos had to send out his true elites—his pure-blood guard.

These Dark Spirit Race warriors, armed with guns, blades hanging from their waists, clad in entirely black battle armor, were lethal battlefield killers. Although they numbered only in the hundreds, they served as the equivalent of Interstellar Warriors, swiftly crushing the vanguard of the two Alliance regiments.

With their assistance, the main force was finally covered and successfully returned to their ships.

The Dark Elves who dodged anti-airfire and fled the planet's surface not only gained nothing from this journey but also suffered significant losses.

More crucially, their location was entirely exposed, and they were delayed on the ground for a substantial amount of time.

Before they could escape too far, the human pursuit fleet arrived.

They could only play cat and mouse with these human fleets in the vast Star Sea.

After much difficulty shaking them off to a sufficient distance, they accelerated to a jump point, preparing to leap to another star system, only to suddenly sense a human fleet emerging from the jump point merely an hour or two away.

They had no choice but to turn and flee again.

The longer they were delayed, the more human fleets arrived.

At this moment, Zelnos was actually still not that panicked.

Although he didn't capture enough population nor had space to set up a Veil Spirit Gate, meaning they had almost no way to return alive.

However, they could still return dead.

Since he knew those humans might possess a means to sever the soul connection between the Dark Spirit Race and Comoros, Zelnos certainly wouldn't let himself fall into their hands.

Being captured was worse than ending himself.

At worst, he could endure a period of void, eventually being resurrected in Comoros by the Blood伶人 holding onto a soul box. Although it meant losing all the blood slaves, the entire raiding fleet, and paying a hefty resurrection fee to the Blood伶人...

Yet, ultimately, he would survive and return.

But the most terrifying thing happened just then: they suddenly couldn't feel their connection with Comoros.

Not only him, but all Dark Spirit Race members experienced the same.

Chapter 728: The Grand Era

Zelnos thought for a moment and decided to surrender.

He could accept death, but not true death.

For any member of the Spirit Race, their soul falling into the hands of Slaanesh was more brutal than any torture.

His soul container had been tampered with, it couldn't return; but at least it wasn't directly severed from his connection with Comoros. The protection between the veil was still effective, so he and his subordinates would not have their souls instantly drained away.

But if he died, that would be the end. Unable to resurrect from the soul container, their souls would fall into Slaanesh's hands.

Better to surrender.

Though falling into the hands of humans didn't mean there was a way out. That race, known as the most insane purists in the universe, harbored strong hostility towards all aliens.

However, Zelnos had a certain understanding of humans. Among humans, various aliens also had a certain extinction priority order. In fact, some races, like dwarves, Ogryns, Half-Elves, Beastmen, mutants, were also accepted by the Human Empire.

They were categorized as 'subhumans', though they were discriminated against, and in some more fanatical areas, even wiped out. But in some relatively open or chaotic regions, these subhumans had some living space.

Even the Star Realm Army and the Tribunal might recruit these subhumans into their forces.

The Spirit Race certainly wasn't subhuman, but in comparison, perhaps in appearance, they looked even more like humans than some subhumans.

Moreover, the Spirit Race was highly intelligent, even the Dark Spirit Race, with their cunning and clever nature, could at least be communicated with, unlike the mindlessly fighting, killing, and eating Green Skins, Void Insect Species; unlike those Chaos Traitors and Demons.

Some Imperial Merchant Fleets with special permits even engaged in stable trade with the Spirit Race.

This made surrender negotiations possible.

However, in such a situation, how could the Alliance accept a conditional surrender?

The Alliance gave the Dark Spirit Race pirates an ultimatum, requiring them to lay down all arms and unconditionally surrender.

This was the only path to surrender.

Zelnos promptly accepted.

Subsequently, the Navy Marine Corps, accompanied by Interstellar Warriors, boarded the ships, seized control of all the vessels, and disarmed all live units such as the Dark Spirit Race, Blood Slaves, and Alien mercenaries, transporting them to ships specially used as prisons.

The interrogation began.

Initially, it was expected to be a bit tricky, but in fact, these Dark Elves who actively surrendered were very cooperative, answering whatever was asked.

Where in the Spiderweb Domain they had deployed Veil Spirit Gates; on which planets they had placed infiltrators, what the contact methods were, how to capture them...

They revealed all this information.

And besides this, they shared whatever information they had about the Dark Spirit Race itself and Comoros.

There was no psychological burden at all.

Such a cooperative attitude, merely seeking a swift death.

The most important interrogation target was, of course, the Pirate Captain himself, Zelnos Blood Curse.

He was a mid- to high-ranking member of the Blood Curse Family.

Previously, the Tribunal had also captured Dark Spirit Races, but captives of this level were quite rare.

The Anti-Extraterrestrial Alliance was very interested in him.

However, the first person to interrogate him was Martini.

From Zelnos’s mouth, Martini extracted a bombshell piece of news.

About that prophecy, about why they came to the Spiderweb Domain, about the comprehensive raid strategy led by the Blood Curse Family against the Infinite Corps...

