Governor 731

Chapter 731: Terra Celebrity

The triumphal procession led by Gu Hang advanced across the vast and complex terrain of Holy Terra.

Everywhere they passed had its own distinct style.

Some were ancient Gothic Nest Capital architectural clusters, with spires piercing the sky; others were sleek modern buildings with a sense of cutting-edge technology, their glass curtain walls reflecting sunlight, stacked like modern-styled blocky artworks of Nest Capitals; and then there were the large industrial zones lying on the surface like giant steel beasts...

Every area was populated by a massive number of people.

On Holy Terra, trillions of people lived on the mother planet. The seas had long dried up, with densely populated Nest Capitals constructed on every inch of land.

This meant that wherever the triumphal procession passed, it was a sea of people!

Every place was already crowded with cheering people.

Some were on either side of the streets, while others looked down from high buildings.

Children rode on the shoulders of adults, waving small flags; young women vigorously threw flowers at the procession; elder people's eyes were filled with tears, silently blessing these returning heroes...

Simultaneously, their actions were being filmed and broadcast live every minute, every second, by hundreds of camera crews on hover cars and airships. To ensure enough perspectives, even hundreds of camera crews were not enough; there were also numerous servoskulls operating cameras and following to capture footage.

The broadcast signals could be received throughout Holy Terra and even the entire Sun Star Domain.

People could freely choose any perspective to watch these triumphant warriors.

Among them, the channel watched the most and hottest was the one capturing Gu Hang from various angles.

The biggest reason, of course, was that Gu Hang, as the greatest hero and supreme commander of this war, naturally attracted the most attention.

But besides that, there was another reason equally important.

The people of Holy Terra regarded Gu Hang as a savior.

The reason for this cannot be separated from Salihoovich's work.

...

At that moment, Salihoovich was drinking a beverage, contentedly watching the governor's heroic presence from a rented top-floor Nest Capital villa at the edge of the Imperial Palace.

Aside from the main screen, there were many other subsidiary screens displaying various data.

Viewership numbers, popularity, firsthand intelligence from visits conducted by the staff of the Alliance Embassy sent from various offices... all these reflected the people of Holy Terra's support and affection for Governor Gu.

As the Alliance Ambassador, the most outstanding diplomat of the Alliance Government, Salihoovich had been dispatched to Holy Terra early on.

It's quite normal; for the Alliance, the most important diplomatic relations were certainly with Holy Terra.

With the help of Galaraldo, supported by significant manpower and resources from the Alliance, and most importantly, the fundamental factor of the Alliance's strong strength, he had established a foothold on Holy Terra.

The Foreign Affairs Department's Holy Terra branch he led possessed power almost comparable to the main body of the Alliance, gathering any valuable intelligence from the Central Empire and regularly reporting to the Alliance; simultaneously, it also disseminated information the Alliance wished to convey to the people and officials of the Central Empire.

Salihoovich himself also made connections with high-ranking officials of the Empire, tirelessly waving the flag for the Alliance.

Visits, conversations, local gatherings... were only considered one of the means.

More importantly, the Alliance Foreign Intelligence Bureau and the embassy fully utilized the media industry.

Serious academic research reports, art paintings, and theme music creations based on the excellent model of the Alliance; musicals and stage plays aimed at high-end groups for promotion.

Films, simple storybooks, and popular novels created based on Alliance stories were spread among the broadest groups.

Annually, countless artists, novelists, media workers funded by the Alliance created a bulk of works, promoting the Alliance and Gu Hang.

These initiatives were initially started by Galaraldo. However, after Salihoovich's arrival, the work in this area was unprecedentedly strengthened.

His work was effective, and all this before the eyes was the result of years of labor by him, his Foreign Affairs Department, and the embassy staff—people knew the Alliance was not a distant stranger with an unrelated victory, but a familiar 'big IP.'

But these can only be considered foundational work.

It only allowed the people of Holy Terra, whether lower-class citizens or mid-to-low-level officials, to recognize a beautiful, hopeful ideal place far in the East, basked under the Empire's glory - the Alliance.

But this understanding was somewhat superficial, not solid, nor deeply ingrained in people's hearts.

And what changed everything, the quantitative change leading to a qualitative shift, came from Prime Minister Zebert's assist.

To be honest, did the Iron Armor War genuinely pose a security threat to Holy Terra?

Those with insight knew it was far from it.

Even at the height of the Iron Armor War, it merely breached the Magrey Cosmic Domain. Their forces indeed penetrated the Imperial Central Territory, but in fact, from the farthest edge of the Central Territory at the Skywatch Starfield to the Sun Zhou Domain, the distance was too vast.

The impact of the Iron Armor Rebellion on the Empire was indeed significant, no doubt about it. The Eastern Border's turmoil, the enormous financial pressure, and the influence of regional separatist forces on the Central Empire's authority...

Chapter 731: Terra Celebrity 2

However, these have little to do with the public and the mid-level officials.

The higher one's level of understanding, the more they can recognize that while the Iron Armor was indeed a major issue, thinking they could invade Holy Terra and overthrow the Empire was just a dream.

Yet, on this world of a trillion people on Holy Terra, the number of those with high-level awareness might be large in absolute terms, but proportionally, it's not that significant.

Of course, without sources of information, the clueless lower-tier people wouldn't know as much either.

But it was Prime Minister Qi Bodu who unintentionally gave a huge boost.

Aiming for political gain, Qi Bodu extensively dramatized the threat of the Iron Armor War to garner war support.

Repeated broadcasts on television, talk after talk about the gravity of the Iron Armor War; continuous newspaper reports; consecutive defeats on the frontline... all these caused significant turmoil in the hearts of lower-class residents.

The Empire is perpetually at war, but on Holy Terra, in many people's lifetimes, there had never been a war repeatedly reported in their ears, making them feel the war so close to them.

And those so-called elites who could see the truth dared not publicly claim indifference to this war.

Wasn't that challenging the Prime Minister?

After the purge, isn't the Legal Department, now nearly entirely filled with the Prime Minister's cronies, a force to be reckoned with?

And Salihoovich, in this period, keenly realized that this was an excellent opportunity for propaganda.

He leveraged the 'Iron Armor Threat Theory' promoted by Prime Minister Qi Bodu to strongly reinforce this impression.

With the support of the Central Empire's official stance, the related propaganda yielded twice the results with half the effort.

Then, sparing no expense, he assembled the best team to launch a series of high-production films. The theme was the Alliance led by Gu Hang fighting against the Iron Armor traitors and the Insect Swarm.

Next, news quickly emerged of the Alliance formally joining the battle, moving north to form the Southern Line Legion.

Taking advantage of this, Salihoovich released the first installment of the series.

Due to its high-quality production, combined with the pre-existing popularity of Gu Hang as an 'IP', and the fact that Gu Hang was indeed on the frontlines of the Iron Armor War, reflecting the real situation to a considerable extent, the first installment of the series received a very positive response.

Subsequently, with the Alliance's great victory over the Alfonso Fleet, the second film exploded across Holy Terra!

This was followed by the third, fourth, fifth installment...

During the fifteen-year war, the "Alliance" series released five films that exploded on Holy Terra and even became popular across the entire Sun Star Domain and the entire Empire's territory. Various spin-offs and commercial products swiftly gained momentum.

Gu Hang, the absolute lead, saw his name recognition reach its peak.

Gu Hang himself was only aware of this, but he had no actual understanding of just how sensational it was. During the war, he spent most of his time and energy on the war itself, with some extra attention to the development of the Alliance. Information of this marginal type sometimes didn't even make it to his desk. Even when it did, he only glanced at it briefly.

So, when Gu Hang, in the midst of the Triumphal Army, was greeted with overwhelming enthusiasm from the people of Holy Terra, far beyond his imagination, he couldn't immediately connect it to this, which left him quite puzzled.

Actually, not just Gu Hang, even the initiator Salihoovich and many high-ranking officials on Holy Terra didn't foresee this.

Who could have expected this?

In the Empire's system, the entertainment industry is underdeveloped. The social system's high pressure, public opinion control, and resource focus on industrial production and military-industrial complex are the internal reasons; externally, ongoing wars and high military pressures also make it difficult for the entertainment industry to develop stably.

Besides these realistic factors, there are surreal factors: the corruption of Slaanesh, which easily spreads through a developed environment of indulgence and pleasure.

From the Tribunal to the Legal Department, they all suppress such behaviors—though, in some upper-class circles, this suppression is virtually ineffective, unable to stop the indulgence of the nobility and those with noble backgrounds. However, when controlling lower-tier entertainment, they are quite powerful. If anyone disobeys, places like film works, literary publications, and commercial entertainment venues all require licenses to operate.

This became a good opportunity for the Legal Department to extort money and a tool for some well-connected producers, distributors, and entertainment business owners to monopolize.

Of course, as the Alliance Ambassador, he was not of low status, and behind him was the backing of the Military Affairs Department, with the High Lord Galaraldo as the support, which undoubtedly made him top-tier nobility.

Moreover, he had a huge budget, which placed him in a dominant position in the competition within the film and television industry.

In the past, it wasn't that no one thought of employing this method to make a name for someone. In fact, Galaraldo did a similar thing for Gu Hang back then. Just that the scale was a bit modest.

But now, not only was the scale large, but the films exploded; not only did the films explode, but Gu Hang's achievements in the battle were also solid.

To be able to lead the team at the forefront and march through the Triumph Gate, what kind of person is that?

A top-notch hero!

To combine these two identities to such a high degree is extremely rare.

Not to mention, achieving such levels in both aspects.

Simply a film star? Even reaching the pinnacle wouldn't amount to much.

In the mind of a normal person, the recognition of a film actor is fundamentally different from the admiration for a truly heroic figure.

Simply a hero? Indeed, they have nationwide recognition and are widely loved, but it's just as difficult to be as endearing as a deliberately crafted star persona. Moreover, heroic deeds often can only be known through text, spread verbally, unlike film works that are dramatically enhanced through careful packaging.

The combination of both brings out a power that is truly astonishing.

At this point, Salihoovich wore a smile.

He now dares to boast: in terms of popularity, none of the High Lords of Holy Terra can compete with Mr. Gu!

Mr. Gu is more popular than the High Lords!

This is said by me, the Alliance Ambassador, the media tycoon, Salihoovich!

Having continuously observed the Triumph Parade for a month, all the statistical data confirmed this point.

The peak of popularity was, of course, on the day of crossing the Triumphal Arch in space; next was the first day of live broadcast as the Triumphal Army landed.

Subsequent peaks of interest obviously declined. But overall, this event consistently topped the most popular news across all levels on Holy Terra. Especially when the Triumphal Army led by Gu Hang passed through a region, the triumph ceremony immediately absorbed all attention in that area. Those who could watch it directly flocked to see it; those who couldn't gathered around televisions and radio broadcasts to watch or listen to the news.

Ultimately, all the attention would culminate on the last day of the triumph parade, when the Triumphal Army would converge with the Imperial Guard, who had left the Imperial Palace ahead of schedule, and under the escort of a battalion of a hundred Imperial Guards, proceed straight to the main gate of the Imperial Palace.

After passing through this point, Gu Hang would deliver a triumph declaration atop the palace's city gate tower, addressing all the triumphant soldiers, high officials of the Empire, representatives from various fields on Holy Terra, as well as television and broadcast journalists.

Once he finished his speech, this grand ceremony, prepared for nearly two years and consuming vast resources, lasting more than a month, would be considered successfully concluded.

That day arrived as scheduled.

Salihoovich opted not to attend in person but remained in the Alliance Embassy, monitoring all sorts of data and watching the live broadcast.

However, an unexpected incident occurred that he had not anticipated.

Chapter 732: Prime Minister Zebert

An unexpected event occurred after Gu Hang's speech concluded.

The Holy Terra Palace is situated on a plateau once known as the Roof of the World. The road leading to the palace is a long ascent, with the east gate being grand and magnificent. The walls, towering over a hundred meters thick, rise from the ground. They are not merely walls but more like a towering

architectural complex named as such. Many cannon ports and anti-aircraft platforms are embedded within, where the garrison can be stationed. Behind the walls, tower after tower, bastions, and hornwork are linked by bridges, forming a very complex and three-dimensional defense structure.

The walls encircling the plateau of the Holy Terra Palace, regardless of how much gold paint or relief decorations adorn them, are fundamentally military structures. All those seemingly carved railings and jade-like decorations are weaponry capable of extending gun barrels out.

But these are only the first layer of defense for the palace.

Beyond the walls is a wide moat of energy. The moat's water is not ordinary but a flow of shimmering azure energy, resembling a flowing star belt encircling the palace.

Along the energy river, crystal bridges are spaced at intervals, emitting a gentle halo. However, these bridges remain closed without authorization, and the areas around the bridges are filled with defensive energy shield generators that, when approached by enemies, will trigger powerful energy counterattacks.

Continuing inward, one can see a massive archway made of pure fine gold, the throat point leading to the inner sanctum of the palace, also serving as the east gate of the Imperial Palace—the Dragon King Gate.

It is a pinnacle of human architectural art and military engineering!

