Governor 901

Chapter 901: I Want to See Gu Hang

Only twenty percent of the people survived.

The transmission of the Blood Angels' genetic seeds itself is not very stable, much like the Phoenix and the Bat, all being subgroups with few offspring. Compared to the sizable populations of the Infinite, the Saints, and the Punishers, it simply cannot be compared. Even groups like the Golden Knights and Death Angels have stable transmission.

Like the Blood Angels, even in normal times, each group worries about the transmission within their group, fearing the lack of successors, the quiet extinction of a subgroup, or the disappearance of a Brother Battle Group...

Across the Empire, how many Interstellar Warriors are there in total when combining all loyal factions of the Blood Angel Subgroups?

This data is difficult to calculate due to the various groups spread throughout the Empire's vast territories, constantly engaging in battles and undergoing replenishment. However, roughly speaking, the Blood Angel Subgroups that are currently registered and have activity records for over two decades before the major catastrophe number around 130.

Yet, most groups are not at full strength.

This is quite normal for Interstellar Warriors, even for those groups with a high compatibility of genetic seeds. Constant battles mean that training new recruits, performing surgical implants, dealing with success rates, and waiting one or two years post-surgery for superhuman organs to fully grow... In short, the replenishment speed is limited.

Under such circumstances, it is quite normal for most groups to be understaffed.

After all, most groups do not have the capability to maintain their standard complement of a thousand soldiers while also having several hundred backup forces ready for rapid replenishment in case of combat losses.

Honestly, it’s hard to say if such actions cross the red line of the Star Warrior Codex.

The low compatibility of the Blood Angels’ genetic seeds results in a generally low surgical success rate, and the challenging replenishment of new recruits is even more cumbersome.

Overall, these 130 Blood Angel groups, most being below full capacity before the major catastrophe, possibly had a total force of around 60,000.

When the mother group, Son of God’s home planet, Lord Star, faced a significant threat, nearly all the Blood Angels who could hear the call came to participate in the defense.

And now, in this battle, they’ve nearly been wiped out, leaving only three to four thousand...

So many groups were completely destroyed, so many battle brothers fell in pools of blood... This reminded Dante once again of the endless dreamscape he was trapped in during his brush with death.

He was in unbearable pain, nearly fainting.

Dante took everything as his own responsibility.

He hadn’t done well enough.

"But we won!" Sosa’s words interrupted the imperial hero’s sorrow.

"You call such a devastating result a victory?"

"Of course," Sosa said. "You held on until the Alliance arrived and destroyed most of the Insect Swarm’s active forces. Now, the greatest threat has been eliminated; all that’s left is to continue clearing out the local Insects in the Star Domain, reclaiming one salvageable world after another. The battle group can return to glory after reconstruction; you are undoubtedly an imperial hero!"

His demeanor seemed so matter-of-fact.

Such a tone only made Dante feel there was a naive clarity about him.

He was a bit angry, the kind of anger you feel when someone is mocking you.

However, this anger quickly dissipated.

After all, he was just part of a battle group established a mere 23 years ago, meaning this unusually tall and extraordinary Interstellar Warrior had only been in service for just over twenty years.

While over twenty years of service can’t be considered a rookie, it’s not exactly a veteran either. Appearing somewhat naive when considering certain issues is quite normal.

In a way, what Sosa said wasn’t entirely wrong.

However, rebuilding each world that suffered severe destruction due to the Insect Swarm invasion—how difficult is that?

And how difficult is it for the many Blood Angel Subgroups, practically destroyed or barely surviving, with only a couple of companies left, to rebuild?

This difficulty, even for heroes like Dante, makes him shrink back in fear.

Sosa, a young man who knows no fear, views the so-called "rescue" and "rebuild" as mere words.

Dante, not wanting to continue on this topic, brought up another issue: "I feel a strange force within my body... What is this?"

His gaze turned to his Pharmacist.

Matters like this being explained by his own would surely make Dante more trusting.

However, the Blood Angels' Pharmacist looked towards Sosa.

Sosa said, "Let me explain."

"Your previous injuries were too severe, and there was almost no special method to continue your life. So, after obtaining approval from many Blood Angels, we performed Primaris modification on you..."

Hearing this, Dante interrupted Sosa, questioning, "Primaris modification? What is that?"

"A new technology that can allow Interstellar Warriors..."

"New technology? When did the Empire develop this new technology?"

"This was under the leadership of Gu Hang..."

"How dare he tamper with the sacred genetic seeds of Interstellar Warriors?!"

Dante was utterly furious!

He turned his head, questioning his Pharmacist: "Did you just stand by and let this heretical technology be used on me? By the Emperor, I would rather die!"

Before the Pharmacist could speak, Sosa's attitude changed.

While his respect for the imperial hero remained unchanged, he couldn't tolerate calling the 'Primaris' technology heretical.

"Heretical technology? This is the technology brought forth by our great leader, Gu Hang! Under the modification of Primaris technology, we become stronger, purer, better serving humanity and loyal to the Emperor. Despite my respect for you, Lord Dante, it does not justify your unrestrained criticism of Governor Gu."

"Gu Hang, that ambitious Gu Hang of the Alliance..."

"I'll correct you once more," Sosa said sternly. "Under Governor Gu's leadership, the Alliance has already reclaimed 40% of the Dark Side of the Empire's territory. Meanwhile, we have re-established communication between the Dark Side of the Empire and the Holy Territory and are marching towards Holy Terra. Although there remains a certain distance to Governor Gu's grand objective of saving the entire Empire, without a doubt, we are on the right track. You should, by no means, maintain respect for such a leader—greater than yourself—a hero, leader, imperial high lord, and Dark Side governor, Gu Hang."

Here, Sosa added another sentence that left Dante with no room for rebuttal:

"Besides, the Alliance saved the mother group, saved the mother planet. If not for the Alliance's arrival, the Blood Angels would truly have been annihilated, and the entire Star Domain would have been consumed, with the Insect Race, restored and even stronger, would bring greater disaster to more human worlds. Should that happen, not only would you be a sinner, but the entire Blood Angels would be the Empire's sinners. The Alliance saved us, the Blood Angels, in both heritage and reputation. From any perspective, you should not only respect him but also thank him."

After hearing this, Dante remained silent for a long while.

After a while, he slowly spoke, "I want to see Gu Hang."

Chapter 902:

"I want to see Gu Hang."

"Of course," said Sosa, "Mr. Gu said that as long as you wake up and want to see him, you can anytime."

Dante forced himself to stand up, pushing away the Pharmacist's support.

Sosa brought out a wheelchair from the side, obviously prepared in advance: "I'll carry you, your current state is really not suitable for movement."

Dante ignored him.

An Empire hero being pushed in a wheelchair to face Gu Hang, what kind of image is that?

He was going to exemplify the Blood Angels' unyielding attitude, not go begging!

For this reason, he not only refused the stretcher and wheelchair, but also insisted on wearing his complete set of armor.

Even though the armor had many large and small holes yet to be fully repaired, he insisted on wearing it.

Dante's armor differed from the usual full red of the Blood Angels, being a golden yellow instead. Behind him were a pair of steel wings. His helmet was custom-made, modeled after the face of the Father of Genetics.

He needed to wear the whole set before he could see Gu Hang.

...

After donning his outfit, he walked slowly yet determinedly within the Angel Castle.

This was his home, the center of the Lord Star, the sacred ground from where the Son of God led the Blood Angels to rise thousands of years ago.

Now, it was nearly a wasteland.

Most places still appeared somewhat familiar, yet he only recognized fragments, ruins.

Rows of trucks and engineering vehicles were pushing countless Insect Race corpses into incinerators, blue-purple smoke covering half the sky.

He noticed that every tank turret bore the Alliance's emblem.

The Alliance saved the Blood Angels, from this perspective, it's no exaggeration.

If the Blood Angels hadn't been at an absolute disadvantage in the previous war, needing allied assistance for survival, Dante believed his battle brothers would not have so easily allowed the Alliance's forces into Angel Castle.

As he passed, every Alliance soldier would stop their work and salute him.

Dante did not return the salute.

He lacked the energy and mood.

Yet, as his gaze swept over, he instinctively mapped the conditions of these Alliance soldiers in his mind. The commander instinct belonging to the leader of Interstellar Warriors began analyzing unbidden.

From equipment, soldiers' morale, organizational quality... in every aspect, he recognized these seemingly ordinary Alliance Mortal Troops as an unequivocal strong force.

If in the previous defensive campaigns, he'd had even a third of his Mortal Troops replaced by such Alliance Army troops, he would have had the confidence to directly win the war.

Besides these Mortal Troops, Dante also took note of some elite Alliance units.

Those were actually mortals, somewhat akin to the Protection Army?

He thought this because they used equipment generally unwilling to be given to the Star Realm Army by the Sect of Mechanics, or unaffordable by the Imperial Military Department. These elite equipments were usually reserved by the gear junkies for their Protection Army.

However, the reason for the question mark is that these soldiers not only carried Sect of Mechanics equipment but also large amounts of standard Star Realm Army gear; their Feedback-Type Power Armor and exoskeleton equipment ratio were high; their uniforms remained similar to the Alliance Army's; their flags and formations appeared as the Alliance Army's; among them were a few commissars wearing red hats...

If they aren't the Protection Army, does it mean that the Alliance's integration ability for Founding Worlds is incredibly strong, able to control many Founding Worlds of the Sect of Mechanics, to specifically create equipment for building such elite mortal units?

More terrifying still, maybe the Alliance doesn't need any Sect of Mechanics cooperation; their own productivity could achieve this.

The Alliance alone could accomplish each Founding World.

What level of frightening hard power does this represent?

The image of Sosa, speaking of rebuilding worlds affected by the Insect Swarms with Lord Star at the center of the Netherworld Star Domain, in that natural manner reappeared inexplicably in his mind.

Isn't it possible that it's not naive, but trust?

That natural manner wasn't due to ignorance of difficulties. Instead, it was understanding them, knowing the Alliance's formidable economic capability, witnessing countless worlds quickly re-enter normalcy under the Alliance's leadership after similar disasters.

Seeing too much naturally feels rightful.

This could be possible.

But how can losses to the battle groups be replenished?

Upon thinking this, he saw something else.

Several Qilin Fighters appeared to have just returned from missions, flying over from afar.

Among these fighters emerged various Interstellar Warriors.

Judging by their coating, they came from different battle groups. Dante didn't recognize some, likely similar to the Crimson Scythe, new battle groups created by the so-called Dark Side. A few, however, he knew. They were active in other Cosmos Domains, some even interacting with the Blood Angels.

Now, regardless of the type of battle group, these Interstellar Warriors moved together, shoulder to shoulder, conversing, laughing.

The Alliance... Gu Hang... how many battle groups had he reclaimed for his use?

What exactly was he going to do?

What negotiating chips do the Blood Angels currently hold? And for what should these chips be exchanged?

Blood Angels... what is their future destiny?

Numerous questions circled his mind.

Chapter 903:

"This is..."

"Hello, Dante, I'm Robert. I've read your biography, and you truly deserve to be called a hero of the Empire."

On the other side of the holographic image, a gentle voice came from Robert.

Gu Hang nodded slightly in agreement.

Dante's thoughts were completely in chaos.

The only Son of God currently with a very clear whereabouts in the Empire is the Father of Genetics of the Infinite Corps, the Son of God, Robert. The entire Empire knows that this millennia-old figure, a mythological being, sits in the Divine Successor Hall on the Super Sea Star.

