Governor 811

Chapter 811:

No matter how many drawbacks exist in the new control mechanisms adopted by the Alliance, the most crucial goal remains achievable: stabilizing the Alliance's foundational base.

Furthermore, it can expand the Alliance's foundational base.

The Magrey Cosmic Domain and other newly occupied regions are all implementing this control scheme, from religion to speech and behavior and even the residents' every move, effectively curbing Chaos corruption, swiftly restoring production, and establishing their Defense Army. Hence, they become the foundational base supporting the Dark Side Expedition, providing resources, troops, and even weaponry and equipment supplies for the Alliance's Dark Side Expedition. Some particularly advantageous areas can even build shipyards, introduce Thunder Torch Tower manufacturing lines...

This is the strategy of using war to sustain war for the Dark Side Expedition.

If the foundational base supporting the expedition is not expanded and the occupied zones cannot be turned into resource output areas supporting the war, solely relying on the Alliance's homeland support, the Dark Side Expedition will certainly not be sustainable.

This is an inevitable path.

In fact, the Expeditionary Headquarters for the three lines all hold respective responsibilities, during the war process, to preserve the planet's vitality when possible, with the Extinction Order used sparingly.

The functionality of the Alliance Government also merges with the Control Committee to govern those newly occupied areas.

Many policies and war plans are complementary.

However, there's a special entity in this scenario that warrants particular attention.

The mother planets of each Starfighter Battle Group.

Interstellar Warriors are always different from other entities. Within the Empire, Starfighter Battle Groups possess a special political status. Even within the Alliance, although this status has changed significantly, they remain distinct.

They are different from ordinary people. These modified super warriors possess too critical, too powerful military roles and violent advantages.

At times, technology has not only failed to reduce the disadvantages faced by mortals against Interstellar Warriors, but has further exacerbated these disadvantages.

An Interstellar Warrior, without armor, relying solely on thermal weapons, might be downed on the spot by ten or so elite T1 level mortal soldiers. An unarmored Interstellar Warrior might withstand bullets physically, but cannot endure strikes from laser guns, Gauss rifles, and Blast Bomb guns. If hit too many times or struck at critical points, they will, inevitably, die.

A team of the strongest elite T1 level mortal soldiers is undeniably weaker than an Interstellar Warrior, but with ten or so guns, firing a single shot, they might indeed win.

If it were an ambush, they might even be able to take down an Interstellar Warrior without a scratch.

However, when both sides don Power Armor, this gap widens dramatically. T1 level soldiers fully equipped with Reactive power armor might need thirty to fifty individuals to stand against an Interstellar Warrior.

The principal difference lies in that the advantages Interstellar Warriors possess over ordinary humans are further amplified by technological equipment. The powerful physical advantages enable bolder, more unrestrained designs and uses of their equipment.

Take the most classic Power Armor as an example.

The cost of Feedback-Type Power Armor might even exceed that of Interstellar Warrior Powered Armor. But the additional expense primarily lies in the highly complex control systems, requiring more production investment. However, when compromising on control after spending higher production costs, the armor's performance remains limited. Whether it's the armor's strength, flexibility, or the weapons it can accommodate, it is universally inferior to Interstellar Warrior Powered Armor.

This exemplifies how mortals, due to weak bodies, face limitations when utilizing technological equipment. Whereas Interstellar Warriors have direct 'black carapace' as an innate organ connected to their brains and spines, perfectly compatible with their Battle Armor. For Interstellar Warriors, Power Armor is akin to an extended new set of organs, achieving utilization efficiency at an entirely different level.

And at the armored vehicle stage, whether an Interstellar Warrior is controlling a Rhino tank, a Predator tank, or an aerial fighter jet, they can blow up twenty or more same-specification mortal vehicles.

The logic is similar to Starfighter Battle Group armor. Vehicles exclusive to Interstellar Warriors have nerve shells connected to them, transforming the vehicle into an 'external embodiment' for the Interstellar Warrior, a unique advantage that mortals operating vehicles cannot compare with. This ensures stark superiority in flexibility and strike precision for Interstellar Warrior vehicles over mortal vehicles.

Even with the same vehicles, in the air force division, the extraordinary physiques of Interstellar Warriors can endure greater G-forces, achieving several dozen times more than mortals. This instantaneously breaks free from the limitations in fighter jet design due to pilot physical constraints.

These observations illustrate the tactical disparities between the two. On a strategic level, an elite Interstellar Warrior Squad can execute diverse missions, often able to accomplish tasks that even the most elite mortal troops cannot possibly complete, thus instantly securing victory in an operation.

Decapitation operations, raiding key strongholds, destroying strategic-level enemy units, using various means to assault ships in naval battles... these tasks, typically useless with regular military forces, requiring tens of thousands or millions of personnel, are accomplished by teams of mere tens or hundreds. What mortal elite squads can achieve pales in comparison to what Star Warrior Trooper Squads can accomplish.

Chapter 811_2

Their unique role, combined with their self-reproductive nature, along with the historical privileges endowed upon the Interstellar Warriors by the Empire during its establishment, and the reinforcement of their status through thousands of years of propaganda... All these elements together have formed their distinct political ecosystem within the Empire.

And this political ecosystem, summarized in Gu Hang's own concept, is the extraordinary warlord.

Gu Hang himself certainly does not wish for this. Such an important force as the Interstellar Warriors, he naturally wants to keep firmly under his control, without them being too independent outside, lest they become uncontrollable.

But in reality, the power possessed by the Interstellar Warriors is placed solidly here. Even within the Alliance, although Gu Hang has a particularly strong hold over them, it's difficult to avoid that they possess a special identity.

Just not as strong as when within the Empire.

In the Alliance now, the ten or so battle groups are entirely independent from the Alliance Military's violent organizational units. They do not obey the Alliance Military's command but only follow orders directly from Gu Hang.

Sometimes, Gu Hang's orders are issued from his Governor's Office, and sometimes directly through his spiritual power, communicated to the command levels of the corresponding Starfighter Battle Groups.

Of course, the directives given to the battle groups cannot be detailed combat instructions, as Gu Hang doesn't have that much free time.

The directives he gives usually require a particular battle group, either in whole or in part, to allocate a portion of their forces to join a specific battle according to the need.

Sometimes, they must act as collaborators in the battle, unconditionally obeying the commands and requirements of the expeditionary commander; sometimes, Gu Hang will appoint the Battle Group Leader, or even a company commander, as the commander. The specifics must be analyzed in context.

Currently, on the three main directions of the Dark Side Expedition, all three expeditionary headquarters are assigned Starfighter Battle Groups. These groups must obey the expeditionary headquarters' orders and execute specific battles.

Now, during the Dark Side Expedition, having conquered so many worlds and such vast territories, there's no doubt that the home planets of the Interstellar Warrior Battle Groups are included.

In fact, there aren't just home planet battle groups; there are also many Ship-Based Battle Groups.

On the North Line, the Alliance has contacted four battle groups, one of which is a Ship-Based Battle Group. That Ship-Based Battle Group successfully moved south, joined the Alliance's North Line army, and pledged to join the Alliance's Dark Side Expedition. The remaining three are home planet battle groups.

The Alliance hopes they will leave their home planets to join, but they were refused. Their attitude in this regard is quite consistent; none wants to leave their home planets and are determined to defend them to the death.

Actually, it's not impossible; the Alliance provided reinforcements, but unfortunately, one was destroyed by an invading Demon Army before reinforcements arrived. The other two, after receiving reinforcements, became two pillars outside the North Line defense.

Aside from these four groups, the Alliance also discovered traces of two other battle groups. Based on speculation, they were likely wiped out during the Oath Star campaign due to being located too far north at the Scarlet Scar, without even sending out a message, and were annihilated in isolation by a powerful Demon Army of the time.

Only pity can be expressed.

If we talk about the four battle groups discovered in the North Line, due to the predicament of reality, they had no choice but to stand with the Alliance. No matter their initial reaction upon hearing Gu Hang's "Disaster Proclamation to Fellow Citizens," now they must obediently listen and comply.

However, the battle groups encountered on the West Line and South Line have very different attitudes.

On these two lines, the Alliance encountered a total of 13 battle groups, including 8 regular battle groups and 5 Ship-Based Battle Groups.

Their attitude towards the Alliance's request to join the Dark Side Expedition, behaving completely like "Alliance Battle Groups" and obeying the Alliance's command, wasn't as smooth.

Some called Gu Hang a usurper, a state thief, claimed he had no rights to govern the Dark Side of the Empire, accused the Dark Side Committee of being an illegal organization, and strongly opposed the Alliance.

Some were ambiguous, neither insulting Gu Hang nor the Alliance, but didn't agree with the Dark Side Expedition, and absolutely didn't want to join the Alliance. They expressed their past severe losses, hoping to quietly recover in their homeland, regaining strength over a long period. In the future, when they regain some prowess, they'll consider fighting for the Empire and other realms, but not necessarily joining the Alliance's Dark Side Expedition. They will decide war tactics based on their own traditional strategy.

This type of attitude was the most prevalent among the groups.

Historically, the political ecosystem and tradition of the Interstellar Warriors within the Empire have always been like this. Suddenly asking them to change their mindset and fight under Alliance orders challenges their tradition, and resistance is normal.

The third type expressed willingness to join the Dark Side Expedition but refused to obey the Alliance's command. At most, they'd accept a general direction pointed by the Alliance, fighting on their own terms, free from interference.

Faced with these three mindsets, Gu Hang—

Does not tolerate any!

The greatest significance for Gu Hang concerning the Interstellar Warrior Battle Groups remains in their loyalty to him and the Alliance, thus being systemically acknowledged, allowing genetic seed exchanges within the battle group interface.

Only this way can the Interstellar Warrior Battle Groups maximize their impact in Gu Hang's hands:

The ultimate consumable.

They are highly efficient, strong, and replenish quickly.

What currently limits Gu Hang's rapid mobilization is the number of battle group slots. The greatest value of these external battle groups naturally lies in providing these slots.

If they do not comply, then their greatest value is nullified. Even those previously willing to join the Dark Side Expedition among various options hold little significance for Gu Hang—a mere extra few hundred costly consumables that can't be replenished. Using them feels like waste; if entirely depleted, the chance to add a battle group is lost, and unused, they're genuinely worthless.

Gu Hang displayed an extremely assertive stance toward these battle groups:

Compliance, or destruction.

Of course, a hard stance is one thing; execution has room for flexibility.

Otherwise, if not paying heed and dropping ultimatums upon hearing their refusal to cooperate, with the typically stubborn nature of Interstellar Warriors, each would declare they'd rather die than collaborate.

The Alliance sent many ambassadors, and in some cases of "blood relations," special envoys from their battle groups were dispatched, belonging to those who share the same genetic seeds, were blood brothers, to foster relations and speak from experience.

These diplomatic envoys reiterated over and over again Gu Hang High Lord’s identity and the legitimacy owned by the Alliance, dispelling worries that they were rebelling with Gu Hang;

The dire environment currently faced by the Dark Side of the Empire requires heroes to stand up, unite, one-man fights don’t suffice;

Speaking about the benefits of working with the Alliance—rapid troop replenishment, abundant resources, and the honor of the Interstellar Warriors as well—

——

The Alliance sent many ambassadors, and in some cases of "blood relations," special envoys from their battle groups were dispatched, belonging to those who share the same genetic seeds, were blood brothers, to foster relations and speak from experience.

These diplomatic envoys reiterated over and over again Gu Hang High Lord’s identity and the legitimacy owned by the Alliance, dispelling worries that they were rebelling with Gu Hang;

The dire environment currently faced by the Dark Side of the Empire requires heroes to stand up, unite, one-man fights don’t suffice;

Speaking about the benefits of working with the Alliance—rapid troop replenishment, abundant resources, and the honor of the Interstellar Warriors as well—

Chapter 812

In the West Line and South Line, ten battle groups have submitted, and in the North Line, three battle groups have submitted, making a total of thirteen groups. This will provide Gu Hang with 26,000 Starfighter Genetic Seeds exchange slots.

The Alliance itself already has 17 battle groups.

Among them, Phoenix, Blood Shark, Spear of the Dragon King, New World Torch, Dominion Bastion, Sky Vault Pioneer, Decree Knight, Light Crown, Devourer, a total of 9 battle groups, are groups not established by the Alliance, i.e., pre-existing groups that can provide Gu Hang with slots.

The first four need no mention; the three in the middle, Dominion Bastion, Sky Vault Pioneer, and Decree Knight, are slots obtained when the Alliance and the Empire renewed their tax treaties more than thirty years ago. Dominion Bastion and Sky Vault Pioneer use the genetic seeds of Infinite Warriors, while Decree Knight uses the genetic seeds of the Golden Knight Legion.

Although they are second-grade seeds, the resulting Interstellar Warriors, apart from having a slightly lower ratio of Company Champions and Exemplars compared to the good seeds, still have an overall combat strength superior to general indigenous battle groups without systemic support after training a large number of veterans.

The two battle groups, Light Crown and Devourer, originate from two mother star battle groups from the Eastern Cosmos Domain that conceded earlier years ago.

Additionally, there are Yellow Springs Seagull, Ghost Shark, Dragon Queen's Shield, Furyflame, Star Ring Blade, Eagle Vanguard, Holy Shield Iron Guard, a total of seven battle groups, which were expanded based on the genetic seeds of original battle groups. According to the Empire's regulations, a Starfighter Battle Group is limited to a maximum of a thousand people, but the interface provided Gu Hang with two thousand exchange slots. If Gu Hang does not wish to overtly exceed the battle group's size, he can break through in numbers instead.

