Governor 911

Chapter 911:

"How many have we lost?" Dante's voice was like sandpaper scraping against metal. When the medic began reporting the casualties, he raised his hand to stop: "Just tell me how many Angels can still stand."

The medic's beaked mask drooped down: "Counting those Blood Drinking Ghosts that awakened yesterday... Blood Knight Battle Group, currently, 4,721 remain. Of those who can fight..." The red light of the artificial eye suddenly blinked rapidly, "not more than three thousand."

The tent flap was suddenly thrown open, and the bandaged Holy Blood Guard rushed in: "My lord, Chapter nine hundred and eleven! The Steel Snake Battle Group is confronting the Alliance officers again! They say..."

"Saying we allowed heretics to tread on sacred ground?" Dante ripped off the lines attached to him, the artificial lungs letting out a bellows-like roar. As he stood, everyone in the tent instinctively stepped back half a step — even severely injured, the first Battle Group Leader's presence was still as fervent as a furnace.

As Dante crossed the scorched earth of the camp, his boots occasionally stepped on hardened artificial microbial mats. These Insect Race secretions shimmered with rainbow-colored sheens under the sun

glint under the rainbow-colored sheen, reminding him of the Spirit Race Ark World purified three hundred years ago. In the distance, mechanical hymns and the buzzing of chain-saw swords resonate as eight gold-painted Knight Mechas are clearing the battlefield, their ion cannon muzzles still emitting smoke.

Chapter 911: Little Primordial Body

Gu Hang finished reading the last report on the table, and at that moment, the pen controlled by spiritual energy simultaneously completed the annotations for twenty-four reports, setting them aside.

Thus, today's administrative work was done.

At least the paperwork was finished.

But it didn’t mean Gu Hang could relax.

In fact, he hadn’t had a moment of leisure in a long time.

Sometimes he recalled the time before he arrived in this universe. Back then, he would only feel sympathy for those working 9-9-6, thinking that such work intensity was absolutely unbearable for him. Earning more money without any time for rest and entertainment—what was the point?

At that time, he couldn’t have imagined that one day he would adhere to a 0-0-7 working system.

It wasn’t a joking 0-0-7, but a real one.

Gu Hang hadn’t taken a rest for a long time.

His body, which had long transcended the ordinary, wouldn’t feel fatigued; his mind, filled with endless spiritual energy, could always think at full capacity without error; his psychological state could always maintain optimal condition, never feeling annoyed due to exhaustion...

That’s the theory.

But in reality, day after day, year after year, although he was ’not tired’, he occasionally couldn’t help but ponder—back when The Emperor was around, perhaps he too had to carry out unceasing work like himself? Surely, he was someone who never felt tired? How did he manage those years?

Or perhaps he occasionally experienced some fatigue, thinking, ’To hell with it, we’ve come this far, why shouldn’t I enjoy myself a bit?’

Don’t even mention Slaanesh’s corruption.

Though this deserves high vigilance, often such thoughts don't stem from desire. Or even if they do, there's no energy for indulgence. Just wanting to find a place to watch the sea, the sunset, the sunrise, the stars, letting the mind go blank—doing nothing, thinking nothing, is already a luxurious thing.

In this regard, so-called corruption is different.

However, even so, Gu Hang would swiftly discard these thoughts once they arose.

The current state of the Alliance, the Empire, and humanity leaves no room for the slightest negligence.

His time is almost entirely filled with no respite.

Certainly, he has a vast bureaucratic system that forms the Alliance Government to execute his will. Thanks to 'plug-ins', oversight, ideals, and the system, this bureaucratic structure can still maintain a certain level of purity, making huge progress compared to the Empire's traditional bureaucracy, and it might be called a group of administrative operations.

He also has a transferred group of officers responsible for frontline warfare. They possess professional skills and have accumulated sufficient experience in long-term warfare. In most cases, they perform quite well.

In such circumstances, Gu Hang seems only to need to hold the right direction while letting his government and army execute the specific tasks.

However, it's easier said than done—what exactly is 'big direction'?

When a ruler's dominion involves tens of thousands, or even hundreds of thousands of worlds, with a population reaching millions of billions, thinking strategically about the so-called 'big direction' becomes extraordinarily complex.

Gu Hang couldn't help but doubt the saying of The Emperor about 'entrusting the Human Empire to humanity'—did it undergo thorough deliberation?

How can a mortal ruler, regardless of their excellence and strength, govern such an Empire single-handedly?