However, aside from a few delusional madmen, no sensible person would dream that the Son of God could stand up again.

On the Super Sea Star, there is a particularly high-end 'tourist project', which is to pay homage to the Son of God.

The Divine Successor Hall is not open to the public, but when certain important figures visit and request to see the Son of God, the Infinite Warriors are not particularly good at refusing.

Dante, as a legendary hero of the Empire and the Battle Group Leader of another founding corps, is such a person who is difficult to refuse.

Several hundred years ago, during a visit to the Super Sea Star, he had paid homage to the Son of God.

Now he met him again.

However, last time it was across a stasis field, and this time, it is across a holographic image.

Precisely because of this, a suspicion arose in his mind: Could Gu Hang be tricking him?

Although from every angle, this seemed like a genuine holographic image. His brain was spinning but found no flaw.

Yet he persisted in maintaining doubt.

After all, from past rumors, the leader of the Alliance, Gu Hang, is a well-known Spiritual Master throughout the Empire. Creating an illusion or deception using spiritual energy should be within his capability, right?

Even though, with Dante's resistance to spiritual energy, it would be nearly impossible to deceive him with it. But he still preferred to maintain doubt.

The reason is simply that the matter is too shocking, too unbelievable.

Without maintaining doubt, he wouldn't know what mindset to face it with.

However, the two present did not particularly focus on him.

After a brief exchange of pleasantries, Gu Hang apologized:

"I'm sorry, I did say you could come to see me anytime, but as you can see, I'm discussing some other matters with Robert..."

"Can I listen in?"

Gu Hang hesitated for a moment, turning his gaze to Robert: "I have no problem. What about you, Your Grace the Regent King?"

"There’s nothing that needs to be kept from this hero of the Empire, feel free."

Thus, Dante really leaned against the nearby table, arms crossed, and began to listen in.

Gu Hang and Robert did not mind him.

What they were discussing was indeed a very important matter.

The war in the Infinite Starfield is basically over by now. Under Robert’s personal leadership, the Chaos Demon Army’s invasion was rightfully thwarted.

And the news of Robert’s revival began to spread outward from the five hundred worlds of the Infinite Starfield as the center.

Imperial people who heard the news, from commoners to the nobility, from ordinary soldiers to Interstellar Warriors, from the National Church to the Sect of Mechanics, were all exhilarated by it.

The title of Son of God was still enough to invigorate people. They all shouted, the Empire is saved!

And those most thrilled were undoubtedly the Interstellar Warriors.

The sub-groups of the Infinite Legion, needless to say, now had a father.

Even Interstellar Warriors of other bloodlines were shocked by this. Although Robert was not their Father of Genetics, he was, after all, a Father of Genetics, a Son of God, representing the Empire’s brightest era, and also representing the most glorious history for Interstellar Warriors.

Before the revival or return of their own Son of God, Robert’s appeal to any loyal Interstellar Warrior was unparalleled.

Apart from the Interstellar Warriors, another faction with an even somewhat fanatical attitude was the National Church.

Though the Sect of Mechanics also worships the Emperor, they venerate another aspect of the Emperor, transformed into the God of All Machines in their doctrine. The place of the Son of God in the Sect of Mechanics isn't particularly significant.

But for the National Church, it's entirely different. When the Emperor becomes purely religious, transforming into the singularly supreme deity, the position of the Son of God is akin to that of Jesus, only with a slightly larger number of Sons of God.

But now, a Son of God has truly been resurrected!

It is nothing less than myth brought into reality!

It is the manifestation of a deity!

The National Church almost went completely insane!

In and around the Infinite Starfield, those who heard of the Son of God's revival, with the ability to contact and ally with him, without exception, nearly all were fiercely aligning themselves. They exerted vast religious influence, affecting world after world, commercial organizations, Star Realm Army, and independent warlords, joining the Son of God's faction.

After Robert withstood the Chaos Demon Army's siege of Super Sea Star, establishing a communication channel with the outside, various reinforcements came in droves.

They eagerly desired to fight under the leadership of the Son of God.

And, of course, Robert had his own grand plans.

Chapter 903: The Second Key to Saving the Empire

How could merely lifting the siege of the Super Sea Star be enough? He intended to save the entire Empire!

Robert did not act rashly. He had just awakened from millennia of slumber and, to be honest, he still found the entire Empire quite unfamiliar.

He took some time to learn about the ten-thousand-year history of the Empire and the current political situation, in addition to the current cataclysm that was tearing the entire Empire apart and plunging all of humanity into crisis.

The extraordinary wisdom of the Son of God made him realize the two key points to saving the Empire: Holy Terra and the Alliance.

No matter how messed up Holy Terra is right now, it remains the very core of the Empire. Along with Mars and the Moon, it comprises the most important economic center of the Empire, with unmatched productivity.

Beyond the economy, its significant political meaning as the human ancestral star and the Imperial capital of ten thousand years is irreplaceable. Only by being seated in Holy Terra can one issue orders and unify the entire Human Empire. This cannot be done from anywhere else.

The specific situation of Holy Terra is not particularly clear, but that is a significant problem: its inability to accurately communicate its information throughout the Empire already indicates that the situation is dire.

It can no longer fulfill its dual role as the economic and political center.

This has persisted for a long time, causing division and chaos within the Empire, even more severe than the Scarlet Scar itself.

Robert resolved that after initially stabilizing the Infinite Starfield, he would gather the nearby forces for an expedition to Terra.

He wanted to see what the situation in Terra truly was. He was even prepared to personally preside over Terra thereafter.

In the past, during the era of the Emperor's ascension and the intra-Empire war, he was a staunch supporter of the human faction.

He followed his father's wishes, believing that the Emperor was human, that they, the Sons of God, were also human, including extraordinary warriors like the Imperial Guard and Interstellar Warriors, and ordinary mortals—all were human, differing only in individual strength.

Some of his brothers, under Chaos's temptation, believed that as the Emperor's offspring, the Sons of God inherently had the right to inherit the whole Empire, like a crown prince inheriting the emperor's throne. Interstellar Warriors, too, should be superhumans riding above humanity, with mortals completely subservient to their leadership.

Fierce clashes broke out between the two sides, leading to massive division in the Human Empire after that civil war. Like the Father of Genetics of the Blood Angels, Saint Gerard fell in that war, slain by the Gene Father of the Moon of Revenge, self-claimed as the 'New Emperor' but actually blessed by Chaos Gods, the Imperial Marshall, and Hels, the Shepherd of the Blue Moon.

In that final battle, not only did a Son of God perish, but the Shepherd of the Blue Moon himself was also destroyed by the momentarily descended Emperor, lifting the siege on Terra.

Yet, even at this stage, it could only be considered the climax of the intra-Empire war. In the latter half, the severely beaten loyalist faction had to recover the worlds that rebelled during the civil war. The entire intra-Empire war spanned hundreds of years, marking the end of the Empire's most glorious period from its founding through the Emperor's ascension, causing it to rapidly decline from its peak.

This decline lasted ten thousand years... It was only because of the solid foundation laid by the Emperor in the early days and a series of heroes emerging amongst humanity that the Empire limped along to its current state without completely collapsing.

Of course, more than just these two Sons of God fell during the civil war. Throughout its early, peak, and final stages, Sons of God from both sides perished.

In the subsequent fewer than a hundred years, the war between loyalists and traitors never ceased. Sons of God from both sides perished or disappeared one after another. Even Robert himself suffered a lethal wound from a twisted Chaos Shaman Witchcraft's khan sabre while battling the Gene Father of the Gallopers in that stage.

That Gene Father of the Gallopers, inheriting the name of a hero of Guttara, Tie Muzhen, was also severely injured by Robert.

The result of their battle could be considered mutual destruction.

The ascended Galloper Khan was driven back to Subspace; the remaining Infinite Warriors snatched their Gene Father back, managing to use the Stasis Position to preserve his life.

Robert was essentially the last Son of God lost by the Empire.

Before entering the static field, he stoically took charge of the Empire for several decades. During that time, he effectively ruled the Empire and the Star Warrior Codex was penned.

After all, the lessons of this civil war, which nearly destroyed the Empire, had to be learned. Back then, the presence of large, consolidated interstellar soldier corps meant that a decision by the commander of one or two corps could lead to a significant disaster.

By breaking down the Interstellar Warriors from huge corps to warbands that could have up to a thousand members, this force, which could not be abandoned and had to be watched with caution, became controllable.

During that period, Sons of God in the Empire were referred to as 'Regent King.'

Fundamentally, the title of 'Regent King' and the authority to rule the entire Empire under that title, which Robert wielded, never got revoked.

Who had the power to revoke his authority?

Moreover, for the Empire, there was no particular need to do this for a Son of God who had been lying in the static field for ten thousand years.

And at present, he could naturally continue to lead the Empire under this title and as a Son of God.

But the premise is that he can return to Holy Terra.

It couldn't be achieved in the Infinite Starfield.

Robert was confident that as long as he could lead the army that supported him back to Holy Terra and take charge, the dire situation on Holy Terra would be greatly improved.

And as long as Holy Terra resumed its functions as the Imperial capital and political center and regained control over the entire Human Empire, the Empire's division could be greatly improved.

Gu Hang completely agreed and supported this.

...

Aside from Holy Terra, the 'Alliance' was also of utmost importance to the Empire's situation.

This was something Robert had not initially considered.

After all, in the era he lived in, there was no secondary center of such power and influence like the Alliance, independent of the Central Empire.

In the past, when he presided over the Five Hundred Worlds in the Infinite Starfield during the founding expedition, some people called it an independent kingdom and labeled him as an ambitious figure and a separatist within the Empire. But in reality, how could the situation of the Five Hundred Worlds in the Infinite Starfield compare with the current scale of the Alliance?

After an in-depth discussion with Gu Hang's son, Gu Jing, Robert realized that the Alliance now controlled forty percent of the territories of the Dark Side of the Empire, and barring further unexpected events, the Alliance's power would continue to expand and grow stronger over time.

Could he possibly consider the Alliance as an enemy?

Absolutely not.

No matter what Gu Hang's thoughts are, the Empire absolutely cannot consider the Alliance an enemy now.

Even if Robert could return to Holy Terra and reassume his position as 'Regent King,' consolidating the Empire's power, what could he do against the Alliance?

Fight another civil war within the Empire? In the midst of such a cataclysm?

That would truly be a death wish for the Empire.

Chapter 904:

Robert, the Son of God, can fully understand that his only choice now is to cooperate well with the Alliance.

To acknowledge the Alliance as part of the Empire, part of humanity, and recognize Gu Hang, the High Lord and governor of the Dark Side of the Empire. Furthermore, he needs to rely on the Alliance, which is performing quite well on the Dark Side of the Empire, to continue their expedition and unify the Dark Side.

Additionally, he hopes the Alliance can provide support to help him initiate an expedition on the Holy Territory of the Empire, similar to the Dark Side Expedition.

Ultimately, to restore peace across the entire Human Empire.

Of course, true peace is impossible. Although it is the wish of the Son of God, he knows rationally that it is unrealistic for every place to be absolutely peaceful.

If it can be achieved that the entire Empire's territory is relatively peaceful on the whole, or has enough strength to unify and address significant threats to peace, then that would be satisfactory.

He must leverage the power of the Alliance.

If half or even more of the Empire is covered by the Alliance's system, and the Empire's power is mainly controlled by the Alliance... so what?

