Governor 881

Chapter 881: Prophecy and Resurrection

"How can I help you?" Gu Jing raised a question.

"We need you to serve as our navigator, leading us to our pre-determined destination."

"Explain in detail," Gu Jing appeared all ears.

Meifenier explained it thoroughly.

They had previously set the destination for this passage through the network, and theoretically, there should be no problem.

However, the explosion of Cartier and the appearance of the Scarlet Scar had too significant an impact.

"Before we got lost, our navigation was stable. In fact, it is still functioning now. But we didn't expect such drastic changes in the connection between Subspace and the real universe. According to your words, it's the so-called Scarlet Scar. The changes were so severe that they completely disrupted our navigation, which originally relied on stable connections between Subspace and reality..."

That sounded reasonable.

Gu Jing could understand the changes involved.

If one were to liken the Spirit Race traveling in the webways to ships sailing in a dark night on the sea, then their navigation relied on many lighthouses piercing through the darkness and the unchanging constellations in the sky as markers to confirm their current position and target direction.

Under normal circumstances, there's no problem. Whether it's the lighthouses or stars, they are usually stable, or even if they change, it's within a predictable range, regularly and periodically.

But a great catastrophe completely overturned everything. All the constellations went into disarray, lighthouses shifted places, resulting in a situation where following the original navigation method would usher them nowhere.

However, Gu Jing still had a core question.

"How did you find me? And why must it be me who can lead you out?"

As he asked, he looked at Kao’er.

Gu Jing never gave up calculating. His ’intelligent assistant’ continuously checked the surrounding environment and these present individuals, fearing they might be some Subspace entities deceiving him.

Those Jian Qi Demons had all sorts of strange, bizarre methods.

But he had confidence in his skills. After a thorough check, he basically ruled out the possibility of these people being disguised Subspace entities.

Although he remained highly vigilant, he was indeed curious about this strangely bizarre group of individuals and what it’s all about.

Among them, compared to the two suspicious Aliens, Kao’er, who had past associations with his father, seemed more trustworthy.

But Kao’er slightly shook his head at this point.

His gaze turned to the two ladies beside him.

"You have to ask these two about that. I’ve asked the same question as you did, but I didn’t get a clear answer."

Princess Airelian spoke up, "We have said, that’s because..."

"Because Gu Jing’s destiny is connected to your race, allowing you to find him through prophecies," Kao’er added to Airelian’s words, "But merely such a statement isn’t enough to convince Mr. Gu Jing. You need to explain more clearly."

"You don’t believe us?" Airelian questioned, "Don’t forget who saved you, without us, you would have died in Cartier a long time ago!"

Kao’er remained calm: "Indeed, you’re right, and that’s why I’m willing to keep the situation under control, allowing Estella, Millesin, Changding, Rosemond, and the others to maintain our ongoing cooperation. However, this doesn’t mean I completely trust you, nor does it mean I will believe your every word."

Airelian sarcastically remarked, "Can’t even fully trust your saviors?"

"At least you haven’t saved Mr. Gu Jing’s life, and he is the one you need to earn trust from, not me."

Coldly finishing this sentence, Kao’er closed his mouth and said nothing further.

His intention was clear: he wouldn’t vouch for anything the Spirit Race says next, his intervention in saving Princess Airelian was purely for maintaining the cooperative relationship they currently have.

The Spirit Race might not be deceitful towards him, but they were at least hiding something. Whether Gu Jing agrees to the Spirit Race’s request is entirely up to Gu Jing’s own decision.

Even if that decision is ultimately ’no,’ threatening to leave him lost together in the webways.

"So what exactly is this supposed destiny connection?" Gu Jing’s spiritual energy tendrils swirled around Meifenier, runes flickered in his golden eyes, "You better not sidestep me with prophecies or the like."

"But, it’s precisely a prophecy."

"Our race once ruled the Star Sea, and we were the most outstanding Psychic Race in the history of the entire universe."

When Meifenier said this, her expression was somewhat proud but then quickly turned to sadness.

"But under a cataclysm far more terrifying than today’s Scarlet Scar, our race was destroyed overnight."

"The remaining clansmen split into multiple branches."

"Throughout the long ages, among various tribes, whether the Prophets on each Ark, or the Druids in the wilderness, as well as the Witch Spirit crones among our own fallen kin... all have received a prophecy in various ways: the youngest offspring of the Evil God, his son who upholds reason the most, will return to the world during the Era of the End to decide the final fate of the Spirit Race."

Chapter 881: Prophecy and Resurrection (Part 2)

"Regarding this prophecy, there are three main interpretations."

"The first interpretation sees the youngest Evil God as...Slaanesh. Born from the corpses of our race, she is indeed the youngest Evil God and the root of our race’s suffering. If we interpret her as the youngest Evil God, then we should seek out her offspring who most esteem rationality."

"But obviously, you don’t believe in this interpretation," Gu Jing said, "otherwise you wouldn’t have come to me."

"Yes. Although many of my kin have always been trying to find the most rational offspring of Slaanesh, they have never found a suitable target."

"The second interpretation refers to your Emperor. You call him the Divine Emperor all day, though he is not the same as the four indescribables in the Subspace, but simply in terms of power, he could be considered a deity. If one interprets him as the youngest God, then the target is clear—Robert, who has

been asleep on the Super Sea Star for ten thousand years, is the most rational among your Divine Emperor’s many offspring. Most interpretations of the prophecy focus on him."

Regarding this, Gu Jing was noncommittal.

The history of the Empire, or rather its mythology, he had read a lot about.

The legendary Son of God, Robert, the ancestor of the Infinite Corps, was indeed such a person.

However, that still had nothing to do with him.

He was waiting for the Spirit Race predecessors to recount their third interpretation.

"The third interpretation is you, Mr. Gu Jing."

"But I’m not a God’s offspring," he retorted.

"Indeed, you are not yet." Meifenier’s words were quite significant.

"Haha," Gu Jing sneered, "are you trying to convince me that my father will become a god in the future?"

Meifenier meant just that.

"I still find it hard to trust you."

Meifenier touched the void lightly with her bare foot, the olive branch crown made of unknown metal suddenly burst out with a star-like halo.

The space they were in was originally a forcibly constructed illusion.

Light and shadows changed, like rippling water, and their location suddenly turned into a clean delivery room.

This scene, Gu Jing had never seen, but it did not prevent him from seeing that lying on the delivery bed was his mother, Lady Yelicia.

This should be the scene of his birth.

"When you were born, we observed a ripple of destiny, a truth exchanged by the Ark Council with the Eternal Prism."

"The prophecy readings for you and your father have gradually emerged since that time."

"So the ’dirty stuff’ my father mentioned also included you Spirit Race?" Gu Jing suddenly laughed, "So you’ve been spying for decades?"

His laughter was tinged with anger.

Along with him, the Magic Lord of Thousand Changes behind him suddenly spread its wings, each feather changing color.

"I’m sorry, but this involves the ultimate fate of our race."

"I don’t care about your fate; I just want to know what exactly you want to do?"

Kao’er, who had been silent, suddenly spoke up.

"Here, I can add a little." The mechanical voice was full of rationality, "I once made an agreement with Robert..."

"You? With Robert? The Son of God? He’s been asleep for ten thousand years."

"Yes."

"Have you lived that long?"

"Yes. On certain levels, this is not a secret."

"...Alright, please continue." Gu Jing still held basic respect for Kao’er.

"The great Son of God foresaw his own death. He asked me to make every effort to revive him after his death. Now, I have completed forging the Destiny Armor that could save the Son of God."

"Revive...the Son of God?"

"Yes."

"But what’s this got to do with them..." Gu Jing meant the Spirit Race, "again?"

"This armor, without their power, cannot truly be activated."

"And what about me? What role do I play in your script?"

Meifenier spoke: "We can never be sure which interpretation of the prophecy is correct. Even the most absurd Slaanesh theory can’t be completely ruled out. In such a case, we must cover all bases. This operation was originally unrelated to you; it was to revive Robert. Aside from the prophecy, we also need a wise and powerful being to lead your Empire and seek an ally for our race."

"But now we unexpectedly find ourselves in a wandering position, and because of an interpretation of a side of the prophecy, you are our only option in the real universe. We need your power to be the new ’beacon’ in the real universe so that we can calibrate our navigation."

"If we succeed, we will be able to reach Robert’s place of slumber through the webway instantly."

"So, even for the sake of your Empire, we ask for your help."

After listening, Gu Jing pondered for a long time.

The information was overwhelming.

Whether it was Kao’er’s claim of having a lifespan of ten thousand years, claiming the ability to resurrect the Son of God, aliens talking about the prophecy, saying his father would become a god in the future... all of these were things beyond imagination.

However, in some ways, he inclined to believe them.

Even the most absurd thing, the idea of Gu Hang becoming a god, might not be as far-fetched as it seemed.

He knew the grand power his father possessed. Even saying his father is already a divine being doesn’t seem so exaggerated.

After carefully digesting it, he finally said, "I’m sorry, I can’t make this decision on my own. I need to communicate with our father."

Gu Jing was no longer a young man.

Now, at eighty years old, although still looking youthful, through long learning and practice in Alliance affairs, he was already a mature man.

It was precisely because of this that he couldn’t make such a critical decision alone.

He was mature enough to clearly realize that such matters couldn’t be done without his father being informed.

"No way!" Airelian erupted in emerald flames around her, "If Gu Hang intervenes, his power will be too conspicuous, destroying the webway’s stability, our Subspace Demon Army pursuing us will arrive immediately, and might even attract... attract Slaanesh’s gaze."

"You don’t get to decide that."

Gu Jing sneered as he tore apart the Thunder Silk Thread, and the entire dream space began to collapse.

He never truly believed in these people who pulled him into this dreamscape, and thus, he never gave up on turning the tables from the start.

And now, the master of this dreamscape was no longer the one who constructed it, the Spirit Witch Princess.

Meifenier’s ethereal figure flickered, "Please wait! We may offer parts of the memory core in exchange for your trust..."

"Promises from the Spirit Race are less trustworthy than a grotesque’s excrement. There’s nothing to discuss; even if you wander in the webway for another sixty years, you can’t stop me from contacting my father."

Airelian was so furious her pointed ears turned red, but Meifenier used spiritual energy to lock her throat.

The pioneer wiped away golden blood at the corner of her mouth: "Let go, let Mr. Gu Jing go. We do need allies and indeed need to be more open."

Gu Jing’s spiritual energy finally began to weave Starfire runes. When the silver-white flames illuminated the entire space, Meifenier suddenly groaned and fell to her knees, while Airelian directly fainted.

"Father agreed." When the rune extinguished, Gu Jing said thus.

His gaze fixed on the scene revealed after the dreamscape collapsed.

It was a barren land, limited in width but endless in front and back.

He saw a Living Saint with white wings, Interstellar Warriors of the Black Cross Legion in black and white armor, special-looking Interstellar Warriors with runes on their silver-gray armor, Tribunal Stormtroopers, Protection Army, Spirit Race troops...

They weren’t just a small team; it was a mixed army.

And in this desolation, a rift opened wide.

Earlier, the intense disruptions caused when Gu Jing contacted his father had manifested.

From the rift, a large number of Subspace Demons poured in.

Chapter 882: The Essence of Humanity

The horde of demons swarmed in, and almost in an instant, filled up the once seemingly wide net path.

"Prepare for battle!"

"Maintain formation!"

The warriors of the Human Empire shouted as they formed battle formations.

Gu Jing, standing aside, quickly identified the composition of this mixed unit.

Interstellar Warriors, Protection Army, Battle Nuns, and Tribunal troops, all were present.

This basically included the most outstanding people within the forces of the Human Empire.

Especially among the Interstellar Warriors, the main force came from the Black Cross Army. This battle group had dealt with the Alliance before in the Iron Armor War. According to the records of the Alliance, this battle group was one to be reckoned with.

They could almost be counted as the largest single battle group in the entire Human Empire.

Once destined to oppose the Empire, they brazenly reproduced over hundreds of years, to the point of uninhibited expansion like the Iron Armor Battle Group. By the end of the war, based on post-war statistics, the total force of the Iron Armor Battle Group may have reached over seven to eight thousand at its pre-war peak.

However, the 'legitimate' Black Cross Army likely does not fall short of that number either.

And if one were to think the warriors of the Black Cross Army only have strength in numbers, they would be gravely mistaken.

Despite their massive size, which inevitably means not every member can reach an extremely high standard, this does not diminish the formidable combat power of the true elite among the Black Cross Army.

Most renowned are the Black Cross Champion Swordsmen.

Each one of them follows the path of the great champion Xigis from the Golden Knights, who first established the battle group, revering the sword, minimizing reliance on external forces, and fully pursuing the way of the sword, thereby gaining powerful combat strength.

