Governor 861

Chapter 861: The Stars and Cosmos Are All Burning (9)

Baiqiao and his soldiers stared dumbfounded at the Heroic Spirit Warriors appearing in the lightning.

Although these Heroic Spirit troops in the Alliance, which can appear suddenly, fearless of death, highly formidable, assisting humans in battle, have shown up more than once before. However, they mostly appeared in naval battles in the past, directly descending onto enemy starships to help in combat. Very few people have actually witnessed these spirits in person, and they are mostly Interstellar Warriors.

The mouths of the Interstellar Warriors are quite tight.

This has made the notion of 'spirits aiding humans' merely a rumor, spread among a very small group of people.

On a broader scale, news about the spirits does not circulate.

At least, someone of Baiqiao's rank knows nothing about it, let alone ordinary soldiers.

To suddenly see these spirits, it's no wonder the soldiers were momentarily stunned.

However, recognizing them as allies wasn't difficult.

These Heroic Spirit Warriors, without a word, ruthlessly attacked those green skins.

Besides this friendly behavior, the spirits' actions made Baiqiao and the soldiers feel a sense of closeness. Although these spirits appear semi-transparent and flickering with electric arcs, they are dressed in the uniforms of the Alliance Army in terms of appearance. Their tactical gestures and movements are also the same as those of Alliance soldiers.

This familiarity quickly made Baiqiao and his soldiers consider these spirits as their own.

After just a moment's hesitation, Baiqiao ordered his remaining troops to turn around and coordinate with the suddenly appearing Heroic Spirit Warriors to launch a counter-attack on the green skins.

Against the remnants of human troops, the beastmen might have had enough strength to wipe them out completely. But after the spirits appeared, the situation completely reversed.

They counterattacked, destroying the orc ecological park in the underground base.

Once the mission was completely accomplished, the bodies of those spirits gradually faded and disappeared.

During this process, Baiqiao tried to greet them, but no spirits responded.

He could only regretfully keep this matter in mind.

...

After confirming the mission was complete, Baiqiao left the underground cave and reported to his superiors.

On one hand, he described the entire process of the mission, and on the other hand, he emphasized the discovery of the 'spirits'.

Baiqiao did not receive any commendation.

With such heavy sacrifices, the mission almost failed, and it was only completed thanks to the descending spirits; earning a commendation would be too difficult.

Of course, a final judgment on his performance in this battle is yet to come. The military has specialized departments conducting post-war investigations. Whether he's seen as a war criminal, or as a

commander who faced strong enemies and harsh environments where failing the mission wasn't his fault; or if his command was excellent, achieving targets under impossible conditions...

These all require specific evaluation based on the situation.

Baiqiao wasn't particularly worried about this.

From receiving the mission, to the battle's start, until its end, he felt no regrets. Neither his command decisions nor the valiant sacrifices of his whole regiment were problematic. As long as the reports are properly reviewed, the military police wouldn't trouble him. Perhaps the only issue would be the high casualties and the mission's completion through bizarre means, leaving him with a lack of high praise.

On the contrary, Baiqiao was more concerned about those spirits.

What exactly was going on?

But the superior's reply soon came.

They didn't provide any explanation, just said they were aware of it and instructed him to require his troops to keep what they saw and heard confidential.

Just like that?

The superiors demanded secrecy, so he surely wouldn't say more; instructing his soldiers to do the same was a given.

However...

No confidentiality agreement signed, no special confidentiality training, nor serious emphasis on the consequences of leaking secrets... Just verbally requesting confidentiality made Baiqiao suspect its effectiveness?

Over six hundred people! Once back, who knows if someone might say a few words after drinking, making it easy for secrets to leak.

Smiling wryly, he shrugged it off, realizing there wasn't much else he could do. He could only strictly communicate the requirements, keep his own mouth shut, and beyond that, he had no better solutions.

He continued reading the response from his superiors.

In his submitted report, he also emphasized that his regiment suffered heavy losses, basically losing their combat capability.

He hoped that upon seeing his regiment's current condition, the superiors would send in plenty of new troops to fill up his regiment, allowing them to quickly regain combat strength and join the front-line battles.

But he understood, the chances of this were very low.

His regiment not only now had very few people left, but everyone was injured. Rather than replenishing over three thousand troops, equivalent to an entire reserve regiment to them, it would be more practical to break them up into other unit setups, which might be more convenient.

However, neither of these ideas materialized.

The order given to his regiment was an address at a rear landing site, approximately a ten-hour journey away. By then, a transport ship completing the transportation of ground forces and material supplies would also take them back into space.

This left Baiqiao somewhat in disbelief.

His part in the Ancache campaign was over.

This was not what he wanted.

He wanted to participate in the war; he longed to make a name for himself.

The Ancache campaign was, so far, the most important battle in the expedition. As a lieutenant colonel, commander of an infantry regiment, he couldn't possibly achieve accomplishments that would affect the entire campaign. Even his troops' appearance on such a level of a battlefield meant they were consumables, quickly running out.

But even so, he wanted to participate in the war.

According to the Alliance's old conventions of recording achievements, on such battlefields, as long as one fought on the front lines, every minute and second persisted in battle and military missions was an achievement.

This may sound cruel, but he was indeed willing to lead his troops onto the fiercest battlefields to earn achievements.

After all, compared to front-line soldiers, as an officer, his survival rate was much higher.

The ideal situation would be to fight on the front line, lose a batch of troops, and the rear could supply replenishment troops to his regiment. A steadfast regiment and commander, with a rotating flow of soldiers. Ultimately, spending several Terra Days on the frontline would earn him a significant accumulated achievement, a substantial reward.

In the Alliance Army, the promotion path is very smooth, but not everyone can rise easily. If everything proceeded routinely, he might foresee the end of his career. Perhaps in the future, with accumulated seniority, he could retire with the rank of colonel or senior colonel in a deputy division commander or deputy chief of staff role.

As for becoming a General?

He probably had no hope for that in his life.

But he wanted to be a General, very urgently.

The great battle on Ancache VIII was his rare opportunity.

But now, it was gone.

No matter how unwilling he was, he could only comply and board the transport ship back.

Only when he returned to a massive transport ship and heard some news at the officer's club did his melancholy during the journey turn to relief:

"On the ground's front battlefield, every 3 minutes and 27 seconds on average, one regiment would be wiped out. The death rate of major and lower-level officers like division commanders reached 88%. For ordinary infantry regiments like yours under C-class divisions, it's estimated you're skewing the average."

Upon hearing this figure, Baiqiao remained silent.

Chapter 862: Iron Arm and Steelbone

The iron-gray armor clusters sped across the scorched earth, the roar of the Blast Bomb Guns making Bach'er's eardrums tremble. He watched as an Ironfist Ambassador warrior leapt from the transport's hatch, the jetpack spewing azure flames — in mid-air, the warrior shattered the engine of a Green Skins truck with a Thermite Cannon, the exploding metal shards piercing the Beastman horde like a rainstorm.

"Right wing is mine!" Ouyi's shout blasted through the communication channel. Bach'er glimpsed the arc light carved by orange-red arm armor in the smoke; the Terminator Squad led by the Ironfist Battle Captain was piercing through the Green Skins' defenses with Thunder Battle Hammers. The warriors of the Steel Bone Butcher immediately contracted their formation in harmony, strangling the stray targets with a death vortex formed by Chain-saw Swords.

The distinct stench of Beastmen suddenly intensified. Bach'er swung his weapon to slaughter an approaching Jumper, its green blood splattering across the Power Armor's shoulder-bearing Steel Skull Badge. His gaze swept across the battlefield, seeing the Ironfist warriors maintaining their iconic trident

advance formation — alternating cover from Blast Bomb Gunners on both wings, with the Central Assault Team eternally raising the Earth Splitting Battle Banner inherited from the Punisher Legion.

"Waaagh!!"

A deafening roar emanated from underground, the whole plain suddenly rippling like waves. A twenty-meter high Beastman Warlord crashed through the rock boundaries, rusted Power Claws tearing apart five Chimera troop carriers. Bach'er felt his teeth vibrating, while the dangling metal skulls on the monster clattered, each one from an Interstellar Warrior it had shredded.

"For the Holy Blood..." The Steel Bone Battle Captain instinctively moved toward the Holy Relic Box at his waist but saw Ouyi had already drawn the Punishment Type Power Sword. The Ironfist Ambassador warriors swiftly deployed their folding Boarding Shields, in a movement identical to their confrontation against Gene Stealers in Salamis Nest Capital, forty years prior.

"The old way?" Ouyi's voice bore a hint of laughter, scorching red light emanating from the faceplate seams. Bach'er suddenly recalled their joint slaying of Terran warriors in their youth, his doubts fading like morning mist in sunlight. He struck his chest armor heavily, prompting the Steel Bone Butchers to immediately form into three wedge-shaped teams.

As the Ironfist Terminators melted through the Warlord's knees with a Thermite torrent, Bach'er led the first company veterans up the monster's back. His Chain-saw Sword wedged into the armor seam, flying sparks staining his visor in blood red. Below him, familiar battle shouts resounded — twenty Ironfist recruits formed a human ladder to send Ouyi soaring, the battle captain's blade aglow with an eye-piercing ion arc light.

"For The Emperor!!" Both battle captains' weapons simultaneously plunged into the Beastman's eye socket. Amidst the dull explosion of bone splintering, Bach'er heard the symphony of steel and iron, reminiscent of their first charge together under the glaciers of their mother star years ago. As the Warlord fell thunderously, he saw Ouyi's battle flag planted in the creature's chest, its scorched black bullet holes were identical to those from the battle to rescue the Steel Bone Mother Star thirty years ago.

Surviving warriors in the gunpowder smoke began striking shields with Warhammers, the steel orchestration of the Steel Bone Butchers intertwined with the plasma hum of the Ironfist Ambassadors, forming an ancient rhythm. Bach'er bent down to pick up a blood-stained fragment of orange-red

shoulder armor, the Ring of Punishment emblem on it oozing blood — just like the piece broken forty years ago when Ouyi blocked a Poison Blade Cannon shot for him.

"Will the replacements inherit this too?" He wiped the blood off the metal shard. Ouyi strode over and tore open the damaged neck armor, revealing the fierce glacier crack tattoo underneath — a mark branded onto every Ironfist warrior upon their elevation to veteran status.

"Bloodlines can be copied, but spirits cannot," the battle captain gestured to the Pharmacist recovering Genetic Seeds, "See what those youngsters are inscribing on the Holy Armor?" Bach'er leaned close to the new recruits' armor, discovering densely packed runic script in the shell markings — names of fallen Ironfist Ambassador warriors throughout the ages.

As the blue light of orbital bombardment pierced the clouds, the flags of both battle groups already adorned the furnace core of the Green Skin Farm. Steel Bone warriors decorated their Power Armor with Beastman teeth, while Ironfist recruits surrounded the bodies of fallen brothers singing the Punishment Sacred Hymn. Bach'er watched the battlefield scorched by plasma, suddenly realizing that those brand-new Majestic Armors glittered under the sunset with the same matte glow as the old Sky Eagle Armor. The iron-gray armor clusters sped across the scorched earth, the roar of the Blast Bomb Guns making Bach'er's eardrums tremble. He watched as an Ironfist Ambassador warrior leapt from the transport's hatch, the jetpack spewing azure flames — in mid-air, the warrior shattered the engine of a Green Skins truck with a Thermite Cannon, the exploding metal shards piercing the Beastman horde like a rainstorm.