The doors are cast in fine gold, indestructible, engraved with the holy image of The Emperor, radiating a sacred glow that instills awe. The archway is inscribed with a thousand years of glorious military achievements of the Empire, with those luminous runes seemingly narrating past glories and bloodshed.

The towering walls beside the gate rise to the clouds, their battlements densely packed like the fangs of a giant beast. At intervals, a heavy artillery turret gleams with cold light, as if warning intruders.

On both sides of the Dragon King Gate stand two Titan Mecha statues, each over a hundred meters tall. They hold giant energy weapons, solemn and majestic, seemingly ready at any moment to fight to

defend the palace. The surface of the Mecha statues is engraved with intricate patterns, each containing mysterious power and, under the sunlight, exuding an awe-inspiring aura.

On the plaza before the crystalline bridge of the energy moat, the victorious army's representatives solemnly stand in formation. Those fortunate enough to be selected can enter within the walls, while outside the Dragon King Gate are hundreds of thousands of jubilant Terra citizens.

Gu Hang stands on the tower atop the Dragon King Gate, giving his speech.

In front of him is a microphone. His voice, with the help of loudspeakers spread throughout the plaza, is delivered clearly and grandly to everyone there, while also broadcasted to anyone able to listen to or watch the live program.

Of course, in this enormous plaza capable of accommodating hundreds of thousands of people, Gu Hang, merely of normal human size, is hardly visible.

But that's fine, for on the walls on both sides of the Dragon King Gate, spaced apart, are drapes descending from the top of the walls to the ground. Projected on these nearly a hundred-meter-high drapes is Gu Hang's full figure, allowing people and the broadcast signals to discern the scene clearly.

To have one's portrait displayed across an entire wall of the Holy Terra Palace is certainly grand and impressive.

As for the content of the address, there wasn't much to discuss.

It was polished and written by the scribes of the Military Affairs Department. It praised The Emperor, humanity, the Empire, extolled military achievements, reiterated the significance of war, and commemorated sacrifices...

It's basically just these themes.

Objectively speaking, the pieces written by the scribes of the Military Affairs Department are quite good. Solid in language, not extravagant but capable of touching hearts.

But to be honest, they're themes that have been replicated countless times by the Empire's propaganda department, to the point of causing listener fatigue.

Relying solely on these to move people is hardly realistic.

Yet during Gu Hang's address, the ocean of cheers below did not cease for a moment.

The key factor, of course, lies in the speaker himself.

Gu Hang merely passing gas here would cause earth-shaking uproar!

After the speech concluded, he waved to the crowd and stepped aside.

Following the ceremony procedure, it was then Prime Minister Zebert's turn to step forward and prepare to deliver his speech.

Prime Minister Zebert adjusted his splendid robe, cleared his throat, and had just started with a few words when the crowd, still immersed in their fervent adoration for Gu Hang, showed no signs of quieting their cheers.

He maintained a smile, raised his hands, and gestured downwards, trying to control the situation.

The Prime Minister's authority seemed effective.

The crowd gradually showed signs of calming down.

But right at that moment, sporadic cheers for Gu Hang erupted again from within the crowd.

Among them, interspersed were shouts:

"We want to see Mr. Gu!"

"Gu Hang! Gu Hang! Gu Hang!"

"Zebert, step down!"

"Get out, old face!"

...

Similar voices kept emerging.

Chapter 732: Prime Minister Zebert (2)

The most crucial thing is that they have genuinely guided the masses.

For Gu Hang, the chants rose again, becoming more intense.

Prime Minister Zebert had to once again extend his hands, pressing down, attempting to subdue the cheers of the crowd.

But this time, he did not succeed.

The voices of the crowd grew increasingly intense, even showing a trend of becoming unified.

At this, Zebert lowered his hands.

He displayed a gentle smile, extending one hand with a gesture of invitation, as if generously allowing the people to cheer to their hearts' content, unleashing their passion for hero worship.

He even turned his head, signaling to Gu Hang, inviting him to come up and say a few more words.

Throughout, his face maintained a gentle smile, like an elder at such a bustling celebration, knowing that he was not the main character and generously handing the stage back to the real protagonist.

But Salihoovich knew that Prime Minister Zebert was not pleased.

No matter how normal he behaved, how generous, how gentle his smile appeared, Salihoovich, through the intelligence gathered from various sources about this Prime Minister, had never found any virtues like ’generosity’ or ’magnanimity’ associated with him.

On the contrary, Salihoovich believed that Prime Minister Zebert was very concerned about his own authority.

Would such a person be indifferent to the events that had just occurred?

Would he not bear any grudge?

Salihoovich did not believe it.

Apart from speculation, there was another direction.

Not hard evidence, but a thought nonetheless.

He had watched a large number of Zebert’s speeches, both public and privately acquired versions.

From this, he summarized one characteristic: Zebert was an expert at concealing his emotions, almost never making facial expression management errors.

However, a subtle point was captured by Salihoovich.

That was when Zebert's amiable smile was maintained, if the wrinkles at the corners of his eyes spread, it was a false smile, put on, and could even indicate inner emotions such as unease, anger, or dissatisfaction.

And this point, during the just transmitted live footage, was clearly observed by Salihoovich.

His heart sank.

Something bad had happened.

He wanted to elevate Gu Hang's political status, but never intended to the point that it would cause Zebert to feel threatened.

Wouldn't that be making a mistake while trying to be clever?

But it seemed this matter was not that simple.

Just now, Zebert had indeed pressed down the voice, and the people were genuinely ready to listen to him. But at the crucial moment, what was with the hecklers in the crowd?

Indeed, there were groups that Salihoovich had arranged to set the atmosphere. However, the Alliance's atmosphere groups would not reveal themselves at such a moment.

"Investigate, find out who did it, and bring them out."

"Yes!"

Operatives from the Foreign Affairs Bureau embedded in the crowd began to move.

Salihoovich had full confidence that their agents from the Foreign Affairs Bureau would definitely accomplish the mission. Additionally, by the traces left by these surfaced adversaries, attempt to trace this elusive puppet master's true identity.

However, his mood did not improve in the slightest.

The current predicament remained.

Offending the Prime Minister was not a good thing.

Salihoovich understood that this time the Governor came to Holy Terra not just to receive honors, make an appearance in front of the broad Terran populace, and accumulate some political influence.

Gu Hang came with very clear political demands.

The "Alliance Plan" was a core issue, and Gu Hang even wished to go a step further.

On the surface, the biggest opponent of the "Alliance Plan" was the Minister of the Ministry of Internal Affairs, Luo Fei. But in reality, Prime Minister Zebert was the crucial person.

The Sun Lord Suo He Kaim was once the most powerful figure in the Empire. The era of the Sun Expedition ended just over thirty years ago.

And Zebert had been the Imperial Prime Minister for sixty years.

Sixty years ago, he became Prime Minister with the support of the Sun Lord. He supported the Sun Expedition and could even be considered a great contributor to it, being a good partner to Suo He Kaim, stationed in the Central Empire, allocating resources, and extracting resources across the entire Empire to barely support the Sun Expedition's progress.

However, in the later stages of the Sun Expedition, the Empire's national strength became increasingly exhausted, and Zebert, at the helm of the Central Empire, bore the initial pressure.

At that time, not only in the Central Empire, but complaints about the Expedition were also widespread in various regional areas of the Empire.

They had indeed gained vast territories, but what was the benefit to the different empire regions that supported the expedition?

Even the Central Empire faced substantial opposition. While it involved oppressing others, the central officials also had to labor extensively.

If it was just the workload, it might be bearable, but the key issue was that the Sun Lord, like a father figure above the entire Empire's institutions, had too high a status and too strong a reputation. Everyone else was just a dark star obscured by the sunlight.

He was in the way.

Moreover, his long absence from Holy Terra distanced him from the core of the Empire's power. So, his expedition eventually stalled, and his ultimate demise outside was predictable.

Chapter 732: Prime Minister Zebert (Part 3)

The Empire publicly announced that Suo He Kaim died of illness, but the real cause has remained shrouded in mystery. Amidst the myriad of speculations, this matter was initially surrounded by layers of enigma. Yet, after thirty years had passed, even without any confidential documents being disclosed, many high-ranking officials within the Empire slowly came to realize that this might have been a collective betrayal by Holy Terra, or even the entire Empire, against Suo He Kaim.

From this perspective, when the news of the Sun Lord's death was sent back, it stands to reason that Prime Minister Qi Bodu, who had infinitely supported the Sun Expedition, would face some turbulent times, right?

But he did not.

On the contrary, his authority was unprecedentedly strengthened.

On the eve of the news of Suo He Kaim's death, he was still supporting the Sun Expedition!

Yet he became the greatest beneficiary after Suo He Kaim's death, now holding significant power.

The role Qi Bodu played in the event of the Sun Lord's death more than thirty years ago is probably self-evident.

Todays, even though he cannot centralize all power like the former Sun Lord, he is undoubtedly one of the highest-ranking figures within the entire Empire.

Gu Hang and the Alliance's political demands need his support or at least cannot face his full opposition before they can be achieved.

Even if the mastermind was found out and torn to shreds, it would be to no avail. Should Qi Bodu harbor resentment, the situation would be dire, and it would be unknown how much it would cost to remedy the aftermath.

Salihoovich had cold sweat breaking out on his forehead.

The live broadcast continued on the screen before him.

After the Prime Minister made an inviting gesture towards Gu Hang, Salihoovich saw Gu Hang initially decline modestly, but as the cheers from below grew more and more intense, he had no choice but to step forward.

Qi Bodu was about to step aside, but Gu Hang placed a hand on his lower back, not allowing him to leave.

Then, he affectionately leaned in and spoke into the microphone from the side: "Please calm down, calm down."

As Gu Hang spoke, the people gradually quieted down, giving him face.

"The enthusiasm of the people of Holy Terra is truly overwhelming. However, this war's victory not only belongs to me, not only to the many front-line troops fighting, but also to the people of Holy Terra, that is, you, who provided support. And leading you, leading the entire Empire, eradicating all traitors, and eliminating all enemies of humanity, is our great Prime Minister."

After speaking to the crowd, Gu Hang turned his head, sincerely looking at Qi Bodu, and said: "I've said everything I need to say to the people. Now, I eagerly wish to hear your vision for the Empire's future. Your words are the golden wisdom that guides the Empire, guides humanity towards a bright future."

"Long live the Prime Minister!"

At the end, Gu Hang raised his arm and shouted: "Long live the Prime Minister!"

Only then did he let go of the microphone, release his hold on Qi Bodu, and respectfully bowed before retreating two steps behind Qi Bodu, positioning himself behind the Prime Minister.

From afar, watching the live broadcast, Salihoovich saw this scene and hurriedly grabbed the microphone, connecting to the earpieces of all the Foreign Affairs Bureau agents on-site: "Cheer for the Prime Minister! Quick!"

He reacted quickly, and so did the Foreign Affairs Bureau agents.

"Long live the Prime Minister!"

"Long live the Prime Minister!"

The voices rose in succession.

With Gu Hang leading, a few accomplices in the crowd stirring things up, and the esteemed Prime Minister Qi Bodu, the people followed along and shouted.

The atmosphere wasn't as intense as it was previously for Gu Hang, but at least the awkwardness was alleviated.

Seeing Gu Hang completely yielding the stage to him, standing behind him and strongly supporting him, Qi Bodu's brow slightly relaxed.

Listening to the countless crowd below shouting his name further comforted his heart considerably.

In the past, he rarely had such an opportunity to face such a vast crowd, finding the experience quite novel.

Chapter 733: Appointing Me as the Grand Mentor?

"Governor, your response was indeed quick, you handled it very well."

Inside the Holy Terra Palace, Ambassador Salihovic was reporting to Gu Hang. He couldn't help but praise Gu Hang when mentioning what happened at the triumphant ceremony.

Gu Hang waved his hand, not picking up the conversation.

Indeed, at the scene, his reaction was not considered slow.

But how well he handled it, that's not certain.

It was managed to get by, but when Gu Hang realized the problem, his temporary reaction and handling in a moment of urgency made it difficult for his words to be particularly smooth.

He had to elevate the Prime Minister to avoid that awkward scene. But his words were blunt, and the intent might have been a bit too strong.

It's hard to say if Prime Minister Qi Bodu was really assured afterwards.

After all, essentially Gu Hang hoped that Zebert would not be wary of him, and didn't want him to think he or the entire Alliance was a threat to him and his power.

Whether this goal could be completely achieved, is really hard to say.

In this matter, he felt quite helpless.

Ambassador Salihovic indeed operated in Holy Terra for a long time, with Galaraldo as the backing. However, Prime Minister Qi Bodu's position was too high, and he wasn't within a circle that Salihovic could easily contact. He did have some chances to see the Prime Minister in public occasions, but naturally, there weren't opportunities for communication. As for private interactions, those were even less frequent.

He did have the intention to plant some Foreign Affairs Bureau agents around the Prime Minister.

He actually did so, but dared not be too excessive, only able to plant some personnel at the periphery, satisfied to gather some relatively peripheral information.

Otherwise, did he think that the Legal Department and Tribunal weren't formidable?

