Governor 871

Chapter 871

When Gu Hang found Georgette, a prime candidate for a 'Living Saint', he was stunned to discover that Rizzo could also be manipulated in this way.

As for the [Special Event] triggered by the system back then, Gu Hang no longer wanted to ponder how it led Rizzo to receive the Emperor's guidance and bring the Phoenix to Rage Owl Star.

The Emperor never directly helped him with anything, yet throughout Gu Hang's maturation process, it seemed his shadow was always present in the background.

Rizzo was, of course, a devout follower of the Emperor, but when it came to his trust in Gu Hang, to be honest, Gu Hang wasn't entirely convinced.

However, the manner in which he presented himself was quite reliable.

And this gave Gu Hang a chance to make his state similar to that of Georgette.

The essence of Subspace could be shared over, and be accepted by Rizzo, while also drawing the secret aid of the Cold Sun.

Priest Rizzo was an Interstellar Warrior; he didn't grow wings, but he did experience a significant boost in power, breaking the limits of a Battle Group Champion to become a Champion of the Chosen.

This way, Gu Hang assembled a team of four that surpassed the Battle Group Champion, achieving several times the level of a Champion of the Chosen.

Their powers varied in strength, ordered from strongest to weakest roughly as follows: 'Living Saint' Georgette was the strongest, but not by a large margin; 'Phoenix' Martins and 'Blood Shark' Youwin were about equal; 'Chief Priest' Rizzo was relatively the weakest.

Any one of them alone would not stand a chance against Bone Shattering King; of that, there was no doubt. But four against one, their power equated to that of four Swarm Overlords, completely surpassing the Swarm's previous efforts to confront Bone Shattering.

Among them, Gu Hang had the highest expectations for Georgette, the 'Living Saint'.

Her power wasn't significantly stronger than the others, but her intrinsic 'Living Saint' characteristics were what Gu Hang valued most.

Adding to this with the twenty-six Battle Group Champions pieced together, this forms the cutting-edge force humanity was about to deploy against Bone Shattering King.

Come on, let's give it a try!

Gu Hang grinned.

With a 'boom', his Divine Realm suddenly began to tremble.

Gu Hang looked up and saw the two Green Skins there, enraged.

Their expression that had been projected onto the upper clouds of Storm God's Kingdom had always been indifferent. But now, they seemed to have noticed Gu Hang's secretive maneuvers and were angered.

The tremor in the Divine Realm originated from the green storm of Subspace.

This storm almost enveloped his entire Divine Realm.

The Green Tide hammered down fiercely, shaking the entire Divine Realm.

But Gu Hang showed no fear.

In the past, when people like Mr. Mao at this level came knocking, what recourse did Gu Hang have? All he could do was abandon the Divine Realm, sever the essence of Subspace, and capitulate in surrender, awaiting death.

After all, the two together were equivalent to the might of four gods.

While there might be differences at the same level, there weren't many entities at this level when you count the entire physical universe and Subspace together.

But now, Gu Hang was not just a small fry being crushed casually.

If he were, then why would Mr. Mao be blocking the door? He could simply annihilate him; no need for all these deterrent gestures.

The reason for the deterrence was that the outcome of a fight was uncertain; Gu Hang wasn't utterly defenseless.

If Gu Hang left his Divine Realm and encountered them outside, perhaps he could be easily handled. However, Gu Hang was prudent; Subspace was too perilous, and he never wandered carelessly outside. He would hide in his Divine Realm, at most taking an occasional, opportunistic venture near his divine territory, capturing a Great Demon only because it had come too close to his Storm God Kingdom.

Subspace did not have a particularly rigorous sense of time or space; what was called 'close' referred to some Great Demons harboring misguided intentions, attempting to seduce someone within the Alliance borders in the real universe to fall into corruption, or to mass-produce Chaos corruption on an Alliance planet, or supporting some Chaos Cult to stir up trouble.

In sum, whenever Subspace Demons were involved behind real-world Chaos events, they were effectively very close to the Storm God Kingdom.

After the Catastrophe Era, these instances became much more frequent, and often, Gu Hang was unwilling to deal with them unless they reached the Great Demon level, in which case capturing one

would be like gaining an extra portion of sustenance. Incidentally, it could assist the Alliance Legal Affairs Center, Tribunal, and Demon Hunters in the real universe by addressing the insidious presence of Chaos.

In this ’stay-at-home, don’t step outside’ condition, it was quite difficult for anyone to catch him.

And now, Mr. Mao came knocking; as long as he stayed snugly within his Divine Realm, not stepping out, the divine battle became a contest between Mr. Mao and the combination of Gu Hang with his Divine Realm.

This indeed put considerable pressure on Gu Hang, as evidenced by the shaking of the entire Storm God Kingdom.

However, defeating him completely wouldn’t be straightforward.

Gu Hang was patient, firmly holding onto his foundations.

...

Qi Zongren woke up from his dream, drenched in sweat.

He turned his head and saw his wife slowly waking up as well, seemingly emerging from a nightmare.

The couple exchanged glances, and he asked, "Did you... dream about it too?"

"Yes... I dreamt of two Green Skins chasing me in the dream... it was absolutely terrifying."

"Me too, I dreamed of two Green-skinned Aliens..."

"Damn it, why are we having the same dream?"

"I don’t know... what should we do?"

"It’s probably just a dream, right?" Qi Zongren checked the time; it was almost time for work. "Daybreak is near; I need to go to work. You rest well at home, and if anything happens, call me or the police."

Dragging his weary body, Qi Zongren went to school.

He was a teacher.

On his way, the coworkers and students he encountered all seemed lethargic.

In the office, everybody was talking about it, all mentioning the dream from yesterday; in the classroom, even the students were discussing it.

This was undeniably a significant event.

Nearly everyone had the same dream...

Panic was spreading.

But soon, by noon, the city’s loudspeakers began to broadcast.

Officials from the Ministry of Education came to their school.

It was said that various companies, factories, and commercial streets throughout society—essentially places with dense populations—were attended by corresponding government officials or clergy and nuns from the National Church.

They were all disseminating one message:

"The war in Omgeria has reached its most critical moment. This war concerns every member of the Alliance. Everyone sharing the same dream is a manifestation of destiny, a revelation from the Divine Emperor. At this critical time, all compatriots must band together, work diligently, study hard, live well, and gather strength. Perhaps tomorrow, or the day after, you'll have the same dream again. In the dream, hold on, staying alive as long as possible; attempting to kill the dream alien, that's even better!"

Chapter 872: Encirclement? Happily Accepting the Challenge!

Gu Hang and Mr. Mao engaged in the 'God War' within Subspace, creating a massive commotion.

The waves of Subspace followed one after the other, surging violently.

In the reality universe, countless worlds controlled by the Alliance, with trillions of people, began to experience similar dreams, or even the same hallucinations simultaneously.

Even those not part of the Alliance, gazing up at the sky at night, would see the scarlet scar stretching across the Star Sea exhibiting a web-like pattern interwoven with green and blue.

Such a grand and far-reaching divine war, yet its manifestation was somewhat unremarkable.

It was nothing more than Mr. Mao summoning a colossal force to press against the Storm God Kingdom;

Gu Hang gathered all his strength, resisting resolutely.

That's all there is to it.

Though it appeared tumultuous, shaking the entire Subspace, it was rare in ages for such formidable opponents to clash in this level.

To be honest, even though Gu Hang is at an absolute disadvantage, he doesn't dare step outside, but even the Green-Skin Army wanting to break in through the door, it's wishful thinking.

Initially, Gu Hang was somewhat panicked, almost mobilizing all his power, standing ready — the pervasive green-skin dream across the Alliance was a symbol and manifestation of this.

However, it turned out Gu Hang was a bit too sensitive. He used such power, yet the Green-Skin duo couldn't sway him. He scaled back some of his efforts — this directly translated to a reduced impact on people in the reality universe, and the scope of influence also diminished. Even then, the Green-Skin duo still couldn't move the Divine Realm.

The advantage indeed belonged to the Green-Skins, but transforming that advantage into the destruction of Gu Hang's Divine Realm was still far off.

Gu Hang could persist in this state for many years.

Moreover, if he couldn't hold on, he could further extract from the reality universe, allowing him to endure even longer.

The Green-Skin Army seeks the real defeat of him, with only one pathway: constantly exerting pressure outside the Storm God Kingdom, leaving Gu Hang unable to manage reality universe affairs, having to requisition spiritual power from all Alliance members.

Over time, people would weaken, become spiritually exhausted, leading to the decline of the entire Alliance's productivity, making it easier for deviant thoughts, fear ideologies, and Chaos demons to spread, thus sparking multiple internal unrests.

Simultaneously, the Green Skins must gather a great army from the reality universe, advancing upon Alliance territory, conquering those worlds providing power to Gu Hang.

Once enough worlds are conquered, diminishing Gu Hang's power foundation, Mr. Mao naturally could achieve real victory in Subspace and completely obliterate the Storm God Kingdom.

By that point, Gu Hang would also face true defeat.

But that is still far off.

First, the Green Skins must win this ground war on Ancache VIII.

...

While the battle on the Storm God Kingdom caught the universe's eye, the decisive battle on Ancache VIII's surface also erupted.

Bone Shattering King led his forces out of the core of his Throne Fortress, making an offensive move, obviously with strategic objectives in mind.

He had to admit, he underestimated the combat prowess of the humans.

The assault pressure from the humans exceeded his expectations.

If humans continued their attack, he would indeed be surrounded and trapped in the core area of the Throne Fortress within two weeks.

This timeframe differed significantly from his initial expectations of two months, three months, far too late for extraterrestrial or other ground-based Green-Skin Army reinforcements to arrive.

Once completely trapped, it would mean 85% of military facilities within the Throne Fortress would be out of his control. Supplementing troops, producing new equipment, orbital air defense systems... all would be gone.

By then, humans with ample time would have various methods to claim his life.

They could use their numbers to overwhelm, killing all Green Skins around Bone Shards, leaving him alone, no matter his prowess against armies. Humans have armies that can't be counted!

Sheer numbers alone would bury him.

Alternatively, more straightforwardly, they could bombard him with ship cannons.

With the earth shield gone, air defense guns lost, even if he could intercept and destroy the largest ship cannons using waagh power, what if humans launched firepower from a thousand Starships, a ten-thousand-strong barrage?

He'd likely face only one inevitable path—death.

He had to fight his way out.

Push back the human assault forces, reclaim lost ground, at least inside the Throne Fortress, gaining more strategic maneuver space.

Killing Ouyi and annihilating the Ironfist Ambassador were results of this strategy.

He indeed succeeded.

He crushed the fiercest assault direction of human forces, successfully stalling the overall offensive of the human army.

He recaptured multiple positions, expanding his space.

The morale of the Beastman forces soared, especially with those tech-savvy individuals playing a more significant role.

Under Bone Shards' request, they swiftly repaired various defense facilities on the overwhelmed positions, focusing especially on repairing air defense systems to counter the human fleet's never-ending orbital bombardments.

Meanwhile, the forces led personally by Bone Shards did not halt their steps.

They continued their advance, their swords aimed directly at the command post of Landing Zone One.

Chapter 872: Encirclement? Eager to Meet the Challenge! (Part 2)

Bone Shards clearly know that this direction is not only the fastest route to advance, but also where the general command of the human army is located on the surface of Ancache VIII.

It's possible that Bone Shards also knows exactly who the ground commander is.

As long as he extinguishes the command center for the humans' coordinated multi-directional operations, it might not win the war, but it can at least throw the human side's offensive into disarray temporarily and ease his own pressure.

What he seeks is merely an extended delay in the progress.

Martins quickly realized that Bone Shards' attack was targeting him.

He first arranged the defense line to intercept, and also called for bombardment support from the fleet's guns.

But Bone Shards' attack could not be stopped.

At this time, Gu Hang's 'Elite Plan' was still being prepared. Leveling up was convenient and quick, strengthening with the Storm God Kingdom's power was slightly slower, but in reality it didn't take much time.