Previously, he was still covering up. For example, Yellow Springs Seagull borrowed the identity of a missing group; Furyflame destroyed the Fury Flame Battle Group and created a new group pretending to use New World Torch's seeds.

But when Scarlet Scar emerged and the Empire was torn in two, Gu Hang didn't even bother to pretend.

He used his status as a High Lord to conduct a 'Dark Side Army Building' under the name of the Dark Side Expedition. Not only were the three battle group slots from the Empire established, but new battle groups were also created using Blood Shark and Spear of the Dragon King's seeds.

The group established by Blood Shark is Ghost Shark; the one established by Spear of the Dragon King is Dragon Queen's Shield; Dominion Bastion, Sky Vault Pioneer, Decree Knight established Star Ring Blade, Eagle Vanguard, Holy Shield Iron Guard respectively.

For the two recovered battle groups from the Eastern Cosmos Domain, Light Crown and Devourer, Gu Hang has not yet used the additional genetic seeds. After these two groups submitted, Gu Hang first made them turn over all their Genetic Seed Bank, and then gradually replenished them with new blood over the years.

At first, they were very reluctant to turn over all their genetic seeds. After all, this is the lifeblood of a battle group's development.

The Empire's gene seed tax takes away 10% of newly generated seeds, yet many groups try to avoid it. Some battle groups, when it comes to collecting gene seed taxes, claim they were in battle outside, or use some captured traitor battle group seeds as a facade—using this method, however, involves taking some risks. After all, one of the two great goals of the Empire's gene seed tax, apart from using it to establish new battle groups, has a more high-sounding purpose to check if a group's genes are still pure. Using seeds from a Rebellion Warband might easily result in acquiring some mutated seeds, leading to some troubles.

Some battle groups aren't afraid of troubles, while others are more cautious, carefully checking the spoils to ensure the seeds aren't contaminated and are from the same lineage as their group, ensuring the gene taxes sent up don't get caught.

Of course, more battle groups still choose to honestly hand over the seeds. Even if the 10% tax makes it very difficult.

And now, the Alliance demands all the seeds.

Even if the Alliance promises that these seeds will be returned to them, in a more efficient manner, with higher success rates, and better new recruits quality, ensuring the future development of their battle group... but who knows if they're just being deceived?

Genetic seeds are best kept in their own hands, for sure.

But what can they do?

They have already 'submitted,' under the overwhelming power of the Alliance, where is there any room for resistance?

Eventually, however reluctantly, they have to hand things over honestly.

Gu Hang is aware of the dissatisfaction within these battle groups.

But he doesn't care.

If they honestly accept everything, that would be best. However, if they are dissatisfied, it doesn't matter. Ultimately, they have already joined the Dark Side Expedition, and the Alliance Command Center would not deliberately sabotage them. However, since it's war, there's bound to be troop attrition. All replacements will be Alliance People, new blood trained in Alliance loyalty courses, gradually replacing the veterans of the battle group.

At first, there might not be any particularly big changes. After all, these new bloods will face exclusion, be disregarded, and remain untrusted when joining the battle group. However, their outstanding capability levels, given enough time, will inevitably rise. These new bloods, besides being loyal to the Alliance, will have no significant differences from the veterans.

Chapter 812:

After a while, when all the blood is replaced, or even without reaching that point, as long as the leadership of the Battle Group sees the proportion of Alliance People begin to dominate, the nature of the entire Battle Group will transform.

Gu Hang refers to this as a 'gentle cleansing', or a blood exchange.

This is how it is handled for the Light and Devourer Battle Groups, and for the thirteen recently recaptured Starfighter Battle Groups, this 'blood exchange plan', as a strategic move, can be reused.

Gu Hang plans to use up all the slots for these fifteen newly recaptured Battle Groups' New Seeds in the near future.

This will be called the Second Dark Side Military Build-up, far grander than the first.

After this military build-up, the Alliance will have a total of 45 Battle Groups under its command.

That's a total of 45,000 interstellar warriors under full capacity!

In the Empire's millennium history, since the Emperor ascended and departed, has there ever been such a large number of interstellar warriors and Battle Groups unified under one banner to fight?

Gu Hang has never seen it recorded explicitly. Perhaps, in certain obliterated, unrecordable historical events, similar situations occurred.

Even if we push the timeline further back, to the founding of the Empire. At that time, during the so-called Great National Expanse, interstellar warriors still operated with the Corps as their structure, not yet split into Battle Groups. Back then, the entire Empire had eighteen Battle Groups, each with varying numbers but at least several tens of thousands and at most several hundred thousand.

Comparing the scale of that time with the force the Alliance now commands, one might say the Alliance now holds a force commensurate with an interstellar soldier corps.

Of course, the actual differences are significant.

Back then, under a single corps, there was unified command and a unified Battle Group culture. Each Battle Group had a Son of God as leader, commanding the entire Battle Group. They, as a whole, often led large numbers of the Empire's mortal armies—at the time, the mortal armies mostly belonged to each Battle Group's Auxiliary Army.

They would bring fleets and ground forces, responsible for an entire direction of expeditionary action. Only when facing a formidable enemy would there be some probability of uniting to fight.

Now, though the Alliance's 45,000 interstellar warriors are under the Alliance's banner, many are unwilling and have been forced to submit as dissenters. Not to mention, their inherent attributes differ greatly, their cultures and combat habits are vastly different among the Battle Groups, making it very challenging to forcibly unite them and collaborate in combat.

Moreover, they each have independent command systems and independent inheritance systems. Forcing them to collaborate is indeed unreasonable.

This situation needs resolution.

Gu Hang plans, after the Second Dark Side Military Build-up, to establish a specialized Star Warrior Management Agency under the Imperial Dark Side Control Committee.

Each Battle Group can send personnel into this management agency to uniformly manage all the Battle Groups. Their responsibilities are to communicate comprehensively with the Alliance to ensure that under unified legislature, logistics supply, new blood supplementation, combat directions, changes in Battle Group Leaders, and other key Battle Group high level replacements are guaranteed to be perfected.

However, it is especially worth mentioning, although a corps-level interstellar warrior group is to be unified and managed for combat, Gu Hang emphasizes to each Battle Group that their independence will be ensured.

There is absolutely no intent to reconstruct an interstellar soldier corps.

This point must be emphasized.

The "Star Warrior Codex" has been a codex specialized in managing interstellar warriors within the Empire for millennia. Its utmost purpose is to prevent interstellar warriors' formidable martial force from mass gathering. Reappearing corps is something fundamentally prevented. The corps were split due to a civil war that nearly destroyed the Empire, leading to the Empire's resolute action afterwards.

The Loyalist Faction's interstellar warrior leadership also fully acknowledged this stipulation.

For Gu Hang to challenge the Codex would be to consume his prestige foolishly.

Not only would the current interstellar warriors under his command react negatively, but any future attempt to persuade other Battle Groups to join the Dark Side Expedition would become even more difficult.

Moreover, this is not deceit. Gu Hang truly has no intention of reconstructing the corps.

If 45,000 interstellar warriors were to achieve internal unity and form a legitimate corps, their power and influence would be enormous.

Even Gu Hang would worry about a rebellion.

...

of the Auxiliary Army.

They would bring fleets and ground forces, responsible for an entire direction of expeditionary action. Only when facing a formidable enemy would there be some probability of uniting to fight.

Now, though the Alliance's 45,000 interstellar warriors are under the Alliance's banner, many are unwilling and have been forced to submit as dissenters. Not to mention, their inherent attributes differ greatly, their cultures and combat habits are vastly different among the Battle Groups, making it very challenging to forcibly unite them and collaborate in combat.

Moreover, they each have independent command systems and independent inheritance systems. Forcing them to collaborate is indeed unreasonable.

This situation needs resolution.

Gu Hang plans, after the Second Dark Side Military Build-up, to establish a specialized Star Warrior Management Agency under the Imperial Dark Side Control Committee.

Each Battle Group can send personnel into this management agency to uniformly manage all the Battle Groups. Their responsibilities are to communicate comprehensively with the Alliance to ensure that under unified legislature, logistics supply, new blood supplementation, combat directions, changes in Battle Group Leaders, and other key Battle Group high level replacements are guaranteed to be perfected.

However, it is especially worth mentioning, although a corps-level interstellar warrior group is to be unified and managed for combat, Gu Hang emphasizes to each Battle Group that their independence will be ensured.

There is absolutely no intent to reconstruct an interstellar soldier corps.

This point must be emphasized.

The "Star Warrior Codex" has been a codex specialized in managing interstellar warriors within the Empire for millennia. Its utmost purpose is to prevent interstellar warriors' formidable martial force from mass gathering. Reappearing corps is something fundamentally prevented. The corps were split due to a civil war that nearly destroyed the Empire, leading to the Empire's resolute action afterwards.

The Loyalist Faction's interstellar warrior leadership also fully acknowledged this stipulation.

For Gu Hang to challenge the Codex would be to consume his prestige foolishly.

Not only would the current interstellar warriors under his command react negatively, but any future attempt to persuade other Battle Groups to join the Dark Side Expedition would become even more difficult.

Moreover, this is not deceit. Gu Hang truly has no intention of reconstructing the corps.

If 45,000 interstellar warriors were to achieve internal unity and form a legitimate corps, their power and influence would be enormous.

Even Gu Hang would worry about a rebellion.

...matter.

The Loyalist Faction’s interstellar warrior leadership also fully acknowledged this stipulation.

For Gu Hang to challenge the Codex would be to consume his prestige foolishly.

Not only would the current interstellar warriors under his command react negatively, but any future attempt to persuade other Battle Groups to join the Dark Side Expedition would become even more difficult.

Moreover, this is not deceit. Gu Hang truly has no intention of reconstructing the corps.

If 45,000 interstellar warriors were to achieve internal unity and form a legitimate corps, their power and influence would be enormous.

Even Gu Hang would worry about a rebellion.

Chapter 813

"I understand this point. If it’s about dealing with enemies in the real world, I naturally don’t need help from the two of you. But this time, the enemy I need to face is one that lives within Sky Net. Your current state is precisely what I need."

"Enemies within Sky Net?" The Xie sisters were even more puzzled.

Xie Lian laughed out loud, "Li Ang, have you gone mad too? How could there be enemies within Sky Net? I mean, there’s no ’people’ inside Sky Net, right?"

"Perhaps." Li Ang replied, "There may not be people in Sky Net, but there could be ghosts."

The two sisters fell silent.

Xie An was still somewhat confused, but Xie Lian’s expression became much more cautious.

After thinking for a while, Xie Lian spoke: "What you’re talking about... Is it the kind that has no physical form, seems eerie, but can actually be crushed easily?"

"Uh..." Xie Lian’s description seemed a bit off, but Li Ang thought about it and had to admit, "Given your past prowess, such a description indeed isn’t incorrect. If an ordinary ghost appeared in front of you, it would be crushed with a pinch. However, we’re not dealing with ordinary ghosts, and it’s not in the real world."

"Ghosts, in essence, are a kind of non-corporeal consciousness maintained by spiritual power. If they appear in the real world, they have virtual forms and are immune to most attack methods, but as long as one has the capability and means to directly harm them, their unstable existence can be easily destroyed."

"Since their essence is composed of spiritual power, their best survival environment is actually on the Sky Net."

Li Ang patiently explained various tales about ghosts to the two girls.

Xie Lian indeed had extensive combat experience and was a seasoned warrior who had encountered and slain ghosts. But speaking from another angle, she was a warrior, a fighter, not a researcher. Knowing how to kill ghosts was enough for her; she really didn’t have the mind to study the mechanisms of ghosts.

Primarily surviving on Sky Net? Naturally, big companies have SkyNet Security Officers responsible for maintaining the company’s local Sky Net, spell machines, and doing ’antivirus’ work, firewall tasks, just to prevent ghost invasion from Sky Net. This kind of thing, logically, should fall under the supervision of Xie Lian, the head of the security department, but she usually didn’t manage, unless some ghost truly dared to emerge into the real world, then she would just slap them dead with two strikes.

But to personally go to the ghosts’ lair, to go to Sky Net to kill ghosts?

What’s that operation? Xie Lian really hadn’t heard of it.

Even those technicians doing antivirus work before used various technological means, never heard of people actually going inside the Sky Net to do anything.

"Ghosts roaming within Sky Net..." Xie An expressed confusion, "Even though Mr. Li Ang has said so much, I still don’t understand how we can help you?"

"Your current state is key." Li Ang said, "Haven’t you noticed that you are somewhat similar to ghosts?"

"This..." The two women found it hard to accept, with Xie Lian even wanting to furiously curse.

Who’s being called a dead person here?

But on careful thought, there seemed to be nothing wrong with it.

Ghosts exist because of spiritual power between heaven and earth preserving the mental activity of the deceased before death with a special spiritual power structure. Whether they have ’died’ or not is another matter, but at least their thinking and consciousness have indeed transformed into a particular spiritual power structure, no longer existing as bodies.

In this sense, saying the two of them are in a ghostly state is actually reasonable.

"It seems you have figured it out. Since you are ghosts, naturally you have the traits of ghosts. Theoretically, both of you can upload yourselves directly onto Sky Net and move around within the vast Sky Net."

The sisters exchanged a glance, Xie An said, "But... we’ve never been there, and we don’t know what the survival state of ghosts in Sky Net is like. Can we really help you?"

"You can, I’m sure." Li Ang said, "You are the most powerful warriors of Era City."

"Only my sister is, I’m... I’m not." Xie An appeared quite unconfident.

Li Ang laughed, "No, you definitely can, and in some sense, you are stronger than your sister. Your soul is peculiar, even I don’t know why you are so special. But obviously, this peculiarity in your soul can play out more effectively in the pure spiritual power and soul realm of Sky Net."

"But I... can’t fight."