Currently, there are surely over a thousand of the Black Cross Army warriors here, approximately one thousand three to four hundred.

Dozens of Champion Swordsmen, as the eyes of the entire frontline, serve as a backbone.

Meanwhile, Gu Jing can also observe that among the leaders of the Black Cross Army, there are two individuals worth mentioning.

One of them is Marshal Xi Rui, who once fought alongside the Alliance. He is the marshal of the Black Cross Army's Fourth Fleet. During the Iron Armor War, he served as the deputy commander of the North Line. After the Second Fleet Marshal had an accident, he took over the command, and subsequently merged the heavily damaged Second and Fourth Fleets into a new Second Fleet, with him as the marshal.

Overall, after the Iron Armor War, his position within the entire Black Cross Army is securely among the top three.

But he is not the overall commander of this Black Cross Army force here; rather, he still plays a secondary role.

The only person he would willingly serve as a deputy for is the current supreme Grand Marshal of the Black Cross Army, Rosemond.

He is also said to be the Empire's number one swordsman.

There aren't many who disagree. Among them, quite a few challenged him deliberately, only to be subdued.

According to the classification by Gu Jing's father, Rosemond not only clearly reaches the level of a Divine Champion but is also among the top at that level, possibly even transcending that category.

Under the Holy Sword of this Black Marshal, any demon, no matter what kind, is shredded like blocks of tofu.

Xi Rui, during the era of the Iron Armor War, should have reached the peak of a Battle Group Champion, with one foot into the realm of a Divine Champion. After a hundred years, he now appears to have also achieved the level of a Divine Champion.

Combined with a number of champions from the Black Cross Army, they form the backbone of this entire army lost in the net path, the main force indeed.

However, this does not render others unimportant.

Most of the Interstellar Warriors are from the Black Cross Army. Besides them, there are about over five hundred other battle group Interstellar Warriors.

Their decorations are quite diverse, presumably picked up conveniently when rescuing people from the Spirit Race. Their structures are scattered, sources complex, but now they seem fully under the unified command of the Black Cross Army.

Yet among these over five hundred warriors, about a hundred fifty of them have relatively standardized decorations.

They wear silver-gray battle armor, but the 'additional' decorations on them are exaggeratedly abundant.

Indeed, Interstellar Warriors like to adorn their armor with various items. Traditional insignias of the battle group, the Sky Eagle emblem of the Empire, skulls symbolizing human purity, ribbons and inscriptions proclaiming faith's purity, some devotional prayers...

These items might not seem to contribute to the combat power of the Interstellar Warriors, but it is not so.

Even if truly of no practical use, serving just as external decoration, they are actually very important. Truly exquisite armor with a hefty load of bits and pieces may resemble a ceremonial guard's outfit but is actually practical armor.

One shouldn’t always think of armor as purely utilitarian, just a simple combat tool.

It isn’t.

Artistry and utility can indeed be combined.

A piece of gold-embellished relief on the Power Armor, a skull Sky Eagle on the right side, may all seem like visual effects, not enhancing safety, even appearing as burdens. But in reality, when such Interstellar Warriors reach the battlefield, the morale-boosting effect they bring is astonishing.

Chapter 882: The Essence of Humanity (Part 2)

To a great extent, this effect is brought about by the artistic appearance.

A group of handsome armored men can stabilize the morale of the entire army. Their silent and resolute fighting can make allies, who would otherwise collapse, willingly stay and follow orders, gritting their teeth to hold on.

At the same time, the beautiful and uniform armor brings a huge morale boost to the Interstellar Warriors themselves, which is more useful than any flag or language. Among the collective, this unparalleled courage and cohesion empower them to challenge otherwise impossible targets, leading to a qualitative improvement in the army’s combat effectiveness.

Moreover, in this era, those ’decorations’ symbolizing human will, common understanding, and pure faith in The Emperor are not merely appearances. As long as their origins are correct, they can indeed help the Interstellar Warriors resist damage, strengthen their power, and even improve their luck.

However, despite this, the silver-gray-painted Interstellar Warriors adorned with various engraved metal prayers are still very rare.

Gu Jing had once worked at the Interstellar Warrior Management Committee of the Imperial Dark Side Management Committee and learned much about the Interstellar Warriors, including how to identify Battle Groups. However, among the various information, this Battle Group had never appeared.

But he quickly remembered a Battle Group with exceptionally high confidentiality, with extremely limited information available even on the Dark Side of the Empire, which even the Management Committee was hesitant to confirm its existence: the Grey Knights.

According to somewhat dubious intelligence, this Battle Group is not a sub-group of any initial founding group. They resemble the structure of the Silver Sentinel Battle Group, secretly selecting elite warriors from various groups, with special Genetic Seeds approved directly from the High Lord Council, and new blood cultivated from their secret base, forming such a Battle Group.

They only undertake missions related to Subspace Demons, and each mission has a very high level of confidentiality. It is said that after missions are completed, they eliminate every living thing related to their mission—whether enemy or ally.

They are experts in dealing with demons. Their custom armor covered in prayers is entirely targeted against Spiritual Energy and demons, greatly suppressing the enemy's extraordinary powers. Whether it's trying to harm them with witchcraft, attempting to protect oneself, or trying to change the environment, all these would be countered by the prayers and the special talents and skills the Grey Knights have trained in unique ways.

And right now, Gu Jing finally witnessed this mysterious Battle Group, which he had not dared to confirm its existence before.

They indeed live up to their reputation.

In Gu Jing's view, the core three, although not reaching the level of Rosemond, at least one has reached the battle strength of a Divine Champion.

Wielding a staff, the power of Spiritual Energy combined with the Grey Knights' special skills swept across wave after wave of demons, approximately with the strength of an Alpha-class Psychic, similar to Gu Jing's own—if he didn't count his Magic Lord of Thousand Changes plugin.

But even including Gu Jing's plugin in the calculation, they are still hard to fight. The opponent is not only a controllable Alpha-class Psychic but also a combination with top warriors and anti-psychic units.

The other two do not have the identity of top Psychics. But they are still top-notch warriors, equipped with anti-psychic and anti-demon special methods. One holds a long-handled knife, and the other wields a warhammer. When facing other types of enemies, they are merely strong Battle Group Champions. But against demons, these two rise to a level, reaching the degree of Divine Chosen.

The rest of the Grey Knights surprisingly have no one with a strength lower than a Sergeant, with a large proportion reaching the level of Company Champion. Combined with their anti-psychic, anti-demon equipment, skills, and talents, their overall demon-slaughtering efficiency is even higher than the Black Cross Army, which is ten times their number!

If the Black Cross Army is the backbone of this force, then these hundred or so Grey Knights are the sharpest blade.

They can always identify the most threatening demons among the swarms and find ways to eliminate them.

This greatly eases the pressure on the human side.

Besides the Interstellar Warriors, there are Commander Kao'er's Protection Army, the Tribunal forces led by the female Judge named Millesin, whom Gu Jing had been introduced to previously, and more than two thousand Battle Nuns, forming a force of around ten thousand.

In other battlefields, they are undoubtedly ace elites. But here, they mainly assist the Interstellar Warriors, striving to maintain the battle lines.

However, the three leaders among them must also be mentioned.

Commander Kao'er is currently at full firepower, with the Great Sage's combat state, the strange mechanical body completely unfolding over ten meters in height, bombarding the enemy with various long-range firepowers aggressively. Especially the solar ion rays, which even demons with resistance to conventional firepower cannot withstand.

At the same time, behind Kao'er is a gigantic mechanical device. Kao'er operates it wildly with at least five mechanical arms. One after another, servitors feed materials into the machinery, which rapidly produces combat-effective automated soldiers.

They fearlessly charge towards the demons, striving to fight, and when facing destruction, decisively self-destruct, taking large swaths of demons down with them.

After all, they're just temporary creations, not worth grieving over.

The leader of the Battle Nuns, Estella, is a Living Saint. Beneath her white wings are the holy maidens fighting alongside her. With each ascent and downward dive Estella makes, a holy flame is left in her wake, burning groups of demons to death.

The units of the Spirit Race are the fewest and not formed into formations. Yet, they seem to be everywhere, weaving through the battlefield and killing demon after demon.

Meifenier is the most noticeable one. Calling herself the Divine Envoy of the Windsor Goddess, she wields a sharp blade with combat prowess comparable to Marshal Rosemond.

Even the most inconspicuous Judge Millesin is a formidable warrior. Her pistol's Judgment Bullets are equally lethal. Moreover, she is an outstanding Commander, her Tribunal Stormtroopers filling various parts of the battle line, demonstrating indomitable will.

The overall force, in terms of high-end combat power, is genuinely luxurious.

In terms of troop quality, it is also exceptionally outstanding.

They slaughter demons far exceeding their numbers at every moment.

However, beneath such dazzling achievements, no one wears a happy expression.

The reason is obvious—they may be strong, but they still become exhausted; people will still fall in battle under sieges.

Yet, the demons appearing before them are endless!

No matter how high their slaughter efficiency, the number of demons in front of them never decreases. The pressure they endure is not lessened at all.

"Gu Jing! You must find a solution! Where is Gu Hang? The attention he attracted is the root cause of the demon’s arrival!" Princess Airelian’s voice rang out, "He can’t just ignore it!"

Gu Jing didn’t bother with the princess.

In that momentary exchange with Gu Hang, he already knew his father couldn’t intervene directly.

Otherwise, real trouble would arrive.

But Gu Jing was there.

He had to find a solution.

Never mind the Spirit Race, at least he couldn’t let this force, representing the essence of humanity, be entirely lost in the network passage.

The shadow of the Magic Lord of Thousand Changes appeared behind Gu Jing, more solid than ever, with every feather on its spread wings flickering with endless transformations.

"Lady Meifenier, Grand Tutor Changding, I need your help."

Chapter 883: Escape from Danger

Meifenier and the Grey Knight Grandmaster Changding, though unaware of what Gu Jing intended to do, had already found themselves at their wits' end with the current situation.

The only reason the front lines were still holding steady was because the time had been short. Drag it on any longer, and once they were too exhausted, with ammunition and personnel casualties hitting a critical point, it would likely collapse in the blink of an eye.

Since Gu Jing appeared to have a solution, they might as well trust him.

Gu Jing's Spiritual Energy carved countless witchcraft runes in the void, and the Magic Lord of Thousand Changes suddenly expanded his wings to a hundred meters. Meifenier and Grey Knight Grandmaster Changding simultaneously infused their Spiritual Energy into the core of the array, with silver-white flames surging along the rune lines.

Under Gu Jing's guidance and through the analysis of the Magic Lord of Thousand Changes, the combined formidable power of these three strong Spiritual Energy wielders demonstrated remarkable results.

The Subspace rifts visible on the field, a total of forty-four, were all sealed at that moment.

This move by Gu Jing was directly aimed at the root of the current problem.

Changding and Meifenier were somewhat stunned.

Who didn't know that sealing Subspace rifts was the fundamental solution to the current problem?

But achieving it was exceedingly difficult.

The ones opening the Subspace rifts should be outside the Webway. Countless Great Demons were drawn here, tearing through the barriers of the Webway and commanding the endless Demon Army to enter.

The Webway resides in the crevice between Subspace and the curtain of the real universe; its greatest characteristic is secrecy. But once that secrecy is dispelled and its specific location is caught, nothing could protect them.

After all, under such intense and numerous attentions, even the sturdy veil of reality would get torn apart, let alone the Webway barriers in the crevice, far weaker than the veil of reality.

How could you seal the rift without dealing with the Great Demons outside the Webway?

But evidently, Gu Jing did not proceed in that manner.

No matter how powerful he was, combining the strength of the Grey Knight Grandmaster and the Spirit Race Divine Envoy, it would still be impossible to instantaneously repel an indeterminate, but certainly a large number of Great Demons.

Therefore, the method Gu Jing employed must be to specifically identify the mechanism by which these rifts occur, and specifically reinforce the Webway's barrier power to seal all the rifts.

Instead of confronting the Great Demons tearing at the barriers, it was leveraging the Webway barriers to counteract the Great Demons' power.

The scene was breathtaking.

Gu Jing's precise mastery of Subspace pathways and rapid calculations, along with his skilled technique in mobilizing power, was awe-inspiring.

Undoubtedly, the Magic Lord of Thousand Changes, purified and enslaved by Gu Jing in a manner completely beyond their comprehension, played a significant role.

In any case, if it were them, they wouldn't be able to execute such an operation at all.

No wonder he is the blood descendant of the God of the Future.

"Don’t get too excited, this won’t hold them off for long," Gu Jing cautioned them.