Chapter 862: Auxiliary Forces

"The right wing is mine!" Ouyi's roar exploded in the communication channel. Bach'er glanced at the orangish-red armor slicing through the smoke in an arc, as the Ironfist Battle Captain led the Terminator Squad, piercing through the Green Skins' defenses with Thunder Battle Hammers. The warriors of Steel Bone Butcher immediately contracted their formation, creating a vortex of death with chain-saw swords to wipe out stragglers.

The Beastman's unique stench suddenly became more intense. Bach'er swung his arm backward, cleaving through approaching foes, spattering foul green blood onto the Steel Skull Badge on the shoulders of his Power Armor. His peripheral gaze swept across the battlefield, observing that the Ironfist warriors maintained their signature trident advancing formation — the Blast Bomb gunners on each wing alternated in cover, while the Central Assault Team ever held high the Earth Splitting Battle Banner inherited from the Punisher Legion.

"Waaagh!!"

Deafening roars emanated from below, and the entire plain suddenly surged like waves. A twenty-meter-tall Beastman Warlord burst through the rock strata, its corroded Power Claws tearing apart five Chimera troop transports. Bach’er felt his teeth quivering as the monster’s jangling metal skulls adorned its body, each originating from an Interstellar Warrior it had torn apart.

"By the Holy Blood..." Instinctively, the Steel Bone Battle Captain reached for the Holy Relic Box at his waist, but saw that Ouyi had already drawn the Punishment Type Power Sword. The Ironfist Ambassador’s warriors unfolded their boarding shields in unison, their actions identical to when they fought the Genetic Thieves forty years ago in the Salamas Nest Capital.

"Old rules?" Ouyi’s voice carried a hint of amusement, with scorching red light streaming out through the seams of his faceplate. Bach’er suddenly recalled the scene where they joined forces to slay the Terran warriors in their youth; doubts evaporated like morning mist under the sun. He heavily knocked the breastplate, and the Steel Bone Butchers immediately formed into three sharp unit formations.

As the Ironfist Terminators melted through the knees of the Warlord with a torrent of heat, Bach’er was leading veterans from the first company onto the monster’s back. His chain-saw sword jammed in the armor seam, the flying sparks turning his goggles blood-red. Suddenly from below came familiar war cries — twenty Ironfist recruits had formed a human ladder to lift Ouyi into the air, the ion arc light from the Battle Captain’s sword blade dazzling everyone’s eyes to blindness.

"For The Emperor!!" The blades of two generations of Battle Captains simultaneously pierced into the Beastman’s eye socket. Bach’er heard the muffled sound of a skull shattering, blended with the clangor of steel and iron, reminiscent of their joint charge beneath the glaciers of the Mother Star in the past. As the Warlord toppled to the ground, he saw Ouyi’s battle standard impaling the monster’s chest, the charred bullet holes on the flag mirroring those from the battle thirty years ago during the mission to aid the Steel Bone Mother Star.

The surviving warriors in the smoke began to hammer their shields with Warhammers, the steel symphony of the Steel Bone Butcher intertwining with the plasma hum of the Ironfist Ambassador, forming an ancient rhythm. Bach’er bent down to pick up half a bloodstained orangish-red shoulder blade, the Ring of Punishment insignia was bleeding — identical to the piece that shattered forty years ago when Ouyi blocked the Poison Blade Cannon for him.

"Do reinforcements inherit this too?" He wiped the blood and grime off the metal fragment. Ouyi walked over and tore open the damaged neck armor, revealing the fierce glacier crack tattoo underneath — each Ironfist warrior engraves this mark at the same position upon promoting to veteran.

"Bloodlines can be copied, but souls cannot." The Battle Captain pointed at the Pharmacist collecting Genetic Seeds, "See what those kids are engraving on the Holy Armor?" Bach'er leaned close to the armor of the recruits, finding densely inscribed rune characters amid the scars of gunfire, names of the fallen generations of warriors from the Ironfist Ambassador.

As the blue light of orbital bombardment pierced through the clouds, the banners of both battle groups were already planted on the furnace core of the Green Skin Farm. The Steel Bone warriors adorned their Power Armor with Beastman teeth, while Ironfist recruits sang the Punishment Hymn around the bodies of their fallen brothers. Bach'er gazed at the battlefield melted by plasma, suddenly noticing the new Majestic Armor shimmering with a matte gloss identical to the old Sky Eagle Armor under the sunset.

Like waves surging. A twenty-meter-tall Beastman Warlord burst through the rock strata, its corroded Power Claws tearing apart five Chimera troop transports. Bach'er felt his teeth quivering as the monster's jangling metal skulls adorned its body, each originating from an Interstellar Warrior it had torn apart.

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Chapter 863: The Entire Star Domain Burns (11)

After Bone Shards triumphed over that massive insect swarm, securing a super waagh victory, the Green Skin Orcs' twin gods were quite excited, as if they were the most dazzling beings in the entire Subspace.

The other gods were unwilling to confront their sharpness at this time, and kept a low profile.

But now, these two are not able to be so arrogant.

Their earthly spokesperson, the Bone Shattering King, seems to be in a bit of trouble.

He has been cornered at his doorstep by the human army with superior forces, surrounded with no escape.

Apparently, judging by the current situation, Bone Shards have no hope of breaking through.

He doesn't seem to intend to break through.

The established strategy has never wavered, firm in the decision to defend to the death.

Beyond the defense line of the throne fortress, it took humans twenty days to fight their way through. So, how many days will it take to conquer the fortress with high walls, deep city, abundant troops, and fully equipped with various turrets, fortifications?

Facts proved that the throne fortress is indeed hard to conquer.

The Earth Shield extends about one kilometer outward from the throne fortress walls; human heavy artillery can’t get within range to bombard it.

Cannons, of course, can be pushed forward, after all, shields block high-speed but not low-speed attacks.

But if you enter within a kilometer, isn’t it all exposed to the enemy? A casual shot can write off important artillery positions.

The human troops cannot attack the fortress without heavy firepower upfront.

That’s a suicide mission.

Even if Titans, tanks, interstellar warriors, elite soldiers in power armor cooperate, it still won’t work.

The enemy inside starts bombardment from several dozen kilometers away, human troops must advance to within one kilometer against the firepower before they can retaliate; even if they enter inside the Earth Shield, there are still physical fortress bunkers and fire points...\p>

Fighting like this, no matter how many lives you throw, it’s useless.

Unless you hope to expend lives to exhaust their bullets and shells.

But inside the throne fortress, there must be ordnance factories, it’s impossible to exhaust them completely.

If really fought this way, then the highest commander of ground operations, Salas Martens Battle Group Commander of the Phoenix, should face a military court.

Firstly, the Earth Shield itself needs to be addressed.

Martens once considered mobilizing elite interstellar warriors for a raid to decapitate and destroy the shield generator inside the throne fortress.

This tactic is very familiar to the interstellar warriors; whenever they encounter tough situations, they resort to this method, it's already become a fixed mindset.

But this time, he vetoed the idea himself.

Not out of fear of death, but mainly because the hope of success wasn't great.

A single failure is not terrible, but repeated failures, it's unacceptable to sacrifice battle brothers and to delay the overall strategic plan.

Martens has other solutions.

After thorough discussions with the command center above, he instructed all divisions to concentrate all heavy firepower for use.

Cooperating with concentrated orbital bombardment from starships above, launching a ferocious attack on the throne fortress.

This wave made the Earth Shield a bit unbearable.

No matter how sturdy, no matter how much energy storage, no matter how capable of absorbing energy from the Earth's pulse, it couldn't withstand such bombardment.

If it were only orbital firepower, it might still hold. After all, the heaviest bombardments would be intercepted; the rest, the Earth Shield could block.

The throne fortress itself has strong anti-orbital firepower, and there is also a considerable amount of anti-orbital firepower placed all over the planet beyond human key landing areas, forming a threat to human orbital forces.

In the past twenty days, humans have lost over a hundred ships in total. The most painful were the losses of two battle cruisers and thirty-one cruisers.

This once again proved that pitting naval starships against ground-based anti-orbital firepower is highly disadvantageous and unprofitable.

It's only because this time Gu Hang dispatched so many ships into the war; the Green Skins had just finished a final battle with the insect swarm and hadn't had time to further arm Ancache VIII's ground defenses, otherwise, the current situation would inevitably be reversed.

Under normal circumstances, humans wouldn't be able to so wantonly utilize starship power to support the ground.

However, with ground troops encircling the throne world, things are a bit different.

Artillery positions nearly formed a continuous line.

artillery pieces were arrayed in large numbers, barrels facing the sky, forming a forest of gun barrels forty kilometers away from the target, encircling the entire fortress.

At a command, not just tens of thousands, but hundreds of thousands, millions of cannons fired simultaneously!

The power of a single shot might not mean much to the Earth Shield, far less than the fearsome ship's cannons.

However, under such a terrifying count, with shells raining on the Earth Shield, hundreds of thousands of bombardments in a short time, that's a different concept.

Thanks to the constraints on human military logistics, transport ships running to the surface, no matter how much orbit escorts them, the beasts' anti-air power still achieves a certain interception rate,

preventing humans from recklessly firing that massive artillery. Otherwise, simply with ground artillery cooperation, they could directly break the Earth Shield.

However, just the first bombardment caused Bone Shards, sitting on the throne, to feel uneasy.

After all, besides the 155 heavy artillery in clusters, humans' ground forces also have other heavy firepower in quantities.

Lasers carried by Titans; there are some 400mm caliber heavy artillery and electromagnetic guns using ultra-high-speed projectiles in the siege regiments equipped at army group level and A-class divisions... these might even be more powerful than the smallest caliber S-class cannon on starships.

Not to mention various missile launch vehicles, rocket nest combat vehicles...

Support fire from various regiments and companies, while smaller in power, more numerous in quantity.

Under crazy bombing, in just half a day, humans troops had used up half of their accumulated ammunition base.

And coordinating with the ground attack, human starships above were dropping their expensive ship cannon as if they were free. Irrespective of interception rates or the risk of close-range bombardment, just bomb them to death!

No techniques, all brute strength!

Just like the laughter of the Green Skin Orcs' two racial gods ceased, as Bone Shattering King watched the Earth Shield turn purple-red from bombardment in just half a day, his sense of worry increasingly surged.

The firepower humans deployed on the ground exceeded his expectations.

The Earth Shield is about to break.

Chapter 864: Breaking Into the Fortress

The Earth Shield of the Green Skin, shut down before it could be forcefully bombarded.

It was shut down proactively by Bone Shards.

He couldn't genuinely allow the Earth Shield to be bombarded to the point of overloaded explosion, or else, even with Green Skin technology, repairing such a large and powerful defensive device would be a massive undertaking, essentially announcing that it couldn't be reactivated throughout the entire war.

Rather than this, it's better to shut it down myself.

Anyway, if it wasn't shut down, it would be bombed in two days, sooner or later.

Once shut down, the Beastman tech masters would do their utmost to repair and maintain the Earth Shield device and try every means to replenish the energy. It's estimated that after about ten days, the shield could be reactivated.