"Indeed, it’s a problem, but also not a problem..." Saying this, Li Ang turned his gaze to Xie Lian, then showed a big smile, "You not being able to fight is fine, right by your side is a Master of combat."

This smile, which seemed bright and cheerful to him, appeared utterly annoying in Xie Lian’s eyes. She spoke through gritted teeth, "You’ve set your sights on us sisters, haven’t you?"

"I can’t help it. Heading to the Sky Net, I can’t find better partners than the two of you."

Li Ang spreads his hands, attempting to look innocent, yet this only made Xie Lian even angrier.

"Just not long ago, we were mortal enemies fighting to the death, why are you so sure we’d be willing to help you? My sister just agreed in passing!"

"Don’t get worked up." Li Ang waved his hand, acting a bit roguishly, "Following your previous argument, it wasn’t you who fought to the death, it was the mad personality you split from. From this perspective, I have even avenged you, that personality nearly truly killed your sister."

Chapter 813:

"Sophistry!"

"Let’s not talk about useless things." Li Ang’s expression turned serious, "You can think of it as a transaction. Help me win a battle, and I will return your normal life, instead of being stuck in this void

space. Xie Lian, you've met Ye Lixiao. You know I can do it and that it's not like the Divine Bird's human weapon project, where people are used as tools."

"You call this a transaction? It's clearly a threat! Why don't you tell us what you'll do to us if we refuse?" Xie Lian still wasn't buying it.

In truth, her prudence and vigilance, like that of a hedgehog, were her true nature. In her youth, it was by relying on this prickly hedgehog demeanor that she showed fierceness and protected herself and her sister.

Of course, in front of Li Ang, it was useless.

Hearing Xie Lian's skepticism, Li Ang fell silent for a moment.

His silence made the two opposite feel unsettled.

After all, even Xie Lian understood that she actually had no leverage. Their lives were entirely in Li Ang's hands. In other words, even if Li Ang was threatening them, what could they do? The most important thing was that the sisters had no grounds to refuse.

Yet, the situation wasn't completely without options.

At worst, they could part ways. If they end up finished, so be it; Li Ang would also lose his help. Although they couldn't be sure of their irreplaceability, judging from Li Ang's words and his insistence on choosing them, obviously, their uniqueness was undeniable.

Li Ang understood this point as well and similarly didn't want to part ways, which would mean losing two important allies.

He slowly spoke, "I won't threaten you. What I seek are companions to fight alongside me, not unwilling participants coerced into helping. In fact, even if you don't agree, I won't do anything to you. You can continue to survive safely here. But... to be honest, in this small space, even if you're just consciousnesses, can you truly call it living? I can offer you more."

Before the sisters could react, Li Ang continued, "This deal is fair and just. The futures you once imagined, are they merely two souls with nothing, spending their lives in a virtual space together? If that's the case, what's the point of arguing? Why didn't you settle for basic sustenance in virtual entertainment back then? Save money, save resources, all the same—living a drunken dream."

"Easier said than done. Did we have that opportunity back then?"

Xie Lian habitually retorted with a hint of sarcasm. But in reality, Li Ang's words hit home with them.

At this moment, Xie An remained calmer. She said, "Mr. Li Ang, I feel your sincerity. What you said is indeed reasonable, but actually... my sister and I have each been living in the corners of our respective mental worlds for many years. This life is lonely and helpless, but we've grown accustomed to it. Nowadays, we're better off than before; at least we have each other. Isn't that right? If things can be better, we are certainly willing to strive, but... we can't afford to pay a higher price."

"Price? You're already in this situation, what else can you lose?" Li Ang raised his question.

The sisters looked at each other again, and Li Ang instantly understood.

At the same time, Xie An provided the answer Li Ang had already comprehended: "Each other."

Li Ang said, "I understand."

He truly understood.

In the past, this sister duo might have been considered to have nothing. But now, through twists of fate, they reunited, and thus, they possessed the most precious thing—each other.

They couldn't be said to completely distrust Li Ang, more so had no rapport with him. Mr. Li Ang's current words sounded nice, talking of companionship and a bright future, but when it comes time for real combat, who knows if formerly adversarial Li Ang wouldn't betray them, whether as cannon fodder or scapegoats, it wouldn't be a good end.

He pondered for a moment and said, "I understand your concerns, but sincerely speaking, I can’t give you guarantees. When it comes to battles, no one can say they’re absolutely certain to win, Xie Lian, you must understand that if I dared to assure you here, that indeed would be deceiving you. Honestly, if it was a surefire battle, I wouldn’t need your help."

"What I can do is strive to make information transparent. I will clearly inform you who we’re up against, what kind of battle I predict we’ll face, and what preparations have been made."

"Alright, Mr. Li Ang, please explain it to us carefully." "I understand this point; if it were about dealing with enemies in the real world, I wouldn’t need your help. But this time, what I aim to confront are enemies surviving within Sky Net. Your current state happens to be what I need."

"Enemies within Sky Net?" The Xie Family sisters were even more puzzled.

Xie Lian laughed loudly: "Li Ang, have you gone mad? How could there be enemies within Sky Net? No, there aren’t even ’people’ in Sky Net, right?"

Chapter 813_3

"Perhaps." Li Ang said, "There are no people in Sky Net, but there might be ghosts."

The two sisters fell silent.

Xie An was still somewhat confused, but Xie Lian’s expression became much more cautious.

After thinking for a while, Xie Lian spoke, "What you mean... is that kind of thing that has no physical form, looks eerie, but can be pinched to death with a squeeze?"

"Uh..." Xie Lian’s description seemed a bit off, but after pondering, Li Ang had to admit, "Given your past strength, that description isn’t actually wrong. A normal ghost appearing in front of you could indeed be crushed in a pinch. However, the ones we’re dealing with aren’t ordinary ghosts, and it’s not in the real world either."

"Ghosts, ultimately, are insubstantial consciousness maintained by spiritual power. If they appear in the real world, they indeed have the characteristics of being immune to most attack methods, but as long as there is an ability or means to directly harm them, their unstable existence can easily be destroyed."

"Because they are fundamentally composed of spiritual power, their best habitat is actually on Sky Net."

Li Ang patiently explained various theories about ghosts to the two girls.

Xie Lian was indeed a warrior with very rich combat experience, well-informed, and had encountered and killed ghosts. But from another perspective, she was a warrior, a combat personnel, not a researcher. Knowing how to kill ghosts was enough for her; she had no interest in studying the mechanisms of ghosts.

Living mainly on Sky Net? Naturally, large companies have SkyNet Security Officers to maintain the company's local area Sky Net and spell machines, to handle 'virus scans' and firewall tasks, to prevent invasion by Sky Net ghosts. This sort of thing logically falls under Xie Lian's security supervision, but she doesn't usually bother unless some ghost dares to come into the real world, in which case she'd just smack it to death.

But to say that you have to personally go into the lair of the ghosts on Sky Net to kill them?

What kind of operation is that? Xie Lian had never heard of something like that.

Even those techs who did antivirus work used various technical methods; she'd never heard of people going onto Sky Net for anything.

"Ghosts roaming in Sky Net..." Xie An expressed confusion, "Even though you've said so much, Mr. Li Ang, I still don't understand how we can help you."

"Your current state is crucial," Li Ang said, "Haven't you noticed that you are somewhat like ghosts?"

"This..." The two women found it hard to accept for a moment, and Xie Lian even wanted to curse angrily.

Curse who as dead?

But on careful thought, it wasn't entirely unfounded.

Ghosts, due to the spiritual power between heaven and earth, preserve the cognitive activity of the deceased and exist through a special spiritual power structure. Whether the two of them have 'died' or not is still debatable, but at least their consciousness indeed has transformed into some special spiritual power structure, no longer existing physically.

In that sense, it makes sense to say they are in a ghostly state.

"It seems you've figured it out. Being ghosts, you naturally have ghostly traits; theoretically, both of you can upload yourselves directly onto Sky Net and act within the vast Sky Net."

The sisters exchanged glances, and Xie An said, "But... we've never been there; we don't know what the state of survival for ghosts on Sky Net is like. Can we really help you?"

"You can, I'm sure of it," Li Ang said, "You are the most powerful warriors in Era City."

"Only my sister is; I... I can't," Xie An seemed very unconfident.

Li Ang smiled, "No, you can, and in a certain sense, you're even stronger than your sister. Your soul is very special; even I don't know why it is. But evidently, this special quality of your soul can be more effective in Sky Net's realm of pure spiritual power and souls."

"But I... don't know how to fight."

"True, that's an issue, but not a problem..." As he spoke, Li Ang's gaze shifted to Xie Lian, and he beamed a big smile, "It's okay if you don't know how to fight, because beside you, there's a battle master."

That seemingly cheerful smile of his looked extremely annoying in Xie Lian’s eyes. She gritted her teeth and said, "So you’re counting on our sisters, huh?"

"I can’t help it. Going to Sky Net, I can’t find better helpers than you two."

As Li Ang said this, he spread his hands, looking quite innocent, but that only made Xie Lian angrier.

"We were enemies risking our lives against each other not long ago, what makes you so sure we’ll help you? Just now my sister agreed doesn’t count!"

"Don’t be mad." Li Ang waved his hand, looking somewhat roguish as he said, "From what you said before, it wasn’t you risking your life; it was a crazed personality that you split off. By that logic, I avenged you since that personality almost really killed your sister."

"Perverse logic!"

"Enough of that useless talk." Li Ang’s expression turned serious, "You can think of it as a transaction: help me win a battle, and I’ll return you to a normal life instead of this void. Xie Lian, you’ve met Ye Lixiao, you know I can do it, and unlike the Divine Bird’s humanoid weapon project, I don’t treat people as tools."

Chapter 814

The industrial core of Luku Star, steaming with toxic miasma, the hum of the power armor’s built-in breathing system was particularly clear in the deathly silence.

This is a world located in the Yadan Cosmos Domain, at the forefront of the Dark Side Expedition. While this planet faces the problem of isolation, a Beastman fleet has invaded this world.

After decades of breeding, the Beastman problem on this planet has become quite severe.

But the addition of Beastmen, instead, alleviated Luku Star’s Chaos corruption problem. The local Chaos Cultists-generated rebels, Beastman Warlords, and loyalists have engaged in prolonged battles around the planet’s highly productive industrial areas.

After establishing contact with the Loyalist Faction, the Alliance repeatedly dispatched ground troops and space vessels, hoping to simultaneously wipe out the Beastmen and Chaos Rebel Army, but after six months of fighting, they have not been successful.

Following further evaluation, the severity level of this planet has been upgraded multiple times, eventually attracting significant attention from the Southern Command.

A new army group has been sent over.

Just this one army group by itself isn't sufficient to solve the problem. But if you add a unit of Interstellar Warriors, then it's a different story.

And the Interstellar Warriors leading the team are from the Oath of Remembrance.

Mirorilla's combat boots crushed the last alien skull, and the scarlet cranial fluid froze into ice crystals on the surface of the ceramic steel. He looked toward orbit, where the outlines of four escort ships were faintly visible outside the gray-white atmosphere—these were the Alliance's "supporting combat" observers.

"Great Mentor, purification protocol completed." A hoarse electronic voice came through the communication channel, as Chief Intelligence Director Uther emerged from the shadows of the ruins, his bone-white think tank armor stained with charred blood and flesh, "But you shouldn't personally participate in such clearing missions."

Mirorilla remained stern and unsmiling.

He could smell a faint fragrance under the think tank robe, a scent mark that only members of the Blood Oath Ring could identify. When the Battle Group Leader opened the private frequency, the darkened gold wing insignia inside the think tank's chest armor suddenly glowed faintly—the ancient symbol of the Fallen Angel Hunter.

"Let's talk in the Confession Room." Mirorilla turned and walked toward the half-collapsed chapel, broken stained glass cutting his shadow into mottled bloodstains.

They crossed the bronze gate melted by the ion cannon, and in the depth of the stone chamber engraved with cryptic symbols, twelve holographic projections had been waiting for a long time.

"Inner Circle all present." The projection of Chief Priest Casim was the first to speak, currently leading the third company on another Alliance mission in the border Star Sector, "According to Sealed Hunter's brothers' secret report, black armor remnants were discovered at the bottom layer of Gamma VII Star's Nest Capital."

The holographic image suddenly switched, showing a blurred battlefield record of a giant in black power armor being shot in the left shoulder by a plasma beam. Mirorilla's neural interface transmitted a sharp pain—a fractured shoulder armor where the eviscerated Imperial Aquila was engraved.

"By the Emperor!" One projection grew excited, "This emblem... belongs to the Fallen Ones..."

"Silence!" Mirorilla's heavy fist smashed onto the stone table, "Uther, verify the intelligence level."

The Intelligence Director took out a crystal skull from under his robe, as a blue flame shot from its eye sockets, the twelve projections simultaneously kneeled on one knee. "Confirmed through the Holy Skull's spiritual energy resonance, the gene sequence of the armor fragment matches the defector we found thirty years ago."

In the flames appeared the gene spiral map, a red-marked base pair made Mirorilla's pupil contract—it was the unique mutation mark of the progeny of the Death Angel.

Suddenly, one projection flickered: "The battle group currently has 237 trustworthy Blood Oath brothers, 443 outer layer members, 288 Alliance mongrels... recommend deploying the seventh tactical team under the guise of eliminating Chaos remnants to head to Gamma VII."

"Not enough." Mirorilla's fingers etched deep grooves on the stone table, "We need at least two hundred Blood Oath brothers, also the Redemption Sword from the Holy Relic Library."

"But the Alliance seized our heavy equipment bay under the guise of 'unified logistics' three months ago."

Dead silence cloaked the stone chamber.