"Accelerate the extermination of all demons in the Webway, reduce interference. Meifenier, activate your navigation now. I will provide assistance. We must evacuate here before the Webway barrier is breached again."

Gu Jing didn’t mention what would happen if they failed.

In any case, he wouldn’t be in trouble; he could slip away if things went south.

Fortunately, others understood the gravity of the situation.

Everyone was fighting desperately.

Rosemond’s Holy Sword slashed through the tide of flesh and steel, while Marshal Xi Rui led the Black Cross Army in a powerful offensive. The Grey Knights’ Spiritual Energy shackles temporarily restrained the three most ferocious demons, Estella’s Holy Flame forming a flowing firewall at the breach in the defense line. Millesin simultaneously took over command of the nuns and the Protection Army, no longer conservative as before but launching full-scale assaults regardless of casualties, aiming for the rapid annihilation of demons’ vital forces.

Kao’er Sage’s mechanical arm deployed sixteen sets of mechanical arms, swiftly operating on his portable forge machine.

Moments later, drones equipped with servo skulls swiftly took flight, destined for each sealed rift.

Flying demons attempted to intercept, but Kao’er’s long-range firepower shielded his drones, shooting down those fearsome monsters from mid-air.

Eventually, these saturation-released drones, equipped with disk-like mechanical devices, embedded in the nodes of the Spiritual Energy matrix used by Gu Jing to seal the rifts, released rhythmic golden flames that incinerated demons attempting to approach and break the barrier from the Webway side.

At the same time, these devices also exerted power to extend the duration of the seal.

Gaining time was crucial, giving the Human-Spirit Alliance more opportunities to eliminate demons.

As the demon numbers plummeted sharply in a short time, Subspace interference had decreased to an acceptable level.

At this moment, Gu Jing's Spiritual Energy, under Meifenier's guidance, had already connected to the navigation beacon.

Airelian shouted, "No! We still can't lock on! We need coordinates from the real universe! Gu Jing needs to return to reality!"

That was clearly impossible.

Once Gu Jing left, the seal would immediately break, demons would rush back in, and all efforts would be in vain.

Yet if he didn't return, he couldn't provide the necessary positioning in the real universe.

Chapter 883: Escape from Doom (Part 2)

This is the deadlock.

At this moment, Airelian once again felt indignant about the events that had transpired earlier.

Why did Gu Jing have to insist on contacting his father? He could have agreed quietly, left a beacon, and then quietly returned to the real universe, set the beacon, and become a lighthouse, allowing them to safely re-establish navigation without alerting the demons of subspace, avoiding the situation currently unfolding.

Gu Jing couldn’t be bothered with such thoughts.

He smiled and said, "Why worry about not having coordinates in the real universe? I am the Alliance; with me here, the entire Alliance is here."

These words were boastful; it would be more believable if his father said them.

However, when his father promised, these words somewhat held true.

In an instant, countless coordinates exploded in the minds of everyone present.

Previously, the Spirit Race’s navigation was in chaos, but suddenly, innumerable lights emerged in the darkness—who still worried about lacking coordinates!

In the Dark Side of the Empire, tens of thousands of worlds already belonging to the Alliance turned into lighthouses for the Spirit Race to use for navigation correction.

And their real destination, the Super Sea Star, clearly revealed itself.

This was a miracle!

But now is not the time for amazement.

Princess Airelian exerted all her strength, let out a piercing scream, and the spiritual energy propelled the Ark Star Instrument into the ground, causing the network structure to groan under the pressure.

Silver spiritual threads quickly extended, continuously connecting each human and Spirit Race unit.

At this moment, a subspace rift sealing that was initially somewhat stable suddenly began to violently shake.

The voice of a demon lord clearly came from outside the seal. The seductive sound was so clear and alluring even on this fierce battlefield.

Moments later, this Great Demon forcibly squeezed through the seal!

A twelve-meter-tall Slaanesh Demon appeared, looking roughly humanoid overall. Its horns resembled those of a ram, and its pale pink skin had a strange shimmer. Its left chest was muscular and beautifully sculpted, while its right chest was round and full. Its abs were perfectly toned, its legs elegantly shaped, and each of its two pairs of arms wielded a magnificent demon blade.

But this is the view of those with resolute will. To the majority, the Great Demon's form is the most beautiful image in their hearts.

This directly impacted the combat power of a significant portion of the human troops.

Under the spell of collective charm, even those with weak wills suddenly turned against their companions, aiming their weapons at them.

Among the chaos, a Spirit Race member shouted in terror, "Shakeqi! It's Shakeqi!"

That, of course, was the Great Demon's name.

Shakeqi might not be the most famous among the Slaanesh Demons, but it certainly had the most Spirit Race blood on its hands. Throughout the long years, the Spirit Race had always been Slaanesh's favorite race. To woo Slaanesh, Shakeqi relentlessly pursued the Spirit Race, tempting, hunting, and sacrificing countless Spirit Race souls.

Each time it appeared was the deepest nightmare for the Spirit Race.

There was no doubt that this Great Demon, with a history surpassing that of the Human Empire, was one of the most powerful under Slaanesh's command, being a Divine Sovereign Demon.

Its characteristic of hunting the Spirit Race made it extremely interested in hunting so-called ’Divine Envoys’ and numerous Spirit Race elites. Coupled with its formidable strength, it managed to ’squeeze’ its body into the seal ahead of time at the crucial moment.

This didn’t mean the seal was broken.

After it entered, the seal reclosed.

Even though its forced entry greatly weakened the seal, at least for now, it still existed.

Yet the impact of its lone entrance was astounding.

The nearly successfully set location suddenly blurred; the silver threads that were about to cover everyone faded away in the blink of an eye.

The interference exerted by a Divine Sovereign Demon was stronger than that of a demon army.

"Drive it out!"

The elite commanders and warriors among the humans made the decision without waiting for Gu Jing to speak.

The Grey Knights’ Grand Master swiftly rallied his troops, the Grey Knights’ anti-spiritual energy techniques started to take effect, dispelling the group enchantment brought by the Great Demon.

The Black Cross Army began bombarding the Great Demon with roaring Blast Bomb Guns, offering it the fiercest of welcomes.

But ordinary weaponry was like taking a shower to the Great Demon, posing little threat.

In a flash, the Great Demon that charged into the human lines crashed through the Black Cross Army's shield wall, targeting the Spirit Race members hidden within the crowd.

Especially Meifenier, who was its main target.

In stealth, Rosemond made his move.

This Sword Saint, who had silently positioned himself closest to the Great Demon, charged swiftly, and his long-accumulated Holy Artifact Greatsword slashed fiercely.

Only at this point did the Great Demon sense his presence.

It could feel the threat posed by the Sword Saint. Using its four exquisite weapons bestowed by Slaanesh, it engaged with graceful skill. It seemed to be dancing, its blades swift and elegant, and as it swung, enchanting sounds accompanied them.

However, the Great Demon's allure didn't break the Sword Saint's will; the fancy sword dance didn't repel the Sword Saint.

Momentarily, the two appeared to be locked in a stalemate!

Though it seemed that as the fight progressed, Rosemond would soon find himself in a disadvantageous position.

But he was not fighting alone.

The most agile ally arrived first. The Living Saint descended with roaring Holy Flames. Her flaming golden sword harmonized well with the Black Sword Saint's attack.

Ultimately, it was Gu Jing and Meifenier who dealt the finishing blow.

They both no longer focused on navigation and positioning.

The interference from the Great Demon prevented navigation from forming; it had to be cleared first.

The Magic Lord of Thousand Changes behind Gu Jing waved his magic wand, unleashing a vast spiritual energy surge.

After demonstrating precise control earlier, he could also showcase sheer spiritual power.

Meifenier adopted a more ancient approach.

As she muttered silently, several scars appeared on the Great Demon’s body.

Those were the most significant wounds from countless battles over long years between Shakeqi and the Spirit Race.

"Attack there, that’s its weak point."

This information was transferred to the minds of every combatant.

Meanwhile, she exerted herself to use spiritual ability skills, immediately binding the Great Demon after Gu Jing had just dazed it a bit.

For a Divine Sovereign Demon, binding it is difficult for too long.

Yet a moment was enough.

Under the Sword Saint’s strikes, those historical wounds were keenly targeted.

And these striking hits inflicted terrible damage.

Shakeqi let out a mournful scream, its momentum immediately deflated.

Gu Jing added more power, a blast of spiritual energy destroyed it completely.

Shakeqi died.

But this wasn't complete death.

Its subspace essence wasn't captured; after being killed, it would ultimately return from subspace.

However, this time is calculated in centuries.

At least for now, it cannot cause trouble.

The interference with the Spirit Race's navigation quickly subsided and began to function again.

The silver threads resumed spreading, and the positioning of Super Sea Star revealed once more.

Before the seal was about to break, they finally completed all preparations.

Judge Millesin ordered the troops to detonate all Holy Blood grenades to delay the demon's advance.

Subsequently, the silver starlight engulfed everyone.

Chaotic lights flashed before their eyes, everyone feeling their bodies rolling over constantly.

This forced traverse experience wasn't by any means pleasant.

But when it all ended, when everyone fell scattered on a frozen land, the sensation of having their feet back on solid ground made them desperately want to bury their faces and weep.

Finally... finally escaped.

Even more delightful, when they looked up, they saw the giant statue of Son of God, Robert.

The mother group of Infinite Warriors, clearly the sleeping place of Son of God, Super Sea Star, had arrived.

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Gu Jing stood up, his gaze sweeping across the statue of the Son of God, and he stepped on the white snow beneath him, taking a deep breath.

Although throughout the entire process earlier, he appeared confident and composed. But in reality, how could he not be a bit nervous?

Luckily, up to this point, everything has turned out quite well.

From the Black Cross Army to the Grey Knights and these Interstellar Warriors; or the Tribunal, Protection Army, these relatively ordinary troops have certainly suffered casualties, but overall, it’s still within an acceptable range.

Turning his gaze to Meifenier and the Great Sage Kao’er, Gu Jing said, "I’ve accomplished the request you put forward to me. Now, most people have safely reached Super Sea Star. It’s time for you to fulfill the reasons you used to persuade me earlier."

What he’s referring to, of course, is resurrecting the Son of God, Robert.

"Of course, this was our goal all along," Meifenier said, "Our current position should be near the North Pole of Super Sea Star. The next step is to find the base of the Infinite Warriors, make contact with them, and earn their trust..."

As he spoke, Gu Jing lifted his head and looked into the distance.

"No need to search, they're here."

...

When Gu Hang's group successfully arrived at Super Sea Star, his consciousness inside the Storm God Kingdom smiled and raised his head: "You see, I have learned the rules of the game. This time, I fully adhered to the rules, and I won."

"Stick to the rules, you should withdraw."

A scream echoed outside Gu Hang's Divine Realm.

The Dark Prince was quite displeased and frustrated.

But so what?

This time, he indeed lost.

What a pity.

The value of those prey is very high, especially that small but elite team from the Spirit Race, along with the leaders Meifenier and Airelian, whom she yearned to acquire.

But... a loss is a loss.

No matter how unwilling, this round must end.

However, it doesn't matter.

They still have a nearly eternal time, to play slowly, play well, and don't care at all about winning or losing this round.

After Slaanesh's screams gradually faded away, Gu Hang heard the furious roars of the Terror Demon.

Now it's easier for him to hear those kinds of sounds than before.

It seems that another 'game' between the two biggest rivals, Slaanesh and Terror Demon, has begun.

Confirming those guys have gone away, Gu Hang sighed helplessly.

The confrontation between the Evil Gods in Subspace is called the 'Great Game.'

It's sheer nonsense!

Gu Hang doesn't want to play these so-called games at all, nor does he think these 'games' are great.

But he has no choice but to play.

The more powerful he has become, the less free he feels.

Over long ages, the gods regard everything as pawns in a game, and he feels he's been forced to join them.

However, he quickly understood it all.

Why was he free in the past?

It was because he was too weak, far from the truth of the real universe, seeming 'free' to do whatever he wanted.

More importantly, he had to admit that someone carried the burden for him.

In the beginning, when he first became a 'god,' why was there always calm in Subspace? Later on, when he used the power of the Subspace Divine Kingdom to tear through the cracks in the real universe, bringing the power of the Divine Realm into the real universe to press on people, why was he always benefiting, without other Subspace powerhouses coming after him?

He originally thought all that was normal, that the world was simply like that.

The Emperor? Perhaps the Emperor provided some help, but mainly it was due to his own effort.

However, upon reaching his current stature, he knows relying on oneself is rubbish. At this level of a five-way contest, if no one in Subspace is shielding him, carrying the burden, he'd probably have suffered a powerful blow and been obliterated during one of those times he interfered strongly with the real universe.