This is an issue impossible to solve just by increasing the number of rulers. Merely growing the number of rulers is most likely to result in mutual accusations and hindrances rather than collective effort, decreasing efficiency instead.

Just look at the High Lords on Terra.

One authority, one person in charge, is undoubtedly the best.

But then comes the question: how can ’one person’ govern the entire Human Empire effectively?

In Gu Hang’s view, the political condition of the Empire over the millennia is actually a huge regression in governance. Essentially, the Empire nearly abandoned centralization, ’imperial power not reaching rural areas’, with the Empire’s power rarely extending to planets, or to Star Sectors. The Central Empire has very few effective direct governance and management of star domain-level administrative institutions.

In people’s eyes, the Empire system, similar to feudalism, allows various ’lords’ to dominate, with Planetary Governors able to dictate all matters on their planet akin to sovereigns; Star Domain Heads are like powerful provincial lords; Cosmic Domain Chairs resemble regional Alliance Leaders—this political stance is easily understandable.

Without effective direct governance from the Central Empire, devolution to localities has to occur. Then, try to either ally with or intimidate the Alliance Leaders and lords, barely maintaining the Human Empire’s ramshackle state for millennia.

Frankly, from this perspective, The Emperor has tried his best.

Without his ascension and his establishment of the Empire with his great achievements, ultimately forming the Human Empire’s collective spiritual will community with his divinized status as a religious belief, forcibly holding the Empire together... If not for this, the Empire would have long shattered into countless pieces.

Regardless of how inefficient, dark, ignorant, or corrupt one may deem the Empire's rule... all negative terms can be thrown at the Empire, but no matter what, the Empire's collective existence is indispensable. If the Human Empire were to collapse, it wouldn't survive these ten thousand years.

Extinction? Hard to say, but at least a complete collapse.

This is the value of the Empire's existence.

And currently, within the Alliance, Gu Hang is crafting an upgraded version of the Human Empire.

Gu Hang once gleaned snippets from Robert's passing comments and some ancient documents from the foundation era of grand expedition millennia ago.

They refer to it as a 'bright era', 'believing in reason, believing in science', starkly different from the current Empire.

Gu Hang doesn't know if his Alliance has reached the image of the Empire during the foundation grand expedition period millennia ago, nor does he know if it has some older, so-called human Golden Age image...

But achieving the current state, Gu Hang has already exerted himself to the utmost.

Of course, he's aware of some imperfections within the Alliance, but regardless, the Dark Side Expedition is continuously advancing, the internal economy of the Alliance is developing, and overall, people's living standards are rising...

He can't do any better.

Moreover, while focusing on economic construction, political construction, and military expeditions, Gu Hang has many other tasks to address.

For instance, the secret research he initiated over a decade ago has yielded results.

Based on the Phoenix’s genetics, the final transplantation experiment on Martins, whom he summoned back, is considered... a half-success.

Gu Hang is relatively cautious, not making a grand spectacle nor successfully creating a true ’Son of God’, ’Father of Genetics’ in reverse.

However, Martins has gained certain uniqueness.

Gu Hang refers to it as the ’Little Primordial Body’.

Chapter 912

Gu Hang’s gaze pierced through the dome of the administrative hall, and a star map projection emerged in his psychic vision. Thousands of flickering dots represented the territory of the Alliance, each slight tremor affecting his nerves. He raised his left hand, tracing a silver trajectory in the void, as the defense deployment data stream of the Oberon Star Zone cascaded down like a waterfall.

"Governor, Commander Martins requests an audience." The mechanical servant’s voice was tinged with electrical static.

The holographic projection automatically expanded as the voice fell, showing a man dressed in black gold power armor kneeling on one knee. Gu Hang noticed the Phoenix emblem on the man’s chest armor shimmered with an unnatural blue—an energy overflow from the fusion of Genetic Seeds and alien organs.

"Rise." Gu Hang’s psychic tendrils swept across the projection, synchronizing tremors three hundred light-years away with his physical body. He squinted slightly—Martins’ biomagnetic field strength had already reached 37.6% of the Primordial Body, an 8 percentage point increase from the data three months ago.

As Martins stood, the metal floor groaned under the weight. When he removed his helmet, Gu Hang saw that his supposedly resolute face was covered with dark golden veins, and his left eye was entirely occupied by a crystalline substance. "Father, the Subspace tides of the Seventh Star Chain have shown

abnormal pulsations, the Intelligence Director detected..." He suddenly clutched his throat, psychic sparks bursting like arcs at his vocal cords.