However, these scheduled participants in the battle had to be brought over from various battle zones, which would take time.

And this wasn't a simple ring fight, where contenders face off in a boxing match.

This is war.

Apart from the elite team participating in the core fight, Martins also had to gather some elite forces from other directions to face Bone Shards in a decisive battle.

Before the troops and warriors arrive, Martins couldn't face Bone Shards directly by himself.

If he were caught, based on the various war reports from the front line, he wouldn't stand a chance, and even escaping would be quite difficult.

Martins had no choice but to flee everywhere with his command post and staff group.

This caused the human military to exhibit significant disarray across the board.

The other five directions might be slightly better. Without a central command, at least each army direction's own command system was complete. Even though gathering actions meant some commanders, who were the elite among Interstellar Warriors, were drawn away, it wouldn't take the entire command post and staff group as well. Newly appointed military leaders might experience some chaos, but after all, they weren't in a rush to attack and were in a strategic defense position, thus the situation was relatively better.

But it was only Martins' direction that was troublesome because he was constantly pushed around, making the command system unsmooth and chaotic; moreover, each unit was hammered to a mess by the Green Skins' main force personally led by Bone Shards.

The initially best-progressing army direction, with the obliteration of the Ironfist Ambassador and Commander Martins being pushed around, practically became a complete collapse.

And it was beyond salvage.

The neighboring second army direction and third army direction did dispatch forces to help, but... saying they couldn't hold them off truly meant they couldn't hold them off.

In the end, they could only resign themselves to the chaos.

In such case, each unit must find its own method. Their duty was to defend their positions, but they were allowed to flexibly decide strategic tactics based on their circumstance, potentially retreat or hide as needed. Surviving and preserving what remains was also necessary.

This even allowed Bone Shards to connect with the outside world once—under the context of six landing zones, six army directions encircling Bone Shards' throne fortress, the planetary surroundings' broader lands were occupied by Green Skins.

Despite being subject to global bombings by the human fleet, the Green Skins' ecosystem or trash cities couldn't effectively prepare new soldiers or forge new war tools at full power.

But overall, their numbers were still substantial, and under Bone Shards' summon, they were rushing from all over the globe to support the core battlefield.

The channel Bone Shards opened to communicate with the outside carried significant meaning; suddenly he received extensive reinforcements, relieving his earlier plight of being surrounded, unable to get any supply, and having insufficient forces.

This would obviously impact the subsequent decisive battle adversely, but there was no other option.

However, during this period when Bone Shards couldn't find Martins and had to turn to break the encirclement, human forces for the decisive battle managed to assemble.

At the second army direction's position, four Divine Chosen-level warriors, twenty-six Battle Group Champions, six Grade S Psychics, nearly a hundred Grade A Psychics, over five thousand Interstellar Warriors, with the squad champion ratio reaching 10% overall, meaning more than five hundred... that was the entire decisive force assembled by the humans.

No time wasted, the battle started immediately.

Martins personally led the troops to first target the communication channel Bone Shards tried to open with the outside.

Fourteen hours after Bone Shards opened the channel, it was closed.

Even though Bone Shards received considerable reinforcements during that time, time was limited.

The Bone Shards wouldn't easily abandon a channel opened with great difficulty.

He led his trusted army, facing the difficulty head-on.

In fact, Bone Shards already received warnings from the Green-skinned God; he knew humans had prepared a 'gift' aiming to kill him.

But so what?

If he were afraid, he wouldn't be Bone Shards.

Just as, months ago, the Insect Swarm laid a trap for him, wasn't he aware?

No, he certainly was aware.

He only regarded it as an invitation, happily accepting it, and then took those pests' heads as toys.

Right now, similarly, he viewed the humans' assembled decisive battle forces as an exciting opponent.

Indeed, it was full of challenge, yet like countless challenges in his life, he would undoubtedly accept, then use his axe to split apart all challengers.

...

"Roar!"

Bone Shards let out a roar!

Currently, he had at least six definite wounds, excluding other minor scars.

Among those six wounds, three came from the Living Saint Georgette, and the remaining three came from Martins, Youwin, and Rizzo respectively.

The conflict had erupted for two hours, or alternatively, it had never ceased.

After the humans re-sealed the channel, the outside Green Skins launched insane attacks; the inside Green Skins, led by Bone Shards, quickly reached the battlefield.

Consequently, human forces suffered attacks from both sides.

Yet this time, the human side was resolute. The so-called decisive battle forces weren't only engaging with high-end, cutting-edge power, but also elite forces, including all those who can be gathered swiftly, were brought forward as much as possible. Furthermore, continually, there were units arriving by airborne or surface to the battlefield.

They held off the fierce assault from both directions.

And upon Bone Shards' arrival, they immediately called for ferocious fleet bombardment.

Not hoping the bombardment alone could kill Bone Shards—had it been possible, they would have done it long ago.

Yet Bone Shards couldn't intercept every bombardment; some shots landed as expected. Among Green Skins' most elite troops, unless hit directly by the bombardment's center, a high survival rate still existed, but some would inevitably die.

After the bombardment ended, the ground forces charged.

They didn't allow the disoriented Green Skins' troop structure to recover easily and approached Bone Shards himself under cover from multiple Interstellar Warriors.

Around him were nearly a hundred of his strongest trusted aides, including warlords and Grand Shamans, equivalent to the human side's Battle Group Champions and Grade S Psychics.

The Psychics acted first, six Grade S led over a hundred Grade A, completely isolating those three Grand Shamans.

Their task was to prevent the Green Skins' psychic powers from influencing the battle and to quickly eradicate them on the psychic level, then assist in the siege against the Bone Shattering King.

Bone Shards glared intending to relieve his subordinates but only managed to kill two Grade A Psychics—insignificant to the larger picture.

The Interstellar Warriors had already charged.

Twenty-six Battle Group Champions separated the other warlords. They would quickly eliminate those warlords, then turn to jointly attack Bone Shards.

Four Divine Chosen Champions confronted Bone Shards himself.

Chapter 873: Dismemberment

At the start of the battle, it was the most difficult time.

The four chosen champions had already tried their best to assess Bone Shards' strength before the conflict.

Just watching how he slaughtered top units of the Insect Race made it impossible to not take him seriously.

However, no matter how much mental preparation they made, it was nothing compared to the pressure they felt upon actual encounter.

It was simply like a nightmare!

Martins never imagined that a battle could be fought this way!

Not to mention Bone Shards' immense power, with just a single casual strike, forcing one to exert full effort to block;

Nor his swift figure like the wind, obviously large and clad in heavy armor, yet extremely nimble and agile, making him difficult to hit.

Just talking about his combat skills, they were terrifying.

The axe, fists, feet, guns, and cannons extending randomly from the armor... every offensive weapon was ready to be used at any time, always posing a deadly threat.

The angles and methods of attack would appear in the most unexpected ways.

Or it could be something you could predict, yet you couldn't evade it and had to brace for impact.

Even more terrifying was the previously mentioned 'space folding' feature mentioned in the staff's analysis of Bone Shards' combat power. His movements weren't simply agile but exhibited a physics-defying manner: on him, inertia seemed non-existent. In a fierce charge, he could bizarrely make a right angle, instantly changing the direction of his attack. His war axe, one moment raised, the next was right in front of the face, as if there was no swinging process in between.

Encountering this twice, Martins even began to doubt if he was in a daze.

This form of combat was truly unbearable.

Within moments, it left Martins drenched in cold sweat.

Both times, he felt death narrowly missed him.

The first time took a heavy toll, the specially designed shield equipped on the Terminator Armor shattered directly.

The second time, even with vigilance, although he raised his sword to block, under the immense force, he was almost thrown off balance.

Fortunately, his comrades supported him quickly, diverting Bone Shards' attention—though a heavy particle beam soon pierced through his armor, injuring Martins' abdomen, but Martins took the opportunity with an angry sword strike, leaving a deep wound on Bone Shards.

However, the comrade who helped him didn't have such a favorable outcome.

The Living Saint Georgette risked her life to divert attention away from Martins, saving him and even creating an opportunity for effective damage.

However, the enraged Bone Shards launched a series of frenzied attacks, all aimed at Georgette.

Rizzo and Youwin hurried up to share the pressure, but Bone Shards ignored it, enduring a bite from the Shark Biting Sword that left a deep bloody mark, shrugging off a heavy blow from the Emperor's Scepter that dented his heavy armor, he was determined to go after Georgette.

But more astonishing was that the Living Saint fought fiercely, as if disregarding the enormous disparity in power between the two sides, bravely engaging Bone Shards head-on.

The three scars were left on Bone Shards at this time by her holy golden spear.

This showcased Georgette's powerful strength under the blessing of divine power—despite enduring Bone Shards' war axe, the attached guns and cannons of the mecha, formidable strength, bizarre skills, and unfathomable space folding, she still managed to wound Bone Shards.

The white wings were filled with lightning, giving Georgette swift movement and allowing her to find more threatening angles in mid-air, launching attacks that were harder for the enemy to defend against.

Even if Bone Shards was struck by the electric strikes from the wings, his body would be momentarily paralyzed.

The holy golden spear covered in golden lightning broke through defenses solidly every time.

However, accomplishing all this came at a great cost for her.

The furious Bone Shards roared, slashing at Georgette with the war axe, employing all the techniques he possessed.

In reality, Georgette was more heavily wounded than Bone Shards.

Space folding made the war axe arrive very suddenly; even the Valkyrie-empowered Terminator Armor couldn't withstand it. The war axe would also split into several circular saws, spinning and sawing Georgette's steel-like wings, causing feathers to scatter.

Most terrifying of all was the fierce counterattack from Bone Shards after Georgette inflicted the third scar on him.

This axe strike directly hit Georgette's right shoulder.

This axe was indeed a full-force strike.

Georgette was already dodging, but couldn't evade it; she used her wing to block it, and the right wing was shattered; then, the war axe continued with undiminished momentum, hacking fiercely onto the shoulder armor.

Like most human armor, the Valkyrie Armor's shoulder defense was the most robust part. Not to mention Georgette's armor was blessed with divine power, offering outstanding protection.

However, under this axe from Bone Shards, even the hardest part of the armor couldn't withstand it.

He astonishingly, brutally cut off Georgette's entire right shoulder, along with the right wing, a portion of the right shoulder blade, one-fifth of the chest cavity, and the entire right arm!

The exposed massive wound looked extremely horrifying!

Chapter 873: Dismemberment_2

Despite the intense pain, Georgette managed to refrain from screaming.

But even if she could hold back her cries, this wound could be considered fatal.

Even though Georgette hadn't died immediately, she was still falling uncontrollably from the sky, body tilting without her wings. Her arm had been severed, her weapon dropped, and retaliation was no longer possible.

And Bone Shattering King still appeared determined to pursue.

The three Interstellar Warriors nearby, the chosen champions, rushed over at lightning speed to rescue their comrade.

No matter how much they blamed Georgette internally for her recklessness, they knew they had to attempt the rescue at this moment.

Otherwise, with Georgette attracting the attention of the Bone Shattering King so ferociously, their battle was already difficult enough; her death would make it all the more impossible.

Without her, just the three of them faced with his attack would be under unbearable pressure.

Even if they managed to save Georgette, in her current state, she might not be much better than dead...

Unfortunately, they didn't succeed in rescuing Georgette.

The Bone Shattering King's killing intent was far fiercer than they had imagined.

He ignored the attacks of the three, determined to slay Georgette.

Numerous wounds appeared on his back and arms.

The most dangerous wound came from Youwin—the Shark Predator attempting to slash at the neck of the Beastman King.

Seizing such a chance, Youwin even thought if it was possible to decapitate him with one blow, thus ending the battle entirely.

Call Georgette reckless, but Bone Shattering King was just as reckless.

However, Bone Shattering King's recklessness was based on his formidable combat strength.

For damage he could bear, he ignored them to achieve his goal of slaying the strongest enemy; for the lethal kind of damage, he had ways to cope with it.