In his weak stage back then, even if no Subspace powerhouse showed up, a Divine Sovereign Demon like Shakeqi could have wiped him out – back then, how could he have summoned a Sword Saint like Rosemond? And how could he have Spirit Race Divine Envoys who had battled countless times against someone like Shakeqi, exchanging numerous lives for combat experience, leaving eternal scars?

Simply put, it was all thanks to the Emperor's protection.

In the beginning, he obscured Gu Hang's Storm God Kingdom beneath his wings, making it difficult for other malicious Subspace powerhouses to find, granting Gu Hang and his Alliance precious time to develop.

And now, he has reached this level, even if among the Subspace powerhouses, any in a straightforward equal confrontation, he isn't a match. However, he has at least stood at this level, with minimal trouble safeguarding his Divine Realm.

At this point, do not expect the Emperor’s protection any longer.

It’s not that the Emperor doesn’t want to, it’s that it’s impossible.

The biggest significance of the Emperor’s protection was to hide Gu Hang. But now, with Gu Hang and the Alliance’s size, it’s no longer possible to conceal him. Other powerhouses see him as a rival entering the grand hall, even beginning to invite him to ’play games.’

Conversely, now it’s time for him to provide shelter for others.

Chapter 884_2

Take his son, for example.

In the battle within the internet, every individual and Spirit Race unit played a very important role. And the greatest hero was naturally Gu Jing.

As for Gu Hang, he did not play an obviously significant role in the matter itself, and even had some negative effects. The exchange between Gu Jing and Gu Hang complicated and intensified the situation there.

There’s no mistake about that.

But how about looking at it from a higher level?

No jesting, without Gu Hang, how many more than just one Shakeqi would have squeezed into the internet barrier?

Slaanesh was eager beyond measure for that Spirit Race Divine Envoy.

That was its ’core interest.’

Without Gu Hang watching from the sidelines, this ’game’ would have had no opponent for Slaanesh, only itself as a player.

Would it still have been so honest?

It would certainly have exerted effort to interfere, guiding the ’game’ towards the outcome it desired.

This is the significance of Gu Hang’s existence.

Even if he cannot provide help to Gu Jing and even seems to have side effects, he gave Gu Jing, the Spirit Race, and the Interstellar Warriors a relatively fair chance to compete with the demons.

Rather than being caught in a predetermined outcome under Slaanesh’s interference.

Now, the children have reached the place where the Son of God slumbers on the Super Sea Star.

That is on the other side of the Scarlet Scar.

Gu Hang’s power is not able to easily cross the Scarlet Scar to influence that side because Gu Hang is now largely a ’racial god’—not a racial god of all humanity, but a racial god of the Alliance.

And now, the influence of the Alliance on the other side is extremely small, with only a ’fan club’ attracted by Gu Hang’s successes in the East being spread to the West before the Great Rift appeared, especially those on Holy Terra, able to exert a slight influence on the other side.

But the influence exerted is too small, and the key is that the Scarlet Scar acts as a barrier, making it quite difficult for Gu Hang to know and understand some intelligence on Holy Terra.

Not to mention that he almost has no influence over the Super Sea Star.

Gu Hang really can't manage matters over there.

He can only depend on his son's own performance.

Yet, overall, he remains quite optimistic and confident.

For one, he trusts Gu Jing's capabilities reasonably well.

On the other hand, while he can't manage the other side of the Dark Side of the Empire, he is not the true main god of humanity. Over there, it's the Emperor's domain, which means he doesn't have to worry too much.

He still has to keep focusing on the matters on this side of the Dark Side of the Empire.

The Dark Side Expedition has been ongoing for over sixty years now; more than thirty years have passed since the Omeglia Campaign as well.

The victory in the Omeglia Campaign largely heralded the exit of a major enemy for humanity on the Dark Side Expedition route—the Green Skins from the game. The death of the Bone Shattering King meant that the Green Skins lost one of the most powerful leaders in the real universe.

The Green Skin's Mr. Mao, who suffered from the plots of the four gods and endured significant setbacks, also had to temporarily remain dormant, reducing interference in the real universe.

All of this has plunged the Green Skins' strength in the real universe, at least on the Dark Side of the Empire, into a massive low point.

Eradicating this race is still very challenging. However, after 'surgery' and 'chemo,' the situation of the cancer has slowed significantly, and the situation has improved a lot.

Perhaps, in an unknown number of years in the future, the Green Skins will rise again, bringing a wave of green frenzy and enormous challenges.

But at least not now.

After reducing a major alien enemy, the overall process of the Dark Side Expedition has become much more relaxed.

Simultaneously, the victory in the Omeglia Campaign brought another significant benefit.

A very important Tentacle Fleet of the Void Insect Species was annihilated, and they could not replenish it suddenly.

The entire Forward Cosmic Domain was fully reclaimed within a few years after the conclusion of the Omeglia Campaign, and the digestion process was relatively fast, now becoming one of the Alliance's solid territories. The level of stability certainly does not reach that of the Spiderweb Domain or Eastern Cosmos Domain that have been under Alliance control for over a hundred years, but it's at least no worse than the situation in the Magrey Cosmic Domain.

Tekhainot, the person in charge of the Forward Cosmic Domain, has performed quite well.

After the major battles in the Forward Cosmic Domain ended, the Western Expedition Army stepped into the Skywatch Starfield.

Skywatch Starfield is no longer considered a part of the Eastern Territory. According to the divisions before the Catastrophe Era, it was part of the Imperial Central Territory. Just after the appearance of the Scarlet Scar divided the great rift across the Empire, a small part of the Central Territory was also cut to the Dark Side of the Empire.

After roughly thirty years of expedition, the Skywatch Starfield has also been largely reclaimed.

Gu Hang even assigned Yan Fangxu a task to search and examine for any stable passages through the Scarlet Scar to contact the other side of the Empire.

Unfortunately, Yan Fangxu did not find any in the Skywatch Starfield.

However, although this task wasn't completed, the overall progress of the Dark Side Expedition was still fairly smooth.

Truth be told, the situation in the Skywatch Starfield, generally speaking, is worse than the Magrey Cosmic Domain and post-Omeglia Campaign Forward Cosmic Domain. Because the Skywatch Starfield is relatively close to the Scarlet Scar, the influence of Chaos is much more severe than in other places.

And here, upon stepping inside, Gu Hang had to play many games with the four gods.

Honestly, there were wins and losses, but the losses were rather more frequent.

Each loss did not mean that the war in the real universe would be lost. After all, the real universe is ultimately material, and the influence of Subspace is significant, but not completely decisive.

However, when Gu Hang lost, it always resulted in the Alliance forces suffering great losses in the real universe.

This made Gu Hang very angry and helpless.

Regardless, the overall trend is still positive.

The battles in the Skywatch Starfield have been strenuous, but so far, the Skywatch Starfield has largely been reclaimed.

Compared to the progress of the Western Expedition Army, which had a significant correlation with Gu Hang's participation in the 'grand game' among gods, the Alliance's journey on the Southern Line has been somewhat smoother.

The initial battle targets for the Southern Expedition Army were the Yadan and Guangjin Cosmic Domains. By the end of the Omeglia Campaign, these two domains had already been heavily battered.

And up till now, the Southern Expedition Army has extended its campaign to the Dingyuan and Ningshou Cosmic Domains, and the situation is nearing its end.

Currently, the Alliance possesses a total of eight Cosmic Domains—Spiderweb, Eastern, Magrey, Forward, Guangjin, Yadan, Dingyuan, and Ningshou...

Chapter 885: Expedition Status and Alliance Economy

Due to the Alliance's long-term investments in various regions, the initial phase imposed some pressure on the Alliance, and the pace of wartime expansion was not as fast as imagined.

People often like to compare the Dark Side Expedition with the Solar Expedition that started about two hundred years ago.

There are actually significant differences between the two.

In terms of scale, they are roughly similar. Although the Dark Side Expedition was launched centered on two cosmic domains, it quickly swept across eight cosmic domains so far, and in the long run, it aims to further expand into the entire Eastern and Southern Borders.

The Solar Expedition, on the other hand, although its main battlefield was confined to the Solaria Domain, unlike the Dark Side Expedition which has expanded to encompass eight domains, the difference lies in the magnitude of the Solaria Domain, which spans around ten thousand worlds, equivalent to three or four times that of the Forward Cosmic Domain. Moreover, even though the battlefield of the Solar Expedition was relatively confined, its scope was much broader, with the entire Empire supporting the war effort.

From the perspective of military achievements, the Solar Expedition took sixty years to conquer ten thousand worlds; meanwhile, the Dark Side Expedition expanded the Alliance's territorial range to over forty thousand worlds in the same period. It seems there is a multiples discrepancy, but in reality, it is not so. The Dark Side Expedition involves fighting within the Empire's territory, frankly speaking, it's much easier.

Especially as the Alliance's Dark Side Expedition becomes more vigorous, the military pressure diminishes. After all, those Empire Worlds aren't enemies of the Alliance. They often welcome the Alliance's arrival. The real enemy of the Alliance is merely the threats faced by those worlds.

The Omeglia Campaign is a typical example. Within two or three years, the conflict was resolved, and three thousand worlds in the Forward Cosmic Domain instantly 'submitted', with governance being quite stable.

In other regions, although not on as grand a scale as the Omeglia Campaign, the mode is quite similar.

By eliminating the greatest threat to a planet, the planet essentially returns. These planetary-level threats are likely to be rebels or cults of some sort.

By removing a sector-level threat, it often brings back multiple sectors, dozens of worlds; eliminating a domain-level threat leads to the rapid submission of hundreds of worlds in that domain. This generally involves a cross-stellar rebellion or cult force, or some alien threat, or an invasion by a Chaos Demon Army.

From this perspective, the rapid progress of the Dark Side Expedition is only reasonable. After all, during the Solar Expedition, there was no such convenience. The Solar Expedition fought outside the Empire's territory, requiring effort to conquer every world, every sector, every domain.

In terms of scale, the two can be compared, yet comparable. But regarding the impact on the Empire, on humanity as a species, the differences are completely distinct.

So far, the Solar Expedition can be definitively concluded as a prolonged disaster for the Empire. Not only during the sixty years of the expedition, where the Empire continuously spent enormously to support it, but even after the expedition ended, it seemingly expanded into a vast domain like Solaria with over ten thousand worlds. However, these ten thousand worlds have hardly brought any benefits to the Empire, instead constant revolts have been a continuous bleeding point, a burden.

Conversely, Gu Hang's Dark Side Expedition genuinely recaptured lost territories for humanity. Moreover, the Alliance's longstanding policy of heavy governance means that each world will quickly return to normal production; overall, the Dark Side Expedition is positively profitable.

And substantial gains at that.

The two can be clearly distinguished in terms of their outcomes.

The high-profit nature of the Dark Side Expedition allows the entire expedition not only not to drain the Alliance domestically but rather add fuel to the flames, growing increasingly fervent.

Currently, the overall command of the Dark Side Expedition is already discussing, considering the Southern Expeditionary Force's smooth progress, whether to add an Eastern Expeditionary Force, advancing south along the Guangjin Domain, to attack the Lingyuan and Turku Domains, ultimately targeting the southeastern fringe of the Empire's map—the Caloria Domain.

Meanwhile, the Southern Line continues along the Ning Shou and Dingyuan Domains, which have been mostly conquered, to further advance southward to the Mai Liang and Hexiang Domains.

At this stage, the largest Eastern Border among the Empire's five territories will fall entirely under the Alliance's control. From the number of worlds, this is nearly a quarter of the Empire.

The acceleration of expansion brings effects evident herein.

Without needing further domestic resource exploitation or raising the mobilization order level, simply investing in infrastructure and industry within these newly expanded regions is already enough to support further expeditionary scale increase.

This expansion won't significantly affect the Alliance's investments in new occupied areas!

Under such circumstances, Gu Hang approved the order for establishing a new direction of the expeditionary force.

The already exceptionally fast-paced Dark Side Expedition just pressed the acceleration button once again.

In the next phase of planning, with a fifteen-year timeline, the entire eastern territory of the Empire should be completely reclaimed; simultaneously, the Empire's Central Territory, after the Skywatch Domain, currently the Western Expeditionary Army has also advanced into the Ando Domain.

In the past, the Ando Cosmic Domain was already considered the core of the Empire's territory. Moving further west from the Ando Cosmic Domain would lead you to the Sun Zhou Domain, the location of the heart of the Empire, Holy Terra.

There, is also the place close to the Scarlet Scar.

The Western Expedition Army essentially fights close to the Scarlet Scar, with the intensity and violence of the war being significantly higher than elsewhere. The situation is expected to continue as such.

But just because it's tough and progresses slowly, we cannot ignore the achievements on the western front.