Uther’s power armor servos emitted a sharp grinding noise: "Those new bloods the Alliance inserted... yesterday three more were promoted to Battle Team Captain. Outer layer brothers report they are secretly investigating the genetic seed storage room."

Casim Priest’s projection suddenly split into two images—this was a sign of him performing a mental suggestion on an outer layer member in reality.

"Great Mentor, perhaps the time has come to decide. Let outer layer brothers continue to play the obedient dogs of the Alliance. We will head to Gamma VII with the Holy Artifacts and Blood Oath brothers."

One person spoke: "But abandoning the home planet fortress means giving up our underground sanctuary we have operated for hundreds of years! Those penitent prisons, genetic scrolls..."

"Exactly what we will leave for the Alliance." Mirorilla stood up, chains of the penitent clinking behind him, "When they find the ’coincidentally’ stored evidence of collaboration with Chaos in the sanctuary... when the outer brothers grudgingly admitted their deception... when the Tribunal’s hyenas pounce on us like they’ve smelled rotten meat, it will affirm our ’fallen’ state... Only then can we truly escape."

"The Alliance is unlikely to discover the Inner Circle, the mongrels they inserted still know nothing. But why, from the Alliance’s center to Gu Hang, do they seem determined to target us?"

"Do not underestimate him, perhaps he has some special methods."

"I agree with the Great Mentor’s order, we carry the highest secret, and it must never leak to the outside world. If this continues, the secret can’t be preserved sooner or later."

Chapter 814:

"The Mother Group will help us establish another layer of identity."

"Communication with the Mother Group was re-established again yesterday, which is the guarantee of our actions."

...

The holographic projections begin to flicker at high frequency, signifying Spiritual Energy disturbances during the intense debates of Inner Ring members.

Listening to the numerous discussions, Mirorilla felt the blood pumped out from the heart start to heat up—this was the ancient Genetic Lock of the Blood Oath Ring taking effect. When he unclasped his neck guard to reveal the dark red scar on his throat, all projections simultaneously displayed the same mark—a Holy Artifact marking from the Mother Group at the foundation of the group.

Everyone fell silent; the Grand Tutor had already made the final decision.

"In three hours, when the orbital surveillance fleet is changing guards, there is a 47-second gap." Mirorilla brings up the star map, the coordinates of Gamma VII are as eye-catching as a drop of blood, "Fabricate a Subspace fluctuation alert, we'll capitalize on the chaos to activate the 'Wing of Ashes' Warship hidden behind the satellite. Casim, inject loyalty serum to all Outer Layer Brothers; Casim, insert a Tier 3 Chaos contamination report in the Home Planet Database; Uther... prepare to activate the Sanctum Self-destruct Procedure."

The projection of Battle Group Pharmacist Oren suddenly twists, "Those Outer Layer Brothers... after all..."

"They wear the armor of Death Angels, yet never know the weight of secrets." Mirorilla places his palm on the Book of Truth in the Confession Room, the spikes of the bronze cover pierce into flesh, "When the flames of the Tribunal cleanse this place, the surviving Outer Layer Brothers will be reborn—as a Battle Group truly loyal to the Alliance."

Uther suddenly raises a data board of new Alliance blood: "But that Battle Monk named Alvin, he has already..."

"So you will accidentally leak the escape plan to him." Mirorilla wipes away the bloodstains from his palm, engraving the final instructions onto the stone table, "When the Outer Layer Brothers bravely stop our defection, when the Home Planet Fortress turns to ash in ’crossfire’, Gu Hang will be pleased with another loyal hound. And we will vanish into darkness like our ancestors, continuing the eternal hunt."

The Battle Group Leader unsheathes the Sword of Redemption, slashing his palm, twelve projections simultaneously perform the same action, "Eternal Hunt!"

As the bell of the Confession Room rings the thirty-seventh time, the orbital fleet suddenly transmits a piercing alarm.

...

Alvin Renak’s retinal projection is bleeding as he gazes at the data stream flickering in the tactical monocle—collected anomalies by the ’Pure Fire Brotherhood’ he secretly established three months ago.

He is an Alliance person, one of the earliest warriors to join the Oath of Remembrance Battle Group.

After joining the group, he quickly showcased excellent performance and swiftly ascended internally; now he is already the flag officer of the third cohort. Traditionally, if his cohort leader encounters any mishap, he would be the closest candidate to succeed as the third cohort leader.

For a newcomer who joined the group less than five years ago, this promotion speed is astonishingly rapid. Anyone would notice that there is no internal exclusion against new Alliance blood within the Oath of Remembrance.

Inside the battle group, everyone seems very polite. The cohort leader respects him, the warriors under his command trust him, executing his combat directives thoroughly.

In conclusion, it seems everything is normal.

However, he himself feels otherwise.

The atmosphere within the battle group is quite estranged. Relationships between everyone appear polite but distant.

Initially, he thought this was a kind of battle group culture, and he actively integrated, maintaining solitude.

But soon, he could no longer bear it.

It was like an instinct from deep within his genes that made him want to rally some warriors to dispel the unease in his heart.

And who could he choose?

Of course, like him, the newcomers from the Alliance blood.

He secretly established a society within the battle group.

This is the origin of the ’Pure Fire Brotherhood’.

At first, he was quite apprehensive about such behavior, always feeling whether he had done something not entirely loyal, even once considering confessing to the Battle Group Priest.

Of course, ultimately, he did not proceed. After hesitating repeatedly, he chose to remain silent. Until a self-destructing private letter from Gu Hang, through the ’Interstellar Soldier Coordinated Combat Committee’ under the ’Dark Side Control Committee’, fell into his hands, and the sense of conflict in his heart was instantly alleviated.

In the letter, Gu Hang expressed some concerns to him about the internal issues of the Oath of Remembrance Battle Group, believing that there are some unknown problems and hidden dangers within the group that might lead the group towards its end and affect the fate of the Alliance and human society. Based on this, Gu Hang advised Alvin to thoroughly investigate all unusual aspects within the group and report as much as possible. Only through this can the purity of the group be ensured, preventing it from straying further down the path of no return.

Hearing this, Alvin Renak completely abandoned his concerns.

Actually, there weren't much concerns to begin with.

He probably just needed a reason to convince himself.

He joyfully develops his Pure Fire Brotherhood internally within the Oath of Remembrance, to the extent that the total number of members within the Brotherhood has already reached 126.

This constitutes almost half of the new Alliance blood within the battle group.

The remaining who have not been brought in are a group needing testing. They must be proven able to keep the secret of the society through gradual exposure before they can be inducted.

The mission of the whole society is to investigate secrets hidden within the battle group and to fight for the Alliance and humanity as a species.

Recently, however, Alvin has made some new discoveries.

It seems some secret societies have also formed among those over a hundred new Alliance blood who were not introduced to the society, though their scale is generally not substantial; further, he even found small secret societies forming within the Pure Fire Brotherhood.

His mindset is quite calm.

Pretty normal, everyone has their own little secrets, it's tolerable.

He himself has joined two.

As long as under this larger society of the Pure Fire Brotherhood, everyone's attitudes and goals can remain aligned, it will be fine.

He remains fairly confident in this; the Brotherhood is still quite 'united' internally.

And in terms of investigations into the secrets within the battle group, they have gradually achieved some results.

The first was investigating the battle group's Genetic Seeds storage, after considerable effort, they finally made some breakthroughs: they discovered the group kept some Genetic Seeds, though it is inherently wrong to do so. If the group were truly loyal, they should have submitted all Genetic Seeds without retaining any.

He has already managed to pass this intelligence back to someone in the Interstellar Warrior Management Association dedicated to interfacing with him.

A new directive was returned from the Alliance Central. Firstly, they praised the intelligence, acknowledging it as significant.

Additionally, they requested for a temporary standstill.

Just this point isn't enough to nail the Oath of Remembrance Battle Group, it's best to find some new, decisively important evidence.

The Brotherhood began scouring past secret mission records within the battle group, hoping to unearth some leads.

This step, however, is proving extremely difficult. Because during the Dark Side Expedition, they began frequently undertaking combat tasks. Alvin also noticed that the casualty rate among all new Alliance blood, including the Brotherhood members, during combat missions, is significantly higher than the average casualty rate among the rest of the battle group.

This made him realize that there are indeed many secrets within the battle group. No matter how reasonable those combat directives may seem, the ultimate results are such—they are the ones being set up.

This raises a greater sense of urgency within Alvin, prompting him to take some ’minor actions’ on several senior members within the battle group to conveniently track them.

Within the Brotherhood, a combat brother named Shaga, who possesses exceptional Spiritual Energy talent but concealed it upon entering, thus not joining the group’s Think Tank, can help achieve this.

Just now, Shaga suddenly approached him, notifying him of an urgent matter: there’s been abrupt movement among the group’s top brass. They’ve gathered peculiarly and boarded spacecraft heading towards the dark side of Luku Star’s primary satellite without any command from the Alliance Military.

Just as he churned with suspicion over this, a command from his cohort leader came, instructing him to lead his squad,

Chapter 815

Li Ang didn’t know about the argument inside the Time City Police Station.

The sounds around him grew closer, and in his vision, he could clearly see all the approaching enemies.

People were rushing towards the floor he was on, both from upstairs and downstairs. In fact, at this moment, people had already climbed in through the windows from both sides on this floor.

Outside, the armed floating cars were in position. He had no doubt that if necessary, they could blast their onboard cannons and tactical missiles into his room.

With a brief thought, he pulled out the Night Falcon from the inside of his coat and tightly locked onto one target crawling in through the corridor window.

"Take out a few first, draw their attention, then escape through the modified ventilation duct..."

He thought to himself.

The blue glow at the tail of the Night Falcon grew brighter, and the mysterious array flickered in the blue light. After a brief charge, the precision rifle reached its highest charge level, yet he held his fire.

This Night Falcon was a celestial weapon Li Ang spent a long time modifying and crafting. It could fire charged beams with strong penetration effects. However, as powerful as it was, it couldn't penetrate many walls.

He was waiting for the enemy to reach a certain angle.

Soon, he had waited enough.

Without hesitation, he pulled the trigger.

A beam about two fingers wide suddenly appeared, slanting through the side wall of Li Ang's room, into the next room, piercing the front wall, and hitting the head of a Divine Bird security officer carefully advancing.

His two teammates watched helplessly as the blue beam pierced through their comrade's head, shattering it.

They were all well-trained security officers, part of the Divine Bird Group's direct security force, and reacted swiftly.

One raised his left hand, a red celestial inscription lit up, and a fiery bird sprang forward, collapsing the wall from which the beam emanated; the other had already raised his gun, and as the wall crumbled and explosion dust rose, he began a sweep.

But he was sweeping an empty room.

Inside the room, Li Ang held his gun with a cold expression. Calmly, he switched targets, charged, and pulled the trigger.

The second beam arrived, killing the one who broke the wall.

Then came the third beam.

An entire elite action squad was wiped out just like that.

Hearing the sounds of battle, other members of the Divine Bird Security Department heading to the 63rd floor sped up under their respective captain's command; pilots of the armed floating cars hovering outside also received orders to fire.

At that moment, inside the room, Li Ang swiftly turned his gun, the hem of his coat gracefully swaying with his movement.

He shot one charged shot outside the window.

A floating car was preparing to launch a missile, its front bulletproof glass pierced, and the driver killed instantly. The entire floating car spun and fell out of control from the sky.

However, the other three cars fired their tactical missiles.

This was something Li Ang had anticipated.

After firing this shot, he swiftly moved towards the southeastern corner of the room.

In the corner of the room, two floor tiles popped away on their own, revealing a downward passage.

Li Ang jumped in.

He entered a narrow channel, this place was the building ventilation duct. His body tightly curled, the surface of his clothes turned exceptionally slippery, allowing him to quickly slide down the duct.

Moments later, three missiles blasted into his room, destroying everything inside, collapsing both the floor and ceiling.

Sliding quickly to escape in the duct, Li Ang narrowly avoided disaster.

He mentally counted seconds, roughly reaching the fourth second when feather-shaped white light illuminated beneath him, drastically reducing his sliding speed.

A moment later, he broke through the grille of the duct exit and landed unharmed on the ground.

This was the 30th floor of Guardian Tower D302, a mid-level platform. This floor had no residents, decorated more like a plaza with various types of shops and restaurants, catering to some needs of the densely populated building residents.

It was like a bustling marketplace, not particularly upscale, considering the residents here weren't exactly affluent.

But it certainly lacked no excitement.

Usually, crowds would flow, people would eat cheap synthetic grilled meats and skewers, snacks, paired with cheap alcohol, bragging and chatting; anyone could step onto the boxing ring, hosting small underground fights, the skill level aside, the gore was intense, fatal fights occurred often, spectators could even place bets; regular small goods were sold alongside some illegal 'small goods'...

Customers not only came from this building but also the neighboring ones, crossing sky bridges to reach here.

But now, it was empty. It was clear that people evacuated and dispersed in a hurry, leaving many food stalls still steaming, the entire area looking disorderly.

Guardian Tower was a civilian residence, not exactly a place with good public order. The mix of people led to frequent conflicts and tensions, even gangs infiltrated here. Rapidly evacuating people and getting them to cooperate wasn't easy.

The empty platform market left Li Ang feeling uneasy.

Earlier in the duct, the explosion's loud noise had him dizzy and disoriented. His finger sketched a spell, and an illusory stream poured over his head.

This wasn't real water, but illusory water composed of celestial Spiritual Energy. The Water Purification Spirit Spell could remove negative mental effects.

Feeling refreshed, Li Ang immediately sprinted in one direction.

Not far ahead would be another ventilation duct, from which he could descend to the ground and leave the building, finding a chance to blend into this vast and complex city, escaping the pursuit of the Divine Bird Group.