Suddenly, two jets opened from the back of his armor, spraying a torrent of flaming green liquid violently.

The exposed neck turned out to be a trap.

Youwin had no choice but to abandon the perfect opportunity.

It wasn't a lack of courage; had there been a chance to trade his life for Bone Shattering King's, he would have done so.

But he judged that even if he forced the attack, it wouldn't be enough to kill Bone Shattering King. Under the wild spray of liquid green fire, he would inevitably perish.

However, though his decision was swift, he was still too close, and ended up getting sprayed by the green fire. His shield was quickly burned through, and his half-helmet started to burn as if infected.

After falling to the ground, Youwin didn't even have time to get up; the first thing he did was quickly remove and throw away his helmet.

Looking up again, he saw Georgette's beautiful head flying into the air.

She had been beheaded.

But even so, Bone Shattering King was not satisfied. His war axe split into multiple circular saws, completely dismembering the Living Saint's body in just two seconds!

By this time, Martins and Rizzo had just managed to evade the green flames and re-engage, only to be forced back by another sweeping attack from Bone Shattering King.

The two retreated to the side of Youwin, who had just stood up, all of them bearing the same grave expression.

Now... what to do?

This was the question Bone Shattering King, turning to face them with a sneer, wanted to convey.

Shrimps... are strong.

But this is your limit.

He hefted his war axe, purposefully advancing with slow, heavy steps toward the three of them.

Each step felt like it was landing directly on the hearts of the three chosen champions.

But ultimately, this wasn't just the battle of Martins and the other two.

At that moment, two fully charged plasma gun shots came from behind Bone Shattering King.

Much like the advantage Bone Shattering King had over the four chosen champions, the battle group champions also held a crushing advantage over the warlords under Bone Shattering King's command.

Primarily due to a numbers advantage.

The average combat strength of the Orc Warlords might be comparable, or even slightly stronger, than that of the battle group champions. But they each faced three to five champions.

The result was clear as day.

One Orc Warlord had already died, prompting the now available battle group champions to lend support to this ongoing fight.

However, the Waagh Field manifested, blocking the two beams. Bone Shattering King raised his left hand, counterattacking with a massive revolver gun.

As he took down the entire upper half of one battle group champion's body with three shots, he didn't even turn his head, continuing to glare at Martins and his team with a sneer, not breaking stride for a moment.

The gigantic revolver reloaded itself mechanically, preparing to target another champion.

But at this moment, a powerful psychic shockwave struck from the side.

The Waagh Field appeared again but didn't manage to block it completely.

Bone Shattering King staggered.

Meanwhile, spiritual energy took the opportunity to condense into a ten-meter-long Light Giant Sword, slashing towards him.

Bone Shattering King stepped back, resisting the psychic shockwave, raising his axe to match the Light Giant Sword in a fierce clash, shattering the blade.

One Grade A Psychic's eyes exploded as they collapsed in enervation.

That was the cost.

However, there were as many as a hundred Grade A Psychics participating!

The most elite section of the Storm Mage Corps had gathered here, led by six Grade S Psychics, isolating two great Shamans under Bone Shattering King's command at the start of the battle.

By now, the two great Shamans had been killed, rendered into headless corpses by the influx of psychic power.

The freed Psychic Mages, led by the six Grade S Psychics, pooled their power for use, forming a force matching or even surpassing the chosen champions' strength—at least until Bone Shattering King culls more than half of the psychics.

Elsewhere, more battle group champions, having dispatched their own opponents, began fearlessly launching attacks against Bone Shattering King.

Those more cautious kept their distance, bombarding with blast bomb guns, thermic sprayers, plasma weapons, and man-portable missiles; the bolder ones drew melee weapons, closing in to engage.

Martins, Youwin, and Rizzo no longer waited.

At this stage, a fight to the death was their only option!

Only they could withstand Bone Shattering King directly.

They also shifted their strategy, moving away from their previous frontal approach to one focused on containment.

Having engaged with him initially, they were now more acquainted with Bone Shattering King's capabilities, allowing them to respond more safely.

With the aid of numerous battle group champions and Psychics, the battle suddenly stabilized.

Though, every now and then, a Grade A Psychic would perish in the fierce confrontation. Some battle group champions would be caught off guard and killed by Bone Shattering King in a single counterattack using his war axe or firearms.

Yet similarly, as the battle went on, new wounds continually marked Bone Shattering King.

His battle armor had nearly reached the point of breaking.

Without that ultra-heavy mecha, his combat capability wouldn't be nullified entirely. But he couldn't ignore the physical, and his fighting strength would surely wane.

At this moment, Bone Shattering King was engulfed in a furious rage, fighting with wild abandon!

He relished the thrill of battle against the strongest opponents and savored the hot spray of blood as he beheaded and tore apart their bodies.

Fight, fight, fight!

The more grievous his injuries, the more his combat power faltered, and yet his momentum continued to grow, intensifying evermore.

On the human side, their resilience was unwavering amidst sacrifice and dedication.

Who would emerge victorious was still uncertain.

In the tense heart of the battlefield, gradually and unbeknownst, an ethereal hymn began to be sung.

Dozens of Battle Nuns equipped with jet packs and small lightning wings floated in the sky at approximately twenty meters high.

The sacred hymn flowed from their lips.

Initially unnoticed, as everyone was engrossed in the life-and-death struggle, who had time to listen to singing?

Yet, as the hymn shifted from ethereal to increasingly tangible, it seemed as if some presence was shifting from the void toward reality, akin to the song itself.

Eventually, the anthem became so resounding that it could not be ignored.

A magnificent light among the Nuns formed into a Heavenly Gate.

Golden arcs adorned the gate frame, from which an Angel, wings outstretched, emerged.

The Living Saint, killed and dismembered by Bone Shattering King, was revived and returned!

Chapter 874

As Ironfist Ambassador Battle Group Leader Owe Sterling stepped out of the drop pod, the ceramic steel soles of his boots crushed the skulls of three Beastman runts. The helmet display projected the battlefield situation onto his retina, showing the steel gates of the third bastion in the eastern defense zone spitting fire at four hundred meters away.

"First Company, secure the landing zone. Second Company, establish crossfire." The power armor's servo system converted his voice into thunder, "Glory Guard Third Battalion, set up your damn city-breaking hammers!"

Twelve four-meter-tall Heavy City Breaker Mechas emerged from behind their cover, their shoulder-mounted reactive armor firing two rockets. The shock drill mounted on the mechanical arm began preheating, blue-white arcs dancing on the composite ceramic drill tip. Owe knew the weakness of this equipment—each impact would expose the power lines for three seconds.

"Hot Melt Squad, move forward!" He kicked away a lunging Greenskin, his Blast Bomb Gun blasting the modified arm of a Beastman tech boss into pieces, "Burn through them once the shock wave ends..."

Warning signs suddenly exploded in the tactical chain. Rusted metal plates on top of the bastion were completely torn off, and a thirty-meter-tall war machine emerged from the underground. A massive drill welded from Insect Race carapace by Beastman mechanics pointed directly at the city breaker array, spewing dark green smoke from its makeshift exhaust ports.

"Gao Mao King Kong!" Intelligence Director Carion's psychic warning stung everyone's nerves, "Energy response detected on the right flank underground!"

Owe’s tactical intuition was faster than the Think Tank’s warning. His power backpack at full power propelled him towards the left-side cover, and the spot where he previously stood had been corroded into a two-meter-deep pit by an Acid Bomb. Four city breaker mechas dissolved in the dark green torrent, the operators’ screams cut off abruptly in the communication channel.

"Titan Support Group, this is Ironfist Ambassador." Owe’s thumb slid over the safety catch of his Blast Bomb Gun, "We need to clear area D4..."

"No Titans, Battle Group Leader!" The voice of the Mechanic Cult Guard Army crackled with data stream distortion, "The Holy Blood Raider was disabled by an Ork Suicide Squad twenty minutes ago, and the seventh mecha squadron is regrouping."

The tactical chain showed the defense strength of the third bastion exceeded expectations by 37%. Owe pulled up the energy readings, noting that the seemingly random piles of metal junk were forming WAAGH field amplifiers. His Power Sword cleaved through a Beastman assault squad trying to ambush him, the blade stuck in the metal spine of a modified creature.

"Carion, take the assault squad to destroy the scrap heaps in the southeast corner." His Blast Bomb Gun shattered the heads of three Greenskins, "Glory Guard, advance with me to..."

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

"The underground fungal mat is consuming them!" screamed a surviving Think Tank apprentice, "Those purple spores... they’re corroding ceramic steel!"

Owe’s retina projection began flickering, the WAAGH field’s interference rendering three-quarters of the Bird Divination Device ineffective. He tore off his goggles and saw with his naked eye the rocket cannon array on top of the third bastion turning—aimed at the 113th Division of the Alliance setting up heavy artillery.

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

Three Chimera transport vehicles had just started their engines when they were covered by rockets, strings of high-explosive rounds erupted under the burning armor plates. Owe saw at least two hundred soldiers vaporized in the explosion, the 113th Division’s flag curling into ashes in the firestorm.

"Battle Group Leader, the shock drills are ready!" The voice of the tech sergeant finally came through, "But we need to suppress the top turret for fifteen seconds!"

Owe sheathed his Power Sword back onto the magnetic lock, gripping the Holy Artifact Bomb Gun "Steel Vow" with both hands. This blessed weapon from the Founding World of Ulanuo began to hum, each bullet carrying a Decomposition Force Field.

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

The Greenskin’s heavy machine gun weaved a barrage overhead, three bullets hit Owe’s left shoulder armor. Ceramic steel fragments cut across his cheek, but his gene-enhanced muscles propelled him twenty meters forward. A Beastman boss lunged with a Power Claw, only to have its throat crushed by Owe’s gun butt, followed by two explosive blasts into its chest.

When they reached the base of the bastion, only seventeen remained standing. The smell of blood filled Owe’s respirator, but he could hear the drills of the city breaker mechas beginning to strike the metal gate.

"Hot Melt Group!" He turned and fired precisely at the gunners above with his Blast Bomb Gun, "Now!"

Six streams of crimson light cut through the fissures created by the shock waves, molten metal pouring like a waterfall. Owe saw the gate begin to deform, but the rockets at the top continued to pour fire—the 113th Division’s two Armored Companies had become burning scrap metal.

"Carion!" Owe’s roar almost overshadowed the explosions, "Where the hell are you?"

Purple psychic lightning suddenly exploded in the southeast corner. Intelligence Director, with five survivors, rushed out from the scrap heap, followed by the disintegrating WAAGH field generator. Owe’s

Bird Divination readings suddenly cleared, and he saw the gate’s structural weakness pulsing in the tactical chain.

"All units, fall back!" He grabbed two rookies still firing, "It’s going to blow!"

The city breaker mecha’s drill struck the gate for the seventeenth time when the accumulated kinetic energy finally surpassed critical levels. The fifty-ton alloy gate shattered like glass, the flying metal shards slicing twelve Beastmen into chunks of flesh. Owe’s shoulder armor was hit by another bullet, but this time he stood firm against the shock wave.

"Occupy the passage!" He replaced the magazine of his Blast Bomb Gun, "Second wave, follow up!"

When they rushed into the inner bastion, the stench overloaded the air filters twice. The defensive structures modified with Insect Race nest chambers were smeared with slime, some kind of biological acid corroding the seams of their Power Armor. Owe slashed through the obstructing iron bars with his Power Sword, the blade dulling by the fifth slice.

"Battle Group Leader! Three o’clock!" Carion’s Spiritual Energy Flame illuminated the hidden gun emplacement, "Heavy machine gun nest!"

Owe rolled to avoid the first volley, his emptied magazine failing to penetrate the bulletproof steel plates. He saw three Alliance soldiers attempting a flank from the side, only to be chopped into six pieces by a Beastman boss’s Chainsaw Axe. An Ironfist Ambassador warrior took down the boss with a Hot Melt Gun, but was also blasted in half by a grenade.