After hearing it, Martini felt very shocked.

He immediately realized the value of this information.

Pacing back and forth, he instructed Zelnos: "Later, there will be some judges who will interrogate you. Say everything else you know, but don’t tell them about these things, can you do that?"

Zelnos, speaking in a somewhat strange-accented human Common tongue, asked in return, "Won’t they kill me? I know them, the Anti-Extraterrestrial Alliance, the judges, their methods are formidable, I might not be able to keep the secret. If they find out I’m hiding something, I’ll die."

"If you tell them, then you’ll also die," Martini said, "You have no choice, Alien."

After speaking, Martini gave him some slight reassurance: "When they interrogate you, I’ll be there to provide some cover and assistance. I also believe, you aliens are best at lying and deceit, you’ll get through. As long as you follow my instructions, I guarantee your life, perhaps even a chance to return to Comoros."

"Hope you keep your promise."

...

In truth, Zelnos did not believe in anyone’s promises.

As Martini said, he had no choice.

Moreover, so easily revealing all information was on one hand to show value, to gain favor with a cooperative attitude, to eke out survival; on the other hand, it was his malicious way of exacting revenge on his family and compatriots in Comoros.

If it was his family who betrayed him, then this was revenge;

If it was another family, for hitting the Blood Curse Family, that got his soul container, then it was the Blood Curse Family's fault, who told them not to protect his soul container properly?

Chapter 728: The New Era (Part 2)

Even if the ultimate outcome is still inevitable death, still falling into Slaanesh's hands for eternal torment, he hopes that the more intelligence he reveals, the more of his kin will share the same fate as him.

This is the only solace he has.

...

Zelnos smoothly passed the subsequent interrogation.

The Anti-Extraterrestrial Alliance was very interested in him, but mainly interested in the intelligence about the Dark Spirit Race and Comoros. Although they asked why they would come to the Spiderweb Domain for marauding, it wasn't crucial. In their view, it was normal for Dark Spirit Race pirates to appear anywhere for raiding activities.

With their attention elsewhere and with Martini's cover, Zelnos, indeed skilled in concealment, passed the interrogation successfully.

The judges began a discussion on how to handle these Dark Spirit Races.

A significant number of people believed that these aliens, who had already been drained of intelligence, should be purged.

But Martini stopped this.

His argument was that perhaps there might still be some unresolved intelligence, and it could be interrogated slowly. The Alliance Demon Hunter's prison is built to Tribunal's standards, which can completely be used to detain these aliens.

And perhaps they might be useful in the future.

After appeasing his colleagues in the Anti-Extraterrestrial Alliance, he immediately reported upwards, requesting a private direct conversation with Governor Gu Hang.

...

"Thank you for the intelligence, well done, Judge Martini."

After listening to the report, Gu Hang praised the Judge generously.

He resisted the discomfort, and after a few more words with Martini, he hung up the communication.

"Are you alright?" his wife asked with concern.

Yelisia was right next to him, watching Gu Hang, who was in a normal state, turn rather pale after the report, with even some cold sweat appearing on his forehead.

This was unusual for Gu Hang.

It was only in the past instances when witnessing Gu Hang combating powerful spiritual energy opponents that she had seen him in a similar condition.

"Hoo..." Gu Hang took a deep breath, gently caressing Yelisia’s hand, and said, "I need to be alone for a while."

Yelisia, very understanding, knew not to insist aimlessly in such circumstances. She merely gave Gu Hang a slight hug, then turned and left, leaving Gu Hang alone in the office.

At this time, Gu Hang rolled his eyes back and immersed his mind into his Divine Realm.

Here, it was already stormy and turbulent.

Violent lightning flickered fiercely across the entire sky of the Divine Realm.

The heroic spirits looked up, discussing the unusual scenes.

Gu Hang’s Storm God Kingdom was indeed a realm of lightning. Yet, under Gu Hang’s control for a long time, the lightning should not roar so uncontrollably; it was expected to be very stable, occasionally flashing, and even the thunder should not be loud.

But now, the continuous booming thunder not only illuminated the sky constantly but also resonated throughout the Divine Realm with each peal.

It’s not that Gu Hang couldn’t control it, he simply wasn’t in the mood.

Let it flash, flashing for a while doesn’t kill anyone.

His thoughts were all focused on the scene unfolding at the center of the God Realm’s stormy clouds, amidst the clamor of thunder and lightning.

The image was somewhat blurry and hazy, but it did not prevent Gu Hang from seeing what the image was:

Prophecy.

He saw the legendary figure of the Empire, one of The Emperor's sons, the Father of Genetics of the Infinite Legion, Robert's silhouette.

Gu Hang could recognize him naturally. His portrait was widely spread across the entire Empire. In the National Church, he is a high-level religious myth character, a Son of God, an object of faith; in the Empire's official propaganda, he is also commemorated as a Mighty General of the Empire; among the Interstellar Warriors, especially in today's era, under the infinite legion's battle group's propaganda, their Father of Genetics is one of the most famous among all the Sons of God.