Just like we cannot deem the northern front to have no achievements merely because it has been on the defensive during the Dark Side Expedition, constantly losing soldiers, instead of expanding territory. On the contrary, the Northern Line Army established a solid defensive line at the edge of the Alliance's heartland, preventing the armies pouring out madly from the Scarlet Scar from directly invading the most vital core homeland of the Alliance, which is their greatest achievement.

The generals honed from the northern front are the most numerous.

...

After wrapping up the overall situation of the Dark Side Expedition, Gu Hang turned his focus onto the overall development of the Alliance.

Currently, the most important engine for the Alliance still centers on the Dragonhawk Star Domain, extending to the Eastern Cosmos Domain and Spiderweb Domain, the earliest territories of the Alliance.

Especially the Dragonhawk Star Domain, where the high-speed economic development has never been interrupted since it was unified by the Alliance.

Even though the growth rate has slowed down a bit in recent years, that's because the size is simply too large, reaching some kind of limit. But even so, the recent economic growth rate can still reach around 3% per year.

Looking back over the entire 110 years from unification to the present, the average economic growth rate is about 6%. The overall economic scale of the Dragonhawk Star Domain, from 110 years ago was considered an upper-middle-level star domain economy in the East, and it has nearly expanded 600 times since then!

The population has also grown nearly tenfold from less than a trillion at the time of unification, reaching a scale of ten trillion.

Economically speaking, a single Dragonhawk Star Domain alone is over fifty times larger than a smaller domain like the Forward Cosmic Domain.

This is after the Forward Cosmic Domain joined the Alliance, receiving much investment, and was developed for twenty to thirty years. If compared to the time when the Forward Cosmic Domain was first incorporated into the Alliance, this number is nearly a hundred times.

Even talking about population alone, the Forward Cosmic Domain, after the Omegalia Campaign, which left a domain almost empty, had a population of around five trillion in the post-war period, less than half of the Dragonhawk Star Domain.

It is precisely because of the Dragonhawk Star Domain as the central engine, driving the development of the Spiderweb and Eastern Cosmic Domains, and further investing in all newly occupied regions within the Alliance, to secure returns, establishing an overall economic model for the Alliance, allowing for a stable and healthy progression of the Dark Side Expedition.

For the Alliance, the importance of the Dragonhawk Star Domain is equivalent to the importance of the Sun Star Domain to the entire Human Empire.

Perhaps, currently, the Alliance does not have any single world that can reach the level of the mother planet Holy Terra, whether in terms of population or economic scale, the situation on Holy Terra is a rarity in the entire universe, an absolutely unreplicable existence.

But frankly, Gu Hang has no intention of replicating a Holy Terra within the Alliance.

In his view, developing a single world to that extent is very unhealthy. On the one hand, for the Human Empire, if Holy Terra were to fall, the consequences would be almost unacceptable. Politically unacceptable, and economically unacceptable.

On the other hand, even though Holy Terra is so developed, how much of the vast economic benefits have fallen into the hands of the Terrans there?

They have enjoyed some, but not much.

High property prices, high living costs just to name a few, and precisely because of the overcrowding of population on Holy Terra, there's not enough resources, the planet's entire ecosystem is almost destroyed, completely relying on technology, and artificial support...

The wealthy elite do not worry, but for the vast civilian class, the living conditions on Holy Terra can hardly be called good.

While the Alliance also has its core of cores, such as Rage Owl Star and Flying Wing Star, the Tianma Star Sector where the Alliance started, or the other core comprising Yunluo Star and the Founding World Jindi Star where the Starfield Capital is located, overall, the economic development of the Dragonhawk Star Domain is relatively balanced.

The burden of supporting the population is evenly distributed, not as great as it is on Holy Terra; nor, like Holy Terra, is the risk like putting all eggs in one basket.

Chapter 886: The Long-Awaited Technology Lottery

The Alliance's robust economy is the foundation of everything.

And what is the foundation of the Alliance's economy?

It’s the Alliance’s efficient administrative efficiency. This is inspired by the insights from the Hero interface, bringing high-quality talent; training by political commissars and the Loyal Heir Academy brings high loyalty and integrity.

Without the enhancement of administrative efficiency, the Alliance’s highly planned economic system could not be maintained with such a vast scale.

Gu Hang understands this better than anyone.

His investment in this area has always been consistent.

As the scale of the Alliance expanded to such an extent, with ongoing wars outside, the amount of Gift Points Gu Hang received every month was an enormous figure.

A monthly income of tens of millions, and additional tens or hundreds of millions depending on the war situation, was normal. Over the past twenty or thirty years, collecting three to five billion Gift Points annually was considered a plain year.

Other places couldn’t consume such a large number, but Gu Hang also couldn’t let so many Gift Points just sit on the account and gather dust.

The biggest application scenario was on people.

Military training and administrative personnel training both accounted for billions annually.

And another major aspect, where Gu Hang increased his investment in the economy—building exchange.

The presence of the [Building] interface didn’t have as strong a sense as other system functions, yet the long-term value it brought was no less than others.

Academy buildings were diligently providing talent to the Alliance, even in a certain sense, not inferior to the inspiration function of the Hero interface. After all, the inspiration function mainly cultivated, not the elite individuals, but the upper echelon of the Alliance.

No matter how many Gift Points Gu Hang had, the number of talents he could inspire and upgrade annually was ultimately limited. Millions, tens of millions of people seemed like a lot, but in the grand environment managing hundreds of trillions of population across tens of thousands of worlds in the Alliance, it still wasn't enough.

The Alliance's educational system is truly the cradle for cultivating a large number of elite talents, and even more widespread general talents.

The academy building function that Gu Hang specifically exchanged for held the concept of 'prestigious school' in the Alliance's education system.

Actually, even prestigious schools are not enough; the more widespread ones are still ordinary academies and even elementary and high schools.

Nonetheless, creating a school building and establishing a prestigious school meant about fifty thousand graduates each year. Although they aren't as outstanding as those inspired, by inspiration standards, these fifty thousand would cost Gu Hang five hundred thousand Gift Points, whereas exchanging for a school was merely a few hundred or thousand points.

Not to mention, only after receiving a relatively good education could there be a higher probability of producing talents that could be inspired. If everyone started as illiterate, no matter how much potential they had, it might not be easily recognized by the system.

Various social sciences, science and engineering, medicine, military academies, and the Loyal Heir Academy, among others, were established in various parts of the Alliance, aiming to cultivate quality talent and fuel the Alliance's economy and expeditions.

Another major project for building exchange was factory buildings.

These were straightforward. Exchanging one practically added a capacity-increasing buff to an existing factory.

The Alliance's rapid economic growth was also significantly related to this.

...

Hero inspiration, building exchanges, and training in the Army Badge System, these are three major drains on Gift Points, basically bottomless pits.

In the current scale of the Alliance, these three directions could consume as many Gift Points as available. As long as Gu Hang was willing to invest, there would be outputs.

However, beyond this, Gu Hang has heavily invested a large batch of Gift Points in the [Technology] interface.

If talking about functions with a particularly strong presence in the system, the Technology interface is definitely of utmost importance.

Why is it said that technology is the primary productive force?

Talent, systems, policies—these are all engines of economic development, for sure.

But the role of technology should never be underestimated.

The Alliance's leapfrog development owes much to the enhancement brought by the black boxes exchanged from the Technology interface.

However, by this point, commonplace technologies could no longer provide significant help to the Alliance. Yet, the good items in the technology pool were limited, and the pool could be drained.

The tens of millions tier had already been drained dry.

To have a high probability of getting good items, one must aim for the hundreds of millions tier.

But spending over a hundred million Gift Points on a single draw... even now, with Gu Hang's quite abundant resources, facing this price still induced some trepidation.

He had to weigh the cost.

A hundred million Gift Points, be it used for inspiring talents or exchanging buildings, or even supplementing military training, is a considerably large sum. Once spent, it could visibly enhance the Alliance.

Is it worth the gamble?

Gu Hang's answer was affirmative.

The gamble had to be made.

On one hand, it was about aiming for a big break.

On the other hand, even if he didn't draw technologies that allowed for leapfrog enhancement, it wouldn't be entirely useless.

Even if a cruiser or a lower-class ship technology was drawn, getting both the finished product and the mother machine black boxes meant a new production line could be expanded every couple of years. This production line is a core industry for a planet or even a Star Sector, capable of driving substantial economic development.

The shipbuilding industry holds such a magic.

Even if it’s not ship technology, but ordinary military or civilian industries, the effect is similar.

Although the hundreds of millions-tier lottery might not yield top-quality items, it wouldn’t produce junk either.

Over the years, Gu Hang poured out twenty billion Gift Points into technology draws, resulting in quite a few good items.

For instance, the Void Dragon-class Battlecruiser, akin to the Holy Grail Level, sacrificed some speed and armor in exchange for a stronger Void Shield and a Void Cannon targeting Void Shields specifically, which was quite valuable.

For example, the Victory-class Battleship, an ancient class of ship whose technology the current Empire had lost. After reproduction, its combat capabilities basically surpassed that of the Nemesis-class. Of course, it was also more expensive to build than the Nemesis-class.

The Ambition-class Cruiser is the only cruiser open for purchase by individuals or groups in the Human Empire, serving as a super yacht for the wealthy, it not only is extremely luxurious but also retains the firepower and defense configuration expected of a cruiser. The Colossal Cannons aimed at competitors are the most direct display of power and wealth. While the navy might dismiss it, placing it into the main fleet, it was beneficial to expand two production lines, produce some and provide them for Alliance merchant fleets as powerful escort ships. Moreover, their original role need not be discarded; for those regional nobles hard to deal with intensely, they could purchase these overpriced ships, allowing the Alliance to reap some wealth.

There were also some other models of Knight Mecha, Titan, tanks, fighting vehicles, civilian technologies... all somewhat useful.

And having drawn twenty times, Gu Hang wouldn’t be so unlucky as not to pick some genuinely good items.

And he did.

That is: Original Cast Interstellar Warrior Skill

Chapter 887: Original Casting Interstellar Warrior

Original Cast Interstellar Warrior Skill?

Gu Hang furrowed his brow as he studied it and quickly felt a bit shocked.

It's indeed good stuff.

In short, the so-called 'Original Casting' is a technology for the evolutionary modification of the currently most common genetic seeds of Interstellar Warriors.

The modified genetic seeds will transform into 'Original Cast Seeds'.

This is not an enhancement, but a change.

New recruits implanted with Original Cast Genetic Seeds will not only become taller, stronger, and more agile, but will also grow three entirely new superhuman organs inside the Interstellar Warrior's body.

These three superhuman organs are Steel Wire Tendons, Hymn Pituitary, and Kao's Furnace.

The first two directly bring physical enhancements to the Interstellar Warriors. Steel Wire Tendons, as the name suggests, make that part of the organs like steel, greatly enhancing the Interstellar Warrior's physical strength; the Hymn Pituitary secretes a special hormone that, on one hand, allows Interstellar Warriors to better and more sensitively control their bodies and, on the other hand, resist Spiritual Energy and Subspace Corruption.

The last, Kao's Furnace, is a lifesaving Divine Artifact. It is located in the chest cavity of the Interstellar Warrior, near the heart, and usually remains dormant. It only activates when the Interstellar Warrior is severely injured, quickly pulsating and replacing the function of the heart, rapidly secreting a large amount of hormones.

These hormones can serve at least two functions:

First, they allow severely injured and dying Interstellar Warriors to immediately recover temporarily to peak condition, as if given a strong stimulant, enabling them to continue fighting for some time.

Second, they enable urgent repair of severely injured bodies and internal organs. After the effects of the adrenaline fade, they can at least save a life.

This means that with Kao's Furnace, unless an Interstellar Warrior's head is cut off or their entire body is shattered in an instant, other normal injuries will become non-fatal due to the effects of Kao's Furnace, greatly enhancing the Interstellar Warrior's sustained combat ability and survival rate.

With these three superhuman organs, Original Cast Interstellar Warriors have an absolute advantage over the original version, but it might be exaggerated to say they can crush the originals, especially when encountering masters among the originals.

However, under the same conditions, their win rate of two to eight seems no problem.

From a utilitarian perspective, Gu Hang has no reason not to promote the comprehensive transformation to Original Casting for Interstellar Warriors.

The increased cost is not high, and the success rate of the implantation surgery for Original Cast Genetic Seeds won't differ from that of the old version. The only troublesome part is that the currently matured Interstellar Warriors must undergo a transformation surgery to become Original Cast Warriors.

The transformation surgery is quite risky. It requires extracting the genetic seeds from the Interstellar Warrior, quickly completing the Original Cast transformation surgery, and putting them back.

This process itself is prone to accidents; genetic seeds are the most core and vital items for Interstellar Warriors. Extracting them is perilous—even in the surgical environment.