There is no doubt, in those ten days when the Earth Shield is shut down until it is restarted, it will be the most dangerous time for the Green Skin Orcs.

Will humans give the Earth Shield a chance to be reactivated?

Obviously not.

Upon seeing the Earth Shield disappear, Gu Hang issued his command: Within these ten days, a decisive achievement must be accomplished.

Although time is somewhat tight, the human forces did not rush into a full-scale attack due to the pressure of offense.

As long as the ground artillery has ammunition, bombing for two more days is essential.

Meanwhile, in orbit, the human starship fleet also intensified the bombing.

It seemed they aimed to utilize their unmatched firepower, which the Beastman cannot rival or counter, to completely obliterate the throne fortress into ruins, while the Green Skin Orcs lost their shield.

The effect was quite significant.

Without the shield, a barrage of artillery rained down on the Green Skin's heads.

The direct casualties caused were secondary. After all, they would hide within bunkers made from steel alloy and concrete. Simply bombing those Green Skins required blasting through both steel alloy and concrete, leading to a very low cost-effectiveness ratio for the firepower.

Actually, using ship cannons to shell enemy's light infantry units is inherently unprofitable.

In terms of cost-effectiveness, nothing beats sending infantry to absorb the impact—ship cannons are extremely costly. Not to mention, bringing starships close enough for bombardment exposes them to threats, and if a starship is destroyed, the cost is equivalent to many ground forces.

But it is clearly not a time to consider cost-effectiveness. Whether it's human lives or expensive ship cannons, or even the starships themselves, as long as victory can be achieved, it is worthwhile.

In fact, if crashing the Queen of Glory into the ground could instantly achieve victory, Gu Hang would order the Queen of Glory to charge the ground without hesitation.

The primary target of the human army's attack on the fortress now is the various heavy firepower points laid out on the fortress.

Anti-air cannons, Anti-Orbit Cannons, fortress defense cannons, firepower deployment points... all these places need bombing.

Especially the first two.

This put the Beastman throne fortress in the most unfavorable situation: the less they could defend against the descending Orbital Cannon fire, and the dense ground firepower raining down, the more their anti-air and anti-orbital firepower would suffer hits; and the more hits these two would sustain, the more Green Skin Orcs would struggle to withstand the firepower...

It was a vicious cycle.

After bombing fiercely for two days, the human forces began their ground assault.

When the infantry started advancing into the fortress, the bombing actually did not cease.

The ship cannons continued to bombard the core of the fortress from a distance, safely away from the concern of friendly fire.

On the ground, the artillery moved forward by five to ten kilometers as required.

Earlier, they did not push that close because the Earth Shield was active. Being too close made them easy targets for unilateral bombardment—even then, many of the Green Skin's counter artillery managed to hit the human artillery positions, causing significant losses. However, those losses were fully acceptable compared to the massive quantity of artillery humans possessed.

Now, the Earth Shield had been shut for two days, and the Beastman's firepower suffered heavy losses in the previous bombardments, greatly reducing their threat level. Moreover, once the human artillery faced retaliation, they could immediately initiate counteraction.

There was no shield anymore, after all.

The primary task of the forward-moving ground artillery at this stage is to accompany the human soldiers in their advance within the fortress, providing fire support.

Street battles are brutal.

Not to mention entering to capture a fully militarized, large-scale military fortress with unknown numbers of Green Skin Orcs lurking inside.

All terrain and settings were arranged to maximize the defensive side's firepower advantage, naturally designed to disadvantage the attackers.

Narrow attack corridors, crossfire networks set up, key areas shutting gates to block passage...all are troublesome.

Yet humans, loudly singing battle songs, advanced bravely and fearlessly under the gunfire.

...

The Ironfist Ambassador Battle Group departed from Landing Site One, spearheading the main force advancing toward the fortress.

Proficient in direct combat, skilled in coordinating artillery and armored units to form a steel curtain advance, the Ironfist Ambassador excelled notably in the Omgeria battlefield. Their combat style was indeed well-suited for the Omgeria battlefield, where combat against Beastmen mostly involved straightforward, head-on struggles. Their advantage was showcased prominently in such a battlefield.

Chapter 864: Breaching the Fortress_2

Ironfist Ambassador Battle Group Leader Ouyi, in the instant he charged out from the frontal defense of the iron shield, crushed the skulls of three beastman youths under the ceramic steel boots.

With a swing of the battle blade, one heavily-armored beastman after another fell under his sword, until the head of the beastman leader was cut off, clearing the last obstacle on the path of the area they were attacking.

Around the Interstellar Warriors, tanks and armored vehicles rumbled past, squad after squad of Alliance soldiers, their military songs loud and clear, swiftly eliminating the remaining beastman forces.

Every time he looked at their figures, Ouyi felt a sense of awe.

This was the second most shocking thing to him since he joined the Alliance with the battle group.

The first was Mr. Gu, whom he had only met once, and who could really swiftly replenish the personnel and equipment of his battle group, instantly restoring them to their peak.

Nothing could be more shocking than that.

But the Alliance Army remained praiseworthy and commendable.

During their wanderings as a Ship-Based Battle Group, he had seen countless Human Empire troops, never had he seen a mortal army of such elite scale.

Especially after personally fighting alongside them, the realization deepened.

Unlike many other battle groups whose combat styles didn't quite fit mortal troops and didn't require much infantry cooperation, the Ironfist Ambassador's Iron Curtain advance couldn't rely solely on its own power. No matter how good they were at frontal warfare or how quickly Mr. Gu replenished their ranks, it couldn't hide the fact that a battle group was just a thousand people.

In the process of advancing, the accompanying mortal troops played a very important role.

The artillery units and Ironfist's artillery command system could organically unite; the armored units' advance, the infantry tactics' rapid line fill-in, and timely air force support all coordinated with the Ironfist Ambassador itself as the backbone and core of the advance. This comprehensive integration was the key to their battle group shining in this war.

The more elite, reliable, and combat-capable the mortal troops were, the stronger the Ironfist would be.

Honestly, even Ouyi had not thought that his own battle group could become so imposing.

Such a thing wasn't recorded in the history of the battle group.

In that sense, it wasn't just about bringing the battle group back to its former peak. He could even say he had brought the Ironfist Ambassador beyond the peak to a higher stage.

Perhaps, only the so-called Punisher Legion from the army era, mentioned in the fragmentary words of battle group history, truly had such grace?

Even the current parent group, the Punisher Legion, might not be able to execute an attack like theirs—not because they were stronger than the parent group, but because their parent group probably couldn't find such excellent collaborators like the Alliance Army.

With the help of this elite army, the Ironfist Ambassador was also one of the most outstanding on Ancache VIII's ground battlefield. Even compared to the Phoenix Battle Group, led by Martins Battle Group Commander himself, which was in the same attack direction and even the overall commander of the ground campaign, their record was only comparable to theirs.

Well, of course, that's partly because the Phoenix Battle Group didn't go all out, leaving many frontal attack opportunities to them. Even in some challenging key battles, whenever they called, the Phoenix came to help but never tried to upstage them.

Ouyi was very grateful.

The battle group's ability to achieve brilliant results brought many benefits.

One could see the attitude of Steel Bone Butcher, who used to have a much higher status and dominated the past friendship, during the last cooperation.

To have come this far from a battle group that was close to demise and extinction, he was utterly satisfied.

He was very grateful to the Alliance and determined to continue contributing in the upcoming battles.

Ouyi also envisioned that after the Ancache campaign, Ironfist's renown would resound throughout the Dark Side Expedition and spread to half of the Empire along with the expedition!

And for now, what he had to face was a gate at the end of a marching avenue.

Breaking through here, the Ironfist Ambassador would earn the honor of being the 'first to breach the fourth ring of the fortress'.

Incidentally, the first to breach the fifth ring would also be them, which was the outermost circular defense line of the Throne Fortress.

The helmet display projected the battlefield situation onto his retina, with fire spewing furiously above the iron gate of the bastion.

Even though multiple permanent bunkers and turrets had been destroyed in the previous bombardment, the Green Skins continued to resist stubbornly. They were constructing new firing points using the bombed turrets. Even if the old cannons couldn't be used, they'd at least get heavy machine guns and mortars up there; there were also Green Skin engineers temporarily repairing positions on the battlefield.

But Ouyi would not give them more chances.

Upon his command, twelve Heavy City Breaker Mechas appeared from the rear and slowly advanced.

As their name suggests, these big guys, adapted from Vengeful Goddess-class Knight Mechas and only slightly smaller than Titans, were designed for city sieges.

Compared to the original multipurpose combat models, the City Breakers were much heavier, sacrificing mobility and dueling capabilities for their heavy equipment, which was highly destructive against various defense structures.

From its shoulder reactive armor, two thermite shells popped out, while the shock drill on the end of its mechanical arm began preheating, blue-white electric arcs jumping on the composite ceramic drill tip.

When the City Breakers began advancing, a barrage of shells also rained down on the enemy positions.

This was to create attack opportunities for the City Breakers and suppress the Green Skins.

Despite the Green Skins' suicidal counterattacks, they were often blown to bits when they peeked out, and found it hard to stop the City Breakers' advance.

"Thermite team, advance!" Ouyi continued to command, "Burn through them once the shockwave ends..."

Warning signs suddenly erupted on the tactical link, and the rusty metal plates atop the bastion were blown away entirely. A thirty-meter-tall War Machine emerged from the ground. The beastman technicians used Insect Race carapace to weld a giant nozzle, pointing at the City Breaker formation, as the crude nozzle spewed out dark green fumes.

At the same time, the iron gate they had targeted suddenly opened, and several super-large battle mechas charged out. Following them, a mass of heavily armored Greenskins swarmed out, and the gate quickly closed again.

"Gao Mao King Kong! They were hiding such a thing?"

Ouyi's brow furrowed deeply; this was something he hadn't anticipated.

He had thought that after the bombing, the Greenskins were only putting up a futile resistance with their last bit of strength.

He hadn't expected they had such a card up their sleeve.

Previous aerial reconnaissance and probing attacks hadn’t forced this thing out. Was the cunning Greenskin commander waiting for this moment?

The newly emerged Greenskin units posed a considerable threat to the City Breaker Mechas, which were relatively weak in direct combat power.

Under the unexpected barrage from the new giant cannon on the bastion, one City Breaker Mecha was already dissolving in a green energy stream, and the operator’s screams abruptly ended in the communications channel.

"Titan support team, this is Ironfist Ambassador. We need clear..."

"No Titans left, Battle Group Leader!" A voice from an Engine Prophet of the Sect of Mechanics, with data stream noise, replied, "The last two Warhound-class Titans were disabled by the Ork Suicide Squad twenty minutes ago, and new Titans are en route."

Another piece of bad news...

The tactical visor showed that the third bastion’s defense strength exceeded expectations.

Ouyi pulled up energy readings, and those seemingly scattered metal scrap piles under the battlements were forming waagh field amplifiers.

"Carion, take your second company, coordinate with the 2577th regiment, and destroy the scrap piles in the southeast corner... Third company, assist the 2578th regiment to quickly support the City Breakers... Artillery company, collaborate with the 113th division’s artillery battalion to suppress that bastion giant cannon!"

In the exchange of words, the troops quickly executed the response measures.

Chapter 865: The Bone Shards Appear

Faced with the formidable defense of the bastion, Ouyi’s response was fairly competent.