But just then, a flashing red alert appeared before his eyes!

"World Movement warns you: A fatal strike is imminent! A fatal strike is imminent!"

Not daring to be careless, Li Ang halted abruptly, several lights illuminating his body.

Suddenly, countless fist-sized black magic balls traced unfathomable trajectories, fiercely bombarding towards him.

His body turned illusory, the black balls passing through him, crashing onto the ground and nearby stalls. As the smoke cleared, the floor was dented, stalls destroyed, but he had vanished.

From the darkness emerged a tall woman with a purple crown, playing with three violet spheres in her hand.

"Pretty fast reactions, huh?" She stuck out her tongue, licking her black-colored lips, her gaze fixed on a stall slightly ahead.

There was where Li Ang, having evaded the deadly attack using the Misty Shadow Obscure, had taken refuge.

Since he had been spotted, Li Ang didn't bother hiding anymore.

Chapter 815: Premonition Fulfilled

Alvin's fingers rubbed the edge of the tactical monocle three times; this was the Pure Fire Brotherhood's signal. When he looked up at the holographic star map, the retinal projection displayed the warning previously inscribed by Shaga with spiritual energy: "There are abnormal frequency fluctuations on the back of the satellite."

Thinking again about the captain's sudden assembly order.

Alvin could feel a storm brewing.

"Maintain battle-ready status." After careful consideration, he tapped out the Brotherhood's code on the encrypted channel, "Ultimate plan."

Under this directive, among the thirty warriors under his command as the flag officer sergeant major, 13 Brotherhood members received the message.

Meanwhile, in the same battalion, or even other battalions, as long as the Brotherhood warriors were on Luku Star, they'd find a way to assemble according to the ultimate plan's requirements.

For those who couldn't possibly make it, there's no way around it, but those who could make it, according to the Brotherhood's regulations, would all come.

Currently, the Brotherhood's members on Luku Star total 94.

This obviously carries enormous risks: as the flag officer, what right does he have to assemble warriors not belonging to his unit?

And there are so many!

A rebellion, is it?

Moreover, the combat brothers who follow Alvin's actions would themselves bear significant risks.

In any other battle group... there's no need to change; even within the Oath of Remembrance, this is outright rebellion. If the mission fails and they all face execution, it wouldn't be undeserved.

Of course, for him and his Brotherhood, things won't be as severe. Compared to the entire battle group, they, who hail from the Alliance, are the ones who received secret orders from Mr. Gu to investigate the battle group's secrets and have the strongest 'backing'.

Even if the worst situation occurs, and he completely messes up, the Alliance can still bail him out; at most, he'd be banished, expelled from the battle group.

Within the Interstellar Warrior Management Association, there's already written regulation. For the warriors who have committed crimes but not deserving of death, there's a special 'penal camp'. Warriors are placed into it, undertaking 'suicidal' missions; if they survive, they'll continue until their penalty term ends. Their performance and battle status in the penal camp will be sent back to their original battle group for review. The original battle group and the Management Association will evaluate together whether the warrior can return home.

If either party disagrees, he must remain in the penal camp.

This penalty may be slightly better than death; at least he can still fight for the Alliance, humanity, and his own honor, but it's still a huge cost.

Otherwise, why call it the ultimate plan? Unless it’s the final moment, this plan won’t be used.

When designing this system, Alvin thought he might never use it in his lifetime.

Unexpectedly, it activates so swiftly.

Honestly speaking, it might not truly be the best time now. He doesn’t have particularly conclusive evidence to prove that things have indeed reached such a final moment.

However, he has a very strong premonition: if he doesn’t activate this ultimate plan now, then when the event actually unfolds, he’ll have no chance.

As it turns out, he was right.

...

An hour later, Alvin’s team arrived overhead the target area in three Dragon Elephant War Machines.

"Everyone." Alvin activated the squad’s communication frequency, "Receiving a captain’s emergency order, we need to conduct tactical reconnaissance on the area below."

The sound of armor clashing rang out in the lineup, but Alvin could hear the deepening breaths in the encrypted channel. Amidst silence, the mutual glances among team members elevated a distinct atmosphere within the squad.

"Commander, a heat signature detected ahead." The pilot suddenly alerted, "It should be an Alien, please advise."

Alvin didn’t immediately respond to the order.

Beside him, Intelligence Gaza from the battle group nudged him twice with an elbow, giving a meaningful look:

"Trap, but we must leap."

Alvin exhaled deeply, ready to issue orders. But at that moment, the Dragon Elephant War Machine he was on suddenly shook violently!

"We are under attack!" The pilot shouted in alarm, struggling to maneuver the war machine to evade ground fire.

At the same time, Alvin, in a moment of weightlessness, saw the seven warriors aboard the same machine drawing weapons.

He remained alert at this moment.

Of his squad of thirty, only 13 were Brotherhood members. Among the remaining 17, there were 4 Alliance People, and the other 13 were veteran warriors from the battle group.

For safety, in previous arrangements, he placed the seven battle group veterans on the same ship with him, keeping a constant watch on their actions.

But at this moment, Alvin hesitated: drawing weapons during an emergency doesn't seem particularly unacceptable.

Would he open fire against combat brothers based on this?

He didn't do so.

He only released the safety on the firearm and quickly unfastened several clasps on his safety harness.

During rapid maneuvers, this is incredibly dangerous; even without fully unfastening, his body leaned slightly.

But this move saved his life.

Seven Blast Bomb Guns were instantly aimed at him.

In that instant, he reacted.

He fired first, penetrating a veteran's helmet squarely; simultaneously, he swiftly unfastened the final safety clasp. His body was flung out, but evaded concentrated gunfire. The two shots didn't hit critical areas, not even penetrating the power armor.

Alvin, dislodged and crashing to the ground, found the war machine slightly stabilizing after tactical maneuvers. Seizing the opportunity, he raised his hand, powered the Plasma Pistol, and killed another enemy.

Simultaneously, he drew a tactical knife and lunged at the remaining five alive.

In the blink of an eye, Alvin no longer cared whether he truly had the ability to fight seven in such a narrow space. His adrenaline surged, but his mind was cold, turning into the most indifferent combat machine.

Amongst his foes, the five surviving veterans were not a match.

Despite them unfastening their safety harnesses, trying to fight Alvin in the same narrow terrain and continuously maneuvering environment, they were entirely outmatched, eventually killed one by one by Alvin's tactical knife.

During this process, two others provided some assistance.

Especially Intelligence Gaza. His reaction was sharp as well; the moment the fight began, his spiritual power interfered with those seven battle group veterans.

If not for this, Alvin's situation would have been even more perilous.

Even though they won the battle, Alvin's mood wasn't relaxed.

Now, all of his premonitions came true.

It truly was a trap.

Chapter 816: The Trap

Alvin's worried gaze turned to the other two Dragon Elephant War Machines.

He could handle the seven veterans on his own fighter, but what about the brothers on the other two fighters?

The only consolation was that when he initially arranged the seating, he placed seven of the thirteen Battle Group veterans beside him. The other two fighters each had only three. The remaining seven were composed of five Brotherhood members and two Alliance People.

In those two fighters, it was the Brotherhood members who held the advantage.

But according to what he knew, his teammates, although outstanding, couldn't match his level.

And without anyone with overwhelming battle skills, under the ground's fire assaults and constant tactical maneuvers, it was hard to predict what kind of outcome would result when their warriors were suddenly ambushed.

He had already reached out to the Combat Brothers in the other two fighters with a communication signal in between skirmishes.

But for a moment, all he could hear were roars, panting, and the harsh echo of Blast Bomb Gun fire in the confined space...

Alvin paused for a moment, then told the pilot: "Land first."

"Roger." As the mortal pilot, however slow he was, he could vaguely sense what was happening in the cockpit.

He was bewildered and scared, not knowing what to do.

No one told me about this!

How did these 'Angels' of the Interstellar Warriors start fighting among themselves?

Why are they fighting? Is there a traitor? Who's the traitor? What should I do? Which side should I help? I can't help much...

The puzzled pilot's thoughts were very complicated, but in practice...there was no choice, so he could only do what he had to do at the moment.

With ground fires aiming skyward, he maneuvered to dodge; later, as if a victor emerged, he was ordered to land, so he had to land.

After landing, unload this group of troublemakers, then quickly disappear and report to the superiors, asking them what to do next...

Not only did he think this way, but the pilots of the other two Dragon Elephant fighters thought the same too.

Alvin first got off the fighter. Ignoring the fighter that was quickly departing, he clenched his weapon and watched the other two fighters landing afterward.

As he watched the cabin doors of those fighters slowly open, he even prepared for the worst, ready to face a fight.

To his relief, those who stepped out of the cabin door were all members of the Pure Fire Brotherhood.

Although not all of them came out. Of the 10 Brotherhood members, only seven emerged; none of the four non-Brotherhood Alliance recruits came out.

At this moment, the nine people beside Alvin were all the power he could command.

The crisis of ambush aboard the fighter had been resolved. But does that mean all crises are gone?

That couldn’t be further from the truth.

He hadn’t forgotten it was his company commander - Nata’s order that brought him here.

Since the ten or so Battle Group veterans in his squad attempted an assassination on him; what would be the attitude of the entire company, the other two squads, plus the command team led directly by the company commander?

A greater crisis was about to arrive.

Alvin’s Power Armor servos emitted a subtle hum, and his tactical visor dissected the terrain within five kilometers into countless data fragments. Think Tank member Gaza projected drones, led by the servo cranial units, scanning the surroundings and sharing information in real-time with all Combat Brothers. For Gaza himself, his cranial servos offered even greater Spiritual Energy links, enhancing reconnaissance efficiency.

"Seven o’clock direction, one Dreadnought Mech, one tactical squad; eleven o’clock direction, same setup; four o’clock direction, a Terminator Squad, Nata is there," Shaga’s voice crackled with electrical noise in the encrypted channel.

The shared real-time computed map showed Alvin that thirty-three red dots were closing in a pincer formation—led by company commander Nata’s Hunting Squadron.

According to Gaza, the setup was extremely luxurious.

What else could Alvin say?

He could only make a bitter joke: "At least the whole company didn’t come."

No sooner had he made the joke, the first Thermite Bomb was launched.

It came from the Dreadnought Mech’s long-range firepower projection.

"Spread out!" Alvin had already retrieved his main weapon—the Thunder Hammer as he disembarked the fighter—slammed it into the ground, propelling him to the right.

The rock pile he had been hiding behind vaporized in the thermite beam, with its splattering droplets scorching smoke onto his Power Armor.

The other two Brotherhood warriors chosen as targets reacted swiftly and avoided being hit.

"There’s an underground network here! Get in!" Alvin sprinted through the rain of shells, sweeping his Thunder Hammer to deflect two rocket missiles, "Shaga, set up Shock Mines with three teams, everyone else divert the Dreadnought!"

Nine figures surged across the wasteland, and the nearby Hunting Squadron revealed itself without any cover, firing continuously.

Among them, the most terrifying were the three giant War Machines in pursuit.

Listening to the constant explosions in the channel, Alvin suddenly noticed the uncanny regularity in the Dreadnought Mechs' movement patterns—they always maintained an equilateral triangle formation, driving them toward a specific coordinate.

"Stop!" He screeched to a halt at a hundred-meter cliff, jamming his Power Claw deep into the rock face, "This is a trap!"

Yet it was already too late.

The ground suddenly collapsed, revealing the explosive-laden underground network below.

Evidently, their earlier plan wasn't feasible. Had they gone in, they'd be finished.

Just then, a Brotherhood member failed to react in time and plunged into the abyss, the deafening explosions conveying the impossibility of survival, even for an Interstellar Warrior's Power Armor, in such conditions.

Nata's voice descended from above, "Your sacrifice will cleanse your sins!"

Alvin abruptly halted.

Continuing to flee this way meant certain death.

Suddenly he turned around, his jetpack granting him maximum propulsion, charging towards the leading Nata, hammer in hand!

As Nata's plasma gun glowed red, Alvin, predicting the strike, swung his Warhammer fiercely, blocking the lethal blow.

Nata knew Alvin's prowess; he didn't expect to kill this most outstanding new Alliance blood just like that.

With his Power Sword ready for an encounter, Nata met Alvin head-on in battle, the clash of two Power Armors roaring in the air!

Chapter 817: My Company Commander

The clash between Alvin and Nata did not last three hundred rounds.

Long battles back and forth often occur in duel arenas where skills are compared; or when both sides have similar strengths and are cautious in one-on-one battles to win, thereby taking a careful approach...

But clearly, this was not the situation now.

Does Alvin have the time to fight Nata for three hundred rounds? If he gets stalled in between, the remaining battle group veterans, and even those few Dreadnought Mechs, would have sufficient firepower to participate in the battle and cause Alvin enough trouble.

Their attack doesn't need to take down Alvin, as long as their firepower makes Alvin have to deal with them, it will give Captain Nata an opportunity.

Alvin's strength is certainly outstanding. He assessed himself as the strongest in the entire company. This conclusion was drawn from observing the performance of other combat brothers during battles.

In fact, this is indeed the case.

Alvin's performance at the Alliance Interstellar Soldier Training Base was the best of his cohort, even receiving commendation from Gu Hang.

Throughout the company, only Captain Nata couldn't be accurately assessed. During the few occasions he saw the other party's action, the performance level displayed made Alvin feel that Nata was still slightly inferior to him. However, the sample size was too small, and even Alvin was uncertain about the assessment's accuracy.

But now, there's no time to consider these, the only thing left is a desperate battle, and desperately eliminating the opponent in a short time.

In the first wave of confrontation, the Thunder Hammer brought absolute ferocity, striking hard against Nata.