"Get the Glory Guard with flamethrowers!" Owe shoved aside Carion, dodging the bullets that glanced off the Think Tank’s helmet, "Burn all this..."

Suddenly, vibrations came from beneath. The tactical chain showed large-scale energy reactions in the lower structures, reminding Owe of the brothers who vanished down the fungal mat. As he looked up, he saw the rocket cannon array on the bastion’s top turning again—this time aiming at the passage they had just opened.

"Retreat! Everyone fall back..."

His command was drowned out by explosions. Owe was hurled six meters away by the blast wave, smashing into the sticky pile of fungal mats. His helmet display shattered into a spider-web pattern, but he could still see the wreckage of the Glory Guard Third Battalion—the priceless city breaker mecha now a burning skeleton.

"Battle Group Leader!" Colonel Maloni, covered in blood, suddenly appeared on the communication channel, "My engineers have found the energy lines!"

Owe spat out a mouthful of bloody foam, his Genetic Seeds rapidly repairing his broken ribs. New markers appeared on the tactical chain, the remnants of the 113th Division astonishingly burrowed tunnels through on the northwest side.

"Have your men install the Thermite Bombs." He pushed away Carion's helping hand, "We still have one last chance."

As the countdown for the Thermite Bombs began, Owe was holding the passage with the last twenty-seven warriors. All their Blast Bomb Guns had overheated, and their Power Swords were notched. A Beastman warboss smashed three Interstellar Warriors with a Power Hammer, ultimately getting its eye impaled by Owe's broken blade.

Just as the countdown hit zero, the entire bastion suddenly tilted fifteen degrees. Owe heard the groans of metal tearing apart, the overloaded explosion of the WAAGH field generator hurling the upper half of the building skyward. He grabbed Carion's power backpack, both propelled fifty meters by the blast wave.

"Objective achieved." He panted from within the crater, tactical chain indicating the defense coefficient of the third bastion had hit zero, "Have the 113th Division..."

Suddenly, alarms pierced through all communication channels. The remnants of Owe's Bird Divination Device detected a massive biological signal, a vivid red warning icon jumping out on the tactical chain. Atop the burning bastion ruins, a figure emerged from the green flame—four meters tall, wrapped in arcs of energy, gripping a still-dripping Chainsaw Axe with a modified mechanical claw.

"Ironfist..." Bone Shattering King's roar split the ground, "...tear apart!"

Chapter 874: Saints Do Not Die

Saints, are immortal.

This has been recorded in the history of the Empire.

Georgette is certainly not the first Living Saint in the history of the Empire.

Or rather, there have been quite a few Saints in the history of the Empire.

The only thing is, the vast majority of 'Saints' are posthumously canonized. They are generally Popes of the National Church or highly esteemed Red Archbishops, or other very well-known, eminently contributive high-ranking figures in the Empire — often with the hidden requirement of having a very good relationship with the National Church.

There's not much to say about these, they're just posthumous honors, mainly for reputation, nothing particularly unusual.

But 'Living Saints', as the name suggests, are 'Saints' who are alive. The difficulty level of being canonized as a Saint before death by the National Church is extraordinarily high.

Generally, the National Church wouldn't do something that would greatly share its religious authority with others. Even canonizing one's own while alive, even if it's the Pope, would often face significant resistance.

And what would make the National Church have to do this?

That's usually when someone with unwavering faith achieves feats that no one can ignore. If the National Church does not confer the title of 'Saint' upon them, it not only doesn't affect their authority one bit but could actually diminish the Church's own authority.

In this sense, the standard is rather subjective. What counts as unwavering faith? What counts as achievements that cannot be ignored? Isn't that just up to someone's say?

The National Church naturally prefers not to canonize when possible.

Or, conversely, when it encounters situations particularly in line with its own interests, it will try to canonize as much as possible, even raising those who don't quite meet the standard.

These situations do exist.

However, there's only one situation where the National Church is obliged to act — the resurrection of someone with monumental achievements.

Similar cases in the past tens of thousands of years have only occurred with a handful of Battle Nuns. Their life stories varied, usually dying in a desperate battle and then returning resurrected, leading human armies to victory.

Resurrection! This event itself is a huge symbol!

Who can resurrect? It must be that after gloriously dying in battle, they walk past the Golden Throne, earn the Emperor's permission, and have unfinished business before returning to the mortal realm.

As for Black Magic? Demonic conspiracies? Zombies resurrecting?

Come on, just look at their resurrection scenes and see them wield the Emperor's Holy Fire; who dares speak of witchcraft?

It is clearly the unblemished blessing of the Emperor!

Of course, the National Church and Tribunal always have suspicions about such supernatural situations, plus they usually prefer not to canonize someone as a Saint, so they inherently conduct the strictest investigations into whether the 'resurrection' is truly a conspiracy.

Just that might not be enough; there's also the matter of achievements.

But these resurrected Battle Nuns often return with immense mission-driven force. They not only win the war right after their resurrection, but over a long future, they continue to appear on key battlefields, making pivotal actions and guiding humanity to victory.

Some victories are even won at the cost of their own sacrifice. Yet often, they once again stage the return act.

In short, these key victories, coupled with the scene of resurrection, make them deserving of the title 'Saint'.

Strictly speaking, does Georgette qualify as a Living Saint?

No.

A Saint has to be canonized by the National Church.

But that's not key. The essence of a Living Saint lies in their power, faith, and achievements.

From this perspective, Georgette still does not qualify as a Living Saint.

She hasn't proven that she possesses these attributes of a Living Saint.

But why was she immediately recognized as a Living Saint?

That halo behind her head, those pure white Angel wings that emerged from her back, are classic images of Living Saints. Every Living Saint in the past looked like this.

She resembles them, her combat style is similar, and her fellow nun sisters immediately recognized her.

And now, with her resurrection, she has filled in what was lacking.

In such a manner, she makes a glorious reappearance, undoubtedly proving her faith.

Only those acknowledged by the Emperor and with unfinished missions can return.

...

As she opened her eyes, Georgette's sharp gaze locked onto the Bone Shards below.

White wings soared, the long halberd stirred up overwhelming golden flames and thunder!

The green waagh force field suddenly appeared, isolating the golden flames and thunder, Bone Shards roared in anger, raising his war axe high in a solid clash with the resurrected Saint.

But he must pay the price.

The three chosen champions, over twenty living Battle Group Champions, numerous psychics, constantly in various ways, aimed bullets, psychic spells, blades at him.

But unfortunately, he can no longer handle these attacks as sharply and effectively as before, or exchange wounds for the humans' death.

It's all because of the female Angel in front of him.

Resurrected Georgette's fighting style is even more reckless and fierce than before she 'died'.

With the might of resurrection, her strength and momentum have further strengthened.

But the wounded Bone Shards aren’t as strong as at the beginning.

He can no longer swiftly kill Georgette like he could initially. Even if he could, he still worries whether a nun who can revive once could revive a second time.

Nor can he turn his head, recklessly kill the other three chosen champions; if he does, giving Georgette the kind of opportunity akin to what Youwin encountered earlier, then Georgette would undoubtedly attack without hesitation. Even if it means exchanging her life for his grievous injury, it would be entirely worthwhile, given that Georgette might just return again.

In this confrontation, for the first time, Bone Shards had the thought in his mind, wondering if he could lose.

And this thought, like a curse, upon appearing, spread in his mind.

For someone like him with such waagh green skin, these unwaagh thoughts are more deadly than any poison — his momentum is suppressed, causing his flesh to weaken.

He started to fall into a disadvantage, became more conservative in battle, but ironically, the more he did, the more his wounds appeared faster than before, and his healing slowed.

He is about to lose.

...

"Roar!"

Gu Hang’s ears were pained by the angry roars of the two Green-skinned Gods.

He knew they were extremely angry.

Just like he could observe the battle on the ground, Mr. Mao certainly could as well.

They too could discern that Bone Shards might lose.

Would they willingly accept defeat?

They wouldn’t.

A powerful green-skin force seemed poised to tear apart Subspace, channeling to Bone Shards.

The green-skinned gods sought to augment their favored one’s power.

They were actually quite displeased with Bone Shards’ current indecisiveness, that was unbecoming of waagh, shouldn’t appear in their chosen one’s mind.

But they had no choice now.

This war was too crucial; they didn’t want to lose.

If they lost, while it couldn’t wipe out the Green Skins, to cultivate another universally renowned great leader capable of uniting the Beastmen, who knows how many more years it would take.

Yet...

"How can I let you have your way?"

"You wouldn’t let me step in earlier, and now you want to cheat?"

"Dream on!"

A Thunder Giant Bear emerged from the Storm God Kingdom, conspicuously amid the shapeless and boundless Subspace waves.

That power about to descend upon reality was swallowed whole by the bear.

Chapter 875: Enjoyed Face-to-Face

The fury of Mr. Mao shook the entire subspace.

Mr. Mao roared and charged at the Thunder Giant Bear, appearing only as a gigantic green-skinned head, yet already larger than the Thunder Giant Bear itself.

With just one collision, the giant bear shattered abruptly.

Mr. Mao felt triumphant, while Mr. Mao once again poured a force to try and influence the Lower Realm.

But in an instant, a lightning bolt suddenly appeared in the subspace, shattering that force.

Undoubtedly, that was Gu Hang.

"Parents shouldn’t intervene when kids are fighting."

In the Divine Realm, Gu Hang whispered softly.

His condition wasn’t too good.

If he was merely defending the Divine Realm, under Mr. Mao’s assault, he could hold his ground.

But engaging in battle outside was a different story entirely.

Once he leaves the Storm God Kingdom, Gu Hang's power becomes a rootless source.

To those sufficiently powerful Evil Gods, if Gu Hang stays within his Storm God Kingdom, he's as untouchable as a turtle-hedgehog hybrid. But if he 'steps out' and tries to project his power externally, he might bully a Great Demon or easily defeat a Divine Sovereign Demon, yet facing those top-tier divinities, Gu Hang would struggle somewhat.

Not to mention encountering Mr. Mao simultaneously.

Just like before, Gu Hang got a bit overconfident, feeling that Mr. Mao hadn't budged him after all that effort, and seeing their attempt to 'cheat,' he then invested significant force, manifesting as the giant bear. Just aiming to stop Mr. Mao's 'cheating,' he didn't need to exert so much force, perhaps a single lightning bolt like the second time would suffice.

Wasn't it just to see if he could strike and show a bit of his fangs?

In the end, it got smashed with a single hit.

This affected Gu Hang, combined with the injuries sustained from the prolonged siege of the Divine Realm, causing his left nostril to bleed, and cracks appeared on his forehead.

When he intercepted Mr. Mao's force for the second time, he was much more straightforward, using just a lightning bolt.

Quick, pragmatic, effective.

However, a price still had to be paid.

The two Beastman Gods didn't let Gu Hang's extended claw go and chopped it off.

The damage wasn't as severe as when the giant bear was destroyed, but it wasn't minor either.

The injuries from these two incidents, combined, were heavier than the previous prolonged beating.

If this were a bait and switch operation, Gu Hang would have fallen for it.

Being lured out repeatedly and severed again and again, Gu Hang couldn't withstand it for long. Originally, he could last for years in this siege, but now it might suddenly reduce to just a few days, or even resolve today.

But what of it?

I can hold on for a day, but what about your Bone Shards?

Can it hold on for a minute?

Apparently not.

Taking a quick glance, Bone Shards' entire back armor was completely damaged and abandoned.

If not discarded, it would only be a burden. Instead of providing protection, being too heavy and large actually hindered his movements.

His left leg was slightly limp, no longer as agile as at the start.

His war axe remained powerful and heavy, but that previously terrifying 'space-folding' technique, where the axe seemed to instantly appear in one's face at the lift of a hand, no longer felt infallible. At least, the champions could barely see the axe's trajectory in the air, and while dodging wasn't easy, it was already a significant improvement.

Moreover, it was a particularly symbolic sign.

The most despairing battles are those without any hope.

But now, Bone Shards wasn't just showing its health bar, it was entirely in the red!