The third division moved up to alleviate the threat of the Gao Mao King Kong against the Breacher Mecha;

The second division went to dismantle the scrap heaps, disrupting the waagh energy support to the bastion’s top turrets;

The artillery directly suppressed the bastion turrets;

These responses were impeccable.

But right at this moment, Ouyi saw another bastion, seemingly blasted to shreds, with a set of rocket cannon arrays emerging from its top, swiftly orienting—targeting the three artillery battalion positions of the Alliance Army’s 223rd Division setting up heavy artillery.

"Colonel Maloni! Get your men out of the E7 area!" His roar made the communicator crackle, "Now! Immediately!"

But it was too late.

The vehicles dragging the artillery had just started their engines when rockets covered them. Under the burning armor plates, high-explosives followed with detonation, producing a terrifying disaster.

Thus, that artillery position went silent, and a loss report hasn’t arrived yet, but it’s likely severe.

"Battle Group Leader, the Breacher’s steel-breaking drill is ready!" The technical sergeant’s voice finally came through, "But we need to suppress the top turrets and the Beastman King Kong for fifteen seconds! Otherwise, the energy shield can’t be maintained and will be destroyed when initiating the steel-breaking drill!"

Ouyi inserted the Phase Sword back into the magnetic clip, gripping the Blast Bomb Gun with both hands: "First division, follow me into action!"

As he leapt from cover, thirty Ironfist Ambassadors formed a shield wall, and the remaining warriors of the first division followed in the most standard combat posture of an Ironfist Ambassador, providing fire support and cover, and preparing to kill out from the shield wall at any moment.

And the Mortal Troops, well-coordinated for a long time, followed closely behind.

The Beastmen's heavy machine guns wove a barrage overhead, with bullets occasionally hitting the heavy shields, and sometimes bullets slipped through, hitting Ouyi's left shoulder armor.

But under his leadership, reinforcements joined the fight, attacking the Gao Mao King Kong aggressively alongside the third division and Mortal Troops that had initially charged forward to support, preventing them from approaching the Breacher Mecha.

Without equally leveled heavy armor units, dealing with Gao Mao King Kong is particularly challenging.

Not to mention, one unit among them has reached the size of a human Warlord Level Titan—with the boost of Green Skins' technology, its actual combat effectiveness isn't far off from the Warlord Level.

It can't be ignored; there's no choice but to engage head-on.

The third division was first to support, but they can only say they held off, restraining the Gao Mao King Kong preventing them from dealing significant blows to the Breacher Mecha.

But the effect of this restraint currently seems problematic.

The third division fought bitterly. Their sacrifice is significant; upon advancing, even with heavy shields, the firepower from Gao Mao King Kong is hard to completely withstand.

In contrast, their firepower is ineffective against such Titan Level war machines, serving a restraining role at best. However, those few King Kongs can't completely ignore the firepower from the Interstellar Warriors, nor can they neglect the defensive firepower of the Breacher Mecha. Besides, although the

Breacher isn't great in combat power, it has solid armor; a few hits wouldn't matter—unless hit directly by the bastion's giant guns above.

But now, the bastion's giant guns are firing.

Initially, human artillery provided some suppression, but when the bastion's rocket cannon arrays emerged, destroying the human artillery positions and suppressing the artillery, the situation worsened significantly.

Out of twelve attacking Breachers, six have now been destroyed.

But the Green Skins felt this wasn't fast enough.

One King Kong attempted to dominate nearby, using more powerful melee weapons to efficiently destroy human siege mechas.

However, this King Kong's reckless action led to its own demise.

It stormed through the third division's iron shield array, aggressively crashing in but several Thermite Bombs were attached to its feet, ultimately crippling amidst the Interstellar Warriors mob. The command cabin was blown, and the furious captain led two trusted aides up, slaughtering the Green Skins tech masters inside.

Victory was claimed, but at a considerable cost.

The subsequent Beastman infantry seized the chaotic moment, rushing forward under the firepower cover of the remaining three King Kongs.

This wave was well-timed, with the iron shield array not yet restored, amidst the confusion, the Interstellar Warriors indeed were rapidly depleting in numbers.

The third division suffered significant casualties.

At this critical juncture, a major assistance alleviated the problem: the brave soldiers of the Alliance Army.

Personally led by a major commissar, an elite squad from the assault team surged ahead abruptly, cutting off the space of the Green Skins' influx. Although they all died with no survivors, they drew King Kong's fire, temporarily blocked the Green Skins infantry's assault, buying precious time for the third division to adjust.

And at this moment, the first division led by Ouyi himself finally reached the battlefield.

Ouyi personally faced a Beastman leader, who lunged with a Power Claw, but Ouyi noticed in advance, giving it two shots, momentarily halting it, then drew the Phase Sword, slicing through its throat bone, decapitating it.

"Raise shields! Assault!"

"Breachers, follow up!"

He roared, the heavy shield bearers of the first and third divisions started accelerating their advance. Heavy shields upfront, sprinting with full effort forward, crushing and slamming away any obstructing enemies.

Chapter 865: Bone Shards Revealed (2)

And Ouyi, together with his trusted guard unit, the leaders of Company One and Company Three, form the sharpest spearhead, advancing alongside the heavy shield warriors during the assault. Any threats potentially obstructing the array assault, like higher-threat Beastman heavy armor bosses or Death Cannons, were prioritized for elimination. When the King Kong's heavy firepower rained down, the heavy shield bearers would step up to proactively block the fire—though this often results in shattered shields, it effectively limits the blast range, reducing the impact on other battle brothers.

In this life-or-death charge wielding courage as a spear and sacrifice as a shield, they smashed through the enemy's defenses, approaching the vicinity of the remaining three Gao Mao King Kongs.

Ouyi’s respirator was filled with the smell of blood, but he could hear the sound of victory.

"Thermic team!" He could only manage this one shout as he, clad in heavy Terminator Armor, fearlessly initiated an attack against one of the Gao Mao King Kongs with his trusted aides and successfully attracted its attention.

A massive King Kong fist crashed down, nearly half his size. A Terminator heavy shield aide stood before him, struck by the giant fist, was sent flying and landed motionless nearby. But the fist, having reduced power and altered angle, missed him.

Then, with a fierce shoulder slam, Ouyi prevented the King Kong from retracting its fist, followed by ferocious strikes with a Phase Sword, slicing off the enormous King Kong fist from the extended wrist!

The Thermic team arrived in time and, with the King Kong slightly off balance, bypassed the Energy Shield to plant bombs and destroy this King Kong.

Looking up, Ouyi saw his Company Three leader had already perished beneath another King Kong’s feet, but through their sacrifice, including the leader command group, they created an opportunity for another unit, ultimately leading to the destruction of that King Kong as well.

No time for sorrow, Ouyi targeted the final King Kong.

Yet this King Kong was comparatively clever.

Under the cover of Beastman infantry, it retreated while unleashing long-range fire on the Interstellar Warriors.

Simultaneously, the fortress’s huge cannons and rocket nests shifted fire towards the Interstellar Warriors and human soldiers.

Slightly slower, the tardy city busters finally approached the walls and Alloy Gate.

Drill-tipped shock blast launchers softened targets; close-range drills began colliding.

Bright red streams cut into metal and concrete walls softened by shock waves, pouring molten metal like waterfalls. Ouyi saw the gate beginning to deform, but the rocket cannon atop continued pouring fire.

The Beastmen also knew the battle was at its most critical. They furiously bombarded the Interstellar Warriors, bombarded the city busters.

The final King Kong, after flipping a city buster Mecha, was eliminated by Ouyi and his men.

Looking around, the fortress top's fire remained fierce, with half the city busters destroyed, the walls being demolished, and with the attack's two companies left in tatters, the human army soldiers reduced to scattered corpses.

"Carion!" Ouyi's roar nearly drowned out the explosions, "How much longer?!?"

He was shouting at his Company Two leader.

At this moment, purple Spiritual Energy lightning suddenly exploded at the southeast corner.

The Think Tanks acting with Company Two finally succeeded.

Under leader Carion's command, they charged out from the scrap heap, rushing to support the main battlefield.

Behind them was the disintegrating waagh force field generator.

Ouyi's tactical visor linked to the Bird Divination Device instantly cleared up; he saw weakness points in the gate structure 'jumping', and the fortress top's lethal giant cannon and rocket launcher nest firepower reduced by more than half.

"Everyone retreat!" He grabbed two battle brothers still firing, "It’s gonna blow!"

The city buster Mecha’s drills, upon an unknown number of times striking the gate, finally accumulated enough kinetic energy to break through the critical point. The heavy Alloy Gate shattered like glass, with flying metal shards indiscriminately knocking down nearby combatants—Beastmen attacking the city busters, human soldiers defending them, Interstellar Warriors—few could rise again.

Two city busters also fell.

But they had accomplished their most important task.

Ouyi took another hit from bullet or explosion shrapnel from who knows where, seeming to penetrate his Power Armor, and he could feel the blood flowing.

Yet he still stood firmly.

"Secure the passage!" He reloaded his Blast Bomb Gun, "Follow up! Hurry inside! We must push to the top, destroy the turrets!"

As they rushed into the fortress interior, they hardly cared about the stench in the air. Ouyi sliced through obstructing temporary iron grates and advancing Beastman guards with his Phase Sword, leading the charge inward.

Company Two arrived first, followed closely by reinforcements under fire, steadily pressing on.

"Battle Group Leader! Three o’clock direction!" Carion’s voice warned, indicating a heavy machine gun nest.

Ouyi rolled to evade the first wave of gunfire; his Blast Bomb Gun emptied the magazine but couldn’t penetrate the bulletproof steel plates.

He saw a squad of Alliance Army elite soldiers, feedback revealing Power Armor, trying to flank from the side, but a Beastman boss guarding it tore them into six pieces with a Chainsaw Axe. Following up, two Ironfist Ambassador warriors resolved the boss with Hot Melt Guns, but they themselves were blown half apart.

"Deploy Thermic Sprayers! Burn away these Aliens!"

After the heavy machine gun furrow was eliminated, they aimed to continue their upward strike.

But the Green Skins were also insanely fierce.

They actually placed a massive bomb trap within their fortress!

Fortunately, the tech sergeant had prior alertness, issuing a warning, keeping casualties from being particularly severe.

Ouyi was blasted six meters away by the shockwave, his helmet display fractured into a web-like pattern.

Taking off his helmet, he looked forward, seeing the upward passage had collapsed from the blast.

No way to proceed upwards, yet it wasn’t a barrier.

Surviving city buster Mechas continued expanding the outside breach. Once sufficiently large, they could enter and clear obstacles.

Staying inside the fortress wouldn’t get them bombed.

"Commander!" Suddenly, an Alliance Army colonel’s voice appeared on the comm channel, "My engineers found the power line! Setting explosives!"

This was an unexpected delight!

A new marker appeared in the tactical chain. A leftover unit from the 257th Division had pierced the underground pipeline from the northwest side!

"Blow it up! Blow it without worry!" Ouyi cared not if the explosion might harm the forces he led into the fortress, including himself.

Victory was paramount.

In the thunderous explosion, the entire fortress suddenly listed fifteen degrees. Ouyi heard the groans of breaking metal, with the fortress power core's overload explosion causing inevitable damage to the structure.