Even currently, regarding the intelligence activities of the Alliance Foreign Intelligence Bureau in Holy Terra, many institutions within the Central Empire were likely aware.

But firstly, the Alliance was an Empire force, with a background, and hadn't done anything outrageous, making it hard to target them.

Secondly, the actions of the Foreign Affairs Bureau were filed with the Legal Department, applied under the guise of the normal activities of the Alliance Ambassador. Although some tactics by the Foreign Affairs Bureau were testing the boundaries, ultimately with official documents, it seemed slightly safer.

But that's it, relying on such means to plant spies near the Prime Minister was unrealistic; more drastic and aggressive means were too risky to use, getting caught would be catastrophic.

So this was all they had.

The Alliance and Salihovic here had no means to influence the Prime Minister.

Even thoroughly probing into his thoughts was difficult.

In this matter, it could only be entrusted to Galaraldo.

Facing Gu Hang's request to explore the Prime Minister's thoughts, Galaraldo agreed but also stated that he would try his best to help, yet the final result could not be guaranteed.

Galaraldo was indeed now part of the Prime Minister's political faction, but definitely not considered a core member.

He wished!

However, he didn't grow up within the Prime Minister's faction but transitioned from Ou Juren's faction. With the stigma of having backstabbed his former boss, it was impossible to gain complete trust, being considered a genuine member at most as a joined ally or surrendered individual.

Indeed, Galaraldo suspected that after a transitional period, sooner or later, the Prime Minister might want to replace him.

After all, the Military Affairs Department was a very important department; how could they let a turncoat hold it?

Even if he wasn’t directly removed, he would at least be required to do many things to prove himself.

Just that time hadn’t arrived yet.

In this regard, he instead had to rely a bit on Gu Hang’s external support. Otherwise, he, this rootless Military Prime Minister, would be easily dismissed with a word from Qi Bodu.

The two were considered mutually supportive.

...

After the triumphant ceremony concluded, most participants gradually left in the following month.

They often received what they came for.

Gu Hang certainly hadn’t left yet.

What he wanted, he had not obtained.

Gu Hang actually didn’t want to stay in Holy Terra for too long. Many affairs awaited his return to handle within the Alliance.

However... at this moment, he couldn’t help but criticize the Empire’s low administrative efficiency.

Regarding the "Alliance Plan," the internal study of the Empire continued.

Gu Hang had submitted multiple applications, hoping they could at least convene a formal meeting, even if no immediate result was reached, at least pushing the discussion forward.

Even, in the worst-case scenario, if the "Alliance Plan" failed, even if it reached the point of confrontation, that would also count as a conclusion.

However, should it reach such a stage, Gu Hang would likely find returning to the Alliance challenging.

Indeed, one could say that this was precisely why the Central Empire insisted on Gu Hang's presence: if he didn't dare come, that proved rebellious intent, ensuring the "Alliance Plan" wouldn't pass, even requiring military preparation for suppression.

Since he came, then the "Alliance Plan" was negotiable—though just barely negotiable. If talks broke down, Gu Hang, he might as well not go back.

Chapter 733: Appointing Me as the Grand Mentor?

But Gu Hang had no choice but to come.

Faced with this situation where he came, yet dragged things out without giving a clear answer, he felt helpless; he was angry, but there was nothing he could do.

He could only exert effort in various other directions, hoping to make everything proceed a little faster.

Yet, he couldn't express these emotions, and could only maintain an appearance of calm.

Walls have ears.

His spiritual power allowed him to keenly sense that there were always many Imperial Spies around him, monitoring him constantly, keeping an eye on his family, and also observing the numerous important figures from the Alliance that he brought along.

The surveillance on others was slightly lighter, but the monitoring on Gu Hang was particularly severe.

According to Gu Hang's spiritual power, he could easily eliminate all those spies.

But obviously, Gu Hang would not do that.

On the contrary, he openly displayed his life on Holy Terra, his working status, even including the content of his communications with the Alliance's homeland and his guidance on the homeland's work.

He was displaying his harmlessness without reservation, to increase the favor of the Empire's high officials toward him.

Of course, there were still some genuine secrets that could not be revealed. But Gu Hang had already instructed the homeland of the Alliance beforehand, that during his time on Holy Terra, everything would be independently decided by the 'triumvirate' structure formed by Osenia, Tadeusz, and Lambert.

He had some special psychic techniques to bypass the surveillance and contact the homeland of the Alliance.

But there was no need to do so.

As long as people noticed that he was using some special psychic techniques, even if the Empire couldn't trace it, it would increase suspicion.

Since he was here, everything should be about being honest.

However, the tree desires calm, but the wind does not stop.

The Central Empire's administrative speed was slow—or perhaps they were deliberately leaving him to dry, handling things coldly.

But there were those impatient, eager to meet him, and establish connections.

That was the Imperial Psychic Association.

The current chief grandmaster of the Psychic Association visited personally.

Gu Hang met him openly, allowing the eyes to probe.

...

Dou Zhao was already very old now.

Including the rejuvenation surgeries that the Empire's nobility could access for years, he was now three hundred and forty-nine years old, theoretically with a few more years to live.

But not to him.

Normally, a person usually has five opportunities for rejuvenation surgery, and a lifespan of five hundred years is the limit.

But he had already used up all five rejuvenation surgeries. Now, he could clearly feel that his time was running out.

Because he was a Grade S Psychic.

For most people, having a psychic gift and gaining stable control over it through proper training is considered a blessing. Psychic energy is a powerful force, and mastering it well can change one's destiny.

However, no one can deny the destructive effect of psychic energy on the human body and soul.

The constant whispers of the Subspace, the harm to the body when releasing psychic energy, the gradual change in personality, and the shortening of lifespan...

Originally, after five rejuvenation surgeries, Dou Zhao could stretch his lifespan to five hundred years, but he could clearly feel now that he wouldn’t live past his three hundred and sixtieth birthday.

That meant he only had eleven years left.

But he had no regrets.

If he hadn’t mastered psychic energy, how could he have risen from the status of an ordinary company employee’s son to become one of the top figures in the Empire?

The president of the Psychic Association, a Grade S Psychic... Without these identities, he wouldn’t even be qualified for one rejuvenation surgery, and he’d be nothing but bones by now.

And to this day...

"I have nothing much to hold on to anymore." Dou Zhao, sitting in front of Gu Hang, said very calmly, "If the Emperor summons me, I should go. But before I go, I always want to leave something behind for the place I have struggled for three hundred years."

"What exactly does the Psychic Association need?"

"I have thought it over and over again, thinking that the Psychic Association needs a strong enough leader who can truly unite countless psychics."

"This person, besides you, I can’t think of another candidate."

"So, accept my invitation, Mr. Gu. You shall be the next chief grandmaster of the Psychic Association."

"This is not only my decision but also unanimously determined by the nine grandmasters of the Association."

Gu Hang pondered for a while.

This Dou Zhao was the current highest leader of the Psychic Association, the chief grandmaster.

Before Dou Zhao visited and stated his intentions, Gu Hang had already roughly guessed his purpose.

But he was still somewhat surprised by the Psychic Association’s eagerness, coming so directly.

At the same time, he was worried whether there were other pitfalls in this matter.

He cautiously asked, "I am neither a psychic from the Psychic Association nor have I ever contributed to the Association; what virtue and ability do I have...?"

First, decline a bit to see what the matter is.

Dou Zhao slightly shook his head and said, "This has nothing to do with whether you’ve contributed to the Psychic Association, only with your strength. Your spiritual power, beyond everyone’s imagination. The so-called S-Class, S+ level, or even Alpha-level, which humans cannot stabilize and control, can’t judge your intensity. Such a great psychic force, in the entire history of the Empire, is... extremely rare."

Originally, Dou Zhao wanted to say ’second only to the Emperor,’ but in the end, he felt it was inappropriate and swallowed it back.

He shifted the topic: "Besides, as long as you become the chief grandmaster, why worry about no contributions? In the future, you will have plenty of opportunities to contribute to the Psychic Association. At the same time, the Psychic Association will also be your assistance."

Even after speaking to this extent, Gu Hang still slightly shook his head: "This matter is still too sudden, and it’s too significant; please allow me some time to think about it."

"I understand." Dou Zhao stood up, "But before that, could you visit the Psychic Association? We have a dedicated venue where you can freely unleash your power. Let us witness it; some young ones don’t

understand the greatness of psychic forces, and they need to broaden their horizons. Some outsiders also need to see."

At this point, he added, "Maybe this could also help with your current predicament."

Gu Hang's heart stirred, roughly understanding the other's meaning.

But he was still cautious not to agree straight away, saying he would think about it, but would inform the Psychic Association of his decision before tomorrow's sunset.

After politely seeing Dou Zhao off, Gu Hang immediately summoned Salihoovich.

Likewise, without hiding from the observers.

Having told Salihoovich, the ambassador stationed in Terra, about the Psychic Association's ideas, Salihoovich was somewhat surprised.

"During my time here, they never contacted me. For such a big matter, it's really sudden..."

He sighed and continued, "However, it aligns with the characteristics of those Spiritual Masters, I suppose."

"What do you mean?" asked Gu Hang.

"Self-important, arrogant, looking down on others; yet downcast, without actual power, often manipulated by others, swallowing their grievances; the more so, the more they have to maintain that arrogance, to show value..."

Gu Hang was quite amazed: "I didn't feel they were particularly arrogant or proud. Mr. Dou was quite amiable and sincere, wasn't he?"

"That’s because he was facing you, Your Excellency the Governor."

At this point, Salihoovich began to explain the history and current state of the Psychic Association to Gu Hang.

Having listened, Gu Hang roughly understood what Salihoovich had said earlier.

The Psychic Association is an institution established by the Empire to oversee all psychics within the Empire’s territory. Its highest leader, the chief grandmaster, even has the qualification to be selected as a High Lord.

This is the source of their arrogance.

However, if they were indeed that powerful, there wouldn’t be those subsequent descriptions.

Chapter 734: Meddling in the Entire Empire?

The Psychic Cultivator’s Association is fragmented.

In name, the Psychic Cultivator’s Association is a powerful organization. They have the authority to manage all the Psychics within the Empire, organize psychic units, and provide all necessary spiritual energy support for various other Empire organizations, from the military to the Tribunal and then to civil institutions.

However, this was only realized when the Psychic Cultivator’s Association was first established; later, it became an empty promise.

For a long period, spiritual energy was considered a taboo within the Empire, unable to be controlled, and those who awakened their spiritual energy were severely persecuted, mainly handled by the Tribunal. Most Psychics would be imprisoned, or simply executed.

Later, the Imperial Chancellor, who followed The Emperor to establish the Human Empire and was known as the Eternal Life, believed that although spiritual energy was dangerous, it could still be

mastered. He personally established the Psychic Cultivator's Association to cultivate and dominate the Empire's spiritual energy power.

During that phase, the Psychic Cultivator's Association fulfilled its duties effectively, cultivating a large number of Psychics and deploying them to various units. The Tribunal's Psychic Experts, the Star Realm Army's Psychic Troops, the Navy's navigators and Thinker clusters, and even the Think Tanks of the Starfighter Battle Group would communicate with the Empire's Psychic Cultivator's Association.

It was an age of unparalleled glory for the Psychic Cultivator's Association.

The Psychic Cultivator's Association controlled a large number of Psychic Academies, screening the population, training Psychics, and after training, all parties were eager for the Psychic Cultivator's Association to send personnel. The Chief Grand Master answered directly to the Imperial Chancellor and was an important member of the Supreme Council, wielding the extraordinary power that mortals of the Empire could muster.

External Psychics, according to the Academy they hailed from, were ranked within the Psychic Cultivator's Association and subjected to dual leadership by both the Association and their respective units. With one word from the Association's Grand Master, the entire spiritual energy of a certain unit could be either withdrawn or added to.

Moreover, the Psychic Cultivator's Association also had its own direct troops, primarily comprised of spiritual energy forces, but also included many specialized anti-spiritual energy units. Using spiritual energy to counter spiritual energy or assisting the Sect of Mechanics in developing anti-spiritual energy weapons, gear, and equipping elite soldiers to form legions.

Such a Psychic Cultivator's Association was certainly worthy of a High Lord's status.

But the good times didn't last long. That Imperial Chancellor, supposedly the Eternal Life, perished in a great internal conflict after The Emperor's ascension. Without his support, the Psychic Cultivator's Association lost its fundamental political power.

Of course, this in itself wasn't enough to cause such a plight.

But in the subsequent period, their basic foundation was continuously eroded.

The core problem lay in the dual leadership over Psychics.

In theory, every Psychic in any unit was to be governed by the Psychic Cultivator's Association. However, first and foremost, the Tribunal disagreed.

We have so many confidential affairs within the Tribunal, many also related to various supernatural powers. Handling those affairs requires Psychics, but how could we allow the Psychic Cultivator's Association to lead them? Wouldn't that result in a breach of secrecy?

Moreover, these Psychics listen to Subspace whispers daily, and who knows when they might become corrupted, explode, or pose a great threat, so they must be under surveillance.

Lead by the Tribunal, the Psychic Cultivator's Association faced ongoing challenges and suppression over many years.