Alvin gained the upper hand.

Alvin could feel that his captain, at least in terms of power, momentum, and some force-exerting details, was not as good as him.

He might... no, indeed, be stronger than his captain.

But Nata seemed not to recognize this, or at least was unwilling to admit it.

He still believed it was because his Power Sword, in direct confrontation with Alvin's Thunder Hammer, suffered on the weapon front. Initially, he made a reckless mistake by not considering Alvin, a mere five-year recruit, as a true formidable opponent. When he got serious, Alvin would not be his match.

He raised the Power Sword, attempting to confront Alvin again.

But this time, the supposed advantage of speed and flexibility of the Power Sword suffered.

The disadvantage from the previous round of confrontation forced Nata to use more time and more hasty posture to contend, significantly affecting his performance.

The moment the Thunder Hammer collided with the Power Sword, it erupted into dazzling blue and white electrical arcs, causing Alvin's helmet-mounted visual stabilizers to automatically dim the lighting. He could clearly feel the vibrations coming from the hammer handle, as the auxiliary system of the Power Armor dissipated the recoil into nothingness.

Meanwhile, Captain Nata’s shoulder armor cracked into a web-like pattern during the collision, with the decomposition force field of the Power Sword and the atomic disintegration module of the hammer head tearing at each other, forming a continually collapsing light ball between them.

"Boom!"

Nata’s tactical boots plowed a multi-meter-long trench in the ground, while Alvin used the counter force to spin and retreat, his left hand Plasma Gun almost charging at the moment of the body’s rotation. In triple-burst mode, the Plasma beams precisely pierced through Nata’s defensive gaps.

Nata was forced to parry with the sword but could only block two bursts, the third one piercing his lower right abdomen, causing a considerable wound.

More terrifying, Alvin’s Warhammer followed close behind.

The Thunder Light-covered Warhammer nearly enveloped Nata’s head.

Yet at this moment, a stinging alarm from the sensor in Alvin’s back signaled the ballistic prediction lines of two autocannons flashing in his retinal projection.

Not wanting to be blasted to death while taking out Nata, Alvin could only dodge.

His right leg’s hydraulic joint suddenly pressurized, his whole body transversely moving half a meter in a physics-defying fashion. The original standing position was blasted into a huge molten pit by the autocannon, the boiling stone fragments radiating solidifying on the ground, some splattering onto Alvin’s body. But these fragments were not enough to hurt Alvin.

Except, in the loathing swirling in front of him, a Power Sword slashed through everything, directly attacking him, dragging a twisted trajectory in the air with its decomposition force field.

The blade scraping across the long handle of the Thunder Hammer emitted a piercing shriek, with the decomposition force field grazing Alvin’s neck armor, scorching half of his helmet.

What was thought to be a sure-fire strike did not yield the expected result, as Captain Nata cursed while plunging the Power Sword into the ground, pulling a Spider Mine from beneath the armor plate. Yet, the spinning, killing machine hadn't managed to unfold its claw blades before Alvin's bullet from the gun barrel accurately smashed it into the detonation chamber.

Alvin didn't expect to resolve his opponent with Spider Mine's suicide explosion. Amidst the metal storms from the violent blast, he advanced over the still-molten floor, the Thunder Hammer clinging with high-frequency oscillations striking Nata.

"Ka!"

The captain's combat experience exceeded expectations; he caught the hammer with the Power Sword. Even under immense force, his imbalanced body managed to use inertia to kick at Alvin.

Alvin calmly dodged the kick; the Plasma Gun, newly charged, braced against the Power Sword's hilt for a charged shot, recoiling the two three steps backward each.

Alvin discarded his shattered helmet from the perilous recent strike, with nano repair agents flowing from the neck injector to the burned facial tissue.

His left hand had already drawn the molecular dagger from his leg's side, blocking the Cha saw Sword attacking from a bizarre angle—a battle group veteran from behind, the rotating saw teeth crunching spectacular sparks on the dagger's energy edge.

"Seventh second." Alvin muttered inwardly, sidestepping a sweep of explosive rounds while the dagger maneuvered into the chain-saw sword's transmission structure, stabbing beneath the Power Armor's armpit. The molecular-level keen blade easily severed the primary hydraulic hose; machinery lubricant spraying at body temperature onto his freshly regenerated cheek. The veteran's body was pushed like a shield toward Nata, shattered into blood rain under the decomposition force field of the Power Sword.

In the blood mist, twelve red dots illuminated.

Alvin's battle instinct foresaw violent danger, bringing the Thunder Hammer across his chest. Twelve crimson beams attacked from all directions, mingling scorched-air stench with the acrid scent of Ceramic

Steel vaporization—a thermal scatter from a Dreadnought Mech! He felt his chest armor disintegrate, the subcutaneous neural web's burning pain drowned by emergency painkillers.

Yet, all the thermal attacks avoided lethal spots; his blocking was effective.

"It's time to end this!" Alvin roared, seemingly predicting Nata's movement, the hammer swung across, sealing all the positions where Captain Nata had planned to strike!

Nata's pupils contracted into lines amidst the explosive light's diffusion; he had never seen such an Alvin—shunning all defense, the blood-drenched warrior akin to an unsheathed blade.

His Power Sword raised again in attempted blocking but inadequately so in hurried resistance. The decomposition force field upon encountering the Thunder arc scattered, the warning sound of system overload inside the helmet drowned by the sound of the second heavy hammer smashing the chest armor.

Nata could feel his sternum fracture within the Power Armor, reminiscent of the sound heard when the Genetic Seeds modified him in the nourishment chamber years ago. Both of his hearts suffered fatal blows.

Chapter 818: Civil War Hurts Most

Raising the Warhammer, Alvin's gaze shifted elsewhere.

Just now, the people in combat were obviously not just him and Captain Nata.

Besides the one previously killed by a trap, he had seven more Combat Brothers, under the leadership of the Psychic Warrior Gaza, struggling to resist the assault of the Battle Group veterans, who were two to three times their number.

Normally, this was a losing battle. Especially since the raiders not only outnumbered them but also had the assistance of multiple Terminators, even two Dreadnought Mechs. Seizing the advantage of the surprise attack, they could wipe out half of the Brotherhood members with heavy firepower in one encounter, and then easily clean up the rest to end the battle.

But in reality, the fight was still ongoing at the moment.

The Brotherhood warriors, although not victorious, showed no signs of collapse for now.

In fact, to reckon the battle damage, the other side had already lost six Battle Group veterans, including two Terminators. On their side, only two warriors were out of combat. The remaining five, still under Shaga's command, were resolutely resisting.

All members of the Brotherhood composed of the Alliance People had relatively strong average quality.

They were at least at the veteran level, with three who had reached the standard of Exemplar warriors—this level was generally seen in the flag officer or Glory Guard of the Battle Group Leader in the usual Battle Group.

And Shaga, besides being at the Exemplar warrior level, also possessed strength akin to an A-level Psychic, which was another major assurance. Alvin himself, facing Shaga, couldn't claim to win for sure in a duel. After all, Shaga wasn't like those ordinary psychics who, once their Spiritual Power was breached, were like lambs to the slaughter when facing Interstellar Warriors. Shaga himself was also an Interstellar Warrior, who, if caught off guard, could perhaps counter and kill the opponent. Even facing a top-notch Company Champion like Alvin, he could still withstand a few moves. Then, he could launch a counterattack through his Spiritual Power.

In summary, having Shaga was the key factor in them holding on until now.

Taking a deep breath, Alvin, whose facial wounds had just stopped bleeding, threw away his helmet, lifted his Warhammer, ready to join the ongoing battle.

But at this moment, he heard two coughs.

The sound came from Nata.

This Captain of the third company of the Oath of Remembrance, whose chest armor was deformed beyond recognition and had sustained fatal damage, struggled to take off his helmet, a task that seemed to exhaust all his remaining strength.

Nata's mouth kept spewing blood, his internal organs shattered within his chest cavity. Unless he was immediately sent to a special medical ward, where the heart could be reconstructed with the highest-level medical technology, he might retrieve his life, or at least have a chance to be sent into the Fearless Iron Coffin.

But clearly, he didn't have such a condition now.

He could barely move; the fact that he could maintain some consciousness was purely a final flash of lucidity in the moments before death.

With just a glance, Alvin judged that he posed no more threat.

Intent not to waste words, Alvin's battle brothers were awaiting his aid.

However, after Nata spat out the blood bubble, he chuckled twice, eyes glancing towards Alvin's back, speaking to himself, regardless of whether Alvin wished to hear:

"Stop struggling, it's meaningless."

"The entire Battle Group has long since converted to the Lord of All Changes, the essence of this universe is constant change, and the future will be even more so!"

"You can't escape, the Alliance can't escape, the Empire, humanity, indeed all life in the universe, will be within endless change..."

As he spoke, Nata's body emitted a blue and pink light, his shattered body started to twist, change, like a stained glass reflecting various colors, some strange things were happening, even causing Alvin to feel a bit dizzy watching this scene.

"Boom."

A blast shattered Captain Nata's still chattering mouth.

With him turning into a headless corpse entirely, the transformations on his body—or what could be termed as Alvin's 'illusion'—all vanished.

He turned his head back again, to fight shoulder to shoulder with his battle brothers, to eliminate the remaining ambushers completely.

These people found it arduous battling Shaga and the others, let alone when a fierce warrior like Alvin joined the fray.

Especially when he and Shaga could cooperate, their efficiency increased significantly.

With Shaga's help, he quickly broke through the attackers' defense line, reached the side of a Dreadnought, and dismantled it.

Then there was the second one.

Then came the Terminator Squad.

By the time the battle progressed to this point, Alvin heard the sound of Dragon Elephant War Machine engines roaring from the sky.

At first, he felt slightly tense, fearing it was enemy reinforcements.

Here, it wasn't the full strength of the third company. Outside, a squadron was unaccounted for.

If another thirty Battle Group veterans joined to besiege him and the remaining Brotherhood warriors, it would indeed be difficult to withstand.

But the actual situation allowed him to breathe a sigh of relief.

Those three Dragon Elephant War Machines seemed familiar—those were the vehicles that brought them here.

The pilot’s communication also connected with him:

Chapter 818: Civil War Hurts the Most_2

"Sergeant Major Alvin, hello, we have received orders from higher-ups to fully cooperate with your battle. Your enemies are our enemies."

The overjoyed Sergeant Major immediately issued orders, requesting three war machines to join the battle.

Once these three machines approached the battlefield, they directly launched ground-targeting fire strikes against Alvin’s enemies.

The combat power of the Dragon Elephant War Machines is exceptionally ferocious. Massive in size, they can carry heavy weapons, transport a squad of Interstellar Warriors, and even fit one or two tanks. Beyond that, the Dragon Elephants possess outstanding speed and agility... They’re practically the overlords of aerial combat!

These machines, when deployed near some starships by an aircraft carrier during space battles, can deal fatal blows to starships with the weapons they carry!

Of course, the three Dragon Elephants currently didn’t have this capability. Serving as transport and support aircraft for the Interstellar Warriors, to accommodate ten warriors and ample supplies, they had to reduce firepower—at least they couldn’t carry weapons like anti-ship missiles of a similar level.

However, conventional weapons like ordinary air-to-ground missiles, laser cannons, and Defender Colossal Cannons were beyond adequate.

And when this firepower struck their opponents, it was quite troublesome for those on the receiving end.

Of course, that alone wouldn't be enough to eliminate a squad of Interstellar Warriors.

The remarkable agility of the Interstellar Warriors allowed them to easily dodge fire strikes from the sky; if the area damage from those strikes didn't hit accurately, the peripheral explosion's lethality was insufficient to inflict effective harm.

However, combined with the ground forces of Shaga, Alvin, and various Exemplars and veterans, the situation was entirely different. Their fire support created advantageous conditions for the ground fighters, dividing the battlefield and allowing Alvin and Shaga to fully utilize their formidable individual power. When the enemy lacked numerical advantage due to the segmented battlefield by sky support fire, Alvin and Shaga could swiftly eliminate them.

This significantly lowered the battle's difficulty.

Once these strong foes were eliminated one by one, the difficulty of the battle drastically reduced. By the time the enemy was completely annihilated, only one more ally was lost, plus one Dragon Elephant—which the pilot safely ejected from.

At present, including Alvin, they still had five Interstellar Warriors and two Dragon Elephants.

Reflecting on this, the third company they belonged to was essentially wiped out. His squad was decimated, Nata's squad was also wiped out, and with the loss of the Dreadnought and the Terminator Squad... what was left of the entire company?

Under normal circumstances in the Dark Side Expedition, even conquering ten or even dozens of worlds wouldn't result in such loss.

Yet in a mere internal conflict, within just dozens of minutes, an entire company was half destroyed...

This is the harshness of civil war.

However, there's little time to lament.

He opened secret communications, attempting to confirm the latest situation with his Brotherhood members.

There are 96 Brotherhood members on Luku Star. But since they were attacked here, what about the other brothers?

Is it possible that the whole battle group has turned into enemies?

This was somewhat verified through Nata's recent actions.

According to the information Nata revealed, it seems the entire battle group had long been offered to the so-called Lord of All Changes?

He knew what the Lord of All Changes was—one of the four Evil Gods in Subspace, and the most mysterious, changeable, and elusive among them.

Could this be the secret the battle group was still hiding?

Did the whole group become Chaos Traitors? Have they just hidden it really well until now?

From Nata's dying actions, it certainly seemed so.

Yet Alvin still had doubts.

If that's the case, why would Nata say such things before dying?

Is it just because a person at death’s door wants to let off steam? Is there something he just couldn’t hold in?

It’s possible, but the probability is too low.