Does Robert care about power?

He doesn't care.

He only cares about the Human Empire.

If the Alliance represents a better Human Empire, then why not?

He doesn't necessarily have to be the Regent King.

It's called a right, but more importantly, it's a responsibility.

Having reviewed the Empire's thousands of years of history and studied the Empire's recent situation in detail, he feels endless disappointment with the current status of the Empire.

Ignorance, chaos, internal strife, inefficiency, corruption...

All these troublesome things can be used to describe the Empire.

Whether it is the Central Empire or various local regions, everything is in a mess.

It's not just rotten now, but has been decaying from a long, long past to the present.

Upon awakening, Robert was displeased with everything he saw.

To be honest, the two forces that most supported him – the Infinite Warriors and the National Church – were the ones he was most dissatisfied with.

In his mind, the National Church represents the most ignorant side.

In the glorious era he lived in, religion was something that could not make it to the stage. The Empire was promoting rationality and scientific thinking. The Emperor was just the Emperor, a great leader, without any notion of 'Son of God.' They, the brothers, were indeed the Emperor's children, but they were more the Commanders of the Empire, expanding territories for humanity, leading the people.

To Robert, it all seemed like just yesterday.

He indeed was asleep for ten thousand years, but for him, it really felt like a blink of an eye. Severely wounded, he entered the stasis position where everything stopped, and when he opened his eyes again, it was this dark and twisted era ten thousand years later.

How can he accept the current, ignorant appearance of the Empire?

Despite the appearance of such disgusting things like the National Church, which worships his father, him, and his brothers as deities. This made him feel extremely absurd.

And this feeling, he unexpectedly felt in his genetic progeny as well.

This is why following closely, the ones who disappointed him were his progeny.

Rationality, honor, fairness, justice... these are what he taught his progeny.

But it seems they discarded the first one, as they too have started worshipping the ’God’ Emperor and ’God’ Son.

With the most important first one lost, the following pursuit of supposed honor, fairness, and justice, is it still the virtuous quality he expected?

Yet, this heavy disappointment is something he can’t even speak of.

He has slept for ten thousand years, but he hasn’t lost his political acumen.

Under the current condition of the Empire, would he go around speaking openly, claiming the Emperor isn’t a god, the Emperor is merely human; I am not a god, I am just an ordinary human?

How can people believe that while looking at his physique, which is much taller than that of the Interstellar Warriors?

Even if he is the Son of God, speaking these words personally wouldn’t change the ten-thousand-year-old beliefs of the Imperial People.

Don’t mention today, even ten thousand years ago, his saintly brother already worshipped the Emperor as a god. During civil wars, his choice to stand with mortals and hand the Empire to humans was merely following divine instructions, it wasn’t because they believed everyone were humans.

Now, if Robert openly talks about rationality, hopes to eliminate ignorance and religion... the outcome wouldn’t likely be the good orientation he hopes for, but rather could further cause the currently fragile Empire to become more chaotic and divided.

He wishes to save the Empire, but precisely for this reason, he finds the current situation of the Empire tricky and even somewhat hopeless.

Even with his wisdom, he finds it challenging to think of a solution that can effectively solve these issues immediately.

After contemplating for a long time, ultimately, he can only plan for the long term.

He must proceed slowly, bit by bit. He might need to accept his identity, accept the presence of religion, and continue to maintain the unity of the Empire. Even if it makes him feel somewhat disgusted, he has to keep doing so to ensure these forces can continue to be utilized.

Eventually, through his words and actions, through gradual religious and political reform, he will change some things that he really finds displeasing.

Chapter 904_2

Of course, during this process, perhaps he might also be polluted by this ’cesspool’ known as the Empire; who can say for sure?

Just when he was making long-term plans, aiming to take a hundred years? Two hundred years? Or even longer to gradually change the Empire and save it, he suddenly came across the Alliance.

The Alliance has been around for over a hundred years, but compared to the long history of the Empire, they are still quite young.

However, the Infinite Warriors have quite a few records on the Alliance. After initially fighting side by side during the Iron Armor War, they began a long-term trade relationship. During this process, many of the ’spies’ under the Infinite Corps entered Alliance territory, collecting various pieces of information everywhere.

The actions of the Infinite Corps were both covert and open.

Calling it covert is because they were skillful and experienced. They instinctively collected information everywhere in the Empire, relying on the rather well-developed trade system of the Infinite Starfield, and naturally started gathering intelligence once connected to various places.

Only with enough information can one make the correct judgment. This is one of the ’ancestral teachings’ left to them by the Son of God ten thousand years ago.

Calling it open is because their espionage activities usually avoid touching particularly secret information. Military secrets, political secrets, commercial secrets – they seldom actively probe those. The spies often are just ordinary sailors, merchants, or immigrants, living their daily lives, doing their work while incidentally gathering public information, or inadvertently exposing some non-public information. The principle is to integrate the numerous insights they encounter, compile them, and send them back with the ships to the intelligence department of the Infinite Starfield.

Afterward, analysts will integrate this intelligence and make judgments.

The Infinite Corps have substantial interest in the Alliance.

Within the Empire, few places are as skilled in management and development as the Alliance.

In the eyes of the Infinite Warriors, many local dignitaries in the Empire either indulge in pleasure or ambitiously use the Empire’s system to climb the ranks. The former’s primary demand is stable rule, while the latter seeks promotion and wealth. They aren’t very concerned about local development. Economic construction and development may not even be on their agendas.

Even those who wish to develop often lack the capability.

And those capable are usually limited by various conditions and environments, unable to achieve their goals.

The prosperous regions in the Empire mostly benefit from favorable environments or resources. Either the planet’s environment is exceptionally good, suitable for development as long as leaders don’t mess it up; or its location or political significance is critical, prompting vast resources from higher governmental bodies to accelerate their development.

The Alliance, however, is different.

Based on analyses by the Infinite Warriors, they believe that the Alliance's development relies on efficiency, relative integrity, focus on development, reasonable policies, and unity.

They have done many things right.

Of course, there are places they simply can't comprehend. For example, the rapid expansion of the Alliance's military power, the productive efficiency of their factories, the efficiency of trade, and the cultivation of talent all exceed even their highest estimates.

This part can only be attributed to the Emperor's blessing.

What slightly annoys people is that the Alliance has changed so much of the Empire's traditional system, and their populace is generally not devout. The Emperor, to many, is just a phrase they use; they respect and admire him, but lack a fervent atmosphere. Many religious rituals and thoughts have vanished under what is called the New Teaching.

The Interstellar Warriors have a few complaints about this, yet this intrigued Robert, who later read these analysis reports.

He thinks it's fantastic!

A cesspool of an Empire still has such a pure land!

Having read the history of the Alliance's rise, though there are aspects he also cannot analyze or understand, like why there's such a sudden burst of soldiers, why their combat power is so strong, and how their economic development is as if it's on steroids... Still, none of this stops him from greatly admiring the Alliance's leader, Gu Hang.

So, he went to have an extensive conversation with Gu Jing.

During this exchange, he learned about the Alliance's century-long Dark Side Expedition.

Undoubtedly, the Alliance did what he wanted to do.

The Alliance played the role that Holy Terra should have fulfilled.

Currently, the situation on the Dark Side of the Empire is definitely better than in the Holy Territory of the Empire.

This is rather ironic.

This side has Holy Terra, the most elite area of humanity, yet it's a mess, entirely inferior to the Dark Side of the Empire, which is on the other side, with much worse conditions.

As for those concerned with Gu Hang's 'ambitions'?

That's great!

If possible, Robert wouldn't mind pushing Gu Hang, this 'High Lord,' further ahead.

Imperial Prime Minister? Ruler of the entire Empire?

Absolutely no problem.

He recalls fondly his father's closest deputy, the Empire's first Prime Minister, whose contributions to the Dark Side Expedition were enormous. Even the haughty 'Sons of God' had to admit the first Prime Minister, despite conflicts and disagreements with them, had achievements no less than theirs. Without this Prime Minister's long-term support from the rear, the Dark Side Expedition would not have proceeded so smoothly.

He urgently wishes to have a conversation with Gu Hang.

Thanks to the Seven Star Corridor being opened, Gu Hang found a stable way to let spiritual energy signals pass through the Scarlet Scar. With Gu Jing beside Robert acting as a signal tower, this conversation became feasible and stable.

Their first conversation could be described as quite delightful.

The visit from the Blood Angel Corps Battle Group Leader, Dante, was just a minor interlude, an additional listener at most.

They continued chatting, discussing the expedition actions towards Holy Terra.

The Alliance would use the Seven Star Corridor as the most crucial passageway to transport vast amounts of war resources and troops. The entire western front would fully redirect its focus to Holy Terra, using the constructed Mercifat Star Domain as the base for the next phase of the war.

This has gone beyond the scope of the Dark Side Expedition, and Gu Hang called it the 'Terra Expedition.'

The western front of the Alliance isn't considered the main character of the Terra expedition; it's more of a coordinating supporting role.

The true protagonist is Robert himself.

The forces he integrated from the Infinite Starfield will advance from north to south, with Holy Terra as the target.

However, he will not adopt the Alliance's mode of a Dark Side Expedition.

He acknowledges it's stable, the most reliable path.

Using the Infinite Starfield as the center, advancing southwards step by step. Liberate an area, build up that area, establish a foothold, and then continue pressing south.

With his identity as the Son of God, his influence is even stronger.

However, he still thinks it’s too slow.

The Alliance’s Dark Side Expedition took a hundred years to reach its current extent.

At the same efficiency, fighting from the Infinite Starfield to Holy Terra would probably take another hundred years.

Even with the Alliance attacking Holy Terra from the southwest, the meeting of both sides would still not be soon.

Robert has become impatient in this regard.

Now, after this hundred years, it’s evident the Empire is on the brink of collapse; what will it be like in another hundred years?

By then, wouldn’t the whole Empire, except the Infinite Starfield and the areas controlled by the Alliance on the Dark Side, be beyond salvation!

Chapter 905: The Aftermath of the Holy Blood War

The medical officer wearing a bird-beak mask is adjusting the infusion tube, the metallic prosthetic eye glowing red, "The Holy Blood Pharmacist has replaced your artificial circulation system—using living metal sent by the Alliance."

Dante tried to raise his arm, discovering silver fluid flowing along his veins. This reminded him of the Fearful Dead technology he had seen four hundred years ago during the battle with the Space Undead, causing a metallic taste to rise in his throat: "Alien creation?"

"It’s the improved nano-medical unit." Pharmacist Azriel lifted the tent flap and came in, his crimson cloak still bearing sulfur scorch marks, "Even though the priests of the Sect of Mechanics almost

launched a holy war over this, one has to admit..." He shook the empty medicine bottle, "These supplies from the Gu Group have restored the battle group medicine stock from 3% to 17%."

From outside the tent came the sound of tracks grinding over bone shards. Through the canvas gap, Dante could see rows of Leman Russ tanks pushing Insect Race corpses into the incinerators, the blue-purple smoke covering half the sky. He noticed that each tank turret was branded with the triple eagle emblem—the mark of the Planet Alliance.

"How much have we lost?" Dante's voice sounded like sandpaper scraping against metal. As the medical officer began reporting the casualty numbers, he raised his hand to stop him, "Just tell me how many Angels can still stand."