However, ultimately this danger is controllable.

More uncontrollable is the fact that after reinserting the transformed genetic seeds, the Original Cast Seeds will begin extensive body modification based on the loaded gene information, helping old-version Interstellar Warriors grow new-version superhuman organs in their bodies and comprehensively enhance their physique and will.

This process is much more dangerous than the surgical process.

The genetic seed remodels a mature Interstellar Warrior's body; many might not withstand this transformation and die in the process.

According to the technical data extracted by Gu Hang, the mortality rate could be over 50%.

That's a number Gu Hang finds hard to accept.

Should all Interstellar Warriors of the Alliance undergo surgery and face more than half casualties just for evolution?

If Gu Hang made such a decision, it would be outrageous.

Unless a very few people, who have been evaluated by the medical department with high success probability, undergo such surgery, or unless Gu Hang is there to provide protection, large-scale transformation surgery is certainly not an option.

Even if all new genetic seeds are transformed into the Original Cast version, theoretically feasible, Gu Hang still has concerns.

This way might avoid worries about success rates and extra casualties, yet the matter of Original Cast Interstellar Warriors is enough to cause a significant uproar.

How were Interstellar Warriors created?

No matter the truth, for thousands of years, it has been propagated that Interstellar Warriors are super soldiers made from the genes of the Emperor's offspring. They are called the Emperor's Death Angels.

This involves significant political and religious implications.

What is Gu Hang's identity? No matter how immense his authority, suddenly claiming a new technology to alter the Angels' genes—can the Interstellar Warriors agree? Can the National Church agree?

The first suspicion would be whether this technology is a kind of Chaos corruption?

Further, it may lead to doubts about Gu Hang, who presents this technology.

This could undermine authority.

Solely relying on Gu Hang's authority, can the advent of Original Cast Interstellar Warriors be propelled?

Gu Hang is somewhat uncertain about this.

However, his courage has always been a bit daring.

Directly pushing out Original Cast Interstellar Warriors is difficult. But, there are some battle group quotas that can be used to build entirely new battle groups completely controlled by him, which might be worth trying.

When using them, they must be somewhat concealed, raising the confidentiality level.

It may even be handled similarly to the Grey Knight Battle Group: top-secret operations with no collaboration with allied forces. If necessary, even obliteration might be considered.

After recovering a series of new Cosmos Domains, including Guangjin, Yadan, Tianwang, and Forward, Gu Hang's total battle group quota has now exceeded one hundred.

Spinning off three to five entirely newly created groups and secretly forming them into Original Cast Groups is feasible.

That's what he plans to do.

Meanwhile, Gu Hang also noticed a point: among the three new organs of the Original Cast Interstellar Warriors, one was named 'Kao's Furnace' in the technical materials.

Who is this Kao?

He only knows one Kao.

The Mars Great Sage, who claims to have lived for ten thousand years and once had an agreement with the Son of God, Robert.

Is this Original Cast technology essentially sourced from Kao?

Oh, Great Sage, didn't expect you to be exposed in this way, did you?

If one wants the Original Casting to be officially revealed, this Great Sage seems to be an unavoidable presence.

Thinking of this, Gu Hang couldn't help but focus on how the situation on the Super Sea Star is developing now?

Chapter 888: Resurrection of the Son of God

Gu Hang saw that the expedition team that reached the Super Sea Star had already made contact with the Infinite Corps.

The current situation looks quite good; Gu Jing and his party are being treated with courtesy on the Super Sea Star.

This is actually not simple.

If it were only the Great Sage, Black Cross Army, Judges, Living Saint, and Gu Jing's group arriving at the Super Sea Star and being treated with courtesy, it would be justified.

They are all renowned figures with prestigious reputations within the Human Empire, representing strong factions with no conflicts against the Infinite Corps, and even have a history of cooperation. Even the youngest among them, Gu Jing, lacks a particularly large reputation, but his father's name echoes across the Star Sea. Moreover, during the Iron Armor War, Gu Hang left a favor for the Infinite Corps—a company of theirs was trapped on the surface of a planet when the Northern Line Army collapsed, and it was the Alliance that rescued them.

These are all connections.

In this dark Catastrophe Era, when communication with external forces becomes difficult, it is only natural to warmly welcome such a group of friends.

Even if these friends express a wish to pay homage and admire the Son of God, that could still be negotiable.

Though typically, the Infinite Corps seldom permits anyone other than Interstellar Warriors of Infinite Corps bloodline to visit the 'remains' of the Son of God, only under special and important ceremonies, guarded tightly by the Infinite Corps, would a rare few outsiders be allowed an audience.

Yet if it's such a group of friends, it's not impossible to negotiate.

If they didn't bring a group of aliens along, it would be even easier to negotiate.

In fact, the likes of Meifenier, Airelian, and others who came with them to the Super Sea Star still caused quite a bit of trouble.

Colluding with aliens, that's a grave crime!

Seeing aliens and not picking up a blast bomb gun to take them out, and even walking together, such an act cannot be forgiven by the Anti-Extraterrestrial Alliance!

If it weren't for the presence of Living Saints, Great Sages, and Grand Judges, the Infinite Corps might have acted immediately upon meeting them.

It's also worth mentioning that among the many alien races the Empire has encountered, the Spirit Race is relatively 'friendly' to them.

'Friendly' doesn't truly mean friendly. Under the Empire's major policy, any alien should be eliminated without question. However, if one must set a priority, the white-skinned Spirit Race ranks relatively low. Though there have been wars and conflicts between the two in the Empire's history, they pale in comparison to other alien races' numbers. Moreover, in many recorded secret historical instances, Spirit Race armies have helped human armies multiple times for unknown reasons.

Their aid to humans is almost equal in number to their conflicts.

Plus, the Spirit Race is more communicative, relatively 'civilized,' avoiding bloody violence, and has artistic achievements, and their aesthetics are close to humans'...

Even in appearance, the Spirit Race resembles humans more than any other non-human race. Except for those pointed ears, they are often considered handsome and beautiful by human standards.

Of course, internally, their anatomy is vastly different. But speaking of anatomy, the difference between Interstellar Warriors and ordinary humans is equally huge, yet they are still considered human.

The peculiarities of the Spirit Race and the uniqueness of the visiting guests necessitated dual guarantees, which barely eased the Infinite Corps' concerns and led them to reluctantly listen to Great Sage Kao'er explain about 'being lost in Subspace for sixty years,' the 'survivors of the Cartier Battle,' and how 'these Spirit Races once helped the Empire,' holding their noses to regard them as guests.

But simply treating the Spirit Race as guests is their limit. No matter what, the Infinite Warriors cannot permit an alien race to pay homage to their father.

Unless these aliens claim they possess a method to save the Son of God.

Just because aliens say so, they certainly wouldn't believe it. But with Great Sages, Living Saints, and Grand Judges vouching, it becomes different.

This group willing to provide guarantees for aliens is enough to make the Infinite Warriors skeptical.

Making deals with aliens, accepting alien assistance, utilizing alien technology... these are not considered 'loyal' actions. Under normal circumstances, the Infinite Warriors certainly wouldn't do this.

However, breaking these 'rules' in the quest for the resurrection of the Son of God is a different matter.

It is true that Interstellar Warriors were created by the Emperor during the grand expedition of the Empire, modeled after the Emperor himself, which is also correct.

Yet that is somewhat one-sided.

The Emperor is so great that inheriting even an infinitely degraded version of his genetic template is a monumental task.

Thus, the Emperor first created eighteen descendants who genuinely inherited portions of his genetic template and were called the Sons of God.

Then, using the templates of these eighteen Sons of God, the Emperor created eighteen Interstellar Warrior corps.

Thus, these corps' Interstellar Warriors regard their genetic template's source as their 'father.'

Chapter 888: Reviving the Son of God (2)

"Father" is a broad concept, it's a conceptual term, but in reality, it also refers to biology.

After the modification of the genetic seeds, the genes of the Interstellar Warriors are vastly different from those of the mortal fathers who actually gave birth to them; biologically speaking, calling the Son of God their father is not wrong at all.

The Father of Genetics for the Infinite Legion is, naturally, the Son of God, Robert.

Ten millennia ago, the Son of God, Robert, was grievously injured and near death in a battle against a powerful Demon Prince. To preserve his life, the Son of God was placed into a Static Field.

In the Static Field, time ceased to move, and the Son of God was completely frozen in the moment just before death.

Once the Static Field stops working or the Son of God is taken out, death will immediately follow.

The current era is one where the Emperor has ascended, and all Sons of God have retired. As the only one among all the Sons of God with a known whereabouts, Robert is particularly special.

In the period just after Robert fell into the Static Field, neither the Empire nor humanity was accustomed to a state without the Emperor or the Sons of God's leadership. Over the long years, every side desperately tried to find a way to revive the Son of God.

But to no avail.

All treatments were only theoretically possible, and couldn't be guaranteed. And how could you employ a method that isn't guaranteed? If the Son of God came out of the Static Field, he would die within moments.

And so it dragged on and on, right up to the present.

The fervor to save the Son of God has long since passed, and the Empire has long been accustomed to an era of mortal rule. Can you imagine the High Lords consenting to placing a Son of God above their heads again?

This state of affairs actually suits them best.

But not for the Infinite Warriors.

If they could resurrect the Father of Genetics, it would definitely cause all the Infinite Sub-group Warriors, countless blue sons and grandsons, to rejoice immensely!

Even if it involves alien technology, as long as it truly can resurrect the Son of God, it wouldn't be unacceptable.

Moreover, it's not entirely alien technology, is it?

The Great Sage presented a device called "Destiny Armor," which the battle group's technical sergeant major and Intelligence Director had examined. It was exquisitely crafted and indeed seemed capable of reviving the Son of God.

However, the matter is too significant for the Infinite Warriors to make a decision lightly.

They are rigorously evaluating the feasibility of this operation.

If they can't be absolutely certain, the Infinite Warriors would rather continue with the current situation.

At least their own father is still seated in the Static Field, and everyone can come to pay respects during holidays and festivals.

If the resurrection fails, not a single blue-blooded descendant would be able to bear the pain of losing their Father of Genetics right before their eyes. Even imagining that scene is heart-wrenching.

Deliberation is of course necessary, and Kao'er is also advising everyone to be patient.

But nonetheless, the Spirit Race members became visibly anxious.

Meifenier repeatedly met with others, claiming she sensed a growing threat.

The Chaos enemy would not easily stand by and watch the Son of God resurrect; their threat is getting closer. It would be best to address the matter before the threat arrives.

Surprisingly, the Infinite Corps' chief Intelligence Director, Evan Terriot, actually supported this notion.

He declared that during his spiritual energy prophecy, he saw this scene. He believed in his prophecy, believed in the Spirit Race and the Great Sage's technology to ultimately succeed in resurrecting their Father of Genetics.

Yet, the Battle Group Leader, Nero Claudius, still hesitated, refusing the request.

He didn't disbelieve his Intelligence Director, but the matter was still too significant.

He was even considering reaching out, rallying more Infinite Sub-groups, as he needed more advice.

Essentially, there's too much anxiety over gains and losses.

He wanted to resurrect his father but feared losing him even more.

...

From the Storm God Kingdom, using his son as a bridge and eyes to view the situation on Super Sea Star, Gu Hang sighed.

Whether Spirit Race or Intelligence Director, the threats they spoke of weren't fictitious, but very real.

Gu Hang could already see a formidable Demon Army en route to invade Super Sea Star.

They emerged from the real universe, starting from the Scarlet Scar. The Demon Fleet bypassed everything, using the tidal waves of the Subspace Cataclysm to skip over every place, heading straight for Super Sea Star.

They emerged from Subspace too, with a colossal Demon Army navigating through it.

This force, even if it were invading the Alliance, would pose a significant challenge for Gu Hang.

It was almost comparable to the greatest demon invasion faced by the Northern Front Army and the Wall defense line during the hundred-year journey of the Dark Side Expedition.

But it's essential to know that the Alliance's North Line is supported by the entire core territory in the Alliance's hinterland. As soon as the battle deadlocks, reinforcements of strong forces move up from the home territory, even if they have to forsake sending troops to the West, South, or East Lines, they prioritize holding the North Line.

Four full battle groups are stationed permanently, with an extra ten battle groups alternating a company each on the North Line. Just the Interstellar Warriors count to 5000 individuals, not to mention other various troops.

Though the North Line doesn't directly claim new lands, it stands as the defense line outside the Spiderweb Domain. If breached, the enemy could rush straight into the Alliance's economic heartland. Gu Hang certainly didn't want to bear this loss. If the North Line defense fails and the Spiderweb Domain faces the ravages of war, the loss would be greater than even the complete destruction of a front army.