Some warriors were buried under rubble, but the previously blocked passage reappeared.

With the remaining men, Ouyi charged upward. Despite being impeded by Green Skins guarding the turret at the fortress top, they still managed to destroy the turret.

Although there remained stubborn Green Skins resistance below and larger Green Skins supporting from behind the fortress, Ouyi knew he had succeeded.

Without the fortress giant cannons and rocket fire suppression, human forces could quickly come to support.

His reserve forces were also relatively ample.

Though the 257th Division had mostly collapsed, there were still ten divisions behind; if not enough, another ten could be brought!

More city busters coming would further collapse the wall, widen the approach, and expedite heavy tanks advancing.

The distinction of being the first to break through the fourth ring was just within reach, or at least could be considered in the bag!

Despite heavy Battle Group losses, it was still an undeniable victory.

Only, advancing further into the fortress's third ring would need to hold a bit.

He needed to wait for Titan reinforcements to get into position.

If he had a few Titans available in the battle just now, things wouldn't have been so arduous.

Just as he thought, a sharp alarm suddenly pierced all communication channels.

His helmet was broken, unable to see the tactical visor, so he had to ask beside him: "What is that?"

His Company Two leader Carion, sounding slightly rigid: "Detected a massive biological signal..."

But soon, Ouyi needed no one to tell him.

Standing atop the burning fortress ruins, Ouyi could see with the naked eye a massive Beastman figure emerging from the Green Tide, wielding a colossal War Axe, heading towards the fortress ruins. Its skyward roar, which even shook Ouyi's soul as a veteran of hundreds of years of battle, startled him.

"Is that... Bone Shards?"

Chapter 866: Second Brother's Fall

One axe!

Just one axe!

Carion’s eyes were bloodshot as he watched the monster cleave his respected Battle Group Commander in half, along with his sword and armor!

But what could he do?

He could only grit his teeth and continue running with fifty Ironfist Ambassador warriors, running ceaselessly.

This was the order from the Battle Group Commander, asking him to preserve the last lineage of the battle group, hoping to rise again in the future.

This is a daunting task, not only for the future but also for the present.

If given a choice, he would rather turn back now, to die a meaningless death alongside his battle brothers, than to live on in disgrace, carrying such an overwhelming burden and guilt for countless years.

But he couldn’t.

His responsibilities were too heavy.

And that monster was too terrifying.

Forty minutes ago, his battle group was still basking in the joy of victory.

They were the first to break through the fourth defensive line, adding another glorious achievement for the battle group in the Omgeria war.

However, the arrival of Bone Shards turned their glory into bubbles.

Not only that, but it also directly brought disaster upon the Ironfist Ambassador.

In fact, when they first identified the unbelievably powerful Green Skin leader approaching head-on, and the high likelihood that it was the 'Bone Shattering King', Ouyi dared not take it lightly for a moment.

He had no unrealistic illusions, nor was he arrogant enough to think that he and his Ironfist Ambassador could block this terrifying monster.

In the past, Ouyi's experience was limited, and he couldn't understand how powerful this level of opponent could be. But having been part of the Alliance for quite a while, he fully understood now.

This was not an existence he could contend with.

In fact, just look at Bone Shards' achievements in this war.

Most notably was the exquisite ambush orchestrated by Bone Shards when facing the Queen's final struggle. They had clearly bypassed various Green Skin defenses, sending the strongest Insect Race individuals, like the Brain Bug Tyrant, Insect Nest Tyrant, Executioner Tyrant, Swarm Overlord, etc., directly to Bone Shards, encircling it.

This by any means should have been a sure-kill situation.

Yet Bone Shards singlehandedly killed all these formidable ambushers.

What concept is this?

Ouyi once fought against an Insect Nest Overlord, a being he could not defeat even with all his might, eventually relying on cooperation with the Steel Bone Butcher, suffering great casualties and costs to finally achieve victory.

And according to information circulated by the Command Center, from a Spiritual Energy observer who sacrificed their life to retrieve it, Bone Shards killed an Insect Nest Tyrant as easily as slaying a dog.

The Insect Swarm created such a great opportunity and still could not succeed, let alone replacing it with Ouyi and his battle group.

Moreover, at this moment, Bone Shards had not stepped into a trap and was not alone. Following him were what might be the most elite contingent of the Beastman Army on Ancache VIII. Not to mention large armored units like Goldsteel, just those Beastman trusted aides alone could match up against seasoned Terminator veterans, and might not lose.

And the war generals and great Shaman closest to the Bone Shattering King, each could probably have the equivalent strength of a Battle Group Champion.

Whether in terms of individual combat power or the size of their army, the Ironfist Ambassador, having just finished a fierce battle, did not have the strength to oppose the enemy.

The Ironfist Ambassador had to abandon the fortress bastion they had just captured at great cost of lives and retreat in full.

No matter how reluctant they were, they couldn't waste the entire battle group in a battle they couldn't possibly win. That would be a senseless sacrifice with no value.

Of course, Ouyi also quickly reported back the news that the Bone Shattering King had appeared in person and was leading the attack at the highest level.

His retreat was not without purpose.

He was retreating to the fifth defensive line.

There, just two days ago, was a place they had conquered, and it had already been handed over to the follow-up troops.

The human army's attack on the Bone Shards king's fortress had aspects as swift as the wind and as aggressive as fire, but also parts as steady as a forest and as immovable as a mountain.

Charging forward rapidly and attacking continuously were the Ironfist Ambassador and the A-class divisions they led.

But there were also A-class divisions bringing numerous B-class divisions, quickly taking over the areas attacked by frontline troops, clearing out any Green Skins not completely eradicated to ensure smooth logistics for the attacking troops, and they had to establish a strong defense line on site, prevent enemy counterattacks, and if necessary, they had to support up front, providing any necessary reinforcements including long-range firepower, troop reinforcements, or even direct involvement in combat to support the advancing forces.

In two days, relying on engineering machinery and the ruins of Beastman constructions, engineers should have built some decent defensive structures.

Though with these human forces, thinking of blocking Bone Shards was unrealistic. However, they had some strategic depth. Starting from the defensive line to the fifth position of the fortress, they could form layered blocks. Instead of attempting to completely stop the Green Skins, they sought to delay the elite Green Skin assault forces, and achieve a deceleration effect, to buy time.

For what can the time gained be used?

That was not his concern.

But he believed that regardless of whether it was Martins Battle Group Commander responsible for overall command on the ground, or Mr. Gu stationed in the planetary orbit, they would have a way to handle the situation.

Chapter 866: Second Brother Takes the Field (Part 2)

After all, the biggest target of this attack is Bone Shattering King himself.

Now he has appeared and taken the initiative to attack, appearing aggressive, but isn’t this also an opportunity?

Otherwise, if we followed the original plan of attacking wall by wall, the battle could be drawn out indefinitely by those stubbornly resisting Green Skins, and the human side would inevitably face huge casualties.

And now, the opportunity to end this war that devours countless human lives as quickly as possible is right in front of us.

Ouyi is determined to do what he needs to do.

However, from the very start, the battle developed beyond his control.

Although he immediately led his troops to retreat upon realizing the presence of Bone Shattering King, the latter had no intention of letting him go.

A large number of Green Skin Orcs air forces were deployed, swarming like bees and temporarily entangling the human air forces.

Under the human air force's strikes, and the attacks from human armored anti-air vehicles advancing on the ground, the orc air forces' numbers were quickly reduced. However, this did not prevent them from temporarily occupying the sky.

The retreating Ironfist Ambassador encountered an air strike.

This inevitably slowed their retreat.

Even worse, a unit was dropped from the orc aircraft.

It was led by a powerful Orc Warlord, though few in numbers, they were all elite.

They might not be enough to annihilate the Ironfist Ambassador, but they were sufficient to hold them back.

Once Bone Shattering King arrives, it's all over.

Ouyi is well aware that this is the moment of greatest danger.

He made two preparations.

One was to desperately block the Orc Warlord and ordered his troops to break through amid the air strike, despite the unfavorable conditions.

The other was Carion.

In the breakout, Carion and the fifty warriors he led were the last seeds.

While the Ironfist main force was engaging most of the enemy's attention during the breakout, Carion led fifty men to quietly slip away from the edge of the battlefield.

The entire Ironfist Ambassador's breakout operation also served as cover for them. Even when there were clearly better choices, Ouyi's command decisions tended more toward options that would better facilitate Carion's group in escaping.

Thus, Carion indeed escaped.

Taking with him the last batch of seeds of the battle group.

But at the same time, Bone Shattering King also arrived.

In Carion's moment of despair, a glimmer of hope suddenly appeared—lightning burst across the battlefield, and countless blue translucent Heroic Spirit Warriors appeared on the battlefield.

Furthermore, this time the quality was exceptionally high.

These Heroic Spirits not only included those wearing Alliance Army attire but also quite a number who were much taller than ordinary humans, equipped with Power Armor, and even Terminator Armor.

Carion had heard of Heroic Spirits before.

Though he hadn't seen them with his own eyes, during previous battles they had appeared so many times on so many battlefields, witnessed by so many people. The not-so-strict confidentiality policy, paired with the extensive eyewitness accounts, inevitably allowed some words to be spread.

When Carion heard about these Heroic Spirits, he, like many others, harbored doubts. Although these beings now seemed entirely benevolent, they sounded unreliable.

He didn't think that in this war filled with glory, humanity needed assistance from these unknown supernatural beings. Even without them, humanity would still achieve ultimate victory.

But at this moment, the sudden appearance of Heroic Spirits brought him boundless hope.

Perhaps his battle group, the Battle Group Leader he respected, still had a chance.

Bone Shattering King arrived, standing before many Heroic Spirits.

His trusted aide battled alongside the Heroic Spirits, and in an instant, the conflict reached an extremely fierce level. In just a moment, countless Heroic Spirits were shot down and chopped down, but plenty of elite Orcs also fell.

Bone Shattering King launched a furious charge, his battle cry resonating throughout the field, unstoppable even by the most explosive gunfire; his voice pierced the hearts of all living things with tremor and fear.

And among them, those most affected turned out to be the Heroic Spirits!

Moments earlier, these Heroic Spirits were still fighting desperately against the Orc army, creating opportunities for the Ironfist Ambassadors to break through, yet their forms suddenly became unstable.

Electric arcs crackled, their bodies becoming even more ethereal, and their ability to exert power abruptly diminished. Most of the Heroic Spirits, amid this unstable flickering, were either extinguished or simply couldn't maintain their existence, disappearing as suddenly as they appeared.

A very few who barely maintained their presence found their combat effectiveness greatly reduced, quickly scattered by gunfire and blade.

Even more terrifying, the continuous generation of new Heroic Spirits suddenly ceased.

Caught unprepared, the Ironfist Ambassador's defense line opened wide in desperation.

From afar, Carion watched his battle brothers dissolve rapidly, like ice thrown into a boiling furnace, consumed by the Green Tide.

Hundreds of Interstellar Warriors, scarcely able to form an effective resistance.

The most conspicuous of them was Bone Shattering King himself.

Under his enormous frame, even an Interstellar Warrior seemed like a small chick.

He slaughtered the Ironfist Warriors as if crushing chicks, none could withstand a single blow from him.