The bird-beak mask of the medical officer drooped down, "Counting the Blood Drinking Ghosts who woke yesterday... the Blood Knight Battle Group currently numbers 4,721. Those fit for battle..." The red glow of the prosthetic eye suddenly flashed urgently, "Less than three thousand."

Suddenly, the tent flap was lifted, and the bandaged Holy Blood Guard rushed in: "Sir! The Steel Snake Battle Group is confronting the Alliance Officers again! They say..."

"Say we've allowed heretics onto our sacred ground?" Dante tore away the tubes from his body, the artificial lung leafs roaring like bellows. As he stood, everyone in the tent instinctively took half a step back—even though his severe injuries were not yet healed, the majesty of the founding Battle Group Leader was still as fierce as a furnace.

As he walked across the scorched earth of the camp, Dante's boot occasionally stepped onto hardened artificial fungal mats. These Insect Race secretions glistened with a rainbow-colored oil sheen in the sunlight, reminding him of the Spirit Race's Ark World he had purified three hundred years ago. In the distance, the hymn of the Sect of Mechanics and the buzzing of chain-saw swords could be heard, eight gold-painted Knight Mecha were clearing the battlefield, their ion cannon mouths still emitting smoke.

"The Alliance provided seventy thousand tons of purifying agent." Said the accompanying technical sergeant, lifting his faceplate to reveal half his mechanical face, "But purifying the entire continent will take three months, orbital bombardment would be more..."

"Let the civilians return." Dante stopped, looking at the collapsed dome of the Holy Blood Cathedral on the horizon. The towering spire reaching into the sky now only a half, with the broken section draped with some Insect Race secreted membranous flesh, like a desecrated burial shroud. "Tell Gu Hang, I want to see him before sunset."

When Dante walked into the temporary command center, the holographic projector was replaying the final battle. On the screen, the blood-soaked Holy Blood Guard ignited the Whirlwind Torpedo buried deep within the planet's crust, and the soaring pillar of fire simultaneously vaporized the Insect Nest Tyrant and half of the continent. He noticed the timestamp in the corner of the projection—that was the seventh day of his coma.

"Your armor." The technical sergeant held a newly repaired Terminator Armor, "The alloy craftsmen of the Alliance recast the shoulder armor, but the Holy Blood Chalice relief..." The original position embedded with the initial Holy Artifact was now replaced by a flowing silver substance.

Dante touched the unfamiliar metallic surface and suddenly punched the armor. The living metal rippled like water, completely absorbing the impact. This reminded him of a certain long-extinct Alien race, but more terrifying was the realization that—the technology tree of the Alliance clearly exceeded the Empire's conventional understanding.

When the setting sun cast the last light spots on the command center dome, Gu Hang's shuttle landed on the scorched landing pad. Dante stood at the observation window, watching the dark-haired youth step out of the cabin. The Alliance Commander wore a gray robe without any emblems, but a lion-head sword symbolizing the Empire's supreme power hung at his waist—reminding Dante of the Regent King's portrait he had seen a hundred years ago.

"You shouldn't have refused the stretcher." Gu Hang's voice came through the communicator, youthfully unsettling, "The Holy Blood Pharmacist said your regeneration system..."

"I've been on the Ulanuo Expedition." Dante interrupted, deliberately letting the living metal gather into a claw shape in his palm, "When the Emperor still walked the earth."

Their gazes collided mid-air. The golden glow in Gu Hang's eyes reminded Dante of the light of the star beacon, while what the Alliance Commander saw was the ancient madness deeply embedded in the Blood Angel's genes—the kind of soul fracture that even living metal could not fully repair.

When Dante finally walked into the conference room, twelve static field generators activated at the same time. Space-time froze instantly; he could see Gu Hang's temples with white hair halting in the force field and could also see the data board sliding out of his sleeve—densely arrayed with the cultivation progress for five thousand Glory Seeds.

Chapter 905: Subspace Navigation

Gu Hang expressed his concerns about Robert's plan.

Gathering the forces from the Infinite Starfield and directly charging towards Holy Terra without any regard?

Conducting warp travel directly?

Navigating whether to rely on aliens?

Gu Hang felt uneasy thinking about it.

Robert elaborated his plan in detail to Gu Hang.

It still sounded pretty reliable.

Robert would not lead his most crucial troops into an unprepared adventure.

But he would undertake a prepared venture.

The preparations of the army, the modification of the subspace engines needed for warp travel, all of these take considerable time and are extremely crucial.

Especially the warp travel modifications.

The Empire had not engaged in large-scale warp travel for too long. From Robert's perspective, the preparation on the ships was far from adequate, with many areas needing improvement.

Especially the engines.

The current star realm warp engines are not suitable for warp travel. Fortunately, they don't need to be completely dismantled. There are corresponding modification technologies that can grant them warp travel capability at relatively low costs and methods.

Meanwhile, on the Super Sea Star and several other industrial worlds within the five hundred worlds, Robert used his authority to open several secret strategic arsenals.

These treasures were unknown to even the Infinite Warriors' battle group leaders. They were automatically maintained, and at the inception, Robert ordered their burial for future emergencies, with preparations for extremely high confidentiality known to only a very few.

He initially harbored little hope, even for himself, before unearthing them.

After all, ten thousand years is a long period.

Despite being prepared for ultra-long-term storage when the secret arsenal was initially constructed— almost utilizing a static field, the internal automated maintenance facilities were complete— under the erosion of ten thousand years, who knew if the contents had deteriorated into a pile of scrap metal.

But, luckily, most of the items preserved in the arsenal were miraculously still usable!

Thus, the Terra Expeditionary Force saved a significant amount of time on warp travel preparations. After all, many of these ancient treasures were specifically meant for warp travel, including subspace engines.

Back then, warp travel was mainstream. It was reasonable that supplies and equipment related to it were found in the ten thousand-year-old arsenal.

Besides preparing for warp travel, the arsenal also holds a substantial amount of ancient equipment from ten thousand years ago.

For the Empire's current situation, the older the technical equipment, the more powerful it tends to be—technology has significantly regressed over the millennia.

These 'ancient' pieces of equipment can significantly elevate the overall strength of the Terra Expeditionary Force.

However, none of this preparation is as important as the final task—navigation.

Too long without conducting warp travel; it's possible for humans to manufacture, modify, or unearth antiques when lacking equipment.

But nobody understands warp travel anymore, which is a substantial problem.

It's possible to learn anew; some ancient technical documents are available. Robert himself understands warp travel, but he can't be on every ship, and as a commander, he can't personally handle navigation.

Here, they must depend on the Spirit Race.

The Spirit Race is willing to provide assistance.

In fact, initially, Robert hoped for the Spirit Race's so-called 'webway.' Despite being 'alien technology,' Robert wasn't overly concerned. From the guests who saved him, he learned how they traveled an immense distance from the Cartier Fortress World explosion to the Super Sea Star.

The wonders of the Spirit Race webway left a profound impression on him.

Of course, he could comprehend the inherent risks.

First, the webway isn't necessarily reliable, or how could they have gotten lost in it for decades?

Second, the Spirit Race may not be trustworthy. Despite saving him, expressing goodwill, and proposing an alliance, Robert remembers this race's nature. They're arrogant and capricious. Although they're among the rare alien races that can communicate well within the star sea, they're still aliens.

However, after much consideration, he chose to trust the Spirit Race this time.

After all, they too are on the brink of annihilation.

Still, the Spirit Race refused to let such a large human fleet use the webway.

If the numbers are too high, the webway can't handle it.

The Spirit Race webway can accommodate tens of thousands to potentially hundreds of thousands at its limit.

This tool is indeed convenient and practical, but it can't hold such vast numbers. Transporting hundreds of thousands at once would require decades to repair the webway from the Super Sea Star to the vicinity of Holy Terra before reuse.

Even transporting two to three thousand requires nearly a year's repair.

And how many are in Robert's Terra Expeditionary Force? Over a billion is the preliminary planned number! Plus, those massive warships and the massive resources needed to maintain such a substantial army... The Spirit Race's webway cannot support such transportation volume.

Whether it's the Spirit Race or the Dark Spirit Race, they use the webway primarily for small elite deployments—their population scale only supports such warfare.

If the Spirit Race does go mad, wanting to gather forces for a frontal battle involving millions or even tens of millions, they must obediently conduct conventional warp navigation.

Due to this, they are relatively skilled in warp travel, providing navigational assistance.

Then let's do it!

...

After listening to Robert's plan, Gu Hang no longer persuaded him.

On one hand, the Son of God has a justified assessment of Holy Terra's importance.

On the other hand, he already has a comprehensive plan with feasible possibilities.

Of course, if Gu Hang had the choice, he wouldn't make such a risky decision.

Nevertheless, persuading him is unnecessary.

A Son of God has spent a long time, forming a complete plan, with even the Infinite Starfield moving according to his will, making this mission unstoppable. Consulting Gu Hang is more of a notification between allies. No matter how much Gu Hang speaks, the opposition won't listen, potentially straining relations.

It's better to cooperate gracefully.

If successful, the Human Empire's situation will improve significantly.

The benefit is also why Gu Hang supports it.

Then, they discussed specific cooperative measures.

Where will the western front army strike; what is the estimated time, and will they be able to rendezvous with the Terra Expeditionary Force completing warp travel?

And how can Gu Hang assist during the Terra Expeditionary Force's warp travel?

The discussion lasted long, settling on a series of major strategies before concluding.

During this process, Blood Angel Corps Leader Dante listened from the corner.

Even when he saw Gu Hang, after the conversation ended, standing and pondering as if forgetting him, he didn't feel neglected.

Internally, after the initial shock and turbulence subsided, he appeared much calmer now, yet it brewed more complex emotions beneath.

Chapter 906: Subduing the Blood Angels

Of course Dante had mixed feelings.

What were they talking about? They were discussing the fate of Holy Terra and the entire Human Empire, talking about how to directly transport a massive army across half the empire to the capital, discussing how two enormous political entities could conduct a strategic cooperation spanning almost the entire empire...

And what was he doing?

This so-called 'legendary hero' was trapped in his home star domain, nearly crushed in a deadly insect swarm invasion.

The difference between the two was truly too vast.

He was here, wondering whether Gu Hang had used spiritual energy to deceive him...

Feeling somewhat like those grand figures were exploring the star seas, and he was stuck in petty squabbles.

Yet when he thought of this, he couldn’t help but question again, could this be a scam?

Seeing Gu Hang’s gaze turn to him, Dante said complexly, "Your grand plan sounds too unreal."

His tone was a bit sarcastic.

Gu Hang bluntly replied, "You think all this is fake, a scam?"

Dante was caught off guard and felt somewhat ashamed.

It was a sudden exposure of his inner darkness, a sense of shame.

In his fifteen hundred years of life, he hadn’t had many experiences like this.

Yet he quickly adjusted his state and maintained a firm attitude, "I haven’t drawn such conclusions, but this is too unbelievable, don’t you agree?"

"Alright, I’ll explain in two sentences, just two."

Gu Hang raised one finger, "First, deception wouldn’t use something so outrageous and easily verifiable. You’ll soon be able to confirm through various channels whether the Son of God’s rebirth is true or not."

Dante remained silent in response to Gu Hang’s first explanation.

He could think of these things too. Still, he felt it was astonishing and somewhat unacceptable, though he understood it quite well by now.

And what Gu Hang said next left him even more speechless.

Gu Hang raised a second finger, "Second, neither the Blood Angel Corps nor you, the Empire's hero, have any value in being deceived."

...

Returning to his command post, Dante felt a bit lost.