A more notable incident occurred when a swordsmanship champion, with the support of his peers' firepower and spiritual energy, suddenly rushed forward, daringly slashing at Bone Shards' forehead.

He struck true.

Bone Shards' left eyebrow was split, bleeding profusely.

His skin was tough, bones hard, and with the waagh field between flesh and bones, providing supernatural defensive effects.

Thus, while this slash appeared to make Bone Shards' head bleed excessively, it was actually just a flesh wound, not even affecting the battle.

That swordsmanship champion didn't have the ability to split his skull with a single strike.

Trading injury for another wound of this extent wasn't unusual. In prior battles, others had attempted this too, and such actions, unless they caused significant injuries impacting Bone Shards' combat ability, were at a loss.

The current eyebrow injury was a seemingly successful but actually costly exchange.

However, the rarest part was that Bone Shards' counterattack was blocked by the swordsmanship champion!

Although this champion couldn't make a successful killing blow or at least damage the eye, upon seeing the war axe whistling towards him, he knew his fate was sealed. He simply followed his ingrained reflexes, honed over years of experience.

Parrying, forcefully redirecting to another direction, leveraging the force to divert and deflect the opponent's attack...

It worked!

This was previously impossible!

He clearly remembered seeing combat brothers with even better swordsmanship attempting this, only to be utterly crushed in a comprehensive contest of skill and strength, decapitated on the spot.

He thought he would meet the same fate.

Chapter 875: Enjoying It Face-to-Face (Part 2)

But unexpectedly, he survived; he really parried the War Axe!

Despite his arm feeling numb from the immense force; despite Bone Shattering King reacting swiftly with a kick that knocked him to the ground, pressing the gun to his face, ready to execute him... he nonetheless survived.

In the moment before the execution, the mages saved his life. A surge of spiritual energy diverted Bone Shattering King's gun; another force pulled their swordsmanship champion away from Bone Shattering King's threat.

Several champions, led by Youwin and Martins, launched an assault, leaving Bone Shattering King no time to spare.

Bone Shattering King was indeed finished.

And as this happened, in the Subspace, the two Green-skinned Gods grew increasingly furious.

Gu Hang believed this was the fury of incompetence.

Anyway, despite being injured, he repeatedly blocked the power projected from the cosmic directions.

The angrier Mr. Mao got, the more assured Gu Hang felt.

Until Gu Hang heard the two of them simultaneously let out a sorrowful, earth-shattering howl.

He could sense the great anguish and anger from these two deities, while Gu Hang himself was overwhelmed with joy—did it succeed?

He glanced into the real universe, only to be shocked again.

He saw Bone Shattering King's head had been chopped off and was rolling nearby, as a champion wielded a Thermic Sprayer, directly roasting it, determined to ensure its demise.

Yet, even without its head, Bone Shattering King's body was still furiously swinging the War Axe.

Xingtian?!

His first thought was whether he had missed anything while intercepting Mr. Mao's power from the Lower Realm.

But soon, from Mr. Mao's sorrowful emotions, Gu Hang felt it likely wasn't the case.

Bone Shattering King's current state seemed more like his body contained vast amounts of life force, continuing to fight despite being fatally wounded and beheaded, with his body following the inertia of muscles and bones.

A Battle Group Champion was caught off guard and killed.

However, others could perceive Bone Shattering King's abnormal state.

They all withdrew, and Bone Shattering King's body couldn't decide where to pursue them. Losing his head, his sensing ability was virtually zero.

His body could only swing the War Axe futilely, as the immense life force continued to drain, with the speed increasing under the distant bombardment and gunfire from the humans.

More definitive evidence lay in Mr. Mao's rapidly declining power.

Essentially, they hadn't actually come over to Gu Hang's Storm God Kingdom. Rather, the concept of proximity in Subspace is somewhat abstract and significantly linked to the real universe.

Bone Shattering King was the root of the power they two gods projected.

With Bone Shattering King's death and the anchor point lost, their power naturally diminished sharply.

Even though in Ancache, across the entire Omegilia Star Realm, plenty of Green Skin Orcs remained, none were as significant as Bone Shattering King.

Thus, Gu Hang's predicament was resolved.

He had been pondering that even after winning the war in the real universe, with two Green-skinned Gods squatting at his door, it was unclear how to deal with it. But now, with Bone Shattering King's demise, those gods' threat has greatly reduced too.

However, Mr. Mao's rage was sky-high due to their favorite's death. They blamed everything on Gu Hang, claiming Gu Hang was the killer—not exactly wrong.

They must release their fury, and Gu Hang was naturally the one to bear it.

But what does it matter?

Come on.

When Bone Shattering King was alive, you couldn't do anything to me, let alone after his death.

Gu Hang waited patiently, seizing the opportunity to heal even as the two kept mobilizing power and compressing the Divine Realm.

The pressure they exerted was insignificant now.

As for how to rid himself of these two pesky entities later... actually, it's quite simple.

With Bone Shattering King's death, they are not to be feared; Gu Hang can guard slowly. Moreover, with his death, the Orc armies in Ancache and across the Omegilia will inevitably collapse. The human forces will spend months, years even, continuously sweeping out the viable Green Skin forces.

As the number of Green Skins is swiftly reduced, Mr. Mao will lose further ability to project power here, further weakening them from their current state.

As Gu Hang continued to heal and restore his power, once restored sufficiently with Mr. Mao weakened further, he could attempt to drive out those irritating things proactively.

How long this will take depends on how rapidly the Alliance slays the collapsing Green Skins in the real universe and Gu Hang's own recovery speed.

How to expedite his recovery?

Gu Hang had a rather nasty idea.

He glanced into the real universe; Bone Shattering King's battered, scarred, headless body had ceased activity.

A spiritual message was sent to all Grade S Psychics and Georgette.

In the presence of the 'Living Saint,' surrounded by six Grade S Psychics, with a grand Psychic array comprised of dozens of Grade A Psychics, the Ork Kings' head and body were placed together.

Although complete victory hadn't been secured yet, with Bone Shattering King's death, the Green Skin army was collapsing, yet they maintained high elite levels. Despite sudden terror felt after his death, racked with fear and loss of fighting spirit, their numbers and individual prowess were still notable, making them not surrender easily—they still posed a formidable challenge.

But total victory was merely a matter of time.

Conducting the victory rite slightly earlier posed no issue.

Under the Living Saint's facilitation, using Bone Shattering King's body and head as the most crucial spoils and symbol of victory in the war, a somewhat modest yet grand ritual commenced amidst the battlefield where the fires hadn't yet fully subsided.

Mr. Mao could see it too, which infuriated them more.

The Storm God Kingdom's pressure intensified slightly.

Gu Hang merely chuckled.

You'll be angrier later, there's no hurry.

They didn't have to wait long; about ten minutes later, the 'simple' ritual concluded, and Bone Shattering King's corpse vanished amid a golden glow, surrounded by many Psychics.

According to Georgette's announcement in the real universe, Bone Shattering King's corpse was offered to The Emperor and had already been taken away by The Emperor.

While in actuality, the head and body lay inside the Storm God Kingdom.

Green Skins 'eating', compared to top units of the Insect Race or the Great Demon, was different.

The tastiest was still the Great Demon; without miscellaneous elements, washing away extreme emotions and Evil God's imprints, tempering in lightning, reverting to the most basic Subspace essence—that's premium food.

Insect Race's, on the other hand, required the body to be smashed, and the soul powers fused from countless biological materials using unknown transcendent methods needed conversion to pure Subspace essence before consumption.

Green Skins had a stronger taste—a spicy flavor, pure aggression, pure battle frenzy, with a non-biological nuance.

But regardless of the taste, slowly dismantled, and gradually digested, it was consumable.

This would be Gu Hang's most potent individual consumption ever. Once entirely broken down and digested, the enhancement to the essence of the Storm God Kingdom would be colossal.

And it was all carried out in front of the two deities.

Bone Shattering King's power stemmed from them after all.

They grew enraged, increasingly agitated.

But that didn't hinder Gu Hang from leisurely enjoying his feast.

Just as he relished halfway, an unexpected incident occurred.

A streak of purple brilliance appeared, a soft seductive laugh, and a beautiful curved blade suddenly manifested from the Subspace, stabbing into Mr. Mao's already weakened but still fiercely angry back of his head.

Chapter 876: Progress Festival

Upon hearing that seductive laughter and seeing those two ornate purple curved blades, Gu Hang no longer cared about eating.

He became instantly alert.

The symbol was just too obvious.

Why had that entity, representing desire, suddenly made a move?

Theoretically, Mr. Mao and this entity were players of the same tier.

But their nature was quite different.

Mr. Mao is a purely racial god, with conceptual properties so weak that they're almost nonexistent. This means they are almost impossible to perish—unless there's a way to completely annihilate the green-skinned race within the real universe.

If the cancer of the universe were that easy to deal with, it wouldn't be called that.

Even though Gu Hang had achieved a decisive victory this time, severely injuring the green-skinned species, the extinction of the green skins was still far away.

They would simply lie dormant quietly for several decades or even centuries. After enough time passes, given the nature of their race, they would eventually rise again.

In this context, what is the point of ’eliminating’ Mr. Mao?

Besides providing help to oneself.

But does he have any friendship with Slaanesh?

None whatsoever!

Gu Hang didn’t want to have any.

Of the four great gods of subspace, Gu Hang didn’t want to get entangled with any of them.

After the curved blades pierced ’eliminated’ those two green-skinned gods, the seductive laughter did not disappear but continued to echo in Gu Hang’s ears.

Gu Hang had become extremely vigilant, even preparing for another fight.

However, moments later, a golden flame rose beside him.

The seductive laughter turned into a cry of alarm, followed by venomous curses.

But at least those two exquisite curved blades vanished.

Clearly, there’s no need to say who lent a helping hand.

Once calm, Gu Hang roughly guessed the significance of Slaanesh’s intervention.

This one had probably been eyeing it for a long time.

Eliminating Mr. Mao, indeed, served no purpose. They are imperishable entities.

But just as Gu Hang brought out Bone Shards's remains and slowly absorbed them in his Divine Realm, there would be great benefits. The image Mr. Mao manifested to block Gu Hang also contained some of their essential power.

Taking away these two things might allow Slaanesh to derive some benefits.

In fact, this was originally Gu Hang's plan.

He was waiting to recover and for Omgeria's cleansing operation against the remaining green skins to reach a certain level to weaken Mr. Mao. If they still dared to block the door, then he would eliminate them to see if he could reap further benefits.

As it turned out, Slaanesh stole it.

Gu Hang deeply regretted this.

However, he quickly saw a new source of amusement.

In the boundless subspace, Gu Hang saw a wave of scarlet tides from afar.

Slaanesh's venomous curses echoed throughout the entire space.

Against this backdrop, a wave of blood-red surged ever higher.

Evidently, some existence was not willing to let Slaanesh gain these benefits so easily.

It is said that the tyrant and the prince of desire had an extremely bad relationship, to the extent they could be called mortal enemies. Their mutual hostility was more severe than anything else.

Furthermore, Gu Hang faintly heard the laughter of a spy.

Some mighty being who ruled over all changes seemed to be playing some intrigue again. This large-scale confrontation between Slaanesh and the tyrant surely had the Lord of All Changes manipulating from behind.

The relationships among the four gods are quite complex. They are far from a monolithic unity, rather their hostility could be more severe than anything else.

Slaughter and brutality, yet representing honor and competitiveness, in Terror Demon, and representing desire and corruption, yet also representing perfection and pleasure in Slaanesh, have absolute opposition.

The eternal father figure, and the one representing all changes, Jian Qi, also have similar irreconcilable opposition.

The chaotic battles among the four gods are truly the daily normality in subspace. Their 'Great Game' is never-ending.

Even if they occasionally reach a consensus, it's absolutely fragile and rife with everyone's interests and intentions.

If the four gods of subspace could truly stand on the same side, it would be the end of everyone else, even the entire real universe.

Fortunately, that is never possible.