If he himself was about to lose, and Nata was making the victor’s speech, maybe it would be more believable: make him a ghost who understands.

The villains in stories always do this.

But in reality, he didn’t believe things truly happen like this, especially to a company leader with a century of combat experience.

Especially when Nata wasn’t talkative right before victory but was spilling a big secret at the very moment of defeat and death?

No matter how you think about it, it seems odd.

Conversely, he leaned toward believing Nata’s dying behavior was intended to further mislead him—since he’s already lost, and sure to die, why not disgust him further before death?

Thinking in this direction made things seem more fluent.

With this in mind, he turned to Shaga beside him and said, "What do you think?"

Shaga immediately understood what Alvin meant. Despite being far away, he saw Nata’s dying actions.

"Don’t believe his words, their credibility is too low, and it’s just interference without reference value. We still need to investigate the real situation ourselves."

"Where to investigate?"

Shaga pointed to the sky.

There was the Luku Satellite.

This satellite orbiting Luku Star was large enough to see the shape of a planet even in broad daylight.

According to prior intelligence, spiritual energy tracking secretly performed on several high-ranking members of the battle group showed they were heading to the satellite's far side.

Chasing them would certainly prove useful.

If such a commander as Nata could leak some information—whether true or false—the high-ranking members of the battle group will only have more to say.

What with the Grand Master—the Battle Group Leader of the Oath of Remembrance referred to as the Grand Master, a title inherited from their parent group, the Death Angel Battle Group—Chief Priest, Intelligence Director, and Chief Pharmacist, all hold high-level authority and likely hold high-level 'secrets.'

Yet Alvin and Shaga struggled to fight half a company of the battle group's veterans. Beating the whole high-ranking group of the Oath of Remembrance, including the Grand Master's Personal Guard, with an unknown but surely over a hundred veterans... how could they win with their forces here?

Not to mention, the other Pure Fire Brotherhood members on Luku Star, could even they all gather in time, it's still possibly insufficient.

Furthermore, they likely couldn't all make it.

Alvin's secret confirmation signal had been sent out for a little while, but by now only over thirty had replied.

The rest were silent.

He didn’t know if that was due to poor signal or if his Brotherhood members were currently unable to reply.

He hoped it was the former.

Because if it was the latter, then his earlier speculation is likely correct: the internal cleansing had occurred not just within their company but throughout the entire battle group, targeting all new blood from the Alliance.

Here, with Shaga and himself in existence, they could secure a slight victory amidst a surprise attack, even slaying all attackers, but what about the others?

According to Alvin, both he and Shaga were the strongest within the entire Brotherhood.

There wasn’t a third as strong as them.

Thinking about this, his heart even felt a bit deflated.

...

Here, with Shaga and himself in existence, they could secure a slight victory amidst a surprise attack, even slaying all attackers, but what about the others?

According to Alvin, both he and Shaga were the strongest within the entire Brotherhood.

There wasn’t a third as strong as them.

Thinking about this, his heart even felt a bit deflated.

Chapter 819

Of course, Alvin and Shaga were not fighting alone.

They were betrayed by the Battle Group—or you could say they betrayed the Battle Group, it doesn't matter. However, the Alliance has remained steadfastly behind them.

And how many participated in the Luku Star campaign, besides the Oath of Remembrance Starfighter Battle Group?

The Alliance's navy and army units are truly the backbone.

And seeing those three Dragon Elephant war machines that initially fled but quickly returned to the battlefield to provide support upon receiving higher orders, one can tell the Alliance Commander in charge of Luku Star might know something.

At least before coming, he had been given special instructions.

So, at the moment when Alvin and Shaga needed help the most, the three war machines flew back.

Then, asking for even greater support next, of course, is possible!

The fact is just as the two expected.

Soon after gathering more than thirty Pure Fire Brotherhood warriors, he did not wait any longer for those who might not make it. He took all the Brotherhood members by his side, boarded a ship, and sat on an Alliance light aircraft carrier—the Iron Curtain.

Using this light carrier as the core, a whole Alliance fleet pursued the ship of the Oath of Remembrance's grand master Mirorilla.

The Oath of Remembrance secretly hid a fast assault ship on the backside of Luku Satellite. This ship was about the size of a Navy destroyer. The difficulty of secretly bringing a large starship here was high, so being able to bring in a fast assault ship was already the limit; there was no way to bring the Battle Group's combat barge.

But this fast assault ship has its advantages: it's agile and fast.

Even though the Alliance Navy received orders to move as soon as the ground conflict erupted, they still couldn't block the Oath of Remembrance's ship behind the satellite.

Though the Iron Curtain, with the entire fleet, pursued relentlessly, the solid speed gap in navigation was clear, causing the distance to widen instead of closing.

If the situation continues to develop like this, the final result will be the successful escape of the Oath of Remembrance.

And this result now seems unavoidable.

However, at this moment, Alvin proposed a new plan: he would lead a team to launch a boarding operation on the enemy ship.

Even if they couldn't destroy the ship from within, at least they could disrupt and weaken the opponent's operational capacity, hindering the ship's full-speed escape.

The targets would be locations like the engine room, bridge, and energy bay.

Upon hearing this proposal, the fleet's commander was shocked.

Now, they were positioned quite far from the enemy ship. Conducting a boarding operation seemed impossible under normal circumstances. However, since they were on the 'Iron Curtain,' a light carrier, it was barely possible.

The carrier could launch multiple Dragon Elephant war machines to dramatically close the distance with the opponent. The Dragon Elephant war machine's agility and burst of speed were also faster than average warships. Although their endurance was poor, by not sparing any costs, they could still catch up with burst speed. The Dragon Elephant war machines were equipped with boarding pods, which had a fast burst speed once launched.

However, these actions are all beyond the cost.

The endurance capability of Dragon Elephant war machines on the scale of the Universe was very poor; using their precious speed burst for pursuit almost meant they couldn't return and had to drift in space waiting for a ship to recover them.

The warriors dropped from the boarding pods also basically had no way to return. The enemy ship had hundreds of Interstellar Warriors. Accompanied by a large number of elite Mortal Auxiliary Army members, wouldn't Alvin leading thirty people be going to their deaths?

In the fleet commander's view, Alvin and his team's action was purely trying to use their lives to see if they could stall the enemy ship.

Frankly speaking, such a costly, risky, and low-success-probability mission was something he was reluctant to undertake.

It wasn't just Alvin and his thirty-member battle team heading to their deaths. Many of the Navy Marine Corps' elite had to be invested as well. Warriors equipped with Feedback-Type Power Armor and Sentinel Mechas could more or less contribute to the battle.

But to really throw all these elite Marines into a mission with such low success probability, and risk total annihilation with no returns if it failed?

Yet, under Alvin's intense request, he hesitated for a moment and finally agreed.

...

Thirty-four Power Armors lined up in the boarding pod, the click of Blast Bomb Gun safeties unlocking echoed.

And there was a boarding pod like theirs in every nearby Dragon Elephant war machine. A total of fifteen Dragon Elephant war machines were waiting for launch.

Besides the thirty-four Interstellar Warriors, there were also 700 Marine Corps elites participating in the battle.

"Remember, once we establish the landing zone, we just need to hold the docking bay and wait for the subsequent Marine Corps units to arrive. They will then take over defense and draw as much attention from those traitors as possible." Alvin shared the tactical diagram on the neural link network, "At that time, I'll lead a charge on the bridge as a feint, then immediately turn back to coordinate with the Shaga Team for the main assault on the engine room..."

Chapter 819: The Next Stage of Evolution

He was making tactical arrangements.

But at this moment, he suddenly saw Shaga's eyes gradually becoming brighter—truly brighter. The azure light, from barely visible, gradually became dazzling, now impossible to ignore.

"Shaga?"

"...The Governor is speaking with me."

"!!!"

Alvin was shocked.

Speaking? With the Governor? Is it Mr. Gu?

How is this possible? With a distance across two Cosmos Domains, and there's no Star Language Tower here, how can there be communication?

Moments later, a smile appeared on Shaga's face.

The brightness in his eyes calmed down somewhat, but in reality, it merely became more restrained.

He said to Alvin, "We will surely win, trust me. Just need to take me within 500 meters of the energy chamber, and everything will be over."

Alvin's expression gradually shifted from confusion and shock to joy.

...

Dragon Elephant War Machines were launched out of the belly of the aircraft carrier.

The fighters deployed by the carrier crossed a countless number of kilometers in the physical universe in an instant, reaching the extreme launching position.

Immediately, all Dragon Elephant War Machines began engine ignition, accelerating to an extremely high speed, and dashed towards the enemy ships ahead.

Alvin, from the shared view in his helmet, saw those golden painted shuttles trance in a spiral trajectory in the vacuum, with black landing pods suspended below each wing. The Alliance's azure flags billowed amidst the fusion flames, a kind of authority that transcended physical laws made his heart heat up.

Moments later, the war machine group reached the combat area.

The enemy ships had clearly noticed their presence, firepower on the fast assault ships began launching.

Simultaneously, the Colossal Cannons of the Dragon Elephant War Machines fired in unison, shells exploding into iridescent ripples on the surface of the assault ships' Void Shields.

While both sides were exchanging fire, the landing pods were also launched.

Alvin's landing pod pierced the belly of the enemy ship under the cover of the third round of salvo, the breach enlarged by the fine gold ram spitting out a cloud of powder-mixed oxygen.

The instant the landing pod breached the armor layer of the enemy ship, the psychic lightning bursting from Shaga's pupils illuminated the inside of everyone's faceplate. The already damaged area was further expanded, facilitating the warriors to disembark.

"Fan-shaped advance." Alvin's command was converted into data pulses by throat vocalizers, lighting up the Double-headed Eagle badges on the chests of thirty-four Power Armors simultaneously.

Taking advantage of the unprepared enemies, they quickly navigated the area from here to the docking cabin, preliminarily creating a landing field. The ship's servants they encountered were casually eliminated.

But they wouldn't remain unobstructed forever.

The Battle Group veterans, long prepared and awaiting the landing "death," had already appeared.

When the first enemy rushed out from the front gate, Alvin saw clearly, it was Chief Pharmacist Ryan's Fine Work Power Armor.

Following him, there were over a squad of Battle Group veterans.

Without a word, both sides were thrown into fierce combat within the first second, reaching boiling heat.

Shaga’s war cry, imbued with psychic fluctuations, shattered the first wave of enemy long-range attacks into quantum dust.

This scene even made his good friend Alvin glance—Shaga, who once had high spiritual strength, was never able to achieve the level seen now. His glowing eyes, which even tactical helmets couldn’t fully shield, were astoundingly memorable.

With his psychic assistance, despite the Chief Pharmacist having considerable battle power, the eventual outcome was inevitable.

They swiftly annihilated the enemy before them.

As Alvin’s warhammer shattered the chest plate of the last former Combat Brother, less than five minutes of battle time had passed.

And the price they paid was merely one death, two serious injuries.

...

Shaga’s war cry, accompanied by psychic harmonics, directly shattered three mutant’s Subspace projections into quantum dust. Alvin’s warhammer crushed the chest plate of a former Brotherhood member.

They advanced into the engine room at the seventeenth minute when Mirorilla’s scarlet cloak finally appeared at the top of the particle acceleration ring. The Grand Tutor’s scepter was weaving the souls of thirty live sacrifices into Subspace beacons, geometric totems constantly shifting on the metal floor beneath his feet.

"Your stubbornness comforts me, Alvin." Mirorilla’s voice simultaneously resonated from thirty-six directions, the single eye at the scepter’s tip dripped iridescent pus, "Now witness true trans..."

A tremor beyond sound suddenly tore apart all Subspace echoes. The arrival of Alliance Governor Gu Hang introduced a temporal fracture—the engine room was filled with Chaos Energy's screeching one moment, and engulfed in absolute zero-like silence the next.

Alvin felt both his hearts seize simultaneously. The figure draped in a gray robe stood at the center of Mirorilla's altar, ice crystals beneath his feet converting blood and flesh runes into cold mathematical formulas. The Governor's pupils were collapsing stars, sealing nine screaming Subspace entities within the floating psychic matrix in his hand.

"Your mathematics are not aesthetically pleasing." Gu Hang's voice initiated exponential decay in the particle acceleration ring's operational rate; when he raised his hand to grasp, Mirorilla's scepter's single eye began decomposing into a Klein bottle's topological structure. The Grand Tutor's scream became a Möbius ring-like silence just as it was uttered, his Fine Work Armor inlaid with Chaos Runes undergoing formatting from the molecular to quark level.

When Shaga knelt on one knee, the sparks from the Spiritual Crown vanished into data streams within a three meters radius around the Governor. Alvin saw Mirorilla's body beginning to take on a topology-defined perfect form—each cell dividing by the golden ratio, each drop of blood fractally iterating, this kind of "orderization" that transcended physical laws made Chaos tremble more than any torture.

As Governor Gu Hang's gaze swept across the battlefield, a mutating Chaos Spawn suddenly began reciting Empire's Truth Chapter 37, Section 4. The Governor turned and walked towards the airlock door, each step carrying nanosecond precision, projections of Milky Way spiral arms flowed through the folds of his gray robe.

"Clean it up." This command accompanied quantum-level psychic pulses, prompting all surviving traitors' Power Armor servos to suddenly execute self-destruct protocols. Alvin saw Mirorilla's face frozen in a superposition of extreme terror and mathematical delight for the last time—this Grand Tutor, once mastering Chaos metamorphosis, was currently experiencing ultimate pain from absolute order at Planck time intervals.

As Shaga rose from the ground, the Spiritual Crown had reverted to a dark gold hue. He looked at the direction where the Governor vanished, the corners of his mouth inside the faceplate showing the first human-like bitter smile: "Now you know why the Alliance can resist Subspace?"