The people from the Crimson Scythe had already left, leaving only his closest battle brothers here.

Seeing the state of their battle group leader, everyone was a bit worried.

Worried about his mentality and his physical condition.

At the same time, there was a sense of unease.

The combat power displayed by the Alliance upon their arrival was astonishing. Their massive military strength was far beyond what the Blood Angels had imagined. They had fought to exhaustion, on the brink of defeat, and yet the arriving Alliance swept through the insect swarm effortlessly.

Although the insect swarm had been worn down in previous battles, it remained a formidable army, suddenly vanquished...

Conversely, the Blood Angels and their subsidiary groups were almost wiped out by the remnant insect forces and stood no chance against the Alliance.

The current strength of the Blood Angels, compared to the Alliance, was even greater.

Moreover, there was no need to feel resentful, thinking the Alliance is exploiting the situation. Even at the peak of the Blood Angels, with twenty-one thousand interstellar warriors, they wouldn't have matched the Alliance's Southern Line Army. Not to mention, in terms of conventional ground forces, naval fleet size, and logistics, they were comprehensively ahead.

Replace the Alliance's Southern Expeditionary Force against the insect swarm army that nearly destroyed their home star, and the victorious side would undoubtedly be the Alliance.

And this wasn't the entire strength of the Southern Expeditionary Force; they had at least half of their forces operating in surrounding cosmos domains in detached fleets. This wasn't the Alliance's full power either; the Eastern Expeditionary Force was on par with the Southern Line, and the Western Line was the Alliance's most focused direction. Not to mention the abundant strength they possessed back home...

This comparison made the Blood Angels feel like they were facing the pressure of the Central Empire.

Under the overwhelming power of the Alliance, amidst their own weakness, with Dante unconscious and near death, almost saved solely by the Alliance's special technology, they surrendered the Netherworld Star Domain, which they had defended for years, with casualties beyond imagination.

This is why Gu Hang told Dante, 'You aren't worth deceiving.'

This was the reasoning.

What was there about the Blood Angels worth deceiving?

Dante himself couldn't think of a reason.

The star domain territory he guarded was now systematically taken over by the Alliance; the mortal soldiers who fought for the star domain were being inducted and screened. Those of good quality with personal willingness integrated into the Alliance Army ranks, and most who were not up to standard, or didn't wish to serve anymore, were given some money and a Netherworld Star Domain defense campaign commemorative medal to retire and return to civilian life, enough to inspire them.

When setting Alliance ranks post-battle, they wouldn't be too low, and rank-based security was guaranteed. Not to mention, the Alliance's military decorations and commemorative medals were not mere honors. The Alliance's honor was valuable, providing lifelong allowances based on honor levels, unless stripped of honor due to crimes or other reasons.

Chapter 906: Subjugating the Blood Angels (Part 2)

These soldiers, with money in hand and the expectation of a bright future, want to be called back to fight?

Dream on.

These soldiers once fought bravely because the Hive had invaded their homeworld. The Blood Angels led them in defense; they were thankful and believed, but the Alliance also saved them at the crucial moment. Furthermore, the Alliance promised to rebuild their homeworld and give them a good life. The Alliance also holds legitimacy from the Dark Side Expedition, High Lord of Empire, and Dark Side governor. How can the Blood Angels rally the mortal troops against the Alliance?

Impossible.

It's not just the mortal soldiers, but even the Blood Angels' subgroups are the same.

Before the Alliance's arrival, each subgroup was prepared to die alongside their mother group and homeworld. After the Alliance came, they were saved, and their duties to the homeworld were fulfilled.

The homeworld hasn't fallen to aliens, hasn't been devoured by the Insect Swarm into Dead Silence Worlds, isn't that enough?

The reason Blood Angels could summon so many subgroups was not only because of their mother group's call but also the natural duty to defend the homeworld.

Now, with this duty ended, relying solely on the mother group's call is insufficient to keep so many battle groups united.

If things continue this way, what does the mother group intend to do? Rebuild the corps? Violate the Star Warrior Codex?

That wouldn't work.

Let alone some subgroups have conflicts or are indifferent to the mother group. Even those close to the mother group will start murmuring.

Each group should return home, then lick their wounds and recover according to the enormous losses suffered in this battle. The timeframe is unimaginable. Many groups might not recover over lengthy years, leading to eventual demise.

For the homeworld, it's acceptable to pay such a price.

For the mother group's senseless conflict with the Alliance? That's not acceptable.

Moreover, the Alliance has offered many enticing conditions during this period.

Dante has fallen unconscious, but the other battle group leaders or key decision-makers are not all unconscious. Many Blood Angel subgroups have reached numerous agreements with the Alliance during this period.

The Alliance's performance on the whole Dark Side Expedition truly captivates. They pacified over ten thousand worlds, covering 40% of the entire Dark Side of the Empire territory. This achievement is glorious yet only a beginning. The Dark Side Expedition will continue, aiming to recover the entire Dark Side of the Empire. Meanwhile, the Western Expedition Army has crossed the Scarlet Scar, moving towards Holy Territory, aiming to support Holy Terra!

For the Interstellar Warriors who seek honor and pride themselves on the utmost loyalty to The Emperor and the Empire, how enticing is this?

More enticing than anything!

If the groups weren't so devastated now, they'd already be crying out to follow the Alliance's fleet on expeditions, to seize honor, to save the Empire, to offer loyalty to The Emperor.

What? The Alliance has a complete set of Interstellar Warrior management methods to help the groups rapidly recover from their dire states?

Half the groups agreed immediately.

Out of the remaining half, more than half agreed after understanding that the so-called new blood cultivation center can recruit from their homeworld, nurturing according to the group's culture.

As for the much-concerning 'Original Casting' modification, there's also a solution.

Firstly, the modification was first applied to their esteemed Empire legendary hero, Blood Angel Corps Leader Dante.

Secondly, the modification has earned the endorsement of the Son of God. Developed by Mars Great Sage Kao'er, it's already being applied among Infinite Warriors in the Infinite Starfield. No adverse reactions, it's a comprehensive enhancement.

Lastly, whether to proceed with 'Original Casting' modification in new blood cultivation, although the Alliance strongly recommends it, if the original group truly refuses, old seeds can be used directly.

These three points help alleviate concerns for many groups.

Of course, some groups remain particularly distrustful or wait for the mother group's stance.

But it doesn't affect the overall situation anymore.

There's even a considerable voice within the Blood Angel Corps advocating joining the Alliance's Dark Side Expedition.

Accepting the Interstellar Warrior Management Association's jurisdiction?

That's slightly uncomfortable.

We're a prestigious founding group with high political status, always independent, now having an additional management association overhead?

However, hearing that another founding group, in even better condition, unlike the Blood Angels being battered and having a devastated homeworld, the Saints Battle Group also joined the management association, the resistance among Blood Angels fades slightly.

Nonetheless, Dante's influence within the Blood Angels remains significant.

His decision is pivotal. If he says no, not to follow the Alliance's lead, the Blood Angels will firmly stand by their battle group leader, unless The Emperor or Father of Genetics resurrects, no change will occur.

However, before Dante makes a decision, everyone naturally has the freedom to speak openly.

After being 'forced' through the Original Casting surgery, preserving his life, Dante, dragging his recovering body, individually meets the surviving brothers from the brutal battles, gathering sufficient opinions, he finally makes a decision.

Perhaps, this decision is indeed his own.

After listening to the conversation between Gu Hang and Robert, he already showed an inclination.

...

Gu Hang isn't truly as he told Dante, without any demands from the Blood Angels.

He does have demands.

It’s just that Dante can’t access the system panel or group interface information. Therefore, no matter how wise, he can’t make the correct guess.

But a correct guess isn’t necessary, as long as he makes the right decision.

Joining the Alliance and becoming part of the Interstellar Warrior Management Association is the right decision for the Blood Angels.

Whether for the Blood Angels themselves or humanity as a whole.

Meanwhile, Gu Hang’s corps interface once again features the Blood Angels corps option.

50,000 slots are secured.

5,000 Glory Guard slots are secured too. The Blood Angels’ Glory Guard is called the Holy Blood Guard.

Gu Hang is satisfied with this.

Subsequently, the Blood Angels will visibly rapidly restore their combat strength.

The total twenty-one submissive Blood Angel subgroups, after Gu Hang replenishes their troops and excluding Crimson Scythe which had previously depleted the Blood Angel seed slots, they can further establish twenty-three groups.

The Holy Blood Guard can support five super-elite groups.

After reaching 50,000, they can conduct regular operations and further breakthrough.

Admittedly, the Saints should be easier to operate, given their high genetic seed compatibility.

The Blood Angels are less manageable; during their peak army times, their numbers barely reached 100,000, with lower genetic compatibility. But with Gu Hang's aid in recruiting new soldiers, as long as seed generation accelerates, it'll be better than before.

Overall, once the benefits brought by the Blood Angels corps are absorbed by Gu Hang, the scale of Interstellar Warriors directly controlled by the Alliance will reach nearly 200,000.

Chapter 907: The Seed of Shadow Moon

Gu Hang stood on the circular observation platform of the gene laboratory, his fingers gliding over the floating data screen. In the holographic projection, the helical structure of the Blood Angels' Genetic Seed rotated with nanometer precision, with thirty-seven Subspace isotope nodes marked by dim blue light.

"We've tried to strip the psychic residue on the ninth chromosome using a superconducting magnetic field," Chief Geneticist Morse's voice came through the communicator, "but each separation triggers a chain-collapse reaction."

Gu Hang's psionic vision pierced through the material barriers and saw the Genetic Seed suspended in the cultivation chamber, emitting a faint golden glow. This light formed an icosahedral structure on the Subspace level, identical to the soul prisms he'd seen within Original Casting Interstellar Warriors. When his consciousness touched a facet, countless images surged in—Sons of God clad in golden armor roaring amidst the burning galaxy, with the Emperor's psionic fire dancing in their genetic chains.

"Stop the experiment," Gu Hang suddenly ordered. "Prepare to transfer the sample to the Subspace isolation chamber; I want to conduct a live resonance test."

Three hours later, Gu Hang, clad in a sealed protective suit, stood at the center of the circular array. Twelve anti-psychic generators hummed around him as the Genetic Seed in his hand was encased in a container made of Star Realm Silver. As the first wisp of Spiritual Energy was infused, fine Imperial Gothic inscriptions appeared on the container's surface—this was not a product of modern technology but an artifact from the Golden Age.

Suddenly, alarms blared throughout the laboratory. The monitoring screen showed the Subspace readings of the Genetic Seed breaching the threshold, and Gu Hang's psionic perception sensed some

ancient entity awakening. The genetic material in the cultivation chamber began to autonomously proliferate, simultaneously forming a humanoid embryo on the physical plane, while in the Subspace reflection, a giant silhouette with light wings emerged.

"Activate the Black Stone Barrier immediately!" Morse's voice trembled, "The Subspace projection intensity of that thing is equivalent to a sub-Demon Prince!"

However, Gu Hang raised his hand to stop the emergency procedure. His Spiritual Energy transformed into silver-blue chains, entangling the embryo, locking eyes with that entity in the crevice between reality and illusion. Numerous memory fragments exploded in his consciousness—he saw the Emperor walking in the genetic furnaces beneath Mars, dripping golden flame-burning blood into petri dishes; he saw a Mechanical Priest covered in pipes kneeling in prayer, implanting some kind of glowing crystal into the cranium of a Son of God.