However, whenever these four briefly reach some fragile, fleeting consensus, the damage inflicted in that brief period would be immeasurable.

For example, the scarlet scar that tore through the Human Empire, Gu Hang suspects, symbolizes the gods sharing a thought in some matter.

Quite terrifying.

Let them fight among themselves, and let the 'Great Game' become even more intense, the less time they have to meddle with the real universe, the better.

...

Three years later, the 'Forward Celebration' was held on Ancache VIII in the Omegilia Star Realm.

Following three years of intensive clearing, this world, where once the Ork Kings personally led battles, had been completely purified.

The green-skinned biosphere was almost entirely uprooted.

For worlds formerly fully occupied by green skins, the Alliance had a whole set of operational plans.

Aside from military actions, supplementary construction activities were indispensable.

On Ancache, agricultural zones were developed. A small number of migrants had a lot of land, producing food on a large scale.

Meanwhile, numerous planetary terraforming spires on the planets emitted energy, continuously restoring the planetary climate.

Former battlefields were marked and commemorative monuments were constructed.

The War Memorial was established on the former world of Bone Shards Thrones.

This year also marked the first bountiful harvest on Ancache VIII.

Honestly, while this food yield might be considered medium-level in terms of agricultural worlds, compared to the extensive resources the Alliance invested in Ancache VII, even excluding the military costs of continuous green skin cleansing, simply in planetary environment rebuilding, migration, and production reconstruction, the investment cost could not easily be equaled by agricultural produce alone.

Even with a bountiful harvest, it would likely take several more decades of continued large yields to recoup the investment in construction capital.

Nevertheless, the Alliance made a massive investment.

The main reason is that beyond economic returns, Ancache VII holds immense political significance.

The Alliance achieved a critical victory here. Through it, they dominated the entire Forward Cosmic Domain.

And now, this 'Forward Celebration' is precisely meant to affirm this point.

Almost everyone of prominence across the Forward Cosmic Domain attended.

Whether it's leaders, governors, chiefs, generals, or sages, bishops, mercenary leaders, reformed pirates, or leaders of the Imperial Merchant Fleet... they all gathered together, dutifully waiting for one person's arrival.

Their main reason for attending was Gu Hang's promise to attend this celebration.

Chapter 877: Forward Cosmic Domain's Allegiance

During the Forward Celebration, the people who came from various parts of the Forward Cosmic Domain made up the majority of the participants, but not all of them.

The other half came from the Alliance.

From various parts of the Alliance, many officials arrived at Ancache VIII.

They were also the local dignitaries from different parts of the Forward Cosmic Domain, key figures to establish connections with.

Although Gu Hang is the leader of everyone, he is far away and maintains relations with everyone, yet it's actually quite challenging to forge a close connection with anyone.

However, these officials from the Alliance are different.

They are the ones truly being positioned as powerful officials in the Forward Cosmic Domain.

The local elites' sentiments towards these Alliance arrivals are difficult to decipher.

In general, they are not particularly welcomed.

After all, who would willingly welcome someone from the Alliance to their side, or even above them, to share power when they are comfortably and securely ruling as local emperors?

Nevertheless, regardless of their feelings, the entire Forward Cosmic Domain has already fallen completely under the control of the Alliance following the end of the Omgeria War.

The entire cosmos domain consists of eight star domains in total. One of them, Omgeria, was taken by the Alliance through a fierce war—there are hardly any survivors in the entire star domain.

Five star domains surrounding Omgeria suffered from the ravages of the Green Skins and the Insect Race; without the Alliance solving the issues, they would have faced extinction.

This makes up six star domains. As for the remaining two, although the threat from Omgeria was not direct to them, they too were aware of the severity of the Omgeria conflict. The Alliance's victory not only relieved their worries but also solidified the Alliance's legitimacy among them.

Legitimacy might seem abstract, but at this moment, it shows itself in a very tangible way.

The Alliance boasts Gu Hang, who holds the highest nominal position in the Dark Side of the Empire; the Alliance is the entire Dark Side of the Empire's sole human force that proclaims to the universe its mission to rescue all lost Empire Worlds and initiates the Dark Side Expedition.

These alone are already sufficient. To many worlds struggling in darkness, the Alliance's Dark Side Expedition is almost their only beacon of hope.

Moreover, the victory in warfare is even more convincing.

Starting from the Spiderweb Domain and the Eastern Cosmos Domain, the Alliance diligently conquered one world after another, achieving what they have today over several decades, capturing five or six cosmic domains.

This duration, this scale, and these achievements could be compared to the Human Empire's most spectacular expeditions of the previous one or two centuries, such as the Sun Expedition led by the Sun Lord, and might even have more significant meaning.

After all, in history, many critiqued the Sun Expedition as a laborious campaign, an exercise in grandiosity that drained the empire's foundations in pursuit of expansion for mere vanity, leading to regions that continually required investment and became bleeding resources.

In contrast, the Dark Side Expedition led by Gu Hang and the Alliance genuinely restored humanity's homeland, saving countless citizens of the Human Empire from darkness.

This makes the significance fundamentally different.

What's more, with regards to the Forward Cosmic Domain, they were undoubtedly liberated from a massive bomb that would've obliterated them upon exploding.

Who could resist when these circumstances accumulate?

Who could say no to the Alliance?

No one.

The local nobility eagerly rush over, even though rumors over the past few years have informed them that the Alliance would directly govern all regions, forming new cosmic domains, star domains, star sectors, and planetary governments. They must accept it.

They have to accept it from the standpoint of legitimacy, respect for the Alliance's military strength only underscores this necessity.

Their task is to strive for their interests within the grand framework set by the Alliance, under the premise of accepting all these changes.

The Alliance officials who are about to be appointed are their primary targets for interaction.

Their foremost goal is to find ways to preserve as much of their power as possible during the forthcoming major transformations.

However, they quickly discover that the Alliance is not an entity that only takes without giving, or only plunders without building.

The Alliance is not like the Central Empire.

As long as they steadily position themselves as part of the Alliance, they can find their place within this larger structure.

The Alliance hasn't just sent officials to govern and levy taxes from them; it has also brought development opportunities as part of the Alliance family.

After the cataclysm, the previously chaotic and disrupted interstellar travel and communications became smooth again after Thunder Torch Towers were constructed. They were astonished to find that if they followed the Alliance's blueprint, their future market would not just be limited to their 'home,' but extend eastward and northward, over tens of thousands of expansive Alliance worlds.

Furthermore, their own development also gained substantial benefits from the extensive commercial activities and the closer economic and political connections.

The first to rejoice were the trade caravans of the Empire Commerce Guild.

While they had to conform to the Alliance's universal regulations, their market scope undeniably expanded significantly.

Next was the power of the Sect of Mechanics. Under the Alliance's control, numerous Founding Worlds had emerged, all coordinated by the Alliance's Mechanical Teaching Management Association. Within this framework, they, of course, no longer held the significance they once did within the Empire as one head of the 'Double-headed Eagle.' The entire Alliance had only one head, Gu Hang.

However, tighter technological exchanges and access to many confidential projects developed by the most core groups of the Mingyang Sect, the Alfonso Sect, and the Alliance's Central Research Institute offered great allure.

This open, non-antagonistic format of technological exchange, unlike the previous scenario where each Founding World guarded against each other, allows everyone to benefit.

In addition to technology, the 'religious' aspect of the Sect of Mechanics is also undergoing some changes.

They still believe in the God of All Machines and regard the Divine Emperor as another aspect of the God of All Machines seen from the Human Empire's perspective. Yet, if the Alliance's New National Church

gradually promotes Gu Hang as a Saint, or even above that, as an emissary of the Divine Emperor on Earth, they start to form an embryonic belief in Gu Hang as well.

They believe that someone who can provide numerous confidential technologies and assist all members of the Sect of Mechanics in exploring the technologies of the past Golden Age embodies, in some sense, a manifestation of the God of All Machines.

Aside from these two groups, the local army and navy, already under the command of the Alliance Expeditionary Army Command, are now more seamlessly restructured.

Local governments, previously cooperative under the coordination of the Command Center, have been supplying resources to the warfront and managing production. Now they can smoothly transition to the Alliance-style new government model.

Government officials from various factions can either retain their original positions or be transferred to other planets and sectors.

Many insightful individuals can see through this as a method of decentralization, spreading them thin across regions. However, this opportunity for real advancement and prosperity is irresistible.

Not to mention, the Alliance has painted a grand vision.

Chapter 878

On the eve of the grand celebration, as everyone was exchanging toasts, Gu Hang listened to reports from two people.

The first one was Tekhainot.

He was originally from the Eastern Cosmos Domain, merely a Planetary Governor, but when the Alliance's influence expanded towards the Eastern Cosmos Domain, this governor actively aligned with the Alliance and used its resources to develop his planet vibrantly.

Amidst several political upheavals, he firmly maintained his stance.

With steadfast beliefs and considerable competence, he has been steadily rising through the ranks.

In terms of contribution, his most outstanding achievement was serving as a deputy in the Magrey Cosmic Domain, mainly responsible for the safety zone policy.

The worlds under the safety zone policy essentially appeared somewhat abandoned, not entirely neglected. The planets had to be self-governed, with the Alliance only sending commissioners for coordination and guidance, providing limited material supplies. The indigenous people on the planets needed to be self-reliant, elevating the security level of their planets above the standard line to establish an Alliance-recognized government. Only at this stage would a proper Alliance Army be dispatched to resolve remaining issues and begin significant investment to reconstruct the entire world.

After that, the conditions became favorable. But before that, the Alliance's provisions were honestly limited, requiring the world itself to be largely self-sufficient and self-reliant.

This was a policy of last resort under the circumstances of resource insufficiency.

If the Alliance Government had other choices, of course they wouldn't want to do this. The Alliance is a typical centralized government that wants to be a major authority. When acquiring power, it also bears corresponding responsibilities, and through this process, obtains larger returns and creates greater value.

Therefore, if possible, the Alliance would prefer not to have any world executing the safety zone policy.

But it was unavoidable. Although the Alliance is vast, the scale of the Dark Side Expedition is equally large. Once this path of expedition is embarked upon, there's no turning back. These worlds designated as safety zones were initially assessed militarily as irremediable. According to the military, they should be eradicated with an Extinction Order to eliminate future problems. Establishing a safety zone policy carries the risk of many worlds failing self-rescue or taking a long time, potentially posing risks of Chaos or Alien overflow.

However, the Alliance Government still developed the safety zone policy, hoping these initially hopeless worlds could self-rescue. In this process, although the Alliance claims not to assist much, it indeed helped.

Tekhainot was involved in this work in the Magrey Cosmic Domain. He managed a budget from the Alliance Government specifically for these safety zone worlds. Additionally, a portion of the local construction integrated into the native forces, originally to be provided to the Dark Side Expedition, was redirected to him for executing the safety zone policy.

He indeed managed vibrantly.

On one hand, he could vigorously strive for more resources from above.

He always succeeded, not because of his prestige, but because he effectively utilized the resources, such as money, materials, or troops, to achieve tangible results.

He provided detailed assessments of each world executing the safety zone policy, offering specialized instructions to every Alliance commissioner entering the safety zone, developing plans suited to local conditions, assisting them in establishing provisional governments ahead of time. They always prioritized rallying the secure parts and personnel on the planets, fostering local economic development, retaining more population, and protecting the viable forces.

Military considerations were a secondary priority.

He set effective, achievable, and specific performance indicators for these provisional governments, guiding them on how to achieve these, and providing further resources to assist them.

Under Tekhainot's execution, the safety zone policy situation in the Magrey Cosmic Domain fared much better than anticipated.

Initially, projections estimated that among all the safety zone worlds over a ten-year period, only 20% could emerge from the safety zone policy to become normal worlds under Alliance administration. Meanwhile, 30% would eventually fall to the minimum set by the safety zone policy—this meant the Alliance military would arrive and destroy the world. The remaining 50% would continue to languish under the safety zone policy.