Other Empire forces also had strong motives; they didn't want their own teams of Psychics to be controlled by the Association.

After all, dual governance is never as comfortable as having a single line of command.

The Star Realm Army didn't want their Psychic Troops suddenly reassigned by the Association; the Navy couldn't accept navigators or Thinkers being removed from their ships, and such a mysterious place as the Assassin Court never allowed the Psychic Cultivator's Association to interfere with their cultivated Psychic Assassins.

The Psychic Cultivator's Association certainly wouldn't relinquish its authority easily and engaged in a prolonged struggle with all parties, even continuing to the present day.

However, the outcome of these struggles is evidently less than satisfactory.

The primary reason is that the Psychic Cultivator's Association is practically opposing everyone in this matter.

If it were only this, it would have merely lost a leg.

They still had a large number of Psychic Academies and if they could continue to control the cultivation and allocation of Psychics, they still retained substantial influence.

But even this was being continuously stripped away.

Everyone had use for Psychics and didn't want to be throttled by the Association.

Cultivating Psychics isn't some exclusive process; it doesn't have to happen within the Psychic Academies. Previously, enforcing this was mainly for ease of control, with the Empire enacting related mandatory decrees.

Such administrative orders can be overturned and altered.

Everyone began independently cultivating specific Psychics according to their needs.

To this end, they constantly exploited loopholes in the past psychic systems.

As more loopholes were exploited, the rules themselves became riddled with holes.

Consequently, the financial budget for the Psychic Cultivator's Association was reduced, Psychic Academies gradually couldn't maintain as many schools and were forced to close one after another; all factions had their own dedicated psychic troops, anti-spiritual energy experts, and due to budget issues, the Association's own direct troops also slowly withered away...

Chapter 734: Meddling in the Entire Empire? (Part 2)

As of now, there are still some Psychic Academies, but their proportion in the overall training of psychics in the Empire has become very low; their direct power still exists, but really cannot support the Psychic Cultivator's Association in obtaining a seat at the table.

The Psychic Cultivator's Association now increasingly resembles a place where the Empire's psychics gather to exchange and learn, possessing insufficient actual strength, making it difficult to attain particularly strong political status.

The Chief Grandmaster theoretically still holds the qualification to enter the High Lord Council, but for the last one or two thousand years, the presence of the Psychic Cultivator's Association has not been seen among the High Lords.

This is the current situation of the Psychic Cultivator's Association.

They are certainly unwilling to accept this.

Otherwise, they wouldn't have reached out to Gu Hang.

But also because of their unwillingness and their desire to maintain the stature of a powerful Central Empire institution, they have received some follow-up commentary from Salihoovich about them.

They maintain their dignity, acting as if the Psychic Cultivator's Association never declined, striving to keep face; but they are often very adaptable, attaching themselves to anything with the slightest opportunity related to them, to show their value.

With such an easily exploited target, why would others let them go?

All sorts of unsavory dealings involve dragging this group of pretentious Psychic Cultivator's Association members in.

If a key figure disappears, the Psychic Cultivator's Association sends an advisor to see if it is related to Spiritual Energy; if the person is found, there is credit, but as an advisor, what more benefits could you seek? If the person isn't found, you'll take the blame;

If there's a war, let the Psychic Cultivator's Association deploy some direct psychic troops. No? At least send a few, otherwise, even the remaining budget could reasonably be withheld.

These are still the relatively additional matters. If a spiritual energy disaster occurs somewhere, there's no escape; be prepared to take significant blame.

As if it's a trash can into which any filthy matter can be thrown, desolate, manipulated, and stifled...

Pathetic.

The foundation is still relatively strong, within the Empire, also in the Holy Terra, there are still some Psychic Academies as a foundation, forcefully continuing to survive.

However, if this trend continues, the ultimate fate of the Psychic Cultivator's Association is likely to be inevitable collapse in the foreseeable future.

After hearing all this, Gu Hang recalled one of the pathways Galaraldo had arranged for him earlier, which was to come over and become the leader of the Psychic Cultivator's Association.

At the time he was thinking, after all, the Psychic Cultivator's Association is a top-tier force; could they really let an outsider like Gu Hang become the leader just like that?

Unexpectedly, it was really that simple.

No need to strive for it, they eagerly offered it with open hands!

However, pushing the Chief Grandmaster onto the position of High Lord is no small feat, but rather exceedingly difficult.

Of course, Gu Hang did not think that Galaraldo was talking nonsense back then. In fact, Gu Hang could already guess how to operate this matter: it was simply about ’selling’ his merits from the Iron Armor War.

That wouldn’t do.

Refocusing on the matter at hand, Gu Hang asked: "So, do you have any suggestions? My ambassador."

In his gradual narration just now, Salihoovich had actually revealed his inclined stance: "I suggest staying away from them, Governor, getting too close to them could bring misfortune."

After a brief pause, he continued to provide reasons: "The Psychic Cultivator’s Association now is only left with a name, a framework. If you want to lead them to revival, not only will it require a large infusion of resources, but it is also fraught with difficulties. Worst of all, the more progress you make, the greater the resistance you will encounter. The stronger the Psychic Cultivator’s Association becomes, the more it will inevitably form conflicts of interest with multiple parties, which is very detrimental to your major affairs."

Gu Hang pursued: "What if I only want its name and framework?"

After all, it was given for free.

As long as Gu Hang nodded, he could obtain the so-called ’Chief Grandmaster’ title without almost any cost.

To say the least, it is a top-tier title that can get into the High Lord Council.

To take a step back, even a wrecked ship has three pounds of nails; the remaining power of the Psychic Cultivator’s Association still has some extent; they can still get dozens, sometimes over ten billion in budgets annually; serving as a trash can in the Central Empire, they can also somewhat gather connections...

"No, that’s not realistic," said Salihoovich, "Regardless of other factors, just within the Psychic Cultivator’s Association, there are significant issues. They invited you to become the Chief Grandmaster hoping you would lead them to revival. If you delay making critical moves, it will be difficult for them to consistently adhere to your will. At that point, not only will they be challenging to become your ally, they might even become a hindrance."

Gu Hang thoughtfully stroked his chin and agreed with Salihoovich’s assessments.

However, during the conversation, he also had his own ideas.

"What if I were to build the Psychic Cultivator’s Association?"

"Hmm?" Salihoovich was a bit puzzled.

Hadn’t they discussed this?

"Abandoning the power to govern all the Empire’s psychics, is this not the greatest contradiction between the Psychic Cultivator’s Association and other Imperial factions?"

Salihoovich, also a very intelligent person, immediately caught on: "Are you saying... to focus on building the Psychic Academy and the association’s direct troops?"

"Yes." Gu Hang replied, "The future Psychic Cultivator’s Association will transform into a training base for Spiritual Energy. The existing Psychic Academy is a solid foundation, they have enough talent, as long as resources follow up, the Psychic Academy can quickly expand. Enhancing training efforts for psychics can both accept entrusted training from other Imperial factions and produce their own to send into direct psychic forces and anti-spiritual forces."

"As one of the independent highest-level institutions in the Empire, its direct troops, if I remember correctly, can operate without anyone’s consent, only needing the Chief Grandmaster’s command to execute tasks anywhere in the Empire, responsible only to the Grandmaster, right?"

Salihoovich nodded: "Yes."

"That means, doesn't it mean I then have the power to intervene in any affairs across the Empire's entire territory?"

Salihoovich calmly reminded: "I'm afraid it's not that simple. Apart from strength and the negative influence of excessive intervention, even from a legal perspective, the Psychic Cultivator's Association's authority to handle affairs in various parts of the Empire is limited to spiritual matters. Although actions require no one's approval, only accountability to the Grandmaster, the Grandmaster also needs a reasonable reason."

"Ah, that is indeed a problem." Gu Hang's smile grew wider, "In this world, anything can be related to Spiritual Energy, isn't that right?"

"...Indeed, if you wish it so."

A Governor that even an Alpha-level cannot describe, with a professional spiritual energy institution, what can't they turn to be related to Spiritual Energy?

Or rather, in this universe, what cannot be related to Subspace?

Yet, Salihoovich remained worried.

"Will the Psychic Cultivator's Association agree? They've clung to their glory for thousands of years, dreaming of returning to the pinnacle era when all the Empire's psychics united under the association. Giving up this claim, they will find it hard to accept; if you push this, you'll face significant resistance."

Gu Hang subdued his smile: "That will be Master Dou's task, why should I directly be the villain in this? Hopefully, he can clear out the stubborn old guards within the Psychic Cultivator's Association and deliver a clean association into my hands."

"Let the matter of joining the Psychic Cultivator's Association as the Grandmaster be postponed for now. However, didn't Dou Zhao say before leaving that he wanted me to have an exchange with the Psychic Cultivator's Association?"

"Agree to it, is three days of preparation time enough?"

"I'll clean up the house for him and provide some assistance."

Speaking here, Gu Hang waved his hand, removing the mental veil he cast over the observers.

In daily life, Gu Hang attempts to remain as open as possible. But when sensitive content is discussed in conversations, it's best to prevent them from hearing it.

These observers with anti-spiritual means have no idea whom they are monitoring.

As long as Gu Hang desires, whatever they can hear and see, is only what Gu Hang wants them to hear and see.

It's simply about minimizing its use and keeping its intensity low to avoid detection.

Chapter 735: Why Not All Come at Once

"Dou Zhao must have gone senile."

"I demand an immediate initiation of the impeachment process against Dou Zhao!"

"Someone who betrays the Association, someone who wants to abandon its most glorious history, is unfit to lead it!"

Daphne Margaret was in the Psychic Cultivator's Association's Tutor Committee, raising her hands high, passionately criticizing the current Chief Grand Tutor.

She didn't spare the old mage a glance.

Though they once shared a mentor-student relationship, that was a matter of the distant past. Due to ambition and conflicts of stance, they had long since parted ways. She had become the clear opposition within the Association, contending with another classmate, Ni Xun, also a student of Dou Zhao, for the chief title after Dou Zhao's departure.

Her enemy was her insidious junior and biased teacher—so she had always thought.

But unexpectedly, Gu Hang suddenly emerged.

When someone proposed this suggestion during the Tutor Committee, she fiercely opposed it.

However, opposition proved futile.

This proposal was not only brought up by Dou Zhao, but also supported by Ni Xun, whom she used to deem 'sly and treacherous, only adept at flattering mentors.' The entire Tutor Committee seemed collectively inclined to support it.

The spiritual power Gu Hang displayed on the frontline battlefield, the more experts understood spiritual energy, the more they realized the terrifying truth it represented.

Moreover, Gu Hang possessed not just exceptional spiritual power.

He was simultaneously a ruling feudal lord of the Empire and a hero with distinguished military achievements. This meant he also had ample political influence, economic resources to support, and build the Psychic Cultivator's Association.

If these factors were all combined, there was no one more suitable than Gu Hang to become the Chief Grand Tutor within the Empire.

People with resources, with status, don't have such strong spiritual power; those with such strong spiritual power... let's drop it, the entire Empire hasn't seen anyone this formidable.

Like the Imperial Chancellor reincarnated.

In heart of hearts, if there were no conflict of interest, Daphne Margaret would also think that if Gu Hang could take on the role of the Grand Tutor of the Psychic Cultivator's Association, it would be a great thing.

But isn't this exactly a conflict of interest?

She herself wanted to be this Grand Tutor.

If the Grand Tutor isn't me, then the revival of the Psychic Cultivator's Association is meaningless.

Of course, such things are only to be thought in the mind, never spoken aloud.

She could only use other arguments to criticize.

But her criticisms were ineffective.

She became somewhat despairing, even disheartened, ready to leave the Psychic Cultivator's Association.

After all, she was an S-Class Psychic, with her own supporters within the Association. If push came to shove, she could go independent or join other factions, there was always

Until just earlier, a major opportunity presented itself to her.

After Dou Zhao met with Gu Hang, he convened a meeting to announce one thing: discuss relinquishing the Association's authority over all psychics in the Empire.

This matter caused an uproar in the Tutor Committee.

Where does the greatness of the Psychic Cultivator's Association lie? Isn't it based on the command that all spiritual power in the Empire should obey the Association's decree?

If this is given up, what would the Association still be called?

Countless people thought Dou Zhao had gone senile.

And those who could react a bit quicker quickly realized this was by no means Dou Zhao's own thought.

This Chief Grand Tutor suddenly presented this proposal without any prior hints after the meeting with Gu Hang.

Although Dou Zhao didn't say it, it's easy to guess: this was likely Gu Hang's precondition for taking over the affairs of the Psychic Cultivator's Association.

Those who discerned this point were divided in attitude.

Some turned to silence.

These people likely shared Dou Zhao's mindset. They felt that the current state of the Psychic Cultivator's Association was already quite grim, sticking to rules meant waiting for death. To revive it, innovation was indispensable. Abandoning a power that was nominally there but practically useless, in exchange for a leader with real resources and ability to lead the revival, might not be bad.

But the matter was still too shocking, directly challenging the foundation of the Psychic Cultivator's Association, and they hadn't stood out in support for the moment.

Some, however, wouldn't think this way.

In their view, that was betrayal.