And this very figure, in the Storm God Kingdom's cloud image, sat quietly on a throne. A Stasis Field released from the devices at the four corners of the throne, with a faint blue glow, enveloped his body, and the entire area, causing time there to cease to flow, keeping him forever at the brink of death.

This scene Gu Hang had also seen in picture books, one ought to be a work praising Robert's achievements, at the end of the book, with sorrowful writing accompanying the image of Robert sitting quietly within the Stasis Field, reminiscent of what Gu Hang sees now.

But what differs is in Gu Hang's memory of that painting, at the side of the throne were people kneeling. They carried reverence, pain, and hopeful gazes towards the Son of God.

Yet, what's revealed on the Storm God Kingdom's cloud scene was at the side of the throne, a bloody and brutal battle was being waged.

On one side, was the Infinite Corps.

They wore iconic indigo pure-colored battle armor, and on many of them, there were quite ornate engravings, medals, and shoulder pad decorations.

These things prominently showcased their identity, especially for the representation of past merits.

Moreover, they were not just purely ornamental with no battle function. On the contrary, these sacred ornaments, condensed from their past military exploits, embodied the power of faith, truly making the interstellar warriors wearing them become stronger.

Chapter 728: The Grand Age (Part 3)

Some power boosts; some luck bonuses; faster reactions; more agile bodies; originally penetrating strikes are deflected... In essence, it's rather mystical, yet it truly can produce similar results.

Gu Hang also noted that most of the Infinite Warriors fighting here were wearing helmets with golden winged eagle visors.

This, too, is highly symbolic, representing that these Infinite Warriors are from the most renowned unit of the Corps: the Ever Victorious Army!

In the past, during the era of the Legion, the Ever Victorious Army was the personal guard of the Father of Genetics, the most glorious honor guard of the Ultramarine Worlds, and unlike ordinary honor guards, they weren't just for show; they could truly enter the battlefield. Their heroic presence often played a decisive role on the battlefield, earning them accolades.

To this day, the Ever Victorious Army is also the elite unit of the Infinite Corps, serving as the personal guard of the Battle Group Leader.

With so many Ever Victorious Army members present, then...

Indeed, Gu Hang saw a magnificent warrior.

The current Battle Group Leader of the Infinite Corps—Kelleman.

He was drenched in blood, fighting relentlessly.

To be able to invade the homeland of the Infinite Corps—Ultra Star, and even penetrate the very core of Ultra Star, where the Father of Genetics has been guarded for ten thousand years, under the full defense of the Infinite Corps, showed how dire the situation had become.

And who accomplished all this?

A group of Interstellar Warriors dressed in black armor.

However, their insignia significantly differed from that of the Empire's Interstellar Warriors.

Alongside them were a few but formidable Demons, fighting in concert.

Without a doubt, these were Chaos Starfield Warriors, the bane of the Empire from ten millennia ago, the greatest traitors.

Under the leadership of Kelleman, the Ever Victorious Army fought valiantly. However, their numbers were too few. In contrast, their enemies seemed endless.

If the battle continued this way, the Infinite Warriors would undoubtedly face defeat.

At this moment, a portal suddenly opened at the top, and a mixed army descended here, assisting the Infinite Warriors in launching a counterattack against the Chaos Traitors and Demons.

The structure of their composition was complex, with differing attire.

But that did not mean they were weak.

Among them were the black-armored Black Cross Army Interstellar Warriors, Judges and their Bounty Hunters from the Demon Tribunal, the elite of the Sect of Mechanics led by a Mechanicus Sage in battle stance, and a Battle Sister Squad led by a Living Saint with wings on their back...

Even so, Gu Hang also saw a group of strange humanoid troops clad in red battle armor. Although they did not reveal their faces, Gu Hang recognized their identity from the style of their equipment—the Spirit Race.

Not the Dark Spirit Race, but the proper White Spirit Clan.

Their arrival stabilized the battlefront, but it was still insufficient to achieve victory.

At this time, a leader of the Spirit Race, a female warrior, brought a set of armor, and under the escort of that Mechanicus Sage, approached the throne.

They seemed to have a conversation with Battle Group Leader Kelleman, there was a dispute, but eventually, under Gu Hang's astonished gaze, the stasis field was deactivated, and the armor in the Spirit Race's hands, as if imbued with life, floated and unfolded its structure, swiftly adhering to the body of the Son of God and rapidly closing.

Beneath the form-fitting azure armor, the Emperor's son rose from the throne.

He lifted the Emperor's Sword, silent alongside him in the stasis field for millennia.

In an instant, flames erupted fiercely along the blade!

Robert strode down from the throne, and whether they were the warriors of the Empire or the Spirit Race, they automatically gave way.

The Son of God, wielding the Divine Sword, slashed through traitors and demons in a storm of fire.

The scene faded, eventually disappearing.

The abnormal lightning and thunder in the Storm God Kingdom gradually calmed down accordingly.

The Heroic Spirits, having seen these visions, exchanged whispers and discussions.