The Intelligence Director of the battle group called forth flames of Spiritual Energy covering himself, like adding an extra visual effect, causing no harm, but when Bone Shattering King glared at him, his head exploded along with his helmet.

Ultimately, Ouyi faced Bone Shattering King.

The Ironfist leader courageously raised his Phase Sword and challenged the Beastman King.

Bone Shattering King accepted the challenge.

He possessed much faster speed and agility, and superior technique, along with the additional waagh force field, not to mention his physical strength perhaps unmatched anywhere in the universe...

These elements culminated in what appeared to be an ordinary chop of a War Axe.

What Ouyi wielded was a Phase Sword, reputed to be indestructible, capable of cutting through even armor made of fine gold.

However, it was severed by Bone Shattering King's crude-looking War Axe.

The war axe continued downward, starting from the left side of Ouyi's head near his ear, extending downwards to the right hip, slicing his head and upper body into two diagonally.

Carion finally gave up, turning away in tears.

...

The emergence of the Heroic Spirit army amidst Ironfist despair was, of course, the handiwork of Gu Hang.

In fact, not only Heroic Spirits but even Gu Hang himself was prepared to descend.

This was the plan when Bone Shattering King showed up.

Whether Bone Shattering King couldn't bear the disadvantage and decided to attack proactively, or he ultimately remained hidden, surrounded by humans at the center, as long as his trace was discovered, Gu Hang intended to descend personally and resolve this greatest crisis with thunderous force.

But unexpectedly, Gu Hang encountered a big problem.

Indeed, Bone Shattering King's roar shattering large numbers of Heroic Spirits wasn't surprising. His exceptionally strong waagh force field exploding and causing things like Heroic Spirits reliant on Subspace Power to crumble was quite normal.

But after the roar, the inability to generate new Heroic Spirits was not Bone Shattering King's doing.

He couldn't cut off Gu Hang's ability to project power to the ground.

The real threat came from Subspace.

When Gu Hang showed the intent to descend himself, he suddenly discovered two orc faces reflected in the storm clouds above his Storm God Kingdom.

Those faces lacked their typical grins and hysteria, instead expressionless.

Gu Hang seemed to understand their meaning:

"That's our chosen one, we haven't personally gone down; try going down."

"Dare to descend, we'll blow up your Divine Realm!"

Chapter 867: So the Parent Was Me All Along?

Gu Hang's first reaction was anger.

You are really shameless!

'Kids' are fighting, so how come the 'parents' are stepping in?

The second reaction was expectation.

His perception drifted everywhere, hoping for that brilliant golden light, the cold sun to appear.

Who doesn't have parents?

The Green Skins' gods are coming out to bully people, The Emperor, you can't just sit back!

But Gu Hang was disappointed: he did not see the golden light he was expecting.

What, where are my parents?

The Emperor isn't coming?

This made Gu Hang feel cold all over.

Standing in the Storm God Kingdom, gazing upwards at the faces of the Beastman Gods projected onto the clouds, his mindset gradually calmed down.

He figured out one thing: Is there a possibility that he is the parent?

Those two Green Skin Orc gods are gods; in a sense, Gu Hang is too.

On the surface of Ancache VIII, the deadly war is waged between races under the command of two gods.

From this perspective, it might really be the case.

Turns out, I have to step in, breaking the rules?

Gu Hang felt a bit dazed.

Turns out, unknowingly, I have already reached this level? Don't think that there is anything that can protect and guard him anymore. On the contrary, now he has to protect and guard his people.

But... it doesn't seem right either!

You have Bone Shards, this powerful representative, and I don't!

But... can a new one be made?

Since I'm the 'parent' now, I've got to have enough fighting 'kids' under me to be convenient.

Not just now, but in the foreseeable future, as Gu Hang's strength enhancement will be further strengthened, with more advanced Subspace essence, he will climb higher levels and embrace Subspace.

Because of his uniqueness, he is human, he has a physical form in the real universe, a fixed point, he won't be like the ascended Emperor or other Subspace Powerhouses who can't appear in the real universe directly.

But it's unavoidable to be limited by the real universe.

More importantly, inside Subspace, as the presence of the Storm God Kingdom becomes more prominent, behaving recklessly like before won't be tolerated by other powerhouses. They'll keep an eye on Gu Hang; once similar traces appear, if Gu Hang wants to step in himself, unless the opponent is 'without backing', their backing will appear just like now, warning him.

In the past, Gu Hang did not have the awareness of being a 'parent'. Now, suddenly feeling that he has reached this level, creating forces capable of acting in situations where he shouldn't personally step in has become imperative.

There are two candidates.

First, is Martins.

This Phoenix Battle Group Leader can be considered a founding member of the Alliance, or even an original stockholder. Yet, this original stockholder, to Gu Hang, whose reputation is invincibly high and has immense control over the battle group, holds not so much significance.

In the past, when he first joined the Alliance, his strength was just at the level of the company champion. After all, even though he was named Battle Group Leader at that time, he only had a few people under him. The final battle of the Phoenix's Redemption Expedition had completely exhausted the group's vitality, leaving only a few scattered members.

But now, he is different.

He has followed the Alliance, from its establishment to now boldly advancing in the Dark Side Expedition, experiencing almost every major event of the Alliance. His own strength has also continuously improved over the years.

Not to mention, Gu Hang aggressively uses the system to enhance his strength.

Martins here can be considered to receive the treatment of a son.

By now, in the [Hero] interface, Level 9, the highest level, the rarity of the character has grown to SSR.

This is indeed a blessing from the system, but as Gu Hang's understanding of the so-called system deepens, he gradually realizes that what the [Hero] interface provides actually resembles more of self-potential excavation for the character, the enhancement in strength essentially stems from themselves.

This aspect runs through all system functions. Whether it's [Soldier] interface training, or [Hero] interface enlightenment, or [Battle Group] interface interstellar warrior training, it's all the same; it all depends on the person being trained or enlightened, and their inherent qualities.

Some soldiers reach their potential peak at T3 level, and the system can't help; most people cannot be enlightened through the [Hero] interface, and the few who can be enlightened have an upper limit on level enhancement, requiring them to have significant experiences and self-awareness to further invest Gift Points and upgrade. Like the character rarity, the enhancement through Gift Points is more limited and needs them to have a 'realization' for it to be effective. Among interstellar warriors, most can only be elevated to veteran or sergeant level, even if the seed quality is relatively good, they can only achieve a 10% to 15% ratio of championship level...

These are concrete manifestations.

The assistance provided by consuming Gift Points can, once they basically meet the standard, mysteriously and uniquely extract the power that originally belongs to them.

Chapter 867: So I'm My Own Guardian? (Part 2)

Martins has already been fully exploited.

His personal strength, bolstered by multiple enhancements, could reach the level of an Emperor Champion—one step above a Battle Group Champion in terms of power.

But according to Gu Hang's judgment, this power level is at best only capable of having an even match in a one-on-one duel with an Insect Nest Overlord.

The ambush in which Bone Shards was attacked left a deep impression on Gu Hang. The Insect Nest Overlord, accompanied by a group of top-tier subordinates, was ruthlessly crushed in their siege against the Orc King.

Having an even match with an Insect Nest Overlord is certainly not enough to contend with an Orc King.

Another candidate is the Battle Group Leader of Blood Shark, Yeerma Youwin.

This Shark King, who has led his battle group through countless bizarre events for hundreds of years in the shadowy outlands, is a being with inherently formidable strength. Before joining the Alliance, he

probably already possessed power beyond an ordinary Battle Group Champion—almost reaching the level of an Emperor Champion.

After joining the Alliance, his status is prominently displayed in the [Hero] interface. His personal Level has reached Level 7, and his rarity is higher than that of Martins, at UR level. Furthermore, he can be upgraded to Level 9 by spending Gift Points.

Gu Hang previously hesitated because he had doubts. Youwin has his own little schemes, and the Alliance's grace towards Blood Shark is not like that towards Phoenix. With limited control, enhancing his power fully made Gu Hang worried that his schemes might become more problematic.

There needs to be someone like Martins, who with various enhancements, can surpass him in strength and keep him in check. Otherwise, letting him become the strongest individual among the Alliance Interstellar Soldiers, unless Gu Hang personally intervenes, no one can suppress him and Gu Hang fears potential troubles.

But now, such concerns are far less important than the current matters.

He must be fully enhanced.

He also has enough potential and ready-made experience to be upgraded to Level 9.

With the UR rarity, at the same Level 9, Youwin's strength will be even more outstanding than Martins. However, Gu Hang discovered that he still hasn't transcended the Emperor Champion tier. It's just that compared to Martins having an even match with an Insect Nest Overlord, it turns into Youwin having an eight-to-two advantage, essentially a near-guaranteed win.

But so what?

When an Orc King fights an Insect Nest Overlord, it's not an eight-to-two; it's a complete overwhelming victory, with the ability to also eliminate several others.

Even combining Martins and Youwin, they might be stronger than when the swarm ambushed the Orc King before, but probably still not enough against an Orc King.

Gu Hang believes that the ambush didn't fully push Bone Shards to his limits. At most, he suffered injuries that healed quickly, and being just stronger than that ambush is not enough to contend with Bone Shards.

Moreover, there's no opportunity to create an ambush right now. Bone Shards has his strongest trusted aides nearby; attempting a siege would be difficult.

However, Gu Hang's calculations for combat power haven't reached their limits yet.

It still needs to be considered in two aspects.

Firstly, in terms of quantity.

There are no more candidates who can be enhanced to the level of Martins and Youwin.

First, exclude all non-Interstellar Warriors; without this foundation, even fully enhanced, they wouldn't reach the current level of battle with merely mortal bodies.

Among the Interstellar Warriors, those who can be enhanced to Level 9 have less than SSR potential; those with potential above SSR lack experience and can't be raised to Level 9. It's hard to find someone who meets all the criteria, and even then, when looking at this person's talent and traits, if they aren't combat-oriented, like the Battle Group Leader Tai Shichen of the Spear of the Dragon King, even fully enhanced, they're just a mid-lower level Battle Group Champion.

But that's okay; try to bring a few more to Level 9, thus having more Battle Group Champions is also beneficial.

Currently, among the more than ten thousand Interstellar Warriors in Omgeria, aside from Martins and Youwin, there are nine Battle Group Champions. After this boost, the number has risen to nineteen.

Gu Hang feels a bit regretful.

Although there are over ten thousand Interstellar Warriors, a considerable portion are the Alliance's new blood. Whether they're replenishing those conquered battle groups or forming new battle groups with seed quotas, these new bloods show outstanding performance because, compared to ordinary battle groups, they have their potential unearthed faster when training new recruits.

But their inherent potential isn't high—after all, they haven't undergone the baptism of long durations of time and war. The lack of experience, the insufficient foundation, makes it hard for them to reach higher levels; without enough accumulation, they can't achieve epiphanies or qualitative changes, thus keeping their rarity low.

Perhaps after a hundred years of the Dark Side Expedition, many investment-worthy heroes will emerge among them.

But for now, they are few.

Among the nineteen Battle Group Champions, fifteen still come from the 'old-timers' of various battle groups.

As for elevating them to this level, it requires consuming a large number of Gift Points... For this aspect, there's no need to worry at all.

Gu Hang already had quite a sizable accumulation of Gift Points. Not to mention, the unprecedented scale of this war in the Omegilia Star Domain provided him with a vast amount of new Gift Points.