However, during the ten years of Tekhainot's governance, worlds ultimately emerging from the safety zone policy reached 40%, doubling the expected outcome, and the proportion destroyed fell to 20%.

This was a remarkably outstanding achievement.

If he methodically continued his work in the Magrey Cosmic Domain, he might have been promoted to the position of Deputy Chair, overseeing economic and political development as well as the safety zone policy.

His future seemed extremely promising.

But Gu Hang decided to offer him a better and bigger opportunity.

Tekhainot will next directly serve as the Cosmic Domain Chair in the Forward Cosmic Domain, leading the political and economic affairs there.

He had been there for two years, during which he conducted research by order, established his governing team, and established connections with various local powers within the Domain.

Chapter 878: For the Union, For Humanity (Part 2)

Now, Gu Hang was listening to his report.

He talked about his early work achievements, but more importantly, he talked about what he would do next.

Overall, Gu Hang was quite satisfied after listening.

Mainly, Gu Hang was satisfied with this person.

In the Magrey Cosmos Domain, he was committed to saving those worlds that were originally difficult to save, allowing these worlds to return to the right track. Some of them have even begun to generate positive returns, providing life support to the Alliance.

Gu Hang believed that he was a person with sentiment, aligning with the overall policy and spirit of the Alliance, and his ability had already been proven.

Of course, if all these were viewed on the system's [Hero] interface, it might be more straightforward: he was an SSR-level, Level 8 character whose abilities were mostly concentrated on governance and economic construction.

Gu Hang carefully explained some of his own views.

Compared with the Magrey Cosmos Domain, the situation in the Forward Cosmic Domain was quite different in many ways.

There were tougher aspects.

For example, the war damage received here was more severe due to the spillover effect of the Omgeria War;

For example, the way the Alliance recovered the Forward Cosmic Domain mainly relied on the victory of a key war, and the huge prestige made all parties quickly change flags. There was no military cleanup of the political powers on various planets. The local aristocratic forces were stronger than those in the Magrey Cosmos Domain, which had been generally suppressed militarily. These nobility are temporarily submissive, but as the Alliance system is implemented over time, more profound resistance may be encountered.

But there were also positive aspects.

The enormous prestige and legitimacy the Alliance gained from the Omgeria War would be the sharpest weapon in Tekhainot's hand moving forward. Sometimes, when dealing with a local noble, one doesn't need to use force as in the Magrey Cosmos Domain. Often, just raising the flag of the Alliance and speaking up would compel them to bind their own hands and approach.

Soon after, Gu Hang also raised his own requirements.

He hoped to see the Forward Cosmic Domain quickly integrate into the Alliance's system, operate, keep up with economic construction, and begin supplying the expedition as swiftly as possible.

At the same time, what currently seems to be a blank slate, where humanity is almost extinct—the Omegilia Star Realm—Gu Hang sees it as a huge treasure waiting to be excavated. It is a blank canvas, but the natural resources are still there, much like how the Alliance developed several sectors and dozens of worlds long occupied by the Iron-teeth Empire, now turned into important granaries.

The hundreds of blank canvases in Omegilia are actually a considerable fortune.

Perhaps the scale would be too large for the Alliance to develop all by itself; however, at the necessary time, these resources could be presented as bait to engage local interest, making those local nobles willingly work for the Alliance.

Tekhainot listened intently and took notes.

After the report exchange, he assured Gu Hang that he would provide a satisfactory answer within the next decade.

...

Besides Tekhainot, another person Gu Hang needed to hear a report from was Yan Fangxu.

This celebration of forward progress was also organized for him.

Next, the march into the Skywatch Starfield was imminent.

The Dark Side Expedition was about to move to its next phase.

After entering the Skywatch Starfield, Gu Hang wanted Yan Fangxu to pay special attention to one thing besides the regular expedition plans to recover each world—finding a passage through the Scarlet Scar.

After Gu Hang's calculations, some areas along the Scarlet Scar had relatively mild subspace turbulence.

In these places, there might exist passages that allow normal fleets to traverse, either stably or unstably.

Finding a stable passage, of course, would be ideal.

Gu Hang wasn't entirely unconcerned about the Holy Terra.

To be honest, the other side was, after all, the more elite area of the entire Human Empire. In terms of both population and productivity, it was so.

No matter what the future relations between the two sides will be, at least finding such a passage and controlling it in one's own hands is quite important.

Advance to the other side, or defend the passage to isolate the two sides.

Yan Fangxu understood his mission and assured Gu Hang that he would fully commit to achieving the goal.

Overall, their communication wasn't that long.

Their relationship was that of old revolutionaries, and Gu Hang was very confident in Yan Fangxu in many matters.

Considering the time, the ceremony below was also reaching its climax; it was time for Gu Hang to make his appearance.

Adjusting his clothes, he got into the car and headed to the main venue.

...

"Fellow countrymen, comrades, defenders of human civilization:"

"The world beneath our feet was once scorched earth defiled by aliens, but now, it is a pure land regained by the lives and faith of millions of soldiers! Three years ago, when the roars of two types of aliens echoed through the Star Sea and the entire human world of the Star Domain was destroyed, it was countless warriors who built the defensive line with their steely bodies, and it was the workers, farmers, and Mechanical Priests who supported the front line with sweat and wisdom! Many among them have forever rested in these lands. Let us pay the highest respects to all the heroes who sacrificed their lives for the future of humanity—salute!"

"This victory does not just belong to the Alliance Army, but to every world that held on in the darkness. Compatriots of the Forward Cosmic Domain, you have fought against the tide of Green Skins in isolation, and protected the spark of home under the fangs of the Insect Swarm. You have proven: Humanity will never kneel to despair! The survival of humanity depends on the blessing of the Divine Emperor and our own unity and resistance!"

"The Forward Cosmic Domain officially becomes an inseparable part of the Human Alliance. This is not conquest, but liberation; not annexation of power, but sharing of responsibility! The light of the Thunder Torch Tower connects all Star Sectors, the technology of the Sect of Mechanics will be open to every world. Those local governors, caravan leaders, and legion generals confined to lone stars, your fleets will sail towards the prosperous eastern markets, your engineers will participate in all great constructions, your offspring will become the next generation of generals and governors in the Alliance academies!"

"Yes, I will not deny, and I emphasize to you: the governance of the Alliance indeed signifies reform."

"But the pain of reform will eventually be soothed by shared prosperity. We do not need fragmented warlords and divided thoughts; we need a unified market, efficient administration, shared security! Those worried about losing power, please look at the industrial clusters of the Magrey Cosmos Domain, the free trade port of the Yadan Star Zone—under the banner of the Alliance, local interests have never disappeared, but have been elevated to the welfare of all humanity!"

"The Alliance will ensure everyone who contributes to the Alliance, to humanity, to the Emperor. Whatever your contribution, whether planting a grain, tightening a screw, or managing a planet... whatever it is, it will be remembered."

"However, the Dark Side Expedition is far from over."

"The remnants of the Green Skins still linger in the Star Sea, the shadow of the Insect Swarm has never left; all kinds of Aliens are major threats in this catastrophic era, not to mention the whispers of Chaos continue to erode minds... our great cause still continues."

"The main forces of the Expeditionary Force, under Marshal Yan Fangxu's leadership, have completed their preparations. After the celebration, they will set off again, marching west and south, entering the Skywatch Starfield to recover the world of this Central Territory."

"And the restructured corps of the Forward Cosmic Domain will complete its reorganization within the next six months and rendezvous with the main forces of the Alliance Expeditionary Force!"

"The scar of the Great Rift tore the Empire apart, yet it revealed the truth to us—only by abandoning parochialism, linking the fate of every planet, every army, every person tightly together, can humanity continue its flame in this dark galaxy!"

"Starting from Omgeria, the cheers of this celebration will transform into the horn of expedition, wherever the Thunder Torch Tower shines, it will be human territory; wherever the flag of the Alliance points, it will be the direction of the light!"

"Forward Cosmic Domain, forward! For the Alliance! For humanity!"

Chapter 879:

The unique stench of Beastmen suddenly intensified. Bach'er swung back to cleave an attacking Jumper, the pungent green blood splattering on the Steel Skull Badge on his Power Armor's shoulder. His peripheral vision swept across the battlefield, noticing that the Ironfist warriors still maintained their iconic trident advance formation—the Blast Bomb gunners on the left and right flanks alternately covering, while the Central Assault Team always held high the Earth Splitting Battle Banner inherited from the Punisher Legion.

"Waaagh!!"

A deafening roar emerged from underground as the entire plain surged like waves. A twenty-meter-tall Beastman Warlord smashed through the rock layers, its rusted Power Claw tearing open five Chimera transport vehicles. Bach'er felt his teeth tremble from the vibration, the metal skulls hanging from the creature clinking, each one from an Interstellar Warrior it had torn apart.

"By the Holy Blood..." The Steel Bone Battle Captain instinctively reached for the Holy Relic Box at his waist, only to see Ouyi already drawing the Punishment Type Power Sword. The Ironfist Ambassador's warriors simultaneously unfolded their folding Boarding Shields, their actions identical to forty years ago when they fought against gene stealers in the Salamas Nest Capital.

"The old rules?" Ouyi's voice carried a hint of amusement, a fiery red glow emanating from the seams of his faceplate. Bach'er suddenly recalled the scene of them slaying a Terran warrior together in their youth, dispelling his doubts like morning mist meeting the sun. He struck his breastplate heavily, and the Steel Bone Butchers immediately formed into three spearhead formations.

As the Ironfist Terminators melted through the Warlord's knees with a molten stream, Bach'er was leading the first company veterans onto the monster's back. His chain-saw sword jammed in the armor's seams, the flying sparks dyeing his goggles blood red. From below came a familiar warcry—a ladder of twenty Ironfist recruits had hoisted Ouyi into the air, the ion arc light from the Battle Leader's sword blade too dazzling to behold.

"For the Emperor!!" The weapons of two generations of Battle Group Leaders simultaneously plunged into the Beastman's eye socket. Amidst the muffled sound of cracking skulls, Bach'er heard the clang of steel and iron, reminiscent of their first charge together beneath the glaciers of the mother star. As the Warlord fell with a crash, he saw Ouyi's battle banner planted in the creature's chest, the scorched bullet holes in the flag identical to those from the battle thirty years ago to aid the Steel Bone Mother Star.

Amidst the smoke, the surviving warriors began to pound their shields with warhammers, the steel symphony of the Steel Bone Butchers interwoven with the plasma humming of the Ironfist Ambassador in an ancient rhythm. Bach'er bent to pick up a half-blood-stained orange shoulder guard, the bleeding Ring of Punishment emblem on it—exactly like the one that shattered when Ouyi shielded him from a Poison Blade Cannon strike forty years ago.

"Do the reinforcements also inherit this?" He wiped the bloodstains from the metal fragment. Ouyi came over and tore open the damaged neck armor, revealing a fierce glacier fissure tattoo beneath—engraved in the same place when every Ironfist warrior is promoted to veteran.

"Bloodlines can be copied, but the soul cannot." The Battle Group Leader pointed at the Pharmacist retrieving Genetic Seeds, "See what those lads are carving onto the Holy Armor?" Bach’er leaned in to see the recruits’ armor, discovering densely packed runic script between the bullet marks, which were the names of the fallen in service of the Ironfist Ambassador.

As the blue beams of orbital bombardment pierced the clouds, the flags of the two 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 the Ironfist recruits sang the Punishment Hymn around the bodies of their fallen brothers. Bach’er looked at the battlefield scorched by plasma, suddenly noticing that the brand new Majestic Armor in the setting sun shimmered with the same matte finish as the old Sky Eagle Armor.

A familiar warcry came—they hoisted Ouyi into the air with a ladder of twenty Ironfist recruits, the ion arc light shining from the Battle Group Leader’s sword blade made it impossible to open one’s eyes.