Not everyone could comprehend all of it, but they understood that it likely signified a major event.

Gu Hang slightly waved a hand, and a voice was conveyed to the heart of every Heroic Spirit.

"Keep it confidential."

The Heroic Spirits uniformly halted their actions and saluted in Gu Hang's direction.

Gu Hang trusted the Heroic Spirits. At their core, Heroic Spirits are an external manifestation of his power, incapable of betrayal or leaking secrets.

What Gu Hang cared about more was what those images in the stormy layers of his Divine Realm were narrating.

He fully understood the content; Ultra Star would suffer an attack from the Chaos Great Enemy, and Robert, the progeny of the Emperor, the Father of Genetics of the Infinite Corps, would awaken.

But this isn't history, right?

He had never heard of such events occurring.

Is it happening now? Is it ongoing?

Possible, but unlikely.

The Alliance is still doing business with the Infinite Starfield, everything is peaceful over there, except for Dark Spirit Race pirate raids on the periphery, he hadn't heard of any turmoil. Even if the Chaos Army launched an attack on Ultra Star, it would take time, and it's impossible for no news to have been transmitted before they reached the most critical area.

Then it's the future?

What he saw might be events yet to come?

Highly likely.

Gu Hang did not know why he was seeing these images. Nonetheless, he did not forget that the trigger for seeing these visions was that Judge Martini told him the prophecy he extracted during interrogation.

After hearing the prophecy, he felt his Divine Realm was in turmoil, the Subspace was in turbulence, and these images emerged in his Divine Realm.

Combining the vision with the prophecy, Gu Hang realized:

It seems that the Blood Curse Family among the Dark Spirit Race had the right understanding of the prophecy.

The youngest Evil God—the Emperor.

Of course, the Emperor is not an Evil God, but in the eyes of the Dark Spirit Race, he is.

The most rational son of the Emperor is Robert.

It makes sense.

Returning from the Divine Realm to the Real Universe, Gu Hang sat alone in his office for a long time.

He pondered what this significant event, possibly occurring in the future, meant and how he could leverage it.

Should he inform the Infinite Corps? Should he tell Holy Terra?

This matter is said to concern the future, but when exactly in the future will it happen?

What role would the Alliance play in it? What would their situation be?

"A great era is indeed approaching..."

Chapter 729: How the Prophecy Comes True

Comoros.

This is a place located between Subspace and the Real Universe. In the crevices of the veil, the Eldar Empire at its peak, with supreme technology, excavated a magical space.

They built a city within it, with the core being the highest crystallization of Eldar technology, the Universe Bones.

Much of the Eldar's technology is based on what is called 'spirit bones.' This is a highly malleable material developed by the Eldar themselves and further processed through technology. It can exhibit virtually any physical property needed by its creator and is used wherever the Eldar require it.

Warships, Battle Armor, Eldar Titans... all these were developed by piecing together spirit bones.

A high-level spirit bone, fused with countless processed materials, gave birth to everything.

The Universe Bones are the highest existence among spirit bones. Even during the period when the Eldar were still the overlords of this universe, the entire Eldar Empire could only produce a few such pieces.

In their most prosperous period, they used these to transform galaxies and build Space Cities. Each one was the Eldar Empire's most prized creation, a marvelous invention, an invincible War Machine, a supreme work of art...

Arrogantly, they called this highest creation the ’Universe Bones.’ They sincerely believed these to be the skeleton of the universe, with the Eldar Empire as the flesh on this skeleton, destined to be everlasting.

However, infinite greed and indulgence birthed the Evil God Slaanesh from deep within the soul resonance of all the Eldar during their peak. The Subspace storm she caused not only shook the entire Subspace but also echoed through the Real Universe, destroying the entire Eldar Empire in an instant.

The last Universe Bone created by the Eldar Empire was placed into the veil between Subspace and the Real Universe. After mastering the method to open and control the veil, they intended to use this Universe Bone to build a Veil City, allowing quick and constant communication between Subspace and the Reality, to go anywhere at any time, as a transit station for the universe.

At the demise of the Eldar Empire, only a very few Eldar living in this Veil City were fortunate enough to escape the catastrophe.

Though they had to constantly worry about the threat of being consumed by Slaanesh in the countless millennia that followed, at least they survived, along with their Veil City, to this day.

The Veil City is Comoros; the Eldar who survived in Comoros are the Dark Spirit Race.

They took Comoros as their homeland, surviving in the veil for tens of thousands of years. During this period, they continuously plundered materials from the outside world, using the Universe Bone as a core, devouring and transforming these materials to expand Comoros.

Nowadays, calling Comoros a ’city’ is less accurate than calling it a planet that constantly grows and expands between the veil. After tens of thousands of years of development, however slow, its scale far surpasses the ordinary concept.

To this day, Comoros has many families of various sizes. They were established at different times, some recent, some ancient. Recent ones may have been formed in just the past year or two due to changes in intrigue; the oldest ones might even trace back to the once-glorious Eldar Empire, surviving for tens of thousands of years.