They were very disappointed with Gu Hang’s attitude, feeling that this kind of revival was not what they desired.

And this was the opportunity Margaret saw.

She, who had been considering resignation, seized the chance, and stood at the forefront, aiming at Dou Zhao.

Dou Zhao didn’t speak, Ni Xun stood out, engaging in a heated debate with her.

At this stage, Margaret expressed some classic statements.

"The ancestral laws must not be changed!"

"This is betrayal of our cause!"

"Gu Hang isn’t coming to lead our revival, he’s here to dismember us!"

Her words resonated greatly with the crowd.

With her existing supporters, she actually gathered enough people to initiate the impeachment process against the Grand Tutor!

The impeachment process required initiation by two out of the nine Grand Tutors, and recognition by one-third of the members in the current Tutor Committee to start it.

Upon initiation, a vote by all Tutor Committee members was needed, with over half the votes to overthrow the Chief.

Currently, the total number of committee members in the Psychic Cultivator's Association is two hundred and seventeen, with one hundred and thirty-four attending this meeting.

So far, she has received 57 votes, needing only 52 more.

Victory is within reach!

The remaining seventy-something votes at this on-site meeting aren't all against her; many abstained. These people can be persuaded, as well as the seventy plus who didn't attend the meeting due to distance or duty!

Margaret was overjoyed!

This is something that hasn't been achievable for many years!

And now it's actually happening!

How fortunate it is that the teacher grew senile!

Ignoring the incessantly chattering junior, Margaret, with the demeanor of a victor, looked towards Dou Zhao.

The chief slowly stood up.

Margaret shivered involuntarily.

Dou Zhao has been chief for a very long time, accumulating substantial prestige and immense power.

Most crucially, she knows the teacher is not far from the end. A dying person is capable of any madness.

For instance, isn’t this proposal, which Dou Zhao’s century-long reputation couldn’t suppress the opposition, already crazy?

The entire committee meeting venue fell silent.

Old though he may be, the tiger’s power still lingers.

However, under the tense gaze of her and everyone present, Dou Zhao simply stood up without any more extreme actions.

He cleared his throat and said, "I fully respect the impeachment process of the meeting. However, as long as the formal impeachment process occurs within 15 days, it satisfies the rules. Tomorrow, I have scheduled Gu Hang to visit the association for an exchange. As Chief Great Master, I require all committee members to be present tomorrow."

"I think you need to witness what the true might of spiritual energy is like."

...

"Why are you so confident?"

After the meeting, Ni Xun couldn’t help but question the teacher.

Although he was Dou Zhao’s staunchest supporter, fighting tirelessly during the meeting.

Yet he also had his doubts.

Dou Zhao shook his head, saying, "Tomorrow, you will see it too."

"I understand, after all, this Iron Armor War was at your behest that I went to the front lines. I've also witnessed Mr. Gu's magnificent actions several times. I know spiritual energy is a powerful force, and an adequately commanded legion of psychics under a strong Great Mage can determine the victory of a battle. Mr. Gu in this regard, is particularly outstanding, his psychic performance surpassing Alpha-level isn't just talk. I never imagined before that someone could single-handedly alter the outcome of such a large-scale battlefield..."

"But even so, what of it? A psychic may be strong, strong enough to influence the outcome of a single battle, but can it influence the entire Empire? Our Psychic Cultivator's Association has never lacked powerful psychics. S-Class psychics emerge not one by one, but in batches. Yet our plight has never improved."

At this point, Ni Xun sighed, his mood sinking.

This has always been the predicament faced by the Psychic Cultivator's Association.

Individual power?

They have become powerful enough. S-Class psychics can even dominate Interstellar Warriors!

Even facing a Battle Group Champion, they can contend.

Moreover, the functionality and large-scale destructive capability of psychics far exceed that of a Battle Group Champion.

Not to mention, this is a power that mortals can control.

But so what?

No matter how powerful an individual is, under the vastness of the Empire, they are as insignificant as dust.

Nothing can be changed...

"That’s because your understanding of ’true might’ isn’t thorough enough."

Ni Xun turned around, only to see his teacher’s eyes glowing with a blue light.

"I can see it, I can feel it... He hasn’t even reached his limit."

"But just as it is now, it’s enough."

"What we are welcoming is not just a leader, but perhaps a new chancellor."

Ni Xun was initially puzzled, but soon felt shocked by his teacher’s words.

Chancellor?

The title of chancellor is different from that of prime minister.

The prime minister refers to a position, the head of the Empire Government, overseeing the four major Imperial administrative bodies—the Military Affairs Department, Legal Department, Department of Taxation, and the Administration Council. Typically, he is also one of the higher-ranked members of the High Lord Council, and some iron-fisted prime ministers might even control the highest powers of the entire Empire, causing other High Lords to have to bow their heads.

Just like the current Prime Minister Qi Bodu, who has shown such tendencies in the decades following the Sun Lord’s death.

But the chancellor is different.

The chancellor is a specific title, just like the Emperor.

It refers to the one who stood by the Emperor at the founding of the Empire, considered the Emperor’s most intimate comrade.

He was an Eternal Life, and at the same time, probably the most powerful psychic in the history of the Empire.

After his passing, the Empire had no more chancellors.

Isn’t the teacher going a bit too far?

Dou Zhao did not explain further, and the glow in his eyes faded.

The slightly fatigued Chief Great Master told his most loyal student, "Go contact the Imperial Guard then, tell them there might be some commotion here tomorrow, so they shouldn’t be startled."

...

Gu Hang touched here and there, then remarked with some admiration, "This is really well done here."

He arrived as scheduled at the Psychic Cultivator’s Association’s exchange venue today.

This place is located within the Imperial Palace realm—the territory of the Empire’s Imperial Palace is vast, occupying the entirety of the world’s former rooftop region. Many of the Empire Government’s main institutions are within the Imperial Palace.

The Psychic Cultivator’s Association is certainly no exception.

And so is this exchange venue.

The point of admiration for Gu Hang was that this venue poses no power limitations to the psychics present, allowing them to unleash their powers freely. Yet, surrounding the exchange venue, there is a strong defensive barrier limiting the spiritual power from breaching this threshold.

Such technology is also available to the Alliance, which Gu Hang has seen among the many unmentioned technologies.

However, what the Mage Academy of the Alliance crafted is clearly nowhere near comparable—there's a massive difference in cost and varying levels of technical proficiency.

Having such a thing would be invaluable for nurturing and training high-level psychics and for developing new techniques for using spiritual energy.

Gu Hang was quite envious.

Upon seeing his expression, a crisp cold snort came from the crowd.

Gu Hang looked over and saw a red-haired lady, meeting his gaze with unconcealed hostility.

Gu Hang merely returned a polite smile, then turned to face Dou Zhao, asking, "Chief, how should we conduct this exchange?"

Dou Zhao replied, "We have some non-mandatory exchanges lined up. You may demonstrate your skills in manipulating spiritual energy, show us its intensity, and finally, we can arrange for some Spiritual Masters to engage in friendly psychic confrontations with you. During this process, committee members will observe from the side, and we can have a Q&A session at any time."

"Sounds pretty formal. But, I recall you mentioned hoping all committee members would clearly understand the level of spiritual energy I currently wield?"

"Yes."

"I have an idea, it might not strictly follow protocol, but I believe it best meets your needs."

"Oh? Please, go ahead."

"Why don’t you all come at once. This exchange venue is quite large, enough for all of you to showcase your power, and also for me to see the current caliber of the Psychic Cultivator’s Association."

Chapter 736: Controllable Alpha-level

"All of you, come at me together."

These words sounded quite arrogant.

Perhaps the spiritual ability tutors present, through the battle reports sent back from the front line, could acknowledge that Gu Hang possessed a strength far surpassing that of a Grade S Psychic.

After all, many of them were themselves Grade S Psychics, and what Gu Hang accomplished was beyond their abilities, making this comparison very straightforward.

But... what does coming at me together even mean?

At Dou Zhao’s request, most members of the Tutor Committee attended this exchange meeting, except for those too far away to return in time.

All nine principal tutors possessed strength above Grade S.

Out of over two hundred members, at least they possessed the strength of A-level Psychics. Among them, seven had reached Grade S, matching the level of the principal tutors, only a position away from advancement.

Among the total 16 Grade S Psychics, there were individuals like Dou Zhao, Margaret, and Ni Xun who were at an S+ level.

Although S+ is not an officially recognized psychic level, it undoubtedly refers to those who are a notch stronger than regular Grade S Psychics.

Led by such a group, with an addition of two hundred A-level and A+ Psychics, Gu Hang claimed he would fight them single-handedly?

Even an Alpha-class Psychic would have to retreat in defeat.

In reality, many among them had experiences dealing with Alpha-class Psychics.

Alpha-class spiritual energy is considered uncontrollable for humans, yet that doesn't mean it cannot be possessed. In fact, some fortunate—or perhaps unfortunate—individuals receive special favor from Subspace. They become like funnels, fully connecting the Real Universe with Subspace, displaying the violent Subspace energy in the form of spiritual energy upon themselves.

Their growth speed becomes extremely fast once their talent emerges, far exceeding the scope of regular Psychics. Initially, the spiritual energy abides by these extraordinary talents' control, allowing them to wield immense power at will. However, over time, as they gain more power, they must release it, or risk dying from overwhelming energy.

During this phase, rampant spiritual power damages their souls; the Chaos Corrosion from Subspace that accompanies the spiritual energy fills the soul's damage, quickly warping and altering the Psychic's character, eventually twisting them into a demon constantly linked to Subspace.

The entire process is irreversible.

The Psychic Academy once attempted to harness this power. They used technology to suppress spiritual energy levels and reinforced the control of Alpha talents over spiritual energy through education.

However, these measures only worked temporarily. Over time, the ever-expanding spiritual power of Alpha Psychics eventually destroyed all suppressive devices, consuming the Psychic, turning into a walking Subspace monster, and simultaneously forming a channel connecting the Real Universe and Subspace. The ever-looming demons would seize this opportunity to swarm into the Real Universe.

The Empire has encountered many such psychic disasters. If it evolves into the worst-case scenario, it often means the destruction of a world.

Therefore, persecution of Psychics continues across various human worlds out of fear of such events.

A single mistake could lead to the extinction of a world.

And the destruction occurs extremely swiftly; an Alpha-class Psychic with a demon army can rapidly sweep across the globe, often making it impossible for local planetary defenses to hold out until Imperial aid arrives.

Early identification of Alpha-class Psychics is extremely important. The emergence of a psychic prodigy, albeit rarely, might indicate an Alpha-class Psychic. The stronger the talent, the greater the potential, and the more urgently intervention is needed—prioritize execution before they mature.

If identification is impossible, simply go straight to persecution and hunt all individuals with psychic talent.

But there are always times when intervention is too late, yet not evolved into a global disaster. Often, these situations require joint efforts from the Psychic Cultivator's Association and the Tribunal.

Many present had gained experience handling Alpha-class Psychics from such scenarios.

Despite the Tribunal's assistance, and numerous Anti-Spiritual devices attempting to reduce and control the dangerous Alpha-class Psychics, the core part of the operation was still performed by top-tier Psychics.

They had personally experienced the power of Alpha-class, which can be incredibly overwhelming, almost beyond imagination.

Yet, with various means, it was still manageable.

Gu Hang was very powerful, they could admit that.

But even if he had stably mastered Alpha-class spiritual energy, while lacking the Tribunal's aid and various Anti-Spiritual suppressive equipment as during past, uncontrolled Alpha-class Psychic scenarios, they had never mobilized the entire Psychic Cultivator's Association against a single uncontrolled Alpha-class.

That would be overly dramatic.

According to their evaluation, Alpha Psychics could definitely be opposed.

And with their collective power, they could fully suppress.

Furthermore, some believed that spiritual energy beyond Alpha level could never be mastered by humans. That was a truth proven through both theory and countless historical research practices.

Chapter 736: Controllable Alpha-level (Part 2)

Gu Hang was nothing more than a powerful S+ level Psychic.

His performance on the battlefield was exaggerated, partly because he was indeed strong enough; but another part, they suspected, was the frontline exaggerating the role of Spiritual Energy, with suspicions of falsifying battle achievements.

This was exactly what Margaret thought.

If it were a one-on-one encounter, then perhaps if he was a strong S+, or really a stable Alpha-class Psychic, he would terrifyingly crush everyone in the Psychic Cultivator's Association.

This was what Margaret worried about.

After all, they were the Psychic Cultivator's Association, not a purely administrative body. Selecting higher-level mentors, Grand Mentors, strength is the most crucial factor. If one hadn't reached S-Class, one couldn't even pass the most basic threshold to become a Grand Mentor.

If Gu Hang truly showcased strong Spiritual Power, the impact of Dou Zhao's previous blunder might be partially mitigated.

But now, should they all attack?

Won't they get crushed!

What a chance!

If they could cripple Gu Hang, that would be the best outcome.

Margaret quietly mobilized Spiritual Energy, conveying the message to her close allies.

They might be few in number, but when they joined forces, guiding everyone's Spiritual Power to cause some irreparable damage was entirely possible.

When communicating the message, Margaret felt Gu Hang glance in her direction.