Despite the conclusive battle on Ancache VIII not being settled yet, the battles that wiped out the Queen's fleet and various small-scale engagements on the outskirts have been accounted for.

He has more than enough to cover these point expenditures.

One might say it's a drop in the bucket.

With the influx of Gift Points, Gu Hang has managed to muster nineteen champions. Adding Martins and Youwin, the human lineup is already much stronger than when the swarm ambushed Bone Shards.

Nineteen champions, along with Youwin, all received orders at this moment to lead their closest elite squad members, abandon all current missions, disengage from combat, and head towards direction one to rendezvous with Martins.

The Alliance's Storm Mage Corps also received the same orders.

Within the Mage Corps, the combined number of those Grade A Psychics and Grade S Psychics reaches around one hundred.

Especially the six Grade S Psychics; their use of psychic energy can kill a Battle Group Champion. However, they're too fragile; in a real duel, they might be defeated before breaking the defense to kill a champion, with a two-to-eight win rate—Psychics would be the two.

But if someone on the front lines can engage the target, allowing Psychics to unleash their powers without restraint, their destructive capability will surpass that of champions.

However, merely relying on quantity, Gu Hang still isn't satisfied.

Bone Shards also has people by his side; those Orc Warlords and Great Shamans probably possess strength equivalent to champions and Grade S Psychics.

Gu Hang still needs to figure something out in terms of quality.

The human part has already been elevated to this extent, and there's no further progress to be made, but equipment can still be improved.

The Alliance's mastery of Holy Artifact crafting offers some results.

Since these items consume the essence of Gu Hang’s Subspace, although not as much as the Glory Queen Battleship, they can’t be mass-produced.

But in any case, there are some items now, distributed as rewards to some battle groups and given to some Psychics.

These items need to be temporarily gathered to equip the warriors participating in the upcoming final battle.

The support from Holy Artifacts is substantial; in the hands of those more powerful, they demonstrate even greater effectiveness.

This includes the Dragon Spear Breath of the Spear of the Dragon King. Even though their battle group didn’t send anyone, please lend the Holy Artifact for use first.

At this point, the system’s capabilities have been pushed to the limit.

The rest involves more ’traditional’ methods.

How do those Gods, be they race-specific or conceptual, including The Emperor, create the chosen ones?

Chapter 868:

Twelve four-meter high Heavy City Breaker Mechas emerged from the cover, the reactive armor on the shoulders ejecting two rocket missiles. The shock drill bit installed at the end of the mechanical arm began to preheat, with blue-white arcs jumping at the composite ceramic drill tip. Ouyi knew the weakness of this equipment—every impact would expose the power lines for three seconds.

"Thermal Group, move forward!" He kicked away a pouncing Green Skin, the Blast Bomb Gun blowing the modified arm of an Ork tech-master into fragments, "wait for the shockwave to finish and burn through their..."

A warning sign suddenly exploded in the tactical chain. The rusty metal plate on top of the bastion was entirely lifted, and a thirty-meter high War Machine rose from underground. The Beastman engineer used the Insect Race’s carapace to weld a gigantic drill that targeted the City Breaker array, spewing dark green smoke from its assembled scrap iron nozzle.

"Gao Mao King Kong!" The Intelligence Director Carion’s spiritual energy warning stung everyone’s nerves, "There’s an energy reaction in the right underground!"

Ouyi’s tactical intuition was faster than the Think Tank’s warning. His power pack operated at full power to push him to the left cover, the spot where he was standing already corroded into a two-meter deep crater by an acid bomb. Four City Breaker Mechas dissolved in the dark green flood, the operators’ screams abruptly cut off in the communication channel.

"Titan Support Group, this is Ironfist Ambassador." Ouyi’s thumb slipped across the safety latch of the Blast Bomb Gun, "We need to clear the D4 area of..."

"There are no Titans, Battle Group Leader!" The voice of the Mechanic Cult’s Protection Army was accompanied by data stream noise, "The Holy Blood Marauder was disabled by an Ork Suicide Squad twenty minutes ago, and now the Seventh Mecha Squadron is reorganizing."

The tactical chain showed that the defense strength of the third bastion exceeded expectations by 37%. Ouyi pulled up the energy readings; those seemingly random piles of scrap metal were actually forming a WAAGH field amplifier. His Power Sword split open a Beastman assault squad attempting a sneak attack, the blade stuck in the metal spine of some modified body.

"Carion, take the assault squad and destroy the junk pile in the southeast corner." The Blast Bomb Gun shattered three Green Skins’ heads, "Glory Guard, follow me to advance to..."

The ground suddenly collapsed. Fifteen Interstellar Warriors fell with the crumbling concrete floor, Ouyi’s power pack emergency braking pulling him back to the edge. The blue light dots representing his brothers on the tactical display turned red in an instant, and the life signs of the remaining six disappeared within ten seconds.

"The underground fungal mat is devouring them!" The surviving Think Tank apprentice shouted hoarsely, "Those purple spores... they’re corroding the Ceramic Steel!"

Ouyi’s retinal projection began to flicker, the WAAGH field interference causing the Bird Divination Device to fail by three-quarters. He tore off his goggles, seeing with the naked eye the rocket cannon array on the third bastion’s top turning—aiming at the Alliance’s 113th Division setting up heavy artillery.

"Colonel Maloni! Get your men out of the E7 area!" His roar made the communicator crackle, "Now! Immediately!"

Three Chimera transport vehicles had just started their engines when they were covered by rocket missiles, a string of explosive ammunition bursting out from beneath the burning armor plates. Ouyi saw at least two hundred soldiers vaporize in the explosion, the flag of the 113th Division curling into ashes in the inferno.

"Battle Group Leader, the shock drill is ready!" The technical sergeant’s voice finally came through, "But we need to suppress the top turrets for fifteen seconds!"

Ouyi inserted his Power Sword back into the magnetic clasp, both hands gripping the Holy Artifact Bomb Gun, "Steel Oath." This weapon, blessed in the Ulanuo Founding World, began to hum, each bullet infused with a Decomposition Force Field.

"First Company, charge with me!" As he leaped out of the cover, thirty Ironfist Ambassador warriors formed a wedge formation, "Second Company, suppressive fire!"

Chapter 868: Godchosen

The so-called divine selection is when a god bestows power upon their most loyal believers, allowing them to possess a portion of the god’s strength.

It actually seems quite simple.

Gu Hang indeed has had similar attempts and isn’t completely inexperienced.

The one who benefited the most was Martins.

This Phoenix Battle Group Leader, more than once in difficult battles, has felt the power of thunder blessing upon him, as if aided by divine strength.

But this isn't divine selection.

At best, it's Gu Hang utilizing his powerful Spiritual Energy and the essence of the Subspace to transmit some power of the Storm God Kingdom to his warriors.

It's rather crude, and the effects are quite limited.

The true so-called divine selection isn't simply an empowerment of Spiritual Energy. That, at most, only slightly elevates one's strength, unlike the traditional concept of 'divine selection,' which can elevate a person several levels, creating a qualitative change.

To truly achieve divine selection, similar to crafting Holy Artifacts or constructing the Glory Queen Battleship, Gu Hang must grant a portion of the Subspace essence of the Storm God Kingdom to the chosen ones.

But here's the problem: Gu Hang hasn't done this before.

Be it crafting Holy Artifacts or building the Glory Queen, it's all technology produced by the system. The final step of infusing the essence of Subspace, although it must be completed by Gu Hang himself, the method and process are all part of the ready-made technology. He can follow and execute it, drastically reducing the difficulty.

But now, there is no existing method to follow.

He has to research it himself.

Fortunately, he has some foundation.

He has conducted numerous operations, cutting out a small portion of the Subspace essence, with which he is already familiar. Although previous experiences can't be directly applied, they at least offer a standard process he can reference.

Even if he's being rushed like a duck to water, he has some confidence he can complete the task.

But soon, another difficulty emerged.

The choice of people.

'Divine selection,' as the name suggests, is led by the god. Whomever the god chooses becomes the divine selection, able to possess unmatched power.

But actually, it's not so.

In his view, if the god does not choose, or even abandons someone, they cannot be a divine selection. Conversely, even if a god wishes to select, the chosen one must 'willingly' accept the selection.

This 'willingness' is not merely signing a document or stating willingness.

They must genuinely, from the heart, subconsciously, both physically and mentally, accept everything entirely and unreservedly.

Consequently, only certain wholehearted zealots can achieve this.

But merely having this isn't enough.

Can anyone accept divine power and become a divine selection?

Not at all!

Without potential or sufficient accumulation, excessive divine power will only cause the chosen one to collapse.

The Chaos Spawn created by Chaos Gods comes this way.

In fact, many of these Chaos Spawn are considered elite by conventional standards. Without such status, they wouldn't have accumulated sufficient achievements before dying, impressing the Chaos Gods to gain favor and blessing.

Additionally, what Chaos Gods enjoy most is 'stealing people.' By using various means to lure humans or other races, corrupt their elites—this is the most satisfying.

However, most Chaos God devotees who gain ample blessing end up incapable of succeeding and become Chaos Spawn.

Actually, if Gu Hang recklessly seeks out his zealot and forcibly infuses power, similar outcomes would occur. However, the form would likely become a violent Thunder Elemental Body. Like Chaos Spawn, devoid of reason or personality, with a short lifespan.

For Chaos Gods, it's inconsequential; giving blessing is merely amusement, evolving into Chaos Spawn means nothing.

But for a slightly more orthodox deity—even including the Green Skin Brother currently threatening Gu Hang—won't act this way.

The Emperor and Spirit Race gods impart divine power quite carefully.

Gu Hang is naturally the same.

Crafting mindless Thunder Elemental Bodies offers minimal help against Bone Shards and poses significant risks to his reputation.

It’s not essential and can only be used as a last resort.

But with these three constraints—zealots, strong power, safety—all combined, it poses considerable trouble for Gu Hang.

On one hand, he hasn’t established a religion. The people’s belief in him isn’t a religious-like, brainless fanaticism but more of an endorsement of ideals and trust in leadership. From this angle, finding a zealot is quite challenging.

Even during political commissioner training, where loyalty is greatly enhanced, it’s still not brainwashing or soul exchange; relying solely on political commissioner training isn’t sufficient.

On the other hand, in terms of individual quality, Interstellar Warriors are far superior to ordinary people. But the Alliance’s new blood, who trust Gu Hang more, haven’t had enough time to grow; those who have grown sufficiently and possess exceptional power lack high recognition of Alliance ideals and trust in Gu Hang.

This made finding his divine selection very troublesome for Gu Hang.

He first looked to Martins and Youwin.

Neither met the criteria.

He didn’t really hope for Youwin, but he had anticipated Martins; unfortunately, he also fell short.

Next, he considered the nineteen Battle Group Champions who were prepared to participate, but they all fell short.

Searching further?

Then he did find them.

Some new Alliance members had substantial faith in Gu Hang, yet their power levels were only at platoon champion level.

Gu Hang could only select eighteen who reached the platoon champion level, pushing their levels up to the peak of platoon champion level.

Then began slicing the Subspace essence.

The amount of Subspace essence a platoon champion level can bear is very little. Additionally, as this was his first attempt, Gu Hang dared not take overly large steps and proceeded rather cautiously.