In terms of size, some are as large as the Blood Curse Family, an essential pillar of Comoros; others consist of just a few nobles banding together for some interests.

Speaking of nobles, this is also a characteristic of the Dark Spirit Race.

The Eldar's reproduction rate is absurdly low, with a high mortality rate. Newborns can easily be consumed by Slaanesh immediately, so they must be produced in special equipment. However, risks still exist even then.

Because of this, there is a significant shortage of manpower.

Every Eldar born naturally is precious, and they are called 'nobles,' possessing the highest potential in Comoros's society. Not every noble can truly rise above others, but at least they have no ceiling on their development. If they have the ability and opportunities, they have a path of ascension.

Apart from nobles, what are termed as commoners are the secondary-born. These Dark Spirit Race members are fabricated through genetic engineering rather than naturally produced.

Their lifespan is much shorter than naturally born Eldar, as are their descendants. Unlike nobles, their bloodline is completely degraded and more easily consumed by Slaanesh.

However degraded they are, they are still considered Dark Spirit Race, and nobles see them as kindred.

Nevertheless, even with genetic engineering to clone and derive new populations, it's still not enough to fill the massive manpower gap in Comoros. Large numbers of mercenaries and slaves from other races make up the largest pool of manpower in Comoros, controlled and enslaved by the Dark Spirit Race with cruel and bloody technology, doing the hardest and most exhausting work, used as cannon fodder in battle, and sacrificed as blood offerings when needed to fill the souls constantly being consumed by Slaanesh.

The nobles lead the families, the secondary-born constitute the family mainstays, while slaves and mercenaries make up the lowest tier. Countless such families form the overall framework of Comoros.

Above all the families are three major institutions.

The Wu Ling Sect, the Blood Actor Association, and ’Black Witch King’ Victor.

The first two do not lead families; rather, almost every family has members of the Wu Ling and Blood Actor, who are also members of the sect and association. Sometimes they side with their families, but more often, when the sect’s or association’s interests clash with family interests, they tend to side with the sect and association.

Some families are even willing to fight for both, destroying families who dare conflict with the sect or association to gain greater profits.

As for the ’Black Witch King,’ he is an individual.

It is said that Victor, though of noble blood, started humbly. He began as a mercenary, establishing a great reputation over a thousand years, forming his own family, and later, using the ’Black Witch’ family as a foundation, uniting countless families.

Plotting, bloodshed, terror... these are the Dark Spirit Race’s most commonly used means, mastered to perfection in his hands.

His personal strength further instills fear, deterring any opposition. He is the strongest warrior, a great mage, and a wise ruler.

Unifying the Dark Spirit Race, unifying Comoros, was once considered nearly impossible. But in the last three thousand years, Victor achieved it.

Comoros is still not a unified government but has a unified Alliance Hierarch. He tirelessly maintains the entire structure of Comoros, and only he can mobilize dozens, or even hundreds of families to act together.

In the last thousand years, no one has opposed him.

Neither daring nor willing.

Not daring due to fear of his means and his might.

Not willing because uniting by his side truly brings benefits.

He genuinely leads teams to seize benefits.

At this moment, he was with the leader of the Wu Ling Sect.

The leader of the Wu Ling Sect, the Great Witch Spirit Old Woman, had eyes that slightly glowed with a purple light.

The images reflected in her pupils were exactly what Gu Hang had seen within the Storm God Kingdom.

After a long while, the light in her eyes dissipated, and her body involuntarily took a few steps back.

After a momentary gasp, she slightly bowed to Victor and said, "He has seen it."

Victor nodded.

His expression was rather melancholic.

This kind of expression he never showed to outsiders.

It was very dangerous for his rule.

But in front of the old woman, he could reveal a bit without worrying too much.

On one hand, the old woman would not disclose it, nor would she become his enemy.

On the other hand, only the old woman knew what kind of pressure he was under.

The pressure regarding the fate of the entire Spirit Race.

"Prophecy... prophecy... haha, do you know, I never used to believe in destiny?"

"If I believed in destiny, I would bow to it, and how would there be the Victor of today?"

He was speaking to the old woman, yet it was like he was muttering to himself.

He had the right to say this.

Initially, he was just a mercenary. Victor, who carved his way out from obscurity, only reclaimed his surname - or rather, his surname found him - after his achievements and fame.

During this period, he faced countless moments of near-death. Had he not disbelieved in fate, kept a cool head at all times, yet remained full of passionate determination, he would have lost his life during those numerous close calls.

How could he resign to fate?

The old woman understood but smiled and said, "Perhaps, that is your destiny? You are destined to lead our race. The hardships of the past are all gifts from destiny..."

"Haha," Victor laughed coldly, "Destiny, destiny... Is it that the noble and great Spirit Race’s final fate is to be judged by humans?"

"With just those humans, do they deserve it? This race of theirs is so despicable, so ignorant. In them, I see no reason, no wisdom. They conform, they’re blind, they’re so easily controlled... Look at those

slaves at the bottom of Comoros, more than half of them are human! They are only fit to be slaves! When is it their turn, this inferior race, to reign supreme?"