Her heart skipped: Could they have been discovered?

But looking again, she found that Gu Hang was still smiling while conversing with Dou Zhao and Ni Xun, and felt she might have been a bit too sensitive.

The Spiritual Energy communication she conducted with others was supposed to be very secretive, how could it be easily detected?

Meanwhile, Gu Hang's conversation with Dou Zhao had also ended.

Dou Zhao seemed somewhat reluctant, but in the end, he agreed with Gu Hang.

Let them all attack, then so be it.

Hopefully, the defeat wouldn’t be too devastating.

...

Gu Hang looked on appreciatively as the Psychics in front formed a phalanx, unleashing formidable strength.

The foundation of the Psychic Cultivator’s Association was still quite impressive.

A gathering of these high-level Psychics, the power they concentrated was quite formidable.

However...

"Still not doing their best." Gu Hang lightly sighed.

The way for dozens to hundreds of Psychics to maximize their abilities is to link their Spiritual Energy according to specific rules, forming a unified force.

The people in the Psychic Cultivator’s Association naturally couldn’t be ignorant of this.

But at the moment, they didn’t do so.

Perhaps they thought it was unnecessary, perhaps thinking that the multitude of people in the engine room would be enough to defeat Gu Hang?

Gu Hang felt it was necessary to make them truly recognize the difference in power.

"I'm going to start now, please pay attention."

He gave a small reminder.

Then, after pausing for a moment, seeing the Psychics on the other side further boosting their power, making preparations, Gu Hang made his move.

No flourish, terrifying Spiritual Power surged on Gu Hang's body in an instant. Using the most basic force field Spiritual Energy, he evenly distributed the power onto every Psychic in the Psychic Cultivator's Association.

The Alpha-level Spiritual Power was vividly displayed at that moment.

Even with a completely even distribution, the A-level Psychics, who made up the majority, immediately felt a sense of tight restraint.

Their faces changed dramatically!

This was merely the most ordinary force field Spiritual Energy!

Though each had a Spiritual Energy Shield protecting them, under high pressure, the Spiritual Energy Shields were as if made of paper, only resisting for a few short breaths. Realizing the Spiritual Energy Shields were being consumed rapidly, each of them immediately poured more energy to maintain the shield's existence, but it was of little significance, merely extending the resistance from three to five seconds to seven or eight seconds before the shield was crushed.

Subsequently, they felt as if their bodies were completely enveloped by a force field.

Many people's faces turned pale, feeling they were done for: in this state, as long as Gu Hang wished, with a little exertion, they could be crushed. Without the protection of Spiritual Energy, Psychics' frail bodies would differ little from ordinary people.

Of course, Gu Hang wouldn't do that.

At this moment, he demonstrated excellent Spiritual Power control. Those restrained felt like being in a soft sponge, as long as they didn't struggle too hard, there was no danger; if they tried using force, the restraint would only grow stronger.

This state amazed people: such a high level of control was far more difficult than simply crushing someone.

Some were still unconvinced; being restrained technically meant defeat already, not having died was because it was a 'communication', not a life-and-death confrontation. But since that was the case, was there perhaps still a sliver of opportunity?

They attempted to remobilize energy, rebuild protection around themselves.

But at such times, Gu Hang would be a bit uncompromising.

As long as anyone had that thought and tried to act on it, a tremendous sense of fear would emerge from within, feeling as if their heart was tightly gripped by a force, losing all courage in an instant, incapable of resistance.

Once the thought dissipated, the fear vanished too.

The calm Mentors, with abundant knowledge of Spiritual Energy, recognized it must be a superb application of psychic powers.

Many among them could also do this. But simultaneously breaking through the psychological defenses of over two hundred A-level and above Psychics to achieve control?

Utterly impossible.

The A-level Psychics were effectively defeated in an instant.

The remaining sixteen S-level and even S+ level Psychics weren't instantly defeated, but their Spiritual Power protection was merely holding on.

Margaret was the most shaken of all.

Upon personally experiencing the power difference, she instantly abandoned her rather naive past thoughts.

An Alpha-class Spiritual Energy couldn't be controlled?

Then what was the present if not Alpha-class Spiritual Energy?

Objectively speaking, the intensity of Spiritual Energy Gu Hang showed exceeded the level of typical Alpha-class Psychics they'd dealt with, but only by a small extent.

And why they previously could manage with fewer people came down to the core difference: 'control'.

At the Alpha level, Psychics couldn't control their power. Spiritual energy would spill recklessly and disorderly, and the resulting effects heavily depended on the characteristics of the Subspace Power transmitted into the Real Universe, unrelated to the Psychic's intentions. Typically, by this stage, the Psychic no longer retained the ability to think.

But if power of this level could be consciously controlled and utilized, the effect achieved would far surpass the chaotic release of Spiritual Energy.

Unresolvable, absolutely unresolvable.

This was Margaret's sole thought.

Exerting all effort merely to avoid being torn apart by the force field Spiritual Energy consumed all her energy.

Plotting against Gu Hang?

Don't make me laugh.

No ability to resist, let alone to plot.

And soon, even the ability to resist was gone.

When those A-level Psychics lost the ability to resist, freeing Gu Hang's hands, or when he merely became a bit more serious, the suddenly intensified Spiritual Power quickly rendered Margaret's protection ineffective.

Not just her, other S-level or S+ level Psychics were likewise overpowered within a second or two.

Eventually, more than two hundred of the Empire's top Psychics were left floating about a meter off the ground, completely unable to move.

If this was a life-and-death struggle, the Psychic Cultivator's Association would declare absolute annihilation.

The entire duration wouldn't exceed thirty seconds.

Is this a controllable Alpha-class Psychic?

Horrifying to no end.

Chapter 737: Even the Imperial Guard Was Alarmed

When everyone had been put down by Gu Hang, the more than two hundred members of the Psychic Cultivator's Association had mixed feelings.

The exchange was over.

It ended countless times faster than imagined.

Some felt hopeless, like Margaret.

Her belief that Gu Hang's strength might only be a strong S+ and that the battle reports from the front line were just exaggerated fantasies, had completely shattered.

The reality she dared not, and did not want to believe, that Gu Hang is a controllable Alpha-level Psychic, had appeared before her in the most stark manner.

At the same time, she could clearly feel that in the Psychic Cultivator's Association, which centers around extraordinary power, the strong spiritual power displayed by Gu Hang was a huge advantage. Just this ability alone could firmly attract many mentors to follow him loyally.

Not to mention, the support of local power.

It was no secret in Holy Terra how wealthy Mr. Gu is. Promising the Department of Taxation thirteen trillion in taxes over ten years was truly shocking to many.

Is the Alliance really that developed and wealthy?

Could it be that the many tales on Holy Terra about the Alliance being a utopia, a beautiful world, were true?

For the Psychic Cultivator’s Association, thirteen trillion, a little leaking from their fingers would be enough for everyone to live lavishly.

Unfortunately, according to the usual practice of the Holy Terra Government, they wouldn’t be able to split much of it in a year.

But if Gu Hang were in charge, it would bypass Holy Terra altogether, directly contacting the wealthy elite.

Wouldn’t that reduce their own share?

Both power and money...

After such a comparison, even if many privately guessed that Dou Zhao’s foolish proposal was actually Gu Hang’s will, they couldn’t easily oppose it.

What chances are there for a reversal?

There were none.

"Forget it, after all, wasn’t I already planning to take people and leave the Psychic Cultivator’s Association? It’s just like that."

Besides someone feeling gloomy, others were naturally happy.

Ni Xun, too, had just been part of the beating, but after the shock came surprise. He had heard some appalling claims from his teacher, something about a ’new prime minister,’ which seemed highly rebellious.

But now, after personally experiencing Gu Hang’s power, he dared not call him the new prime minister, at least he is incomparably powerful, like a seismic shift. In his perception, Gu Hang was like a towering, insurmountable peak, the spiritual energy he emitted vast and boundless.

It was as if he saw the dawn of a new glory for the Psychic Cultivator’s Association.

His passionate gaze met Gu Hang’s, wanting to say something, but Gu Hang spoke first:

"Ladies and gentlemen, though today’s exchange was rushed, I feel there is still more to be said. I propose that the Spirit Masters of the Psychic Cultivator’s Association engage with me once more. This time, form a spiritual array and prepare thoroughly."

His voice was calm yet steady, like a boulder thrown into a tranquil lake, instantly stirring up waves.

The Spirit Masters were silent.

During the previous ’exchange’, no one was injured, Gu Hang’s strong control ensured that.

Everyone had fully experienced Gu Hang’s might.

But... forming a spiritual array? Their strength would increase significantly, moves reserved for confrontations between Starships.

Yet, having learned from earlier, no one dared to be careless.

Dou Zhao and Ni Xun chose to agree without much to say.

With the two of them leading, others had no objections.

Apologies to Mr. Gu for not having had enough fun just now.

This time, bring out all their strength, and even when completely dominant, engaging with Gu Hang once again could be quite nice.

He also wanted to see if he could probe Gu Hang's limits this way.

Margaret's originally downcast eyes suddenly lifted, a flash of anger in them.

So arrogant, aren't you?

Two hundred top-notch Psychics forming an array, so what if you're a controllable Alpha-level?

It's not a matter of skill.

Previously, Gu Hang could break them one by one with overwhelming spiritual power and controlled means.

But facing an array would be like facing a single entity.

By sheer volume, they could crush an Alpha-level Psychic!

Arrogant? Then let me teach you a big lesson!

Though it might not change the overall situation, she felt it could at least vent her frustration.

Forming an array, the spiritual powers blend and synergize to unleash a power greater than the sum of their parts. It must break through Gu Hang's seemingly impenetrable defense, letting him feel the foundation and dignity of the Psychic Cultivator's Association.

When the spiritual array confronted Gu Hang once more, the atmosphere was so heavy it seemed to solidify the air. Spirit Masters applied their skills, concentrating their spiritual energy together. The array gleamed, and the energy fluctuated like turbulent tides surging toward Gu Hang. The radiance was multi-colored, intertwining and entangling to form a giant energy vortex, from which rumbling low rumbles emanated, as if a beast from Subspace was roaring.

Such a level of spiritual energy convergence hadn't been seen on Holy Terra for a long time, even in the organization's highest-level exchange arena, as the surrounding barriers flickered red.

But the Spirit Masters had no time to care. Under Dou Zhao's leadership, this time, the organization's Psychics launched the initial attack on Gu Hang.

Gu Hang, however, remained calm and composed, slowly raising his hands. The space around him began to twist and distort, tiny electric arcs dancing around him. At first, these arcs moved nimbly like spirits, joyfully skipping around him. But as the spiritual array's attack grew more intense, the number of arcs rapidly increased, merging and converging to form a bright electric net. The currents surged within, crackling like a swarm of angry wasps resisting invasion.

The Psychic Cultivator's Association indeed had some foundation, and at this level, Gu Hang was showing some real skills.

Not like before, just playing around.

The two sides stood in a stalemate, and for a moment, the entire venue was enveloped in the brilliance of spiritual energy.

But it stopped there.

Suddenly, Gu Hang let out a long howl toward the sky as the weather took a sudden turn, dark clouds rapidly gathered like black, furious waves.

Thunder and lightning, the flashing lights like countless eyes peering into the world.

In an instant, a thunderbolt thick as a Giant Dragon snaked down from deep within the clouds, dazzling in violet-white light, striking directly at the spiritual array like an unparalleled divine weapon.

Under the onslaught of the thunderbolt, the array's light shattered instantly like a fragile eggshell!

The Spirit Masters were knocked askew by the mighty impact, some turning pale, heads buzzing.

This time, Gu Hang had no concern for restraint, he wantonly displayed his power, causing slight injuries no matter, it was insignificant.

Befuddlement without hurting their minds, just right.

And after breaking the array, the thunder did not dissipate. Instead, it formed a bright thunder pool behind Gu Hang.

In the thunder pool, electric arcs continued to jump and flicker; in a trance, the Spirit Masters seemed to see a world made of lightning hovering behind Gu Hang. Though Gu Hang's physical body was merely mortal-sized, in this lightning realm, he appeared divine, seemingly omnipresent within the entire thunder kingdom.

It was at this point that the Spirit Masters, recovering their senses, were startlingly aware that the shielding barriers around the exchange area were shattered.

In the sky, hundreds of golden beams rushed in like lightning.

The Imperial Guard had been alerted.

Chapter 738: Done on Purpose

Hundreds of Imperial Guards surrounded the Psychic Cultivator's Association's communication site.

Leading them was a Holy Shield Protector.

In the Imperial Guard, the status of a Civilian Protector is quite high. In the Ten Thousand Man Team, their status is at least among the top twenty.

The Psychic Cultivator's Association had a major event to conduct at the communication site today, and they were aware of it. Before this 'communication' with Gu Hang, they were informed.

However, they did not take it seriously, treating it as a routine notification.

They were quite familiar with the defense level of that spiritual communication site, which was designed and constructed by the Imperial Chancellor himself ten thousand years ago, with strength quite high, even comparable to the black cells used by their Imperial Guard.

Engaging in spiritual communication within, what problems could arise?