In comparison, the Infinite Corps is indeed renowned, a founding battle group with ten millennia of history and countless elites. Super Sea Star is also their home, carefully maintained over millennia, with strict defenses.

Moreover, unlike many battle groups, the Infinite Corps is highly enthusiastic about managing their planet, operating across the entire Infinite Starfield and even the Cosmos Domain. It seems the Infinite Corps inherited this aspect from their Father of Genetics, who was famously adept at administering domestic affairs in Empire myth. Their home is likely the most prosperous and peaceful Star Domain before the Subspace Cataclysm, excluding the Sun Star Domain.

They possess immense political leverage, capable of summoning support from the 500 worlds within the Infinite Starfield at any time. Whether the Defense Forces, Star Realm Army of each world, or the subgroups dispersed across the 500 worlds, all will respond to the mother group's call to defend their common home, their common father.

Yet despite their many advantages, Gu Hang still worried for the Infinite Warriors facing such an onslaught.

However, there wasn't much he could do. His power was difficult to project there, and the Alliance's troops couldn't possibly cross the Scarlet Scar to support the Infinite Warriors.

He could only send a message to his son, clearly alerting him to the impending Demon Army arrival.

Upon receiving the news, Gu Jing immediately grasped his father's intentions. Previously silent on the matter, he swiftly joined the ranks of Kao'er, Spirit Race, and Terriot, persuading Battle Group Leader Nero and sharing the intelligence on the Demon Army, hoping to impress its importance.

However, Nero remained unmoved.

Still, it had some effect. Nero became more vigilant, summoned reinforcements early, and assembled several troops to guard Super Sea Star against the Demon Army.

Two weeks later, the Demon Army descended, engulfing Super Sea Star in war.

The war quickly escalated, with the Demon Army's offensive targeting several dozen worlds beyond Super Sea Star, seeking to destroy the Infinite Corps' war potential and cut off support coming from all corners of the Infinite Starfield.

The war’s core remained on Super Sea Star.

The fierce battles threw the Infinite Warriors into a grueling struggle.

Against this vast backdrop, Kao’er and Meifenier plotted a daring operation.

They intended to take advantage of the chaos to secretly infiltrate the Divine Successor Hall, where Robert’s body was kept, and activate the resurrection device.

Chapter 889

The atmosphere of the Steel Flame Furnace glimmered with a sickly copper-green hue.

Tai Shichen stood before the observation window on the bridge, the star map projection on his power armor overlapped with the heavy industrial zone of the planet below. The orc war banner atop the Foundry Temple spire was as large as a cruiser, and tens of thousands of green-skinned technicians were piecing together some kind of orbital weapon from scrap iron.

"The Founding General activated the planetary shield before escaping." The Technical Priest’s mechanical tentacles swiftly glided across the datapad, "We need at least thirty standard hours to complete the decoding."

The scar beneath the Battle Group Leader’s helmet twitched slightly. Through the orbital scanner, he could clearly see Ulu’s war machine—a mobile fortress pieced together from thirty battle citadels engulfing the entire industrial zone, with thousands of young technicians repurposing the furnace core into a spore cultivation tank.

"Alvin." He turned to the Battle Group Champion behind him, "You take seven battalions and raid from the southern hemisphere; I want these Green Skins to lose 80% of their armor production capacity within twenty-four hours."

The Silver-armored Giant nodded, the dragon pattern on his shoulder guard glowing faintly: "And you?"

"I intend to deliver the missing judgment to Ulu." Tai Shichen caressed the power sword at his waist, the newly engraved inscription on the hilt glistening with blood in the dim light—it was Ricardo's genetic code.

Underground Raid

As the hydraulic gate opened, a cloud of spore-laden corrosive steam surged forth.

Tai Shichen raised his hand and fired two thermite bombs, melting the lurking murder canisters into molten iron. The modified underground maintenance tunnels were filled with death traps crafted from Green Skin technology: rusted conveyors hanging automatic firing imps, dangling cables from vents suddenly sparking, and entire sections of the passageway flipping unexpectedly, tossing people into slag pools.

"Twelve o'clock direction, Sect of Mechanics' Holy Relic Library." The Intelligence Director Geller's Spiritual Energy Long Sword illuminated the walls, those defaced God of All Machines frescoes oozing green slime, "Ulu is desecrating the Machine Soul."

The Battle Group Leader suddenly halted the warrior beside him. Under their feet, vibrations from some gigantic machinery were transmitted through the fine gold floor—it was the Foundry Furnace refitted into a war engine, its eight-thousand-ton reactor roaring like a beast.

After triggering the thirteenth Green Skin trap, they finally breached the core area. Tai Shichen gazed at the forest of iron chains hanging from the dome—each chain suspending bodies of the modified Protection Army, these amalgams of machinery and flesh scanning the intruders with red eyes.

"For The Emperor!" With the Battle Group Leader's roar, fifty Blast Bomb Guns fired simultaneously.

Throne Showdown

Ulu's Throne Hall was constructed above the furnace core.

As Tai Shichen cleaved through the last blast door, the searing air currents nearly blew away his cloak. Below, a three-kilometer diameter lava pool boiled, and the Green-skinned Warlord sat upon an iron throne made from Titan remnants, clutching half of an Interstellar Warrior’s corpse with his Power Claw.

"Another shrimp to die!" Ulu’s sonic weapon shook the steel beams to a tremble, igniting sparks as he rose, rocket fuel lines on his back clashing with power armor, "Your armor will become decor for my new throne!"

Tai Shichen noticed the repair marks on the opponent’s right leg hydraulic joint—that was Ricardo’s final achievement. He silently activated the molecular oscillation field of his power sword, its blade resonating with a dragon-like hum.

"In the name of the Supreme Military Court of the Alliance." The Battle Group Leader removed his helmet, scars writhing like bloodworms in the furnace’s glow, "You are charged with one hundred and seventy-three offenses including massacre, treason, and desecration of mechanical relics."

The Green Skin laughed uproariously, the rust flaking down transforming into sparks in the heat. He suddenly stomped the ground, causing the hidden dimensional anvil in the dome to crash down—a meticulously crafted trap, the whole floor of the Throne Hall was a magnetic device.

In the moment of weightlessness, Tai Shichen activated his jetpack, his power sword slicing a perfect arc. But Ulu abruptly tore off his back fuel line, the dark green liquid explodes midair, forcing the Battle Group Leader to the edge of the magnetic field.

"You think I’m like those dumb kids?" The Warlord ripped open his chest armor, revealing a power core embedded with a human Think Tank’s skull, "I’ve read your shrimp tactics!"

Destined Cycle

On the seventh collision, Tai Shichen’s shoulder plate finally shattered.

Ulu’s custom Power Claw carried a Decomposition Force Field, leaving corrosive marks on the fine gold with each block. The Battle Group Leader suddenly realized the enemy was deliberately protecting his left flank—where parts of a Star Realm Army standard reactor peeked through the armor seam.

"Geller!" He cried out in psychic communication, "Prepare Spiritual Ability Lock!"

As the Intelligence Director's Spiritual Energy Chains bound the Green Skin, Tai Shichen unexpectedly threw his sword. Ulu instinctively grabbed at the incoming weapon, not noticing the Battle Group Leader's Sleeve Sword ejecting a Micro Thermite Bomb—Ricardo's final close-combat invention before death.

In the molten armor seam, the human Battle Group Leader's hand plunged deep into the Green Skin's chest cavity. This action perfectly mirrored Ulu's execution of Ricardo, only the roles of hunter and prey had now reversed.

"This punch is for Ricardo." Tai Shichen crushed the power core, the green blood vaporizing into toxic mist in the high heat, "Remember in your next life, true warfare isn't a contest of muscles."

As Ulu's massive body plunged into the lava, the Green Skin war machines of the entire Steel Flame Furnace simultaneously died. But before the warriors could cheer, the orbital alarms suddenly blared—fifteen Green Skin reinforcements were breaking through the Mandeville Point.

The Battle Group Leader wiped away the corrosive blood from his eyelids, looking at the star map where the green tide surged. Behind him, the rescued Founding General was being escorted to the Judgement Ship, electronic shackles' blue glow flickering amid the furnace light.

Chapter 889: Self-Destructing Wizard

Gu Hang sometimes felt that his son had a certain reckless impulse.

Don't know who he learned from.

In Gu Hang's opinion, this matter could actually be avoided.

Just coldly watch them in action, at most not stop them and provide some convenience.

Following along wasn't really necessary.

After all, this matter is extremely hated.

If saved, say no more, you're a great benefactor to the Infinite Corps; if not, you become an enemy instantly.

And it's a blood feud!

It's not really necessary.

Moreover, the greater probability isn't rescuing or failing to rescue, it's being discovered in the process.

Like this, you haven't even reached the rescue stage yet, and the enmity is already formed.

After all, sneaking in without permission to do something to the Interstellar Warriors, akin to assassinating their father, is unacceptable even under the guise of salvation.

But an impulsive son does not necessarily have to listen to his father's orders while away, so Gu Jing chose to travel with the Spirit Race and the Great Sage.

The subsequent development unfolded much like Gu Hang predicted.

The Infinite Corps is mainly focusing their efforts on dealing with the Chaos Demon Army's invasion. They are fighting brutal, tough battles against the enemy at critical points on Super Sea Star's orbit, space station, and planetary surface.

Despite this, their vigilance over the Divine Successor Hall hasn't slackened at all.

Even with Gu Jing, Spirit Race Divine Envoy, and Princess's spiritual energy assistance, the stealth action was ultimately discovered.

Luckily, they managed to maintain basic restraint.

At the first moment of being discovered by the Infinite Warriors, some Spirit Race participants considered silencing witnesses and forcibly continuing.

But they were stopped by Gu Jing and the Great Sage.

The first wave of fire from the Infinite Warrior guards was intercepted by the Great Sage; Gu Jing handled blocking the Spirit Race. The Living Saint pleaded with the Interstellar Warriors to cease fire.

After making their stance clear, both sides temporarily ceased fire without casualties.

Even though the atmosphere between them remained tense, it didn't escalate further.

Gu Jing's group was essentially caught without resisting. Though they didn't surrender their weapons, they complied with the Infinite Warrior guards' demands obediently and honestly.

Soon, an enraged Nero Claudius, leader of the Infinite Corps, along with chief Intelligence Director Terriot, both arrived.

They even rushed from the front-line battlefield. This obviously would have a significant impact on the front-line battle, possibly causing soldiers unnecessary casualties.

But matters concerning the Father of Genetics are certainly more significant.

Nero harshly rebuked Gu Jing and the others.

His words were filled with grief.

Meaning roughly I treated you as guests with care, yet you aimed to harm our fathers!

Unforgivable!

You are all traitors, bewitched by aliens, wait for the Tribunal!

Nero even considered executing the Spirit Race aliens present on the spot.

Fortunately, he was stopped by the Great Sage and others.

Naturally, the primary mediator was Terriot.

This elder, serving in the Infinite Corps for hundreds of years, is one of the most renowned within the corps.

Yet even so, he couldn't change the leader's mind.

He even detained the uninvolved Black Cross Army and Judges, intending to keep them under watch too.

Their weapons were confiscated and piled together.

However, at this moment, a sudden change occurred.

Several sturdy Demon Landing Pods smashed through the ceiling. Instantly, hundreds of Chaos Starfield Warriors appeared on the scene.

The battle immediately erupted.

Ideally, the human side here clearly has a numerical advantage.

And in terms of elite forces, not only are there seasoned veterans lost in the webway, but the two Infinite Warriors are top-tier human combat strength.

However, the 'guests' due to be detained were not allowed to partake in the fight.

They could only watch from the sidelines.

Initially, they weren't really concerned.

Indeed, some exchanged glances between themselves.

The enemy now seemingly aggressive and ready to completely destroy the Son of God appears to only be a hundred Chaos Starfield Warriors, fully defeatable by the Infinite Warriors.

There's even a possibility their clandestine action might have caused a lapse in Infinite Warrior defenses, allowing these traitors in.

Looking at it now, these Chaos foes daring to directly descend into the Divine Successor Hall appear to be courting death.

Just as well, a very angry Nero, the group leader, can vent his fury on these guys.

He led his trusted aides to massacre these Chaos Starfield Warriors.

The massacre was efficient, especially given that no more foes descended from the heavens, suggesting orbital defenses were still stable, avoiding the worst-case scenario.

In his fury, Nero maintained some rationality.

He targeted the enemy Wizards first.

Just like there's a Think Tank among human factions, Chaos Traitors also have War Faction Wizards.

Furthermore, Chaos Wizards' threat level is higher, as they've wholly embraced and accepted Subspace, unlike human Psychics that balance control and resistance of spiritual energy; their threat far exceeds regular psychic enemies.