"Their ridiculous Empire, possessing such vast territories, yet ruling it is like an obese zombie. Its low governance capability, it's simply unbecoming of this era. The overlord of the Galaxy? I've never seen such an overlord that has been attacked from all sides in this ten thousand years! It's utterly laughable!"

Victor ranted, listing the many unseemly aspects of the human race.

The old woman quietly listened beside him.

Once Victor finished his venting, the old woman gently spoke: "But, their numbers are endless."

"Ha, just endless slaves."

"Among them, there are also many heroes. They have their Emperor."

At this, Victor said no more.

The Emperor... who dares deny it?

The existence standing in the Subspace, able to contend independently with the four Evil Gods, may be feared, may be hated, but cannot be ignored or denied.

Further speaking of heroes among the humans... The Eldar Pirate Group has had dealings with the Human Empire many times. In most cases, the Dark Spirit Race always manages to leverage their excellent technology and elusive actions to gain an advantage and achieve the results they desire.

But they are not invincible. There are always times when they fail.

Perhaps it was the Dark Spirit Race’s own mistake, but there is certainly no lack of those so-called ’heroic figures’ emerging among humans, who turn the tide and save the day.

"Moreover, among them, there may soon emerge a new Divine."

The old woman added softly, making Victor even more uneasy.

He paced back and forth, couldn’t help but ask a foolish question: "Are you really sure? Sure about all of this?"

"No," the old woman spread her hands and said, "We have discussed it before, haven’t we? Prophecy... this thing, we only know it will be fulfilled, but no one knows how it will be fulfilled, or in what manner."

"Perhaps we are wrong, and the Blood Curse Family is correct, it’s just simple, that human Emperor, and his son destined to awaken, are the fulfillment."

"It’s also possible the End Shadow Family is correct, that the human Emperor still doesn’t quite count as a true god. He hasn’t yet sacrificed his entire race he relies on to ascend, to become a true Subspace god. The youngest Evil God is still the Slaanesh we fear. What we are to pursue is some Son of Slaanesh..."

"But it doesn’t matter."

Chapter 730: Triumph Gate

On Holy Terra, a grand triumph ceremony is unfolding.

This ceremony is not solely for welcoming Gu Hang, but Gu Hang is undoubtedly the most significant guest of the triumph ceremony.

He has been on Holy Terra for eight days already, but has not yet gone to the surface; instead, he was first arranged to visit and wait on Holy Terra’s natural satellite—the Moon.

Here, Gu Hang met many comrades he had parted with before.

From the West Line, the North Line, they were all present.

Interstellar Warriors, Navy, Star Realm Army, Tribunal... all were there.

Marshal Le Luwa, who is already in the Dreadnought Mech—oh, he has now shed the title of Second Fleet Marshal of the Black Cross Legion; the current Second Fleet Marshal is Marshal Xi Rui.

Xi Rui's Fourth Fleet was entirely merged into the Second Fleet.

It is said that both fleets were severely damaged in the last war; even Le Luwa entered the Fearless Iron Coffin, and the Second Fleet was already nearly defunct, leaving only a few remnants.

The Fourth Fleet was slightly better.

Given this, retaining two formations was meaningless. They merged into one, and the war history was also combined. Originally to be rewarded, but with some blemishes on the performance, Marshal Xi Rui was promoted two ranks to lead the Second Fleet.

Even after merging, the new Second Fleet is not yet fully staffed.

However, the Black Cross Legion's pace of replenishment was quite fast. They swiftly had enough troops to fill the Second Fleet, maximizing personnel and fleets. At the same time, they established a new Fourth Fleet.

Su Lie of the Phoenix Legion was also present.

Internal communication among the Interstellar Warriors has been completed, and he is basically confirmed to replace E'er Ganglong of the Death Angel Battle Group as the new representative of the Interstellar Warriors, aiding him in securing resources from the Empire and swiftly restoring the vitality of the Phoenix.

Lu Salis of the Otaubis Battle Group was also there, along with several generals, admirals, and admirals of the Star Realm Army and Navy, sages from Mars, and Battle Sister Commanders and Judgment Chiefs from the Tribunal.

Many people had arrived months ago, while some had just arrived.

But regardless of who it was, they were all waiting for one person: the undisputed Supreme Commander and primary hero of the Iron Armor War and Insect Swarm War, Alliance Leader, Mr. Gu Hang.

On Gu Hang's side, not only he and his family were present, but also the two Battle Group Leaders of Phoenix and Blood Shark.

Not to mention Martins, the Battle Group Leader of Blood Shark, Yeerma Youyin, was quite unable to contain the excitement in his heart.

In the past, their Blood Shark walked in the shadows, unknown and disdainful of being known. But since he decided to change the group's status and return to the Empire's brilliance, the current occasion was what he had longed for.

The group has gained renown with a bang, with the Alliance as a very good partner, and now they could perform on the most legitimate and glorious triumph stage of Holy Terra.