Yet, just now, they felt as if a part of the Imperial Palace had collapsed.

The fierce, surging subspace power seemed as if a subspace pathway had directly unfolded within the sacred palace.

That absolutely exceeded the strength of a normal Alpha-class Psychic, even by a significant margin, not even on the same level. Multiple sensitive subspace detection alarms under the Imperial Guard's control were sharply blaring.

Could it be that those psychics from the Psychic Cultivator's Association, after messing around for ten thousand years, had truly stirred up a huge commotion? Had they summoned a subspace demon to the heart of the Empire's palace?

Their attitude was quite tense, and a hundred-man unit closest to them was rapidly dispatched. Not only was the captain present, but also a Holy Shield Protector.

On the way, their communication channel was constantly being exchanged, prepared for a bloody battle.

However, when they reached the destination, they were met with a 'harmonious' scene.

Gu Hang and over two hundred people from the Psychic Cultivator’s Association were conducting a dialogue.

The enormous spiritual energy beside Gu Hang still made people apprehensive, but the intensity of the power was indeed dissipating. He descended from mid-air with a smile, using his spiritual energy to lift up the high-level psychics from the Association who were toppled over.

The Imperial Guards looked at each other in confusion.

It seemed... there wasn’t a major problem?

The detectors had calmed down, and no one was out of control, there was no subspace power erosion.

The Civilian Protector slightly breathed a sigh of relief, reporting the on-site information to the Forbidden Army Marshal, allowing the Marshal to rest assured a bit, without rushing to mobilize the entire Imperial Guard or even all the combat strength of Holy Terra to handle a major crisis.

Yet, for caution’s sake, the hundred Imperial Guards present still surrounded the psychics.

...

"It seems we’ve stirred up some trouble."

Gu Hang said with a smile, his demeanor relatively relaxed.

Dou Zhao gave a wry smile, emerging from the embarrassment of the destroyed communication site.

"I’ll go explain, it shouldn’t be a problem."

As the Head Mentor of the Psychic Cultivator’s Association, he had enough qualification to conduct a peer discussion with the Civilian Protector.

Gu Hang's overall mindset was relatively relaxed.

There wouldn't really be any trouble with this matter.

Gu Hang's power had been distinctly reported on various tables.

Everyone should know, he is a very rare Alpha-class psychic who can fully control his own power.

This communication event was also reported to the Imperial Guard, they knew what they were doing there.

The shielding of the communication site broke, which was an accidental event without causing any loss, completely justifiable.

Moreover, even if there were issues, theoretically all psychic affairs of the Empire are under the jurisdiction of the Psychic Cultivator's Association. As long as the Association's own activities don't have too much corruption or overtly endanger the Empire, theoretically, no one else can intervene.

The Imperial Guard should be reasonable.

Even if they aren't particularly reasonable, the strength level just demonstrated by Gu Hang should make them reasonable.

This was indeed the case.

After Dou Zhao, as the Head Mentor, communicated with them, the Imperial Guards soon withdrew.

Before leaving, the Holy Shield Protector specifically came to see Gu Hang, essentially saying that the strength shown by Gu Hang was truly shocking. The Imperial Guard was also very curious about Gu Hang's spiritual energy, and the Marshal of the Forbidden Army, Yan Xinzhen, hoped to meet Gu Hang.

To this, Gu Hang had no objections.

Incidentally, he was slightly surprised.

The Imperial Guard... guarding the palace, constantly funded by the Empire Government and with their high-security secretive revenue channels, self-sustained organically, could be considered the most mysterious military organization in the Empire, one that even an Imperial Prime Minister or the once overwhelmingly powerful Sun Lord wouldn't dare to interfere with...

Gu Hang was quite curious about them too.

^

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Chapter 739: Rejuvenation Surgery

Zebert was in his private office, copying a piece of calligraphy.

It was an art from ancient Terra. After encountering it in the archives, his interest in this ancient art and the script it represented grew significantly, and he began to learn it. It became one of his hobbies.

His advisor was reporting to him about Margaret.

"...The Grand Tutor Margaret is leaving the Psychic Cultivator's Association. According to our analysis and judgment, Mrs. Margaret no longer has any chance to control the Association. The initiative is entirely in Gu Hang's hands now. As long as he wants, tomorrow he'll become the Chief Grand Tutor of the Association."

Zebert's brush continued moving, as he commented, "Useless. If Dou Zhao had been pushed out a few years earlier, they wouldn't be this powerless now."

"Then should we agree to her? She hopes to have a new position."

"Hmm... An S+ level psychic, though a fool, has some utility and shouldn't be wasted. Send her to the Legal Department as a spiritual adviser. We'll observe further down the line."

"She might not be satisfied with that."

"Hmph, then let her figure it out herself. See, on Holy Terra, who dares to help a dog I don't want."

"Understood."

The two shared a moment of silence, with only the subtle sound of his ancient brush, moving against the rice paper.

Although the business was concluded, Zebert's advisor didn't leave, as if knowing the Prime Minister had more to say.

Indeed, that was the case.

Zebert's pen had unconsciously paused when listening to the report. The copying of the ancient Terra calligraphy piece naturally came to a halt.

"Are those...true?"

"Yes, I think we must reconsider Gu Hang’s influence now." His advisor fully understood what the Prime Minister was inquiring about and provided the answer.

This was a judgment made by their entire department after synthesizing the gathered intelligence.

Zebert wanted to continue copying but couldn’t focus, so he put his brush aside, stepped away from the table, and started pacing back and forth.

He knew Gu Hang was a top-tier psychic. The front-line battle reports and the words from his trusted Salius Warlord, who had witnessed it firsthand, made this point clear.

However, the message in the report was one thing; personally experiencing it was quite another.

When the shrill alarm began, there was a brief chaos within the Imperial Palace.

It had been so long since such an event occurred that Zebert was momentarily stunned.

And the surge of spiritual power, as if intentionally displayed, needed no special psychic means to be observed; even the most ordinary person could feel the unsettling presence.

This ’unsettling’ wasn’t just a description but a visceral occurrence.

Zebert himself felt, amidst the rumbling and surreal thunder, that he smelled something, as if emanating from his lungs; his heart started accelerating abnormally fast and irregular.

He felt highly uncomfortable.

Later, he learned it was a normal reaction under psychic pressure, not an actual attack. These physical effects were temporary and wouldn’t last long.

Nevertheless, what was abnormal was how, despite the distance, he could still sense it. Not to mention the person releasing this power was within the Empire's finest Spiritual Power Shielding Field.

What did that mean?

He directed his query to his psychic advisor.

His advisor informed him that it meant that, just at that moment, if Gu Hang wanted someone in the palace to die, that person would have already been dead, beyond rescue. Regardless of whether the post-event anti-spiritual facilities within the palace would be effective or whether the subsequent entrance of the army could deal with this formidable psychic, at least the person targeted would not survive.

Even having an S+ level psychic advisor like himself, focused and fully prepared in protection, would not suffice.

Upon hearing this message, Zebert's expression remained unchanged.

But internally, he was riddled with unease.

He was finally personally experiencing the oppressive feeling that a supreme individual power could bring.

Could such a top-tier strongman overthrow the Empire?

No.

Could he kill the Empire's supreme ruler?

Yes.

The former involves a single individual against the Empire, the most powerful single entity in the universe;

The latter is a confrontation between two individuals.

In a sense, Zebert could indeed represent the Empire; his power was at the peak of his prime ministerial career, and he still had countless ideals and ambitions to realize...

He was the most honored person in the Empire.

Trade places with one?

Not with anyone.

Not with ten billion, a trillion, or a hundred trillion people!

It was Zebert's idea to have Gu Hang come to Holy Terra.

But now he felt a slight regret.

He had also prepared some extreme pressure tactics. Originally, the aim was to test Gu Hang, to see whether this boundary-holding 'feudal lord' truly remained loyal to the Central Empire.

If loyal, no matter how Central Empire treated him, he should willingly accept it like a loyal dog, wagging his tail imploringly.

Chapter 739: Rejuvenation Surgery (Part 2)

If he showed even the slightest dissatisfaction or rebellion, then he was disloyal.

During the victory speech, Zebert felt unhappy for a moment and even had thoughts of killing Gu Hang. However, his 'sensible' behavior slightly improved his impression score, at least enough for Zebert to consider further 'testing.'

But... now it seems necessary to reconsider this matter.

Testing must still be done.

He could not trust an ambitious person with no loyalty to the Empire to continue growing on the frontier.

The lesson of the Iron Armor is still fresh in memory.

But for now, it's limited to predictions.

Some extreme pressure tactics with a difficult nature seem unnecessary.

Otherwise, how to deal with pushing a loyal minister to rebellion?

He considered the Empire's long-term plans, definitely not out of worry of forcing someone to the point of execution and being reciprocally exchanged one for one.

Thinking of this, he told his administrative consultant, "Approve Gu Hang's request for an audience. Check my schedule to see when I have time, and arrange a meeting with him."

...

"Your Excellency, it is a great honor to meet with you."

Looking at Qi Bodu sitting on the high platform, Gu Hang bowed his head respectfully, hunched over, and greeted humbly.

Proper etiquette was fully observed, demonstrating Gu Hang's respect, but he handled it well without appearing too fawning or servile. His head was slightly raised, and his eyes occasionally showed sharpness.

Every move, every expression, was meticulously designed.

Zebert was a proud person, very concerned about others' attitudes; however, too much flattery would seem fake, making him feel that the other person was treating him like a fool.

The current situation was just right.

Zebert was aware that most people in front of him, not just Gu Hang, but also others, were putting on an act.

But acting well is also a form of respect.

Nodding slightly, Zebert just called Gu Hang to stand up, while a servant beside him carried a tray and delivered an item next to him.

Gu Hang's voice sounded timely, "Esteemed Prime Minister, this is the Star Ripple Gold Crystal."

Zebert's expression showed slight surprise.

He knew this item.

This crystal is born in the core of a nebula, a violent furnace of energy and matter, with energy so vast it's unimaginable. It can resonate with the holder's spiritual power, and by probing even a trace of spiritual power into it, one can feel a vast and boundless power source surging within.

This power can be guided to enhance one's spiritual abilities, allowing weak spiritual fluctuations to become turbulent instantly; it can also be injected into a spaceship's energy core, enabling the ship to

burst out with high-speed navigation in an instant; or even release a powerful energy shield in times of crisis, fending off various cosmic dangers.

Its practical effect is significant, but in reality, few people use it this way.

It's too rare, too expensive, too extravagant to be used as a consumable—and crucially, even on ships worth protecting, it might not offer sufficient protection.

The Star Ripple Gold Crystal is mostly used for personal protection and... as jewelry.

It looks like a shining heart encircled by starlight, oval-shaped, about the size of an adult's fist. Its surface shimmers with colors like deep blue, purple-gold, and emerald, these luminescences flow like the flowing waters of star rivers within the crystal, slowly intertwining, transforming as if narrating ancient cosmic legends. The luminescence's speed and trajectory change gently when turned, creating mysterious star maps showcasing various aspects of the universe, such as the magnificent scenery of a supernova explosion or the strange spectacle of space-time distortion near a black hole.

It's truly an astonishing visual value.

As material for crafting portable treasures, it's excellent.

Of course, as the Imperial Prime Minister, Zebert didn't lack similar items and possessed even better ones.

Yet, its value was enough to place it in Zebert's collection cabinet.

Regarding this gift, Prime Minister Zebert was reasonably satisfied.

His mood improved somewhat.

He engaged in a period of calm conversation with Gu Hang, exchanging stories of experiences on Holy Terra and the Alliance.

Subsequently, their topic gradually turned to serious matters during their casual chat.

Their conversation first touched upon the Psychic Cultivator’s Association.

"Are you planning to become the next Chief Grand Mentor?"

When Zebert asked this, Gu Hang was prepared, revealing a smile, and confidently answered, "It’s in the plans, hard to refuse such enthusiasm."

"Well, work hard, you might be chosen as a High Lord one day?"

"It’s quite tough for a Chief Grand Mentor to become a High Lord."

"With your abilities, you might achieve it?"

When saying this, Zebert’s smile was inscrutable, lacking much kindness.

Gu Hang seemed not to hear, instead saying, "If it really happens, I would also rely on your Excellency’s guidance, as the Psychic Cultivator’s Association follows your lead. After all, even if I become Chief, I can’t stay long on Holy Terra."

Gu Hang’s words clearly indicated his intention to eventually leave Holy Terra, with no plans for a long stay.

Upon reconsidering the message, was he selling the Psychic Cultivator’s Association to the Prime Minister?

No, it’s not that simple.

Because Zebert didn’t need it.

If he wanted to completely control the Psychic Cultivator’s Association, with Margaret’s allegiance, it would be easy. He didn’t do it because he also viewed the Psychic Cultivator’s Association as a useless entity with no significance for him. He needed neither their high-status position nor their feeble actual strength. On the contrary, keeping them as a trash bin seemed a better choice.

Gu Hang’s intention might be to develop the Psychic Cultivator’s Association well, remotely control it, and have a strong Psychic Cultivator’s Association cooperate obediently with him?

Stroking his chin, Zebert found it somewhat intriguing.