Even if the strength isn't much different, Chaos Wizards often possess more terrifying, strange, and spine-chilling spells, hard to guard against.

Eliminating them first is undoubtedly best.

However, Nero encountered trouble eliminating these Chaos enemy Wizards.

These Wizards could even self-destruct.

His keen senses allowed him to avoid danger, as did some other warriors aided by Terriot to avoid lethal harm. Yet one trusted aide, a battle brother, was caught in the Chaos Wizard's self-destruct.

Even more terrifyingly, after their self-destruct, the raging Subspace Evil Magic didn't weaken, but rather grew stronger and more expansive.

Multiple Subspace fissures appeared at the Chaos Wizards' self-destruct locations, from which countless demons emerged.

The scene quickly descended into chaos.

Chapter 890: Resurrection of the Son of God (Part 2)

At this point, how could anyone not discern the plans of these great chaotic enemies?

The demons are not foolish; they don’t expect that a hundred interstellar warriors, who luckily broke through the orbital defense system and landed on the ground, would accomplish the assassination of the Son of God.

Those Chaos Wizards are supposed to be specially selected individuals with unique physiques.

They are used so that upon their death, a subspace rift explodes, allowing a large number of demons to descend directly.

Members of Terriot and other Infinite Corps think tanks are trying to shut down the subspace rift.

If it were an ordinary, normal rift, they could manage it.

But not this one now.

Behind the subspace rift, there must be an extremely powerful Chaos Wizard or a single demon forcefully supporting each rift, preventing them from closing.

One demon after another, or Chaos Starfield Warriors, emerged from it, screaming and shrieking as they attacked surrounding humans.

"Defend the temple!" Nero, the Battle Group Leader, shouted fighting on the front lines, though his heart was already quite anxious.

The war pressure that the Infinite Warriors face now is rather significant. The main forces are mostly on orbit and at several major landing points of the Chaos Demon Army. The troops guarding the temple aren’t particularly abundant.

Although the temple is quite important, it’s located in the core area of the fortress city on Super Sea Star, theoretically a very safe place. One can’t reach here without breaking through the outer fortress.

Gu Jing, Kao'er, Meifenier, and others were able to get so close because of their 'guest' status. And their capture was mainly due to their 'guest' identity. Meifenier actually wanted to act, but was stopped. Otherwise, if they did act, the Spirit Race Divine Envoy, the Great Sage, and Spiritual Master Gu Jing all together, could swiftly annihilate those Infinite Warriors defending the temple.

The lack of defensive forces made it difficult to resist the Demon Army that suddenly appeared.

Nero has already issued orders immediately, extracting more troops to support the temple from various places, together defending the Father of Genetics. Additionally, the Infinite Warrior guards, along with his own trusted aides, tried to seal those rifts. The goal was to eliminate one enemy for each that emerged from the rift, which would be ideal.

But this idea shattered when a Mindbreaker emerged from the rift.

This is a powerful Demon Engine, gigantic in size, making it very difficult to swiftly destroy.

And the Mindbreaker, which wasn't swiftly destroyed, continuously emitted Hellfire from its massive blasphemous body. Regardless of its destructive potential, it at least forced the interstellar warriors to find it hard to approach, sheltering a large number of demon armies that kept pouring out from the rift beneath it.

Though ultimately, it was smashed to pieces by Nero's iron fists, the number of demons emerging from the subspace rift had already become overwhelming. Nero himself almost got trapped in the tide of demons and Chaos Warriors, finding it hard to escape. It was Meifenier's spiritual energy that cleared many demons surrounding him, allowing him to break out of the encirclement.

Under such circumstances, faced with the strong pressure from demons, the Infinite Warriors had no choice but to retreat step by step with the 'prisoners,' defending all the way to the interior of the most central and important Divine Successor Hall.

From here, looking back, one could even see the majestic figure of the Son of God, Robert, within the static field in the central hall.

When it has come to this point, those subspace rifts that couldn't be suppressed unleashed even more demons.

Ironically, not even orbital firepower can be freely used here for support attacks.

This is the sacred ground of the Infinite Corps! It is the resting place of the Son of God, the Father of Genetics! The murals and reliefs full of walls and ceilings all sing praises of the Son of God's glorious deeds during the Empire's establishment and its civil war. How could heavy firepower be unleashed recklessly, causing wanton destruction?

If structural damage occurs, it's one thing, but if it injures the Father of Genetics or even damages the static field, it would be beyond responsibility.

In such a situation, when the 'prisoners' strongly demanded the return of weapons to participate in the battle, Nero, despite his reluctance, had to agree.

Actually, not allowing the 'prisoners' to participate in the battle had become merely self-deception.

The Black Cross Army, Judges, and Living Saints among them, who are unarmed, can't participate in the battle; but those like Gu Jing and the Spirit Race, who possess spiritual energy, don't need weapons. Even though they were indeed shackled with black stone bracelets designed to suppress psychics, equating to 'disarming' their spiritual energy. Yet in reality, these devices are already ineffective for some Grade A psychics; the few particularly strong ones can suppress Grade S psychics but certainly not Alpha-level ones.

Otherwise, if an Alpha-level could be controlled simply with a bracelet, why would their mere appearance cause a massive catastrophe impacting an entire planet?

To control and contain psychics of this level, one needs a complete black stone prison. Even during transport, they require specialized prison vehicles constructed with these anti-psychic materials.

Even uncontrollable ordinary Alpha-level psychics are like this, not to mention the controllable ones.

Gu Jing is a controllable one; strictly speaking, Meifenier doesn't exactly use spiritual energy, but you can consider her as one.

The spiritual energy suppression effect brought by the black stone bracelet on their hands is actually like nothing; they can easily break through it.

Previously, not breaking through was just to give the Infinite Warriors some credit.

In urgent times, use it when needed, like the instance of rescuing Neili.

In reality, Meifenier doesn't necessarily intend to watch Neili die.

After all, it has always been this Battle Group Leader from the Infinite Corps who opposed their rescue of the Son of God. If he dies, won't...?

Definitely not.

It was Gu Jing who wanted her to help.

Neili cannot die.

If he dies, his replacement won't readily agree to let aliens rescue the Father of Genetics.

Terriot could easily see how their capability to save yet not saving could likely push this Intelligence Director, originally on their side, to the opposite direction.

Moreover, the value of the Son of God certainly exceeds that of a Battle Group Leader, but reaching Neili's level, he surely counts as a top-tier master among the divinely selected champions, not a cost that can be casually sacrificed or lost.

Taking a step back, the probability of tricking and killing Neili is very low. It's hard to rely on sheer numbers to eliminate a master at a champion level without equal-level demons or Chaos traitors, and it would take a long time. Even if Meifenier doesn't step in to save, Terriot wouldn't stand by and let the Battle Group Leader struggle; he would certainly find time to rescue him.

It would be better to take the chance to slightly strengthen the relationship.

The facts proved that it was somewhat useful.

The dozen or so Infinite Warriors with the elite Auxiliary Army, who had been watching but not participating in the battle, naturally could observe Meifenier and Gu Jing releasing spiritual energy. But now that they were dealing with demons together and saved the Battle Group Leader, they wouldn't be so ungrateful. Instead, they'd turn a blind eye.

As the battlefield grew more intense, and the defense line of the Infinite Warriors was further compressed backward, external reinforcements had arrived yet were blocked outside...

Under the stimulus of multiple anxieties, facing the prisoners' repeated requests, Neili finally agreed to rearm them.

After lifting the suppression of the black stone anti-spiritual energy bracelet, the Mages among the Spirit Race freed their hands to attack. Especially Gu Jing and Meifenier, who could be considered Alpha-level Spiritual Masters; when they no longer held back and unleashed full firepower, the destructive force they could cause was terrifying.

Great Sage Kao'er was the same; when his large red robe spread out, revealing the enormous and strange mechanical body underneath and entering full battle status, he was a moving artillery platform and wartime factory, blasting demons to bits with various long-range firepower. Especially the terrifying solar flare rays, although slow in firing, each shot was a threat to a powerful demon.

The freed Black Cross Army, Judges, Battle Nuns, also served as strong supplements to combat troops.

The most powerful were Living Saint Estella, Sword Saint Rosemond of the Black Cross Army, and Grey Knights' Grand Master Changding.

They were all champion-level divine selection forces.

As for Marshal Xi Rui and the other two Grey Knights' Grand Masters, they were all top tier among Battle Group Champion levels, close enough to count as divine selection champions, even if somewhat weaker.

They were the ones who survived the terrifying Cartier campaign, were pursued across the nether realm by demons for two months with minimal losses, and when escaping at the last moment, were able to fend off a top Divine Sovereign Demon like Shakeqi.

This lineup probably exceeded the level of the Omeglia Campaign, where the Alliance besieged and killed the Ork Kings' Bone Shards.

With their involvement, the battle situation immediately stabilized.

For a moment, they even considered organizing a counterattack, to see if they could meet up with external reinforcements and then reseal the subspace fissures.

However, this did not succeed.

The number of incoming demons and Chaos Starfield Warriors was just too overwhelming.

They were now somewhat secure but had difficulty breaking out.

When several Chaos champions appeared on the battlefield, along with two Bloodthirsty Demons and two Great Unclean Ones, the situation changed again.

Quickly, a Chaos champion was slain, a Great Demon was driven away, but achieving this came at a cost.

More Interstellar Warriors perished; one Grey Knights' Grand Master, and Marshal Xi Rui were both badly injured.

Originally relieved with the ’guests’ joining the battle, Neili was again worried.

He had no immediate solution to the current predicament.

What should be done?

Thinking about it, it seemed that the only approach was to endure the current situation, and continuously dispatch external troops to relieve the Divine Successor Hall.

But there was a problem: Super Sea Star was heavily pressured across many places, reinforcement from outside the planet, from 500 worlds of the Infinite Starfield, were being intercepted outside, unable to break through promptly.

When demons were aggressively expanding the subspace fissures and forcing their way in, could they really gather enough troops to completely annihilate all demons here?

Calm assessment indicated it might be difficult.

So... should they indeed use Colossal Cannons, Light Spears, or missiles, the likes of ultra-large caliber weapons, to bombard the area?

The efficiency would be sufficient; to cover and bombard a few rounds, then elite forces could charge forward, having a fairly high chance of physically resealing the subspace fissures. Even if they couldn’t close it, as long as they constantly poured firepower into the fissures, the coming would perish endlessly.

Even if the sealing action failed, it would just mean withdrawing, then having the warship guns bombard again, and preparing for the next wave of attack would suffice.

However, the sole issue was that the Son of God might be caught in the friendly fire.

Too close, with high-powered weapons, the explosive range is massive. Even the slightest chance of damaging the static field is something he cannot afford.

If it truly becomes unfeasible, consideration must be given to whether it's possible to carry the static field and the Son of God away first, then proceed with the bombardment.

Without the Son of God, though still valuable, the Divine Successor Hall is just an expensively built religious building, and can allow for war concessions.

With these thoughts, Neili's gaze turned to where the Son of God was, pondering how to transfer with the static field together.

Next, he saw Meifenier and Great Sage Kao'er approaching the Son of God.

Neili immediately understood what they intended to do, and instantly turned furious!

But right now he was a bit far away, and since he was leading the fight up front, he was surrounded by enemies, making it difficult to approach quickly.

He could only roar, "What are you doing?! Stop right there! Dastardly alien Wizards, dare to move a finger, and I swear I'll crush your heads, even if I must chase you across the whole universe!"

Neili's Blast Bomb Gun still had Plague Fly mucus residue when he saw the Spirit Race's Divine Envoy's garment sweep over the control console beneath the splendid carvings.

Meifenier ignored the Battle Group Leader's threat. Her fingertip Bone Shard Runes emitted emerald light, seeming to be accumulating something.

Kao'er's Mechanical Tentacles were connected to a huge device, slowly revealing its true self—the complete set of Destiny Armor becoming visible to all.

"Terriot, stop them quickly!"

Neili commanded the Intelligence Director while raising his hand, with mounted artillery under the powered fist, aiming to fire at the alien Wizards.

The shell was just about to be fired, but was hit precisely by lightning mid-air, exploding and shattering unfortunate Demon souls.

This was Gu Jing’s action.

He urged, "They’ve already started, they can’t be stopped now; believe in them for once. Now, we need a Son of God to save us, the entire Empire needs him."

Neili ignored the persuasion, tearing apart a Bloodletter that came before him, continuing to order the Intelligence Director to use spiritual power to stop their ’plot’ against the Father of Genetics.

But Terriot refused and began urging the Battle Group Leader as well.

The Great Sage’s mechanical voice mingled with Martian binary hymns, "The Life Support Protocol has been activated completely."