"For the Emperor!!" The weapons of two generations of leaders pierced into the Beastman’s eye socket together. In the muffled explosion of the skull, Bach’er heard the chimes of steel and iron, just like their first charge together beneath the glaciers of the mother star. When the Warlord crashed to the ground, he saw Ouyi’s battle flag planted in the creature’s chest, the burned bullet holes on the flag indistinguishable from those thirty years ago in the battle to aid the Steel Bone Mother Star.

In the aftermath, surviving warriors began striking their shields with warhammers, the steel symphony of the Steel Bone Butchers interwoven with the plasma hum of the Ironfist Ambassador into an ancient beat. Bach’er bent down to pick up a half-blood-stained piece of orange shoulder armor, the bleeding Ring of Punishment mark on it identical to the one that shattered when Ouyi blocked a Poison Blade Cannon shot for him forty years ago.

"Do the reinforcements also inherit this?" He wiped the blood from the metal fragment. Ouyi came over and pulled open the damaged neck armor, revealing a fierce glacier crack tattoo beneath—engraved in the same place when every Ironfist warrior is promoted to veteran.

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As orbital bombardment's blue light pierced the clouds, the banners of both battle groups were already planted on the Green Skin Farm's furnace core. Steel Bone Warriors adorned their Power Armor with Beastman teeth, while new Ironfist recruits sang the Punishment Hymn around their fallen brothers. Bach'er gazed at the battlefield burned by plasma, realizing that the brand new Majestic Armor gleamed with the same matte as the old Sky Eagle Armor in the sunset.

Chapter 879: Is This a Dream?

This is... a dream?

Gu Jing quickly realized this.

Fantastical colors, constantly changing surroundings—from bustling streets to desolate plains; from forests to deserts...

This is definitely not a scene from the normal world.

But here, it's not just a simple dream.

If it were merely a simple lucid dream, how could it be so close to the Subspace?

One could almost say that he was already in Subspace.

To be honest, this scene only made him a little nervous, but not overly so.

The main reason was that he had encountered similar situations more than once as he grew up.

Thanks to his 'good father', from the moment he was born, there were not a few Subspace entities interested in him, trying various ways to get closer to him.

The methods of approach varied.

Of course, young Gu Jing was not capable of resisting these on his own.

However, his father protected him well.

Those phantoms dared only to probe slightly, but if they extended their claws even a bit farther, they'd be relentlessly struck down by lightning.

And until the boldest and most cunning Great Demon, the Magic Lord of Thousand Changes, got caught by Gu Hang, was cleansed of all Subspace essence, and was given to his son as an external intelligent assistant, those many peeping attempts gradually ceased.

Especially after Gu Jing reached adulthood, demonstrated his extraordinary Spiritual Energy talent, and became increasingly adept with his intelligent assistant's help, he could handle ordinary peeping attempts himself.

As a result, he hadn't seen such methods in a long, long time.

Suddenly encountering it, he felt a bit nostalgic.

After briefly appreciating the continuously changing scenery, he realized he couldn't just keep playing along.

Spiritual Energy began to surge, manifesting an existence with twin wings, a bird-headed human body, and holding a magic wand.

As the power surged, Gu Jing searched within this mental space to find the hidden presence that pulled him in.

"Hmm?"

A moment later, Gu Jing softly murmured, finding it intriguing.

Unlike his previous Subspace opponents, the one targeting him now seemed to have some special abilities, hiding deep, making it difficult to find them right away.

However, as long as it exists, there must be traces.

He had already found the traces.

Not finding it along the traces didn’t matter; hitting it along the traces would suffice.

He reached into the air, and the bird-person behind him mirrored the action. A translucent blue thread was grabbed from the air, landing in their hands and stretching into the illusory sky, disappearing into the horizon.

But as long as it was caught, that’s all that mattered.

A bolt of lightning simultaneously appeared from both Gu Jing and the bird-person’s hands, extending along the thread far into the distance.

Another moment later, the whole space began to tremble.

Clearly, whatever got struck wasn’t pleased.

Gu Jing smiled, preparing for something more severe.

"Please... please wait." A chilly female voice echoed in the space.

Gu Jing ignored her.

Why should he wait just because you ask?

Another bolt!

Another round of lightning struck.

The creator of this space finally couldn't withstand it.

In the air before Gu Jing, an alluring humanoid figure quickly sketched itself out.

She was slightly breathless and almost stumbled upon revealing herself.

Gu Jing noted her pointed ears.

A member of the Spirit Race?

But she shouldn't belong to the Dark Spirit Race.

Her skin was not that grayish-white or purplish-black tone but a smooth, powdery white with glowing hints in her golden hair.

Her dressing style was entirely different from the Dark Spirit Race's fashion.

Although her style was otherworldly, it wasn't precisely unpleasant.

But she was still an alien race that needed to be purged.

Moreover, who can guarantee that this alien appearance isn't some deceptive Subspace entity's trick?

Even though Gu Jing didn't sense any deceit from her nor the usual Subspace Demon traces, he knew enough about Subspace not to trust so easily.

Seeing she wanted to speak, his safest bet was not to let her.

Lightning power continued to extend down the thread in his hand toward her.

As if wearing an electrified collar, the revealed female Spirit Race member shivered all over.

"Please... please... please wait... don't..." she laboriously continued to speak.

But Gu Jing gave no chance.

He could sense that the whole space was becoming unstable under his relentless lightning strikes.

With a bit more effort, he could break free from this bizarre dream near Subspace that he was inexplicably drawn into.

Whatever it is, he could investigate after escaping.

Anyway, no matter the opponent's intention, suddenly pulling him in like this was impolite.

However, Gu Jing didn't fully achieve his goal.

As the entire illusory space was on the verge of collapse, a projectile came flying from the horizon.

The Magic Lord of Thousand Changes unfolded its wings, shielding Gu Jing.

After the explosion, the wings spread open, revealing that the Spirit Race lady had been blown away and was struggling to get up, half-lying on the ground.

Not far away, someone wearing a red robe, with a gear-shaped sun emblem, indicated their Martian identity.

Gu Jing, being very knowledgeable, recognized the detailed attire of the Sect of Mechanics, indicating the person should be a Great Sage of the Martian Sect.

A closer look at the face, the mechanical modifications extending from underneath the red robe, and the staff composed of numerous gear structures in his hand... these things aligned with many learned scenes in his memory.

Isn’t this the Kao’er Sage of the Mars Mechanism Sect?

Kao’er Sage seemingly had some acquaintance with his father and provided some assistance to the Alliance.

"Please hold on, Mr. Gu Jing, give us a moment to converse further."

Withdrawing his strength slightly, Gu Jing planned to listen.

Meanwhile, the magic wand held by the Magic Lord of Thousand Changes behind him continued to flicker.

Gu Jing was fully prepared.

He multitasked: first, meticulously assessing if these people before him were real or another Subspace plot; second, further mastering the nearly unstable space from his Spiritual Energy attacks to turn the tables; and third, listening to what these two had to say.

Chapter 880

The Spirit Race has long fallen, yet even so, Princess Airelian, in her long life, had never been subjected to such grievances.

She is not some delicate flower of a greenhouse; even though she bears the title of 'Princess,' the extra privileges she enjoys are merely more cultivation resources, but correspondingly, she bears greater and heavier responsibilities.

The current situation of the Spirit Race also does not allow for a true pampered princess.

She has never once failed the responsibilities she bears.

Since embarking on the path of a Spirit Witch, her performance has always been outstanding. She had once fearlessly braved dangers when the Ark Kingdom needed it, offering a piece of her blood amid fierce battles for the survival of her tribe.

In her view, she is willing to do anything for her tribe. No matter how dangerous the task, facing nine deaths with one life remaining, she never hesitated.

Thus, under the Queen's orders, encouraged by the Great Prophet, she accepted a crucial and arduous task, bearing the survival of the entire tribe, and followed the goddess's herald, Meifenier, to participate in the Cartier battle.

The limited power of the Spirit Race was not enough to reverse the outcome of the Cartier battle. The Chaos Army ultimately destroyed this world, creating a terrifying Scarlet Scar.

Yet, they did play a part.

They successfully persuaded Kao'er Sage and others, saving them from the disaster of the Shattered Star and bringing them into the webway—this is what the Spirit Race calls the passage carved out in the gap between reality and Subspace, currently only accessible by the Spirit Race. Essentially, the webway technology used by the Spirit Race is akin to the technology by which the Dark Spirit Race traverses various places in the real universe via Comoros, the 'City of Gap.'

It's just that the Ark Eldar—the Spirit Race who have not fallen—do not have a grand city like Comoros.

According to the original plan, after rendezvousing with Great Sage Kao'er and many survivors of the Cartier battle, Meifenier, Airelian, and others were supposed to proceed to the Super Sea Star of the Infinite Starfield.

On that home planet of the Infinite Warriors, a Son of God lies dormant.

Robert has slumbered for ten thousand years. According to prophecy, he shall awaken after a ten-thousand-year slumber.

Now, the time for his awakening has arrived.

The Spirit Race brought a gift, which, after passing through the hands of Great Sage Kao'er, named 'Destiny,' the armor will rescue Robert's life, awakening him from endless slumber.

But first, they must safely reach Super Sea Star.

Yet, the Subspace Demons will not let them off so easily.

After they escaped into the webway, the pursuing Demon forces never ceased their pursuit.

Running while fighting, after a month of battle, they finally shook off the pursuit but also became lost in the webway. Despite having the guidance of the goddess's herald Meifenier and the navigation of the most outstanding Spirit Witch Princess Airelian in their party, they still couldn't find their way out.

After aimless wandering for another month, they had to admit they were lost in the webway.

Under such circumstances, they had only one way—through the connection between prophecy and destiny, attempting to contact the person most closely tied to the Spirit Race's destiny.

And that person was Gu Jing.

Airelian intended to call Gu Jing into the dream, tease him a bit, and at a critical moment appear as the savior, the guide, to win favor, establish a good relationship, and then smoothly use Gu Jing as a coordinate in the real universe to lead them out of the webway.

However, this strategy crumbled at the very start.

The Spirit Witch Princess, who prided herself on her considerable skills, suffered such a loss for the first time in her life.

When the figure of the Great Demon appeared behind Gu Jing, she already sensed something was wrong; when Gu Jing raised his hand and grabbed the thread connecting herself to this illusory space, she wanted to speak to stop it.

But while she was contemplating how to speak and how to start, she was electrified out.

From then on, she had no chance to speak, constantly being shocked.

This is the reason for her frustration—it's not that she hasn't experienced loss, failure, but in front of you is the noble Spirit Witch Princess! You won't even give me a chance to speak!

And even more frustrating was that, after being forcibly brought back into the dream by Great Sage Kao'er, saving her, she wanted to say something to regain face, but was stopped by Meifenier—the goddess's herald, though not physically present, blocked her words in his mind.

One cannot ruin the future of the tribe due to impulsiveness and arrogance.

Meifenier said this.

He also mentioned, the reason the great empire of the Spirit Race fell; and why after its destruction it ended up where it is now, must be arrogance.

Airelian did not agree, but what else can she do?

She could only shut her mouth obediently.

But it did not prevent her from glaring at Gu Jing with hateful eyes, trying to make him feel her displeasure.

...

Gu Jing paid no attention to the Spirit Race princess whom he nearly electrocuted to death beside him.

After listening to the narration of Kael Sage, he surprisingly interrupted, "You mean, after the Cartier battle ended, you fled the demon pursuit for a month and then got lost for another month, totaling just two months?"

"Yes." Kao'er's mechanical voice held some confusion, seemingly questioning why ask this.

"As far as I know, the Cartier battle was already sixty-three years ago."

Gu Jing's voice was soft, but it rang in their ears like a thunderous bell.

Sixty... sixty-three years?

Kao'er was silent for a moment, seemingly digesting this news.

After a good while, he spoke, "I didn't anticipate this. The time flow in the webway and Subspace does indeed differ from that of the real universe, but I didn't expect the difference to be so large. In our perception, only about two months had passed."

He pulled out a timepiece from his red robe while speaking, displaying it to Gu Jing.

The time recorded was indeed AE.10274.

...

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