Abandoning the most dissatisfying ’supreme governing body of Imperial Spirit Ability Users’ position, and developing a more powerful Psychic Cultivator’s Association on its own, it seems not so useless.

Through them, he could accomplish many things.

After all, although he’s the de facto Prime Minister, the Prime Minister’s power theoretically shouldn’t reach above the Tribunal. He’s striving for full authority, still on the way, not yet achieving it, and sometimes the Tribunal doesn’t act obediently.

Having an alternative is not a bad thing.

Of course, the premise is Gu Hang could indeed strengthen the Psychic Cultivator’s Association.

Moreover, all he thought of is just his interpretation. Was Gu Hang’s simple words truly meant to express this?

Gu Hang said with a smile, "The Psychic Cultivator’s Association can surely be developed, having Empire’s regular funding, Alliance’s support, and I also have some insights into nurturing and training Psychics, please rest assured, Prime Minister."

"Hmm." Zebert lightly stroked his chin.

Gu Hang continued, "For many matters, the Alliance has enough capability to assist you in problem-solving. What the Psychic Cultivator’s Association can handle, it will do; what it cannot, the Alliance will do its utmost for you."

This was a more blatant promise.

Zebert finally showed some smiles.

He didn’t fully trust, but neither did he disbelieve entirely.

At least, it was a good beginning.

And when he wanted to delve deeper into topics about the Alliance, taxes, and how to ensure Gu Hang’s words could be realized, another matter mentioned by Gu Hang entirely drew his attention away.

"By the way, Your Excellency, in the Psychic Cultivator’s Association, I once saw a rather complex technology."

"This technology is somewhat related to the Rejuvenation Surgery."

"With the assistance of Spiritual Power, it can perform a sixth Rejuvenation Surgery after the fifth, and notably, the effect would be better than the standard Rejuvenation Surgery."

"It’s just too difficult, no Spirit Master has mastered it in recent thousands of years. I’m quite interested, currently studying it, but it requires numerous experiments and considerable funding, now I’m struggling to find sponsors."

Chapter 740: Individual Power

Gu Hang certainly did not deceive the Prime Minister.

Lying about such matters is truly foolish. Zebert has plenty of ways to verify whether Gu Hang's words are real or false.

Within the Psychic Cultivator's Association, the 'Sixth Revival Surgery' technique indeed exists.

However, the reason it hasn't been widely used is because it is too difficult.

The revival surgery can extend a human's lifespan, with the limit being five times. Each instance can prolong life by a varying 60 to 100 years. Combining this with the normal human lifespan, maximizing the revival surgery can allow a human noble to live up to four or five hundred years without issue.

But that's the limit.

Beyond that, the revival surgery is bound to fail.

Mortals have limits.

And the power of Spiritual Energy can help mortals break this limit.

However, this is a theoretical study. It is said that when the Imperial Chancellor was still around, he could personally operate with unmatched power second only to The Emperor and accomplish the extraordinarily difficult sixth revival.

But after him, no one has been able to achieve similar success.

A technique with no successful cases for ten thousand years was thus sealed away.

But who would expect a new Gu Hang to emerge in this age?

What ordinary S-Class psychics cannot achieve, Gu Hang might try.

Does Zebert care?

He cares deeply!

He is about to undergo the fifth revival surgery.

Even though it calculates to an extra seventy to over a hundred years of life, it is ultimately limited.

Is he willing to accept this? He's been the Imperial Prime Minister for over sixty years now, and in the past thirty years, he's freed himself from the Sun Lord dominating over him, becoming the de facto first powerful minister. He continues to work towards wielding true power solely, aiming to bring the likes of the Tribunal, Interstellar Warriors, the National Church, and the Sect of Mechanics under his control.

Decades, at most a century of life, how could that be enough for him to accomplish such grandiose ambitions?

Even if he truly accomplishes them, how could the remaining lifespan be enough for him to enjoy a glorious life thereafter?

The thought of mortals inevitably dying saddens him.

Now, Gu Hang brings him not the immortality he most desires, but at least the sixth revival surgery can extend life another hundred years!

The temptation is greater than anything!

In the latter part of their conversation, nothing else mattered; the two of them talked extensively about this matter.

Primarily, Zebert raised questions, and Gu Hang answered.

Until the very end, they finally mentioned the "Alliance Plan."

Zebert no longer opposed it.

...

Gu Hang is relatively satisfied with the activities during this trip to Holy Terra.

Difficulties and setbacks were indeed present. From the Prime Minister's malice, issues with the Psychic Cultivator's Association, and even the warning from the Assassin Court before he arrived, until now it remains unclear who assigned the Assassin Court.

Gu Hang also tried to seek an audience with the Great Mentor of the Assassin Court, Clement, but he still closed doors and did not see him.

This issue remaining unresolved is always a thorn.

Towards the Assassin Court, Gu Hang always holds a degree of awe. Their regular methods are already quite terrifying. Although Gu Hang would not be threatened with life by this level of assassination, those are just conventional methods.

The Assassin Court, with its thousand-year heritage, has even had the achievement of successfully assassinating a corrupt Son of God. Revealing their best-kept means might indeed harm him.

Especially within Holy Terra, this is not his domain.

Gu Hang believes himself to be quite strong now.

But perhaps not yet to the level of a Son of God...right?

He’s not very certain.

He can only be certain that he long ago ceased to be classified as a psychic.

Psychics, using Spiritual Energy, are essentially just a ’loophole,’ linking Subspace and the Real Universe to draw Spiritual Energy from oneself. As for the various changes, techniques, and whether one becomes powerful or not, indeed depends on the psychic itself, but it doesn’t change its essence.

Bridging from the lowest, to the so-called A-level, S-Class, it’s the same.

Even at the level humans cannot control—Alpha-level, it still doesn’t change this essence, merely that the Subspace Energy gushes out excessively, making even those most gifted unable to control it despite having learned the best techniques, ultimately being twisted into monsters, pitiably becoming a channel linking Subspace and reality.

But Gu Hang is not like this.

Long ago he could not be considered a psychic.

From many, many years ago, before he even left Rage Owl Star, he devoured the Primal Fury Owl, occupied its Divine Realm, and transformed it for his own use.

Back then, the Primal Fury Owl was considered a Subspace Inferior God, but from today’s viewpoint, it wasn’t anything too difficult to deal with.

At least, compared to the various strange creatures Gu Hang encountered later, it wasn’t in the same league.

But the assistance it provided Gu Hang was substantial.

Later, as Gu Hang roamed the Star Sea for thirty to forty years, after traversing so many worlds, such occurrences as the Subspace Inferior God rooted locally on a planet similar to the Primal Fury Owl were indeed rare. Out of thousands, tens of thousands of worlds, Gu Hang only encountered two others, and in terms of strength and scale, they were far from reaching the extent of Inferior Deity, barely even a prototype.

Of course, these two Gu Hang encountered, in the end, all ended up inside his stomach.

Looking back, it was only then that Gu Hang realized Rage Owl Star is a very special existence.

Chapter 740: Individual Power (Part 2)

It was already very special, the veil between Rage Owl Star and subspace was very thin. This brought abundant benefits to Rage Owl Star early on, as energy mines like the spiritualized gas field, are not easy to find; yet it also brought profound disaster, leading to the near world-destroying invasion of subspace demons.

Only in such an environment, could the simple affection of a planet's inhabitants toward certain animals create the conceptual prototype of a subspace inferior god.

Yet the most critical aspect lies in the system Gu Hang inherited, regarding the upgrade options for his personal panel.

Without it, no matter how powerful a psychic one is, able to obliterate a prototype inferior god like the Primal Fury Owl into bits, how could they inherit its divine realm?

It's impossible.

That is not something humans can achieve.

And with this divine realm, Gu Hang truly underwent a qualitative transformation.

The so-called qualitative transformation does not refer to any explosive growth in his spiritual power—though it did occur, he became stronger, and could even tear open the veil of reality, allowing the Storm

God Kingdom to briefly, controllably descend, providing Gu Hang with a very strong spiritual power boost.

But these are just application methods, minor details.

The fundamental change lies in Gu Hang possessing a portion of subspace essence.

This is the fundamental change.

With this subspace essence—the direct manifestation is his Storm God Kingdom—from then, encountering any Great Demons, other inferior god prototypes, Neuron Worms... monsters of similar levels, Gu Hang could not only defeat them, destroy them, but also do something more crucial: devour them.

Devour the subspace essence they represent.

The greatest gain comes from the last victory in war, when Reyadoces was thoroughly demolished by the 'planetary annihilation explosion', leading to the death of the Queen.

Up to now, Gu Hang has to admit, the insect race is truly a bizarre species. They're certainly not natives of subspace, and their nature has nothing to do with subspace.

They are numerous, without thought, without emotion, driven only by instinct to devour. Even the thinking ability shown by advanced insects is merely a custom evolution based on needs.

To them, the brain is no different from other organs; if needed for combat, it can evolve this element in the next batch of creatures, placed on nodal organisms.

The swarm absorbs combat experience, evolves accordingly, in weaponry and tactical thinking. This point was a piece of fairly certain intelligence from Imperial scholars.

However, that this evolution can produce spiritual energy is already quite shocking; they can even analyze something like 'subspace essence' from countless wars and can even evolve it to create stronger spiritual units!

It's simply terrifying.

The Void Insect Species, these aliens... an absolute cosmic enemy, potentially one of the most terrifying foes.

Their existence is exceedingly daunting.

And the Queen, to combat a top-level psychic like himself, paid unknown costs to evolve numerous Neuron Worms, and she herself even evolved subspace essence to hatch Neuron Worms and directly confront himself.

What she possessed was even a higher tier than Neuron Worms!

This huge supplement truly made Gu Hang enjoy an explosive thrill.

Yet this supplementation through devouring is still minor.

For Gu Hang, the major growth channel actually comes from the Alliance itself.

As the Alliance's real-controlled regions continuously expand, Gu Hang, as the image of the Alliance Leader, inevitably becomes deeply rooted in the hearts of the entire Alliance, and the Storm God Kingdom's power naturally strengthens.

The emotions people have towards him are not religious faith but an affection, trust, loyalty... these sentiments, deeply rooting in the hearts of millions, produce effects that are no weaker than traditional religious faith.

This is his greatest foundation. As the Alliance grows, so does his Storm God Kingdom significantly expand.

What's more, recently, there's a new path. As his personal image spreads widely on Holy Terra and even throughout the Sun Star Domain, being adored, it provides him with some new power.

This was an unexpected delight.

At this point, he can vaguely sense, realize why The Emperor is so strong? Why is his realm of golden light in subspace so dazzling, so ostentatious, yet those four greatest evil gods in subspace dare not confront him directly?

I only have the trust of the whole Alliance, but The Emperor has the trust of the entire Empire, those countless billions of people.

Furthermore, Gu Hang can even speculate on the origins of those four ancient evil gods.

But this aspect is rather distant, and pointless to imagine.

Returning to the present, Gu Hang himself actually does not know how to define his own power?

Very difficult to say.

But at least, individuals like Martins, Salius, who are a notch above Battle Group Champion, almost can be called top warriors Divine Chosen by The Emperor, are just stubborn rocks in his hands—a bit of effort, but with a hammer, he can smash them after a few hits, as his hand gets a bit numb.

Moreover, since they are merely stubborn rocks, hardly any worry is needed that they would have the ability to harm him.

Top-level warriors can suppress subspace power, use blades of fervor to cut through spells, rapidly close the distance, be it against psychics, even divine beings.

But that only stands for those of the same level.

Gu Hang already stands beyond their level.

As for any evil gods, Great Demons... if all the Great Demons are on the level of Great Unclean One - Gowaga, he now could slay a stack of them by himself.

The so-called Emperor's sons, referred to by Interstellar Warriors as Father's Sons of God, those figures from Imperial mythology, former legion leaders... beings of this level, due to the lack of observation samples, Gu Hang can't compare.

But being optimistic, perhaps he has already reached this level.

It's merely within this level whether considered strong, or considered weak.

Now possessing such power, he indeed has a desire to venture into subspace to hunt various Great Demons, inferior evil gods, to enhance himself.

Though, presently, it's limited to thoughts.

He has not forgotten, his Storm God Kingdom is under the protection of the golden divine realm. Were he to run around frivolously without protection into the chaotic subspace waves, it's easy to be targeted by those four frightening entities, whom Gu Hang still dares not provoke.

As for the worry back then when first acquiring the Storm God Kingdom, fearing too deeply into this path losing the essence of being human...

Now, there's no need to ponder this issue.

He has ventured very deep.

Along this path, he cannot abandon this power. Without it, he can't overcome many challenges.

In such a case, he can only hope that proceeding down this path won't be a dead-end.

Regardless, he must continue forward.

Devouring other great existences, looting and supplementing subspace essence, this path ultimately is a secondary means. Building a stronger alliance is truly the broad highway.

Now that Zebert is sorted out, the remaining issues are no longer challenges.

Gu Hang then found Luo Fei.

This person, in plain view, is the Prime Minister of Administration, known as the greatest obstacle to the 'Alliance Plan', but in the current situation, has no power to oppose.