Not the protagonist, of course, but still significant.

How could he not be excited?

This triumph ceremony was held for them, to celebrate the victory of the Iron Armor War.

It's a bit embarrassing to say, the news of the victory of the Iron Armor War was returned two years ago, yet the triumph ceremony was postponed until now.

But there was no choice.

The timing for hosting the triumph ceremony was undefined. In fact, when the news of victory was first received, the lords on Holy Terra even considered not holding it at all.

Hosting such a grand ceremony costs a lot of money. And, if the triumphant army comes to the Imperial Capital for the ceremony, the Central Empire certainly cannot let them return without any recognition, right?

Although they are supposed to provide sufficient rewards: replenishment for various units, equipment supplies, promotions, and arrangements for retired soldiers, as well as extra rewards for active soldiers...

However, had they not come to Holy Terra and the units returned to their own regions, when these rewards, reinforcements, supplies, and allocations would be disbursed could be questionable.

Nobody said it wouldn't come!

It's just that the Central Empire is currently struggling too, so there needs to be some waiting.

Delaying war rewards, especially during times of financial difficulty, is all too normal.

However, the lords on Holy Terra still had some face to save. If they were to hold the triumph ceremony on Holy Terra, they couldn't go without providing funds, right?

These considerations were the hesitations between holding or not holding the ceremony initially.

Later, wasn't there a new tax plan negotiated with the Alliance? It was anticipated to bring substantial income, and as the war ended and a period of recovery passed, the financial situation of the Central Empire somewhat stabilized.

Thus, the ideas came alive.

The headquarters of both the Navy and Star Realm Army were eager to hold it.

The Military Affairs Department also wanted to hold it.

The Interstellar Warriors wanted to have it as well.

Subsequently, the Tribunal, Mars, and others desired it too.

Those who directly fought, made great sacrifices for victory, needed to show their faces.

This kind of event inherently serves as a way to accumulate political capital and expand influence. Moreover, it's conducive to obtaining subsequent budget approvals under the guise of the triumph ceremony.

They were naturally very enthusiastic.

The Ministry of Internal Affairs, Department of Taxation, Legal Department, National Church, and Assassin Court were not so concerned, and some were even opposed.

After all, these matters were not greatly related to them, and they would require significant expenses.

Chapter 730: Triumph Gate (Part 2)

Prime Minister Zebert, whose role in arbitration is considered paramount, held the most important attitude.

For the Prime Minister, hosting a grand triumph ceremony was indeed quite alluring. After all, in a certain sense, he was the one who led the initiation of this war; he even went against widespread opposition, mobilizing considerable forces centered around Holy Terra in the Sun Star Domain for expeditionary warfare.

At that time, to gain support for the war, he clearly told people at every level in Holy Terra that the war was not some distant matter that did not concern them; not only was that place part of the Empire, but it also pertained to the safety of Holy Terra itself.

If left unchecked, the enemy might march through from the East and reach Holy Terra.

Initially, the people of Holy Terra were doubtful, but when the Western Front Army first collapsed, this threat seemed more tangible.

Quickly leading the reconstruction of the Second Western Front Army and eventually winning the war was precisely Prime Minister Zebert, who could further consolidate his ruling position and strengthen his authority in the image of the wise leader of this victory.

He was motivated to host this triumph ceremony.

Especially when finances allowed.

Moreover, he needed to meet Gu Hang, to see whether this battlefield hero, the 'big figure' of the Empire's eastern rise, could be a 'hero' he could use, or if he was a dual-minded overlord.

Thus, the decision for the triumph ceremony was set.

But after deciding, there were issues.

The preparation time for the triumph ceremony would take a long time and cost a substantial amount.

Simultaneously, as the main characters to be welcomed in the triumph ceremony, initially, they did not receive the news they were to attend it; many were still wrapping up battles in the Spiderweb Domain for several months, while others had returned to their hometowns. Now, these people had to regroup entirely at Holy Terra again, which undoubtedly involved a lot of hassle and would take considerable time.

For someone like Gu Hang, the journey alone took nearly a year.

Among others, there were even farther locations, from which participants would depart earlier than Gu Hang.

However, overall, most were willing to attend, even if the journey would be long.

Putting aside all practical benefits, the sense of honor alone sufficed to drive warriors to make the trip.

This was honor they had fought for themselves, born of countless comrades' sacrifices, they had to make the passage from Holy Terra through the most famous path, the Triumph Gate trod by the Emperor's Expeditionary Force millennia ago, or it would betray their military life.

Thus, the warriors who actively responded arrived at the location before the scheduled time.

Of course, not all the participating troops from the war could attend the triumph ceremony.

Otherwise, should all Alliance Army's billions and hundreds of warships come?

How much would that cost on the road? Who would protect the Alliance's territory?

Even disregarding these concerns, would Holy Terra agree? Would the Imperial Guard responsible for safety within the Imperial Palace agree?