"So that's how it is..." Gu Hang's pupils contracted; the Subspace essence in the Genetic Seed was not an acquired implant, but an original genetic substrate. What the Emperor had created back then was not merely a biological weapon but a Subspace life vessel cultivated by splitting his psionic essence.

The embryo suddenly let out a deafening wail, and web-like cracks appeared on the reality barrier. Gu Hang decisively crushed the Star Realm Silver container in his hand, annihilating the out-of-control genetic material with a Spiritual Storm. As the last glint of gold faded, his combat suit was soaked in cold sweat.

"Notify all Battle Group Leader Commanders," Gu Hang wiped away the nosebleed, his eyes flickering with unprecedented excitement, "I need to access mutation reports from each battle group over the millennia, especially those special individuals with precognitive abilities."

Three days later, in the Dark Temple of the Death Angels Battle Group, Gu Hang gazed at the black Genetic Seed hovering over the altar. This relic from the first generation Battle Group Leader emitted a disturbing purple glow, its Subspace structure displayed as a perfect regular dodecahedron.

"We call it the 'Shadow Moon Seed,'" Battle Group Leader Keribas's voice carried a metallic scrape, "Once every century, a descendant who can foresee death is born, but the host will self-immolate before reaching thirty years old."

When Gu Hang's Spiritual Energy penetrated the seed's core, a vivid prophetic vision suddenly appeared: He saw himself standing in front of the burning Terra Imperial Palace, holding a broken genetic chain, while on the other side of the starry sky, countless similar Subspace structures resonated.

Suddenly, the Genetic Seed erupted with blinding light. Before Keribas's Power Sword could be drawn, the entire temple was enveloped in silver psionic energy. Gu Hang's cloak flapped in the energy storm, and he clearly sensed some ancient, dormant will awakening—these Genetic Seeds were not just the source of Interstellar Warriors but also a key to some truth in Subspace.

"Prepare the Starship immediately," Gu Hang turned and walked toward the teleportation platform, Mars, Kaos, Makulage, and other Founding World coordinates flashing on his tactical visor, "Our next destination is the Gene Vault of the Iron Hands. Inform the Original Casting technical team; it's time to verify the 'Reverse Original Casting' theory." Gu Hang stood on the circular observation platform of the gene laboratory, his fingers gliding over the floating data screen. In the holographic projection, the helical structure of the Blood Angels' Genetic Seed rotated with nanometer precision, with thirty-seven Subspace isotope nodes marked by dim blue light.

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The embryo suddenly let out a deafening wail, and web-like cracks appeared on the reality barrier. Gu Hang decisively crushed the Star Realm Silver container in his hand, annihilating the out-of-control genetic material with a Spiritual Storm. As the last glint of gold faded, his combat suit was soaked in cold sweat.

"Notify all Battle Group Leader Commanders," Gu Hang wiped away the nosebleed, his eyes flickering with unprecedented excitement, "I need to access mutation reports from each battle group over the millennia, especially those special individuals with precognitive abilities."

Three days later, in the Dark Temple of the Death Angels Battle Group, Gu Hang gazed at the black Genetic Seed hovering over the altar. This relic from the first generation Battle Group Leader emitted a disturbing purple glow, its Subspace structure displayed as a perfect regular dodecahedron.

"We call it the 'Shadow Moon Seed,'" Battle Group Leader Keribas's voice carried a metallic scrape, "Once every century, a descendant who can foresee death is born, but the host will self-immolate before reaching thirty years old."

When Gu Hang's Spiritual Energy penetrated the seed's core, a vivid prophetic vision suddenly appeared: He saw himself standing in front of the burning Terra Imperial Palace, holding a broken genetic chain, while on the other side of the starry sky, countless similar Subspace structures resonated.

Suddenly, the Genetic Seed erupted with blinding light. Before Keribas's Power Sword could be drawn, the entire temple was enveloped in silver psionic energy. Gu Hang's cloak flapped in the energy storm, and he clearly sensed some ancient, dormant will awakening—these Genetic Seeds were not just the source of Interstellar Warriors but also a key to some truth in Subspace.

"Prepare the Starship immediately," Gu Hang turned and walked toward the teleportation platform, Mars, Kaos, Makulage, and other Founding World coordinates flashing on his tactical visor, "Our next destination is the Gene Vault of the Iron Hands. Inform the Original Casting technical team; it's time to verify the 'Reverse Original Casting' theory."

Chapter 907: The Secret Behind the Genetic Seeds

The Blood Angels still have an issue, which is the curse within their Genetic Seeds.

Gu Hang doesn't have much experience in genetic biology research, but technology in this field is more like a basic physical foundation for Interstellar Warriors, rather than a decisive factor.

If it's just a simple genetic modification, it won't be possible to create an Interstellar Warrior. The Biological Gene Research Institute of the Alliance has conducted related research and even created some genetic weapons. For example, they have developed genetically modified horses modeled after the mounts of the Punisher's cavalry. These are quite useful; in certain environments, even fully off-road modified transport vehicles can't get through, but these modified warhorses can. They have excellent load-carrying capacity and optimized digestion ability, requiring low food intake and quickly replenishing strength, making them suitable for horse transport tasks in harsh environments.

And when necessary, there are specialized cavalry troops that can conduct desperate charges. This requires the bravest soldiers who can charge with a spear through a hail of gunfire. Often, their most critical weapon is a spear tipped with a magnetic bomb. The warhorse, carrying the charging Knight at high speed, approaches the high-value target swiftly. Stabbing with the spear essentially launches the magnetic bomb in the fastest and most accurate way to ensure hitting the high-value target.

And these targets are often things like tanks, bunkers, Titans, Mecha, and so on.

In cavalry tactics, timing is most relied upon. Their positions must be right, and their charge must be sudden to have tactical significance. And during the charge amidst rapid gunfire, what they can rely on, besides their courage and the blessing of The Emperor, is only their warhorses—genetically modified warhorses with extremely strong short-distance burst speed and incredible agility. With immense vitality, unless their legs are completely broken or their heads suffer fatal trauma, ordinary injuries cannot stop their charge.

In fact, during the previous support battle for the Blood Angels, during a critical engagement, the cavalry troops delivered a rather effective outcome. Under the cover of the tank units, they unexpectedly charged at a faster speed and crushed and destroyed the most important three Zerg Titans and several large strategic units of a Zerg unit attempting a counterattack.

Although that cavalry regiment was almost completely wiped out, with no survivors, the result they achieved far exceeded the value of their formation, making the exchange completely acceptable.

This is all thanks to the effect of the gene warhorses, showcasing the impressive prowess of the Alliance’s Genetic Laboratory in cultivating these creatures.

Not only gene warhorses, but they have also researched other biological weapons, genetic modifications, and body modifications, though the Alliance still values ethics and doesn’t employ them on a large scale.

They are primarily utilized in productivity development, such as in animal husbandry and agriculture, where genetic modifications clearly increase yield and quality.

However, the Alliance’s genetic laboratories have no solution for Interstellar Warrior Seeds.

Without acquiring the ’Original Casting’ modification technology, the Alliance has no way to improve Genetic Seeds. Not even the basic restoration of those inferior seeds’ effects can be achieved.

This situation piqued Gu Hang’s interest.

He participated in some research work.

He hasn't researched much about biological genes.

But he understands subspace a lot.

With the help of genetic engineers and disassembly, Gu Hang managed to recognize the core of the genetic seeds from a very microscopic level—these things surprisingly contain a trace amount of subspace essence!

Interstellar Warriors have a deep connection with the subspace.

This was something that intrigued Gu Hang.

During The Emperor's time when 'creating' Interstellar Warriors and 'birthing' the Son of God, it seems the methods used were quite unique.

And the various 'talents,' 'gene diseases,' and 'characteristics' carried by the genetic seeds across different Legions, all originate from this.

The Blood Angels have the Red Thirst and the Black Rage; the former makes them crave drinking blood in a frenzy, and the latter throws them into a maniacal rage, losing all sense of reason.

Yet at the same time, these two symptoms grant the Blood Angels tremendous combat power. Blood Angels of the same level are almost the best Berserkers. Even the Blood Sharks, known for their ruthless close-combat assault abilities, have some gap compared to the Blood Angels. When the Blood Angels fall into a frenzy, their combat power further skyrockets.

Like the Phoenix Legion, who pursue perfection and have superb swordsmanship; like the Infinite Warriors, who are calm, rational, and adept at operation, with balanced abilities; like the Death Angels, who are cold and comprehensive, tenacious, and skilled at intrigue and forming cliques; like the Saints, whose strength isn't particularly outstanding, but are all fervent religious zealots with strong resistance to subspace corruption; and the Punishers, skilled in frontal assault and team combat...

These differences all stem from the subtle subspace essence differences inherited in their genetic seeds, leading to some level of personality and talent convergence among Interstellar Warriors implanted with the same seeds—of course, convergence at a large sample level, with individual differences being another matter.

The Infinite Warriors also have reckless ones, and the Blood Angels also have wise ones.

Even though the subspace essence contained within each Interstellar Warrior's genetic seed is extremely minute, it still caused Gu Hang to immediately lose interest in further research on the genetic seeds of Interstellar Warriors.

After understanding its essence, he actually already had the ability to intervene in genetic seeds.

Whether it's strengthening the seeds or removing the Blood Angels' gene diseases, he can do it.

But it's pointless.

Because it would consume his own subspace essence. Modifying a few, the impact is minimal. Changing all, and Gu Hang wouldn't endure.

However, through this wave of research, Gu Hang became unprecedentedly interested in the meaning behind the genetic seeds having a trace amount of subspace essence.

He doesn't want to modify the seeds, but he wonders how The Emperor created the Sons of God back in the day?

This is incredibly fascinating.

According to the 'myth', The Emperor first used himself as a template to birth numerous Sons of God. Then, using the Sons of God as templates, he created Interstellar Warriors based on them. Hence the title Father of Genetics and Genetic Progeny.

Asking Gu Hang to create a Son of God out of thin air is a bit challenging for him—his own son doesn't count, that's biologically and ethically his son.

However, he can try to reverse engineer it from the genetic seeds.

Having the seeds, is it possible to attempt it upwards?

He also recalled the independent seeds like the Phoenix Seed, Blood Shark Seed in the legion interface, which have undergone some changes from the original seeds.

This is a good subject.

Chapter 907: Imperial Guard Breeding Technology

Regarding the research on Son of God, Gu Hang is not just making empty promises.

He is genuinely interested and has indeed initiated this research as a secret project.

If the research project on Son of God can be completed as Gu Hang anticipates, the benefits will certainly be enormous.

Let alone achieving the ultimate goal, which is to create a Son of God for Gu Hang, possessing both formidable individual strength and the characteristics of the Father of Genetics.

The importance of these two aspects is the same.

Gu Hang has already fully experienced the significance of top warriors in this universe. In the future, whether against Aliens or Chaos, at the level of the entire Alliance, having top warriors in command will have a critical impact on campaigns.

As for the latter, it can directly establish an interstellar soldier corps, which is different from Gu Hang's current reliance on collecting startup battle groups, then using the system interface function to gain fifty thousand plus five thousand Genetic Seeds. Whether such a 'corps' will be recognized by the system is an unknown, and Gu Hang doesn't care much. With the presence of Father of Genetics, he can directly obtain genetic pheromones from Father of Genetics and cultivate Genetic Seeds in batches.