Nevertheless, among these eighteen candidates, eleven failed.

Luckily, Gu Hang was cautious, so the failures didn't have any particularly severe consequences.

However, due to this caution, the success of seven only led them to move up one tier, reaching the level of Battle Group Champion.

Perhaps barely they can be called 'divine selection,' but they certainly differ from true divine selection.

Gu Hang had to look more broadly.

He initially didn't hold much hope but unexpectedly did make gains, identifying two highly suitable targets.

Chapter 869: The Call to Glory

On the Dragon Elephant War Machine, Superior Georgette was hurrying to the battlefield.

Of course, the Holy Mercy Lily was also participating in this war.

However, the Battle Nuns were not the main force.

In the war, few could outshine the presence of the Interstellar Warriors.

Nevertheless, these battle sisters were all proving their worth. The missions assigned to them by the Command Center were all accomplished flawlessly.

Before the news of the Bone Shattering King's appearance came through, the Holy Mercy Lily, along with a Starfighter Battle Group, had just completed the assault on the fifth ring defense line of the fortress at the seventh landing site and were in the middle of a resupply and rest.

Suddenly, the order came.

The Battle Group Leader of the Blood-drinking Sword Battle Group took a group and flew away directly.

This Battle Group Leader was originally the commander in the No. 7 direction, and with his departure, the general command fell onto the shoulders of Georgette.

Georgette was taken by surprise, but with the battle at hand, there was no room for hesitation.

Simultaneously, she received a new order from the Command: their direction was no longer required to continue advancing but to maintain the current front, focusing on defense and preserving live force as the primary goal, and to be always ready with a high proportion of mobile forces to support other areas whenever needed.

After sorting out the situation, she held a military meeting to arrange a new defensive line according to the new orders and new guidelines.

However, during the meeting, she suddenly heard Mr. Gu's voice.

Her short-lived career as the Commander of the Seventh Army was thus concluded.

She had to take her closest and also the most powerful group of Battle Sisters from the Sisterhood onto the aircraft headed for Landing Site No. 1.

Meanwhile, she heard Mr. Gu say, no matter what happens next, do not be surprised, do not panic, and always, with one hundred percent trust him, believe in him, and completely open up your heart and mind. The most important battle of this war will be closely related to her.

Regarding Gu Hang's statement, she accepted it without a moment's hesitation.

She already completely trusted Gu Hang, considered him the great leader of the Empire. Given the gravity of the current situation, she was prepared. No matter what happens next or how it changes her destiny, she was ready to embrace it.

On the aircraft, witnessed and accompanied by dozens of her closest battle sisters, she began to undergo a significant transformation: a blue halo of lightning appeared at the back of her head; the sacred golden halberd, two and a half meters long, resting horizontally on her lap, started to become electrified throughout; her previously closed eyes opened suddenly, shooting out electric sparks!

Yet all these changes were less shocking than what transpired behind her!

A pair of pure white wings, unfolded from her back!

The structure of Valkyrie's Terminator Power Armor was not designed to accommodate such physiological changes. Nonetheless, these massive wings forcibly emerged by splitting the back armor.

This process might have been painful until the wings were fully spread, at which point the expression on her face turned back to normal.

The interior of the aircraft was enveloped in silence.

All the sisters gazed at their Superior Mother with astonished, utterly shocked eyes.

Georgette also didn’t speak; her gaze seemed dazed, as if she had fallen into a special state.

And indeed, she had.

A vast amount of knowledge poured into her mind, followed by intuitive understanding about how to manage her newfound power.

She needed to thoroughly comprehend these changes to better grasp this new power she held.

Simultaneously, she was bewildered, why Mr. Gu... could grant her such power?

Is this not power only the Divine Emperor could bestow?

Could it be that... Mr. Gu has already become a deity on par with the Divine Emperor?

With this thought, Georgette felt no longer uneasy.

She stood up as the seatbelt automatically released, standing as firm as a mountain amidst the turbulence of the aircraft.

"Sisters, the upcoming battle will determine the Alliance and humanity’s destiny. This is our mission, which is why I want no secrets from you."

"I have answered the call of the divine, and now I am a transformed being."

"This calling came from our great leader and also from the Divine Emperor. Our faith has received the fullest reward, all our expectations have come true, and our leader and the Emperor now stand as one."

"Now, it’s time for us to fully commit ourselves to fight for the leader’s ideals, the Emperor’s glory, and humanity’s fate!"

"Now, I ask you: Is there anyone among you who wavers?"

"The wavering ones, I do not blame you, nor will the Emperor or the leader blame you."

"But those who have never wavered will share this supreme glory with me!"

"Now, sisters, make your choice!"

After a brief moment of calm, the first individual led by hammering their heart with their right hand.

"With the Living Saint in front, with the Divine Emperor and leader above, how could we ever waver!" This Battle Sister shouted fervently.

Then the second followed, and then everyone else.

...

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...

Chapter 870: What Kind of God Am I?

The reason Gu Hang was able to choose Georgette as the vessel for divine power outside the Interstellar Warrior system lies in the unique nature of the human belief system on the subspace level.

From Gu Hang's shallow understanding, he believes the ascended Emperor can be considered humanity's racial god.

Perhaps the Divine Emperor has other sources of conceptual power. But no matter what extras he possesses, at least the concept of the human racial god is the core.

Now, Gu Hang can recognize his role as a 'guardian'.

If I were a god, what kind of god would I be?

Gu Hang analyzed the source of his own 'divinity'.

He first obtained the Divine Realm on Rage Owl Star, left behind by the Primal Fury Owl. After that primitive deity was destroyed, the system converted and seized the Divine Realm, transferring it to Gu Hang.

But actually, very little remains of that Primal Fury Owl to this day.

Although it possessed a subspace essence, it was very limited, far from being as potent as a Great Demon. Even at its peak, a Battle Group Champion could easily destroy it.

Though the Primal Fury Owl provided Gu Hang with a foundation for the Divine Realm, subsequent development relied on two major parts:

First, Gu Hang devoured countless enemies in battle after battle.

Especially the souls of aliens, the souls of demons.

More specifically, powerful entities like Great Demons, Neuron Worms, Orc Warlords, and even beings of the level of the two Queens.

For a long time, Gu Hang was only aware of the latter method of strengthening the Storm God Kingdom.

Because it was obvious.

The former was very subtle; even with millions, tens of millions, or hundreds of millions of lives lost, Gu Hang found it difficult to perceive a tangible increase.

It wasn't until the Dark Side Expedition began that the 'small streams' accumulated, and Gu Hang realized this channel for growth through the slow but steady increase of the Storm God Kingdom.

Second, the trust countless subjects within the Alliance's dominion had for Gu Hang.

Although this was also a 'small stream', its significance was more apparent than killing enemies.

Analyzing from these two directions, Gu Hang seems to possess the characteristics of both a 'conceptual god' and a 'racial god'.

Hm? Why do I also say 'also'?

Never mind that for now.

The aspect of the conceptual god lies in the primitive natural concepts of 'storm' and 'thunder' represented by the Primal Fury Owl.

This alone is not strong — it's just an indigenous god born on a local planet, quite weak, with a very low threshold.

The style is not high enough either — a pure adoration born from the fear of natural environmental imagery, which alone cannot elevate it to the grand stage of conceptual gods; it can only be a small fry, with a low upper limit.

The upper and lower limits are both low, but this is subject to change.

By devouring many strong alien and demon units, the subspace essence was expanded, raising its lower limit.

More importantly, the victories brought by the expanding Alliance transformed into trust and admiration for the leader, bringing about two significant changes:

First, the initial simple worship of natural phenomena — thunder and storms — transitioned into admiration for the leader. Since the original natural worship was weak, it was quickly washed into the concept of 'development, rule, and victory'. Storms and thunder, from being the essence of the Divine Realm, became a mere representation.

Storms and thunder symbolize the Alliance's growth like a storm and its victorious methods like thunder!

This is quite normal, just like the Emperor is 'the cold sun', but it doesn't mean the divine concept represented by the Emperor is as simple as a 'Sun God'.

Additionally, the faith of the Alliance in Gu Hang endowed him with the additional significance of a 'racial god' beyond a 'conceptual god'.

Gu Hang, of course, counts as a racial god — the belief of a single race that sees him as the emblem of the Alliance.

To some extent, this diverted the faith in the Emperor.

If the Emperor were unwilling, Gu Hang would not have succeeded — in subspace, the Emperor would have been hostile; in the real universe, the National Church and all Emperor's believers would see him

as an enemy. Combined, this would shake Gu Hang's rule on all fronts, causing the Alliance to quickly implode into civil war and collapse.

But this didn't happen, and what it represents is very clear: the Emperor doesn't care, perhaps even supports it.

Can't a race have two racial gods? Of course, it can!

The best example is that Green Skins' brute standing outside Gu Hang's Divine Realm.

Because of Gu Hang's dual nature of 'concept' and 'race', it became possible to quickly foster Georgette into a 'Living Saint'.

Georgette was a Battle Nun, wholeheartedly devoted to the Emperor.

Obviously, there's no conflict between believing in the Emperor and believing in Gu Hang.

She also fully trusts Gu Hang, considering him 'the greatest leader after the Emperor', 'will lead the Empire back to its peak', 'the Alliance is humanity's hope', and such concepts.

She might not have been like this before; however, after a century of Alliance victories, especially during the Dark Side Expedition where she upheld the banner of liberating all humanity, Georgette quickly 'fell', elevating her belief in Gu Hang to the same level as the Emperor.

The entire ideology of the Sainte-Lys under her leadership leaned towards this direction.

The Alliance's New Teaching, developed with the Sainte-Lys Nun Association at its core, also followed this path.

It's just a matter of degree.

Some fanatics consider Gu Hang a god, akin to the Divine Emperor; the more rational can distinguish between religious faith in the Divine Emperor and secular support for Gu Hang.

Yet, regardless, Georgette met the standard in her faith, even surpassing the level of a zealot.

And her faith in the Emperor wasn't an obstacle but facilitated Gu Hang's sharing of the subspace essence.

Gu Hang aimed to create a typical God chosen one, cautiously, not wanting to overwhelm Georgette, hoping to produce a powerful divine select capable of reaching the level of a Battle Group Champion, adding weight to the upcoming great war.

The sharing of subspace essence went smoothly beyond expectation, without reaching capacity.

Gu Hang even sensed another force subtly lending a hand.

So the Emperor's aid is manifested in such a discreet manner?

Might as well take a little more!

Thus, Gu Hang's first 'Living Saint', 'Angel of the Storm', was born.

The ascended Georgette's combat power might even slightly surpass Martins and Youwin.

This was a huge surprise!

The next surprise also featured an unexpected candidate.

The Chief Priest of the Phoenix, Rizzo.

He was one of the original seven with Martins when they came to Rage Owl Star. Over a century, only three of them are still alive, with Rizzo being one.

Gu Hang always found him mysterious; he played a subtle yet crucial role in integrating the Phoenix into the Alliance.

According to Gu Hang's later understanding, the reason the Phoenix changed its course back then to seek 'the redemption of the battle group' on Rage Owl Star was due to Rizzo receiving the 'Emperor's call', which he relayed to Martins.

But in Gu Hang's memory, it was himself who activated the [Special Event] using Gift Points back then.

The subtleties in this are intriguing.