The roar of Blast Bomb Guns resounded again, but this time aimed at executing traitor Power Armor cores. Alvin slammed the warhammer heavily into the still convulsing Chaos Spawn, suddenly realizing

there was water vapor condensing on his faceplate display—after witnessing that kind of absolute power transcending reality and illusion, even the gene-enhanced heart of the Interstellar Warrior required at least thirty seconds to calm its tremors.

(The final paragraph emphasizes the sense of contrast)

Gu Hang's military boots stepped onto the bridge as Mirorilla's screams resonated synchronously across twelve dimensions through quantum entanglement effects. The Governor's pupils reflected the extinguished fires of Subspace engines as he tidied his cuff with precision like a supernova timer.

"Why..." gears juttered amidst Mirorilla's vocal cords during the orderization process, "How could a being like you... serve humanity..."

The Governor's gaze swept over Mirorilla's body crystallizing in fractal form, a Subspace entity within the psychic matrix suddenly started verifying Gödel's incompleteness theorem. As he touched the observation window of the bridge, the entire Chaos fleet wreckage suddenly arranged itself into the perfect pattern of a Sierpinski Triangle.

"You've misunderstood the causal relationship." Gu Hang's voice began evolving vacuum dust into Fourier series, "Not serving humanity," he turned, the data stream from his robe disassembled Mirorilla's consciousness into binary code, "I am their next phase of evolution."

Mirorilla's electronic eye blinked for the last time, the remaining image on his retina wasn't the Chaos god, but countless self-replicating Gu Hangs folding the Galaxy into a Klein bottle. This Grand Tutor, who had once witnessed the ultimate secrets of Subspace, finally understood before his consciousness extinguished—the true horror isn't chaotic disorder, but the cold rationality that compresses infinite possibilities into absolute formulas.

Chapter 820: Gu Hang Arrives

Alvin's tactical plan was quite successful.

First, a feint attack was made to draw away a wave of defense forces, then they turned around and, with Shaga's cooperation, rapidly assaulted the engine control room.

If given a choice, being able to blow up the engines would be the best option.

But planting bombs powerful enough to destroy the starship's engines requires time, and guarding them to prevent disarmament adds to the difficulty, not to mention limited escape space after the explosion... Overall, it presents certain challenges.

Moreover, a starship's engines are never just one, and there will be more than just the main engine, particularly at the level of a destroyer.

Shutting them down can certainly affect the entire warship's power performance, but whether it can actually slow it down enough for the pursuing Alliance Navy to catch up is uncertain.

Of course, if pushed to the extreme, perishing together with this warship's engine room is also an option.

But for now, it's not necessary.

They have another task to fulfill.

So, in the engine control room, they merely temporarily shut down the engine's power output there, then hastily retreated, leaving the arriving defense forces empty-handed.

Certainly, not destroying the ship's engines and merely shutting them down in the control room is not sufficient. Especially since they did not hold the room; once the enemy quickly reclaimed it, the shut-down engines were swiftly restarted. The entire assault ship, after a brief slowdown, promptly regained speed.

At this moment, the team led by Alvin and Shaga has already made its way to the vicinity of the starship's energy chamber.

Here, they faced quite strong resistance.

Although only a few battle group veterans guarded there, they were joined by a large number of highly elite and determined Mortal Auxiliary Army units, setting up layers of defenses along the ship's interior, resisting very steadfastly, making Alvin and his group's fight quite difficult.

However, Alvin's real target wasn't to actually break into the energy chamber.

Shaga had told Alvin clearly before boarding:

"Bring me within 500 meters of the energy chamber, and everything will end."

And now, the 500-meter distance has been reached.

They are still fighting forward, but not very determinedly, just putting on a show.

As long as no one threatens Shaga, it's fine. He has already closed his glowing blue eyes, muttering incantations.

However, the threat came quickly nonetheless.

After all, they were facing an experienced battle group with hundreds of years of experience.

In the 3rd minute after they advanced within 500 meters of the energy chamber, Mirorilla's scarlet cloak finally appeared on the scene.

The sword of the Grand Mentor's Holy Artifact cleaved open a Pure Fire Brotherhood warrior's chest in front of Alvin, repelling their assault on the energy chamber once again.

"Your obstinance disgusts me, Alvin." Mirorilla's voice came from thirty-six different directions simultaneously, the single eye on the sword guard glowed with a dangerous red light.

Alvin initially ignored him, ordering a retreat, his team compressing their lines towards Shaga's position.

But this effort was somewhat challenging.

Along with Mirorilla came his entire Blood Oath Guard. They could almost be considered the most elite fully-equipped unit within the battle group, comprising more than thirty warriors equipped with gear of the group's average highest quality, each at the level of Exemplar or above.

And Mirorilla, as the Grand Mentor equivalent to the Battle Group Leader, was the strongest within the battle group.

Beside him were the group's Chief Priest and Blood Oath Guard's flag officer. The strength levels of these two were also tougher than the third company commander Nata, who earlier died at Alvin's hands.

Among these three, any one of them, Alvin might not be a match for, let alone if they appeared together? Not to mention, there were nearly double the number of Blood Oath trusted aide gathered beside, almost twice compared to his side?

Doomed.

Now it depends on Shaga.

Though, after Shaga closed his eyes, he hasn't made a sound for several minutes now, causing Alvin to feel slightly uneasy. However, regardless of whether Alvin fully trusted Shaga's previous words, he can only believe now that Shaga can indeed save them.

He resisted the urge to look towards Shaga, staring directly at Mirorilla, angrily shouting:

"Traitor! You are unworthy of the Oath of Remembrance, you have insulted the Battle Group!"

"Unworthy? Compared to the likes of you, who joined the battle group for merely a few years, never having truly accepted the group's culture, are Alliance People truly worthy to be part of the battle group?"

Upon hearing Mirorilla’s response, Alvin felt pleased.

Yes, just like that, let’s talk more, throw words at each other.

I am waiting for the time, while you are waiting for your demise!

He retorted, "Of course! We are loyal to humanity, loyal to the Empire, faithful to the Alliance! Whatever culture the battle group holds, this core must not be betrayed. And betraying these..."

"Enough!" Mirorilla cut Alvin off with disgust, "Allowing you to stall for two sentences was my greatest mercy; now, prepare to die..."

Just when Alvin was extremely tense, readying himself for the desperate battle.

The next instant, a vibration beyond sound suddenly tore through all Subspace echoes.

Chapter 820: Gu Hang’s Arrival (Part 2)

The way Gu Hang arrived caused a fracture in time—just a moment ago, the area was filled with shrieks, and the next instant, all sounds were swallowed by an absolute-zero-like silence.

Alvin felt as if both of his hearts had simultaneously stopped beating.

The figure that appeared countless times in various Alliance promotional videos suddenly emerged, standing between Mirorilla and Alvin.

"You’ve done well." Gu Hang turned his head slightly, smiling as he looked at Alvin.

From his profile, Alvin felt that the Governor’s eyes were like stars. His voice, like a warm spring breeze, suddenly blew in, causing Alvin’s previously almost stopped heart to beat again.

However, these feelings were completely different in the hearts of the Interstellar Warriors from the Oath of Remembrance on the opposite side.

Mirorilla was now only filled with shock.

Why was Gu Hang here?

There had never been any intelligence mentioning that Gu Hang came to the battlefield on the Southern Line of the Dark Side Expedition!

How could he possibly appear on the ship of the Oath of Remembrance?

After a moment of shock, Mirorilla gritted his teeth and grabbed the Holy Artifact Sword in his hand, charging at Gu Hang.

Regardless of the reason, the person was now in front of him. It's said that Gu Hang is a top-tier psychic; what must be done now is to close in on him before he has a chance to display his terrifying spiritual powers that even Holy Terra fears, and then slay him with one strike.

Perhaps, he only had this one chance for a strike.

Alvin, who was just basking in the spring breeze, saw Mirorilla's swift charge.

His eyes widened instantly, shouting 'Watch out!', and he pushed off his feet, intending to rush forward to block the strike for the Governor.

But his burst speed was much slower than Mirorilla.

He had only taken his second step when Mirorilla had already crossed half the distance to Gu Hang.

Alvin was already shouting ’No’ in his heart, but the next moment, he awkwardly froze in place.

Because he saw that the aggressively charging Battle Group Leader from the Oath of Remembrance was also frozen.

Gu Hang merely lifted his hand and made a grasping motion in the air, and Mirorilla became immobilized. The Holy Artifact-Redemption Sword, repeatedly mentioned in the battle group’s history, began to disassemble, with the single eye on the sword hilt deconstructing.

The Grand Mentor’s scream turned into silence just as it left his mouth; his Fine Work Power Armor, inlaid with numerous medals and patterns, was being formatted both physically and systemically.

As Shaga knelt on one knee, the spark unleashed by the Spiritual Crown extinguished into a data stream three meters around the Governor. Alvin saw Mirorilla’s flesh starting to assume some form of perfection—each cell dividing according to the golden ratio, each drop of blood undergoing fractal iteration, this ’ordering’ beyond physical laws being more terrifying than any form of torture.

"Why..." The Grand Mentor’s voice cords emitted a grinding gear-like noise amid the ordering process, "You are no human... Your kind of existence... How could you submit to humans..."

The Governor glanced over Mirorilla’s fractal crystalline body and chuckled lightly: "Don’t misunderstand the causality; it’s not about submitting to humans; I am human. This is merely the next stage of spiritual energy evolution; how would it change my essence as a human?"

Gu Hang said this without a trace of redness in his cheeks.

The Emperor still says he’s human every day, so why shouldn’t I?

Mirorilla still wanted to retort, but it was no longer meaningful. As the light in his eyes flickered for the last time, the image remaining on his retinas was not a vision of reality, but countless self-replicated Gu Hangs, folding the imaginary universe into a shape he desired, as if it were a toy. Just before his consciousness dissipated, he understood—true terror is not chaotic disorder, but the chilling rationality that can compress infinite possibilities into an absolute formula.

And after his consciousness disappeared, several fragments of spiritual light were absorbed into Gu Hang’s hand.

As his gaze scanned the entire battlefield, almost every veteran of the Oath of Remembrance found their bodies immobile.

The Governor turned and walked toward the airlock door with a pace precise to the nanosecond; the folds of his administrative robe seemed to flow with the projection of the Milky Way’s spiral arm.

"Clean it up." The order was accompanied by a quantum-level psychic pulse, causing the servos of all remaining traitor power armors to suddenly execute a self-destruct protocol, leaving the power armor as nothing but empty shells, gutted scrap metal.

When Shaga got up from the ground, the Spiritual Crown on his head had already dispersed, revealing his delicate face after removing his helmet. He looked in the direction where the Governor disappeared, murmuring something with devoutness.

And Alvin, after coming to his senses, led his Brotherhood members to execute the Governor’s command.

The roar of blast bomb guns resounded again, but this time for execution shots at the cores of the traitor power armors. As Alvin smashed the Warhammer heavily into the trembling bodies of each traitor, he suddenly realized that water vapor was condensing on his visor display—having witnessed that absolute power transcending reality and illusion, even the gene-modified hearts of Interstellar Warriors required time to steady.

Moreover, he observed that with every Oath of Remembrance veteran eliminated, a few points of light would emerge from their bodies, drifting in the direction of the Governor’s departure.

Alvin didn’t know what those were; he was deep in thought.

At this moment, Shaga suddenly held Alvin’s shoulder plate, with unprecedented seriousness in his words: "Never question all ‘truths’; if you must know one, hold fast to the belief: fighting for Gu Hang is fighting for humanity."

...

The Emperor still says he’s human every day, so why shouldn’t I?

Mirorilla still wanted to retort, but it was no longer meaningful. As the light in his eyes flickered for the last time, the image remaining on his retinas was not a vision of reality, but countless self-replicated Gu Hangs, folding the imaginary universe into a shape he desired, as if it were a toy. Just before his consciousness dissipated, he understood—true terror is not chaotic disorder, but the chilling rationality that can compress infinite possibilities into an absolute formula.

And after his consciousness disappeared, several fragments of spiritual light were absorbed into Gu Hang’s hand.

As his gaze scanned the entire battlefield, almost every veteran of the Oath of Remembrance found their bodies immobile.

The Governor turned and walked toward the airlock door with a pace precise to the nanosecond; the folds of his administrative robe seemed to flow with the projection of the Milky Way’s spiral arm.

"Clean it up." The order was accompanied by a quantum-level psychic pulse, causing the servos of all remaining traitor power armors to suddenly execute a self-destruct protocol, leaving the power armor as nothing but empty shells, gutted scrap metal.

When Shaga got up from the ground, the Spiritual Crown on his head had already dispersed, revealing his delicate face after removing his helmet. He looked in the direction where the Governor disappeared, murmuring something with devoutness.

And Alvin, after coming to his senses, led his Brotherhood members to execute the Governor’s command.

The roar of blast bomb guns resounded again, but this time for execution shots at the cores of the traitor power armors. As Alvin smashed the Warhammer heavily into the trembling bodies of each traitor, he suddenly realized that water vapor was condensing on his visor display—having witnessed

that absolute power transcending reality and illusion, even the gene-modified hearts of Interstellar Warriors required time to steady.

Moreover, he observed that with every Oath of Remembrance veteran eliminated, a few points of light would emerge from their bodies, drifting in the direction of the Governor’s departure.

Alvin didn’t know what those were; he was deep in thought.

At this moment, Shaga suddenly held Alvin’s shoulder plate, with unprecedented seriousness in his words: "Never question all ’truths’; if you must know one, hold fast to the belief: fighting for Gu Hang is fighting for humanity."