Gu Hang can indeed produce in batches now, but it would cost him his Subspace essence, which is painful for him to use for creating Interstellar Warriors, especially in large numbers.

Using Father of Genetics for cultivation doesn't have this problem.

How Son of God can cultivate Interstellar Warriors without splitting his own Subspace essence is also a very crucial part of the Son of God cultivation project that needs to be tackled.

The research on Son of God must be absolutely confidential. Given its strong religious and political implications within the Empire, studying them carefully or even attempting to recreate Son of God is quite a 'blasphemous' idea that could easily attract criticism.

Gu Hang is now not entirely fearless of criticism, especially as the Dark Side Expedition has reached its current stage. He worked hard to achieve such a high level of 'legitimacy', and he is very reluctant to lose this advantage.

Legitimacy is extremely crucial.

When the Alliance has strong enough legitimacy, it often leads to "where the righteous army goes, there is food and drink in the vessels". If there are troubles on a planet, resolving them will bring submission; if a planet is relatively peaceful without issues, it often directly joins the Alliance. Not only does it not require the Alliance to expend effort, but it can immediately become assistance in the Dark Side Expedition.

Even in some worlds, where there are some ambitious individuals, they must cautiously hide their intentions and not be too obvious. It's challenging to directly incite the populace against the Alliance, or else they would easily find themselves bound and delivered to the Alliance by their own people. They usually have to act under the guise of cooperation, doing things like carrying the red flag while opposing

the red flag, to achieve their personal goals. Honestly, this greatly increases the cost for ambitious individuals and separatists.

The Dark Side Expedition now looks like a snowball, growing larger and faster. Besides the hard power of the Alliance, the legitimacy achieved is also very important.

Rather, legitimacy is part of the snowball. The more victories the Alliance achieves, the stronger the legitimacy, making it easier to conquer without a fight.

Legitimacy and strength complement each other, but it's not entirely about strength. A key point is to make the target believe you are on the same side.

Messing with Son of God clearly isn't an act of being on the same side.

Moreover, the Alliance's most important strategic ally now is a Son of God, and letting others know about what Gu Hang intends to do is really not good.

It definitely needs to be done secretly.

Resources for this research can't be heavily invested.

On one hand, it's difficult to manage under confidentiality; on the other hand, though the returns are large, the research time may be very long and cannot simply be accelerated by investing resources.

Ordinary researchers are basically of no help. Only biological genetic research experts at the Sage level, with the cooperation of some research-oriented and academic Spiritual Masters, and Gu Hang's personal leadership, can this project slowly progress forward.

However, Gu Hang cannot devote all his energy entirely to research.

No matter how important this project is.

Gu Hang's primary focus is still on administration.

And a considerable part of this is on the system.

Whether it's research or governance, Gu Hang's role is important and extraordinary. Overall, there's a small but elite team assisting him with the former; while the latter has the vast political body of the entire Alliance executing his will.

But when it comes to the system, no one can help him.

Unfortunately, as Gift Points are acquired in units of billions, and as Dark Side Expedition continues, the Alliance's territory has expanded considerably. The number and places Gu Hang needs to spend points have been increasing. He must undergo longer periods of contemplation and investigation, striving to place these magical powers where they can be most effective.

Whether it's troop training, talent enlightenment, or architectural exchanges, even if Gu Hang decides on a matter per second, it takes a long time for him to properly spend billions, even hundreds of millions of points.

Comparatively, these 'micromanagements' don't require much thought when exchanging technology in the Tech Tree interface.

No need for detailed operations, just pour Gift Points in and rely on luck to see what valuable things can be 'drawn'.

Of course, as the Alliance grows stronger, many technologies originally of significant inherent value are now less likely to excite Gu Hang.

Drawing a few different models of cruisers or battleships doesn't fundamentally change the strength of the Alliance.

Not that they're unimportant. After all, a similar technology equates to a new production line. Especially with heavy industries like shipbuilding, which can often spur rapid development in a Star Sector.

But it certainly doesn't qualify as transformative evolution.

The last technology exchange item that could excite Gu Hang was the Original Casting technology.

But in fact, Gu Hang later learned that it was developed by Kao'er, and after the revival of Son of God, they contacted each other and Son of God gratuitously shared this technology with the Alliance's Interstellar Warrior Management Association—by this time, Gu Hang had already been using it on a small scale.

However, this matter was still very valuable.

With Son of God's sharing, the core point is that Gu Hang effectively has authorization, no longer needing to use it on a small scale secretly but can openly utilize it.

Considering the high failure rate and heavy cost of Original Casting modification technology, it has not been widely implemented within the Alliance. However, the seed for new recruits has already been fully Original Casted.

New blood added to various battle groups will be stronger, bigger, and more formidable Original Casting Interstellar Warriors.

And this time, Gu Hang came across a technology project that piques his interest very much.

[Imperial Guard Cultivation Technology]

Chapter 909: Forging the Imperial Guard

There is no doubt that the Imperial Guard is formidable.

On several occasions when going to the Holy Terra Palace, Gu Hang was deeply impressed by every Forbidden Army Soldier he encountered.

Especially with the Forbidden Army Marshal, Marshal Yan Xinzhen, whom Gu Hang had also met. This commander of the Forbidden Army and the overseer of the Imperial Palace left a lasting impression on Gu Hang. At that time, despite his own considerable strength, he still felt that Yan Xinzhen was extremely threatening.

Recollecting now, Gu Hang believes Yan Xinzhen's individual strength far exceeds that of any Interstellar Warrior he has seen, though probably not quite at the level of a Son of God.

At this level, he currently sees a very good benchmark — the Bone Shattering King.

It would take three to five god-chosen champions to engage, with dozens of Battle Group Champions as support, and even Gu Hang himself using some small tricks to encircle and kill such a target.

At this level, Yan Xinzhen is capable of tearing apart multiple Great Demons with his bare hands, or even taking on a Divine Sovereign Demon in solitary combat.

Apart from the top-level strength, the strength of a single Forbidden Army Soldier is also very strong.

Comparatively speaking, even a company champion might not be able to defeat a 'ordinary' Forbidden Guard. And the Imperial Guard can naturally continue to grow stronger. Reaching the so-called 'champion' level means they would already decisively surpass a Battle Group Champion among the Interstellar Warriors.

The 'protectors' under the Forbidden Army Marshal are reliably at the level of god-chosen champions in terms of strength.

The powerful extent of the Forbidden Army is evident.

Judging from their strength, the Forbidden Army is so powerful that Gu Hang is certainly very pleased.

If he could build a bunch of his Forbidden Army, especially nurturing some top-level forces among them, things would be more stable in the future.

However, he remains fairly level-headed.

With the Forbidden Army being so formidable, why, during the founding great expedition, during subsequent internal conflicts within the Empire, or even in the ten thousand years thereafter, were the protagonists always the Interstellar Warriors or the trillions of ordinary soldiers?

The reason is simple: The Forbidden Army is far too few in number.

And now, after Gu Hang pulled out the Forbidden Army cultivation technology, he now understands why the number of these golden soldiers is so small.

Their manufacturing difficulty is too high, and the costs are even higher.

The Forbidden Army's transformation process does not require Genetic Seeds, and upon completion, they are considerably taller than Interstellar Warriors.

The transformation of the Forbidden Army must start from infancy and continues almost throughout their entire growth process. Many candidates either go insane or die midway. The transformation does not involve Genetic Seeds, and upon completion, they are significantly taller than Interstellar Warriors.

The transformation projects of the Forbidden Army are not as standardized as those of the Interstellar Warriors. Every Forbidden Army candidate receives customized service, to create or enhance certain traits according to their unique genetic potential, crafting unmatched and unique golden guards.

In other words, the Forbidden Army cultivation technology, rather than a standardized operation process, is more about a set of transformative ideas and the technical capabilities required to support these ideas.

It is precisely because of its 'custom nature', and 'industrial production' of mass-produced goods, their positioning is quite clear: they are bodyguards, envoys, commanders, but not soldiers, not warriors.

To date, in terms of capabilities, the Forbidden Army can still be considered advanced genetic modification products, but they were not born for conquest. Whether during the time when the

Emperor was still on earth or in the ten thousand years after the Emperor's ascension, their main job has always been as the Emperor's accompanying bodyguards.

Their job content and way of thinking differ from those of the Interstellar Warriors, who are the main forces during great expeditions. Although the Forbidden Army shares a brotherhood, they do not view their comrades as genetic brothers like the Interstellar Warriors do.

The Forbidden Army generally fights alone and never expects support from other Forbidden Army. Even though they always operate as scattered soldiers in battle, each can naturally, almost instinctively, perfectly predict their comrades' next moves and support when convenient—this means that when multiple or even a group of Forbidden Army cooperate, they still remain terrifying, without experiencing a decrease in overall performance in group battles.

However, Gu Hang always felt it was a pity that such powerful warriors have such a low presence within the Empire. They stay hidden in the Holy Terra Palace day in and day out, claiming to guard the palace and the Golden Throne. But what's there really to protect?

In the ten thousand-year history after the internal conflicts within the Empire, the Terra Imperial Palace has been directly threatened a countable number of times.

Terra's defense system is so complete that the Forbidden Army practically has no need to act. Even if something happens on Terra, if it doesn't threaten the palace, they seem to turn a blind eye.

From the perspective of the entire Empire, they are extremely isolated. They have always believed they only need to be accountable to the Emperor and not the entire Empire.

If Gu Hang were to build the Forbidden Army later, it certainly wouldn't follow this mentality.

Such a precious warrior, having them as bodyguards, or messengers for conveying commands, would be a huge waste.

Besides their outstanding combat prowess, they have shown excellent performance in arts, technology, and all other aspects.

No wonder they are called the ’perfect human’.

With Forbidden Army cultivation technology in hand, the high costs and time expenses, even with Gu Hang’s advantage, make it impossible to create the Forbidden Army on a large scale. Every custom-made Forbidden Army, Gu Hang plans to place them in suitable positions to be utilized.

They must contribute their strength for the Dark Side Expedition and the Alliance.

However, the process and methods of creating the Forbidden Army is one of the highest secrets of the Empire, even the Terra High Lords have no right to inquire; the entire production process is completed within the Golden Laboratory of the palace.

This is like many highly confidential, high-sensitivity technologies that pose a problem: if Gu Hang creates the Forbidden Army and those high-ranking officials within the Holy Terra Palace find out, what would their attitude be?

Despite a relatively friendly exchange with Marshal Yan Xinzhen, Gu Hang does not believe that this would be enough to have the marshal forgive him for privately creating additional Forbidden Army.

They might travel across half the Empire to find trouble.

As mentioned earlier, the Forbidden Army is not soldiers. While they serve as bodyguards, they must also be proficient in assassination and sabotage activities.

Gu Hang does not think he will be threatened, but it would be quite troublesome.

Moreover, if the Forbidden Army cannot kill him, can they not kill others?

This matter cannot be disclosed before a proper solution is thought of by Gu Hang.

Even if he does create the Forbidden Army, he could equip them with that purely precision-made non-standard armor and weapons, definitely not coloring them in a gleaming gold color, nor mimicking the

Forbidden Army in appearance, trying to differentiate as much as possible, externally claiming it is an Interstellar Warrior Battle Group—since Original Casting Warriors are taller and stronger than the old version. Although not reaching the level of the Forbidden Army, it can roughly be justified since Original Casting is also new technology.