Gu Hang's family arrived, Martins came, Youwin came, along with some Alliance army generals and navy generals, and some units outstandingly represented during the war, altogether not exceeding fifty thousand.

For instance, an Alliance Army division could only send one representative.

The same principle applied to other units.

The Second Western Front Army personnel already in the Sun Star Domain had more participants.

Approximately thirty thousand people would participate in the triumph ceremony, half of whom were local residents of the Sun Star Domain.

During the days waiting for the ceremony to begin, comrades who had once fought side by side celebrated together with raised glasses.

Gu Hang was undoubtedly the central figure among them.

After reconnecting with these individuals, the grand triumph ceremony officially commenced.

Gu Hang proceeded on the paved long red carpet, under countless cameras, flanked by the Moon Defense Army stationed on both sides, seated on a chariot projecting half his figure, as the forefront representative of the thirty thousand expeditionary force being inspected, slowly progressing forward.

He incessantly waved to the crowd on both sides, and wherever he passed, soldiers in the formations would lower their service weapons and stand at attention and salute.

Further afield, where only Gu Hang's figure was visible, clearer images required broadcasted screens to see him; these crowds erupted into cheers.

Within the life-support shield enveloping the entire Moon, the sound waves were even louder than those on a regular planet.

Thus, Gu Hang, as the lead vehicle, entered the Moon's orbital elevator, proceeded to the Moon Star Port, and boarded an Emperor-class battleship designated as his ride.

The battleship departed from the Moon Star Port, and then more representatives boarded the subsequent ships. They circled around the human ancestral star, Holy Terra, round after round, each circuit drawing closer still.

In this scene, numerous ships of the Solar Fleet stood like guards on both sides of the navigation path, with bows pointing toward Gu Hang leading the fleet of review, showcasing boundless respect.

Whenever passing by these ships, cannons fired upward and downward, letting off grand fireworks in space.

These fireworks were so visible that people on the night-side felt the sky transforming into a kaleidoscope when they looked up.

As the Emperor-class battleship Gu Hang rode gradually drew closer to the near-Earth orbit, a majestic and magnificent Triumph Gate came into view for all.

It was like a giant metal beast spanning the universe, constructed of a special alloy glimmering with radiant golden light, under boundless brilliance, filled with glorious strength.

At the apex of the Triumph Gate, a giant energy crystal emitted dazzling light, acting like a lighthouse, guiding the returning heroes.

Both sides of the gate were engraved with bas-reliefs depicting humanity's glorious journey in interstellar wars, from the initial arduous Terra unification war to the great nation-founding expedition led by the Emperor, battling alien races; and subsequently, some of the most significant campaigns were expressed therein as well. Each bas-relief was vivid, each telling those magnificent stories.

This was the monumental structure erected at the successful end of the nation-founding expedition personally led by the Emperor.

This is the [Triumph Gate] of Holy Terra, simultaneously a colossal satellite-grade defense platform on Holy Terra. Due to its ring-like design, allowing even the largest Glory Queen-class battleships to pass through, during triumphs, victorious troops march through it.

This has become the highest glory for Imperial soldiers.

And if anything surpasses passing through this Triumph Gate in honor, it is having one's illustrious deeds engraved upon it.

The Iron Armor War held this honor.

Even though it's only a bas-relief of 80 meters by 30 meters in size, not particularly noticeable on the entire Triumph Gate. But at this moment, the 2400 square meters of bas-relief flashed with the brightest light.

The battleship slowly sailed past the Triumph Gate, and Gu Hang stood at the bow, gazing at the approaching construction ever so awe-inspiring, even he couldn't help but feel a surge of passionate blood in his heart.

This was not merely a grand building; it was a testament to human glory.

Not only him, but every Iron Armor War victor following behind him would also be struck by the magnitude of this and feel tremendous honor.

To die for the Empire, to die for humanity, is to die a noble death!

As the fleet progressed, finally reaching the Starport of Holy Terra. Inside the enormous Starport stood various warships, resembling a steel forest. When Gu Hang's vehicle steadily docked at the designated berth, the thirty thousand expeditionary force representatives quickly and orderly began organizing their ranks. Donning brand-new uniforms, the warrior representatives' armor gleamed coldly under the Starport lights, they aligned neatly, footsteps echoing in the vast Starport.

Gu Hang stepped off the warship, onto the path leading to land. Behind him, the thirty thousand army moved like a steel dragon, traversing the red carpet slowly. On the sides of the red carpet were the officials and civilian representatives coming to greet them, holding flowers and flags, faces brimming with reverence and joy.

From the Starport, riding the Space Elevator reaching Holy Terra's land, the red carpet extended over a distance of five thousand kilometers until the Terra Imperial Palace.

And under Gu Hang's lead, thirty thousand people would ride in vehicles, taking approximately a month, crossing an eighth of Holy Terra's circumference to arrive at Holy Terra.

They wouldn't travel at breakneck speed; the pace wouldn't be particularly fast.

Along the way, they would travel through countless areas on Holy Terra, receiving the most widespread enthusiasm and cheers from the populace on Holy Terra.