In any case, even if starting now to cultivate, it would still take decades to produce dozens or a hundred or so Forbidden Army, so there is no need to hurry.

Chapter 910: A Decade Fleeting

Gu Hang had no intention of causing any conflict with the Imperial Guard currently on Terra.

The power of the Imperial Guard was one aspect, opposing them brought numerous disadvantages.

But most crucially, the political significance of the Imperial Guard was immense.

In the Empire, many things held great political significance. To others, this statement might be more like a description or an emphasis. But for the Imperial Guard, it was a reality.

They were indeed quite isolated, generally not concerning themselves with external affairs. However, their status was exceedingly high. According to Imperial law, when there was no Emperor, Son of God, or Prime Minister present, the Forbidden Army Marshal had the authority to fully represent the Emperor.

And in the current Empire, the Emperor had ascended, the Sons of God were either dead or missing, and the term 'Prime Minister' could be argued to some extent. But unfortunately, the Empire's highest laws clearly stated it as the First Prime Minister. This position specifically referred to the Prime Minister when the Emperor was still in the world, rather than the leader of the subsequent High Lord Council as the Imperial Prime Minister, and the two differed.

Of course, some of the subsequent Imperial Prime Ministers were actually quite strong-willed and wanted to change the status quo, but none succeeded. Some even died at the hands of the Imperial Guard.

This illustrated another point: rules and laws were not innately coercive but required something to enforce them. In the Empire, it was the Empire's strength that ensured the implementation of Imperial laws, while the Imperial Guard ensured those laws were not altered by high-ranking officials.

The Imperial Guard may not concern themselves with world affairs, but they had enough power and allies in the shadows to execute their will.

Under the strength and legality of law representation, the position of the Forbidden Army Marshal was far from merely symbolic; it held substantial meaning.

He could even override the High Lord Council to issue orders.

They chose to seclude themselves in the Imperial Palace, indifferent to external matters. But if they learned that Gu Hang was out there, building his Imperial Guard, it might lead to another choice altogether.

Maintaining secrecy, using the abnormal physique brought by Interstellar Warrior and Original Casting modifications as an excuse, disguising as a unique war group, conducting high-secrecy operations, and ensuring the retrieval of every corpse...

This way, it should be possible to muddle through for a while.

As for the future...

If time allowed Gu Hang to cultivate thousands or even tens of thousands of Forbidden Army Soldiers.

Or if the Dark Side Expedition had managed to conquer half of the Empire by then, why fear?

Imperial law? The Imperial Guard is a means of violence ensuring the law's execution?

Sorry, the Alliance holds the true means of violence, Imperial law should be dictated by the Alliance.

...

Years passed.

The situation in the Empire had changed significantly.

First, the major event— the resurrection of the Son of God, was now almost known throughout the universe.

Of course, 'known throughout' was just a figure of speech. Worlds with relatively good conditions, still able to communicate externally, naturally received the news and were uplifted. Those Empire Worlds that received the news eagerly awaited the Son of God's salvation.

However, naturally, there were also places where the news didn't flow so well. These worlds likely knew nothing about the resurrection of the Son of God. But even then, it wasn't worse than before; they merely continued as they were.

Among those that received the news, there was a particularly large and unique area.

This was the area covered by the Alliance's Dark Side Expedition.

The people in these regions, whether Empire or Alliance, were certainly pleased to hear of the Son of God's revival. It was often a topic of conversation, discussing history, mythology, and how it might change the Empire's current state...

They talked about everything but what good it would do for them and what changes it would bring to their world.

Why bother discussing it? They were already liberated and living lives as good as or better than before. They didn't need the Son of God to come again.

As for the differences between the Alliance and the Empire, Gu Hang, referred to as the 'Dark Side Governor,' or even in some unofficial circles, private chats, and some bold tabloids and radio shows, called the 'Dark Side Prince,' and how he and the Son of God might coexist in the future Empire...

This topic was actually privately discussed by many.

But this was within the realm of 'armchair politics'. Additionally, the population under the Alliance had reached an astronomical number, so not everyone could think alike. A large crowd had varied conversations, with all sorts of bizarre, even deranged ideas existing.

However, there was still a mainstream thought.

The main thought of the Alliance people regarding the Son of God was: It's great you're back, even better if you save the Empire, but best not to come to the Alliance. Let's each live our lives; the Son of God is great, Gu Hang is also great, our current days are good, the Dark Side Expedition progresses well, let's save the Empire together through our own means.

Under this mindset, when the Alliance people heard that the Son of God had completed the integration of his power and officially launched the Terra Expedition, they showed support.

Chapter 910: Over a Decade Has Passed (Part 2)

Moreover, the Alliance has declared that the Western Expedition Army has officially begun operations, cooperating with the Son of God to launch the liberation campaign against Holy Terra.

The Alliance members are even more supportive of this.

This is precisely in line with the current dominant ideology.

However, when the Terra expedition was initially announced, it was quite grandiose, but after that wave of enthusiasm passed, it seemed to fade away.

It is said that the Son of God led his expeditionary fleet, employing an ancient interstellar navigation technique popular tens of thousands of years ago, plunging into the boundless cosmos, advancing towards Holy Terra.

For almost ten years, no news has come out, and gradually people stopped paying attention.

After all, although most of the human world is not the so-called 'information society', there are at least newspapers and radio stations. And within the Alliance, there's still much to be reported.

In general terms, what people are most concerned about are things directly related to themselves. What happened in their own town, neighborhood, city? Have prices changed? Who is the newly appointed administrator? Adjustments in rank treatment, welfare allowances? Promotions in rank? New job positions?

These are the most important.

And pushing a little further, what's the significant policy change in the world they are in? Any changes in recruitment policies? Any adjustments in the Alliance's official material procurement prices? What are the main unit numbers of the soldiers drafted from their world? What directions are they fighting in? What are the achievements in those directions?

People are quite attentive to these as well. Though these are somewhat 'universal cosmic trends', after all, these trends are directly related to themselves. Perhaps a relative or friend, or even their son, father, or husband is serving in the forces in that direction.

Various news is updated on newspapers and radio stations. The Terra expedition, which hadn't had any news for a long time, gradually got forgotten.

Talking about the Dark Side Expedition itself, there are lots of good news as well.

As the founding battle group, the Blood Angels announced their joining in the Dark Side Expedition, and immediately the Alliance declared the establishment of a new expedition army, named the Angel Corps.

It stands independently between the Southern Line and Eastern Line.

Currently, the Alliance's Dark Side Expedition, departing from the Spiderweb Domain and Eastern Cosmos Domain, has basically fought westward to the end, encountering the Scarlet Scar in the west. The Western Expedition Army crossed the Scarlet Scar, received reinforcements from the Saints Battle Group, and began a strong campaign towards the Empire's Holy Territory. It's said to have recaptured half a Cosmos Domain, while striving to open a path toward Holy Terra.

This is a strategy that combines stable progress with full-speed advancement.

Responsible for stable progression is the large force of the Western Expedition Army. They're still employing the old Alliance strategy in the Dark Side Expedition: conquer a world, cultivate a world.

If the latter cannot be achieved, then either the Extinction Order is issued, or after assessment, if there's hope for salvation, the old practice—safe zone strategy—is adopted.

Overall, it's about not being overly ambitious.

Meanwhile, Raymond Vis, leading the Terra Expedition - Alliance Vanguard Army, uses eight battle groups as the core force, making efforts toward Holy Terra.

Raymond Vis, as the Battle Group Leader of the Saints Battle Group, gladly accepted this honorable task, heading towards Holy Terra, the absolute imperial sacred ground. Naturally, the Saints Battle Group is the core of this force. After reinforcements from the Alliance, they are fully staffed with over three companies of newly minted soldiers through Original Casting modifications. Among them is a special company named the Glory Guard of the Son of God, a hundred absolute elite as Raymond Vis's guards, accompanying him to courageous battles time and again.

Among the other seven battle groups, four are sub-groups of the Saints.

The remaining three consist of two sub-groups from Infinite Warriors and one named Scorched Earth Envoy, a sub-group of the Punisher.

In addition to the eight battle groups and their Battle Group Fleet, the Western Expedition Army Commander Marshal Yan Fangxu has also allocated them a quite powerful expedition fleet, along with substantial ground forces.

Their overall strength is formidable.

They do not need to manage operations or stay behind along the way. They only need to strike forward, confirm the location's security so it can serve as a supply station for subsequent forces, and they can keep advancing.

The worlds they capture form a path on the star map leading towards Holy Terra. Yan Fangxu will dispatch subsequent forces to guard this path and expand it depending on the situation.

The primary goal of this path is to ensure that Raymond Vis, leading the crusade vanguard army, can advance rapidly without any worries, continuously supplying them, rotating troops that have fought on the frontline for too long by supplementing with new forces, fleets, and materials.

Free from care and forging ahead with determination, Raymond Vis is now quite confident and spirited.

Though the battles fought are challenging, he and his battle brothers relish it.

They have a noble goal and fight for it without any shackles. The Alliance Army represented by Yan Fangxu is their staunchest support, almost granting every request.

Such battles are tremendously gratifying!

And indeed, Yan Fangxu finds them delightful too.

Raymond Vis, despite moving forward, gnaws away at each hardest to crack nut. He follows behind, expanding the path into an area, even a whole large region; the battles then become easier to fight and quicker to finish.

All of these are war exploits!

...

But compared to the Western Expedition Army truly advancing westward, on the Dark Side of the Empire, regardless of the Southern Line or Eastern Line, or the newly established Angel Corps, they are essentially advancing south.

However, the Southern Line is advancing south along the most western part of the Alliance territory, the Scarlet Scar. Their attack area and direction basically replace the previous duties of the Western Expedition Army. They've now entered the Central Territory, another Viel Cosmic Domain located on the Dark Side.

Meanwhile, the Eastern Line advances south along the easternmost part of the Alliance territory, close to the Dark Outer Domain. They've now entered the Caloria Cosmic Domain, the southeasternmost domain of the Eastern Territory. After completing the Caloria campaign, they'll enter the newest imperial territory conquered by the Solar Expedition, named after the Sun Lord, the vast cosmic domain 'Solaria'.

Now fully equipped, the Blood Angels, who have almost recovered, together with their sub-groups, have gathered over thirty thousand Blood Angels and ten thousand other-blooded Interstellar Warriors, under the command of Imperial legendary hero Dante, advancing south between the two Southern and Eastern Line.

...

But compared to the Western Expedition Army truly advancing westward, on the Dark Side of the Empire, regardless of the Southern Line or Eastern Line, or the newly established Angel Corps, they are essentially advancing south.

However, the Southern Line is advancing south along the most western part of the Alliance territory, the Scarlet Scar. Their attack area and direction basically replace the previous duties of the Western Expedition Army. They've now entered the Central Territory, another Viel Cosmic Domain located on the Dark Side.

Meanwhile, the Eastern Line advances south along the easternmost part of the Alliance territory, close to the Dark Outer Domain. They've now entered the Caloria Cosmic Domain, the southeasternmost domain of the Eastern Territory. After completing the Caloria campaign, they'll enter the newest imperial territory conquered by the Solar Expedition, named after the Sun Lord, the vast cosmic domain 'Solaria'.

Now fully equipped, the Blood Angels, who have almost recovered, together with their sub-groups, have gathered over thirty thousand Blood Angels and ten thousand other-blooded Interstellar Warriors, under the command of Imperial legendary hero Dante, advancing south between the two Southern and Eastern Line.