Gu Hang's Golden Throne suddenly illuminated, thirteen rune chains piercing through the void. When the chains wrapped around the projection, Martins's true body at the Sentinel Fortress abruptly ceased its convulsions, and the rampant energy was forcibly suppressed back into his body.

"How many times has this happened?" Gu Hang's fingertips tapped on the data pad, the latest medical report indicating Martins's genetic chain breakdown rate had accelerated fourfold. The holographic star map suddenly shook violently, a label at the edge of the Oberon Star Zone turning a glaring crimson.

Martins wiped the black blood from his mouth: "Since the clearing of the Green Skins' WAAAGH!!! energy field last month, every time I use psychic power..." His voice abruptly stopped, as Gu Hang's psychic projection had already appeared in the medical chamber of the Sentinel Fortress. The real sense of oppression made all medical servitors simultaneously kneel, and the alarm sounds of the life support equipment instantly fell silent.

Gu Hang's palm rested on the damaged power armor, slicing through the molecules with surgical precision. At the molecular level, he saw the spiral structures from ancient genetic libraries devouring Martins's primordial cells, as an evolution beyond design was taking place. Suddenly, a fragment of memory not belonging to human genetics intruded into his consciousness—the scene of The Emperor debugging the Primordial Body at the Himalaya Laboratory.

"Father?" Martins' call pulled him back to reality. As Gu Hang withdrew his hand, the ceramic steel walls of the medical chamber were already covered with frost, with six units of the Thinker Array billowing smoke from overload.

"Prepare to execute the 'Twilight Protocol'." Gu Hang's voice caused the temperature of the entire fortress to drop ten degrees. As he turned, where his cloak swept, the air condensed into tiny psychic crystals falling. "Three standard days later, I want to see the complete Ninth Battle Group at the Crying Star System."

As the governor's projection dissipated, Martins reached towards the crystalline proliferation on his chest. Those mutations that should have been lethal at this moment conveyed warmth, much like the Genetic Seeds injected when he was near death twenty years ago. The medical servitors began dismantling the restraints on his body, unaware that in the Battle Group Leader's mutated left eye, reflections of stars slowly rotated.

Meanwhile, the edge of the Crying Star System’s space suddenly tore open. Thirteen warships resembling skeletons leaped out of Subspace, their bows engraved with weeping skulls. Ion trails dragged a million-kilometer-long sickly green light strip in the vacuum. In the command room of the leading warship, a wizard in a crimson robe plunged a dagger into a living star map, the sacrificed navigator uttering a final scream.

"Greetings from the plunderer Abaddon." The wizard licked the brain matter from the dagger, and beneath his feet the metal deck suddenly grew flesh textures. "Tell the Black Heart King we’ve found the ’key’ in the Crying Star System."

The alerts from deep-space probes had yet to reach the Alliance’s central hub when Gu Hang was already in the strategic command room. His pupils split into countless golden points, each reflecting the real-time battle situation of different Star Domains. As his consciousness touched the Crying Star System, the familiar decaying stench from a millennium ago felt in the Terra Palace’s chaotic malice made his psychic projection sway violently.

"Governor!" The emergency communication channel simultaneously echoed the voices of seven Star Sector Governors. "All Subspace beacons of the Seventh Star Chain have failed!" "Unknown energy fluctuations detected in the Oberon Star Zone!" "Border outposts detected..."

Gu Hang raised his hand, quelling all alarms. The Golden Throne began to seep liquid psychic energy. The holographic projection of the Alliance’s territory reconstructed before him, billions of data streams converging into a clear strategic situation—this was no conventional invasion. Chaos forces were simultaneously impacting twelve key nodes, with the real killing blow hiding in the Crying Star System’s gravitational lensing area.

"Initiate the ’Zero Protocol’." His command was directly written into the infrastructure code of every Star Zone’s mainframe. "All civilian ships must immediately perform forced warp, fleets above the rank of War Scepter converge towards the Third Star Chain."

As the final word fell, Gu Hang’s entity was already standing on the bridge of the orbital fortress "Iron Dominion." Through armored portholes, he saw the Ninth Battle Group led by Martins completing final warp preparations. Those warriors genetically enhanced bore varying degrees of mutations, but their battle formations still perfectly adhered to the ancient tenets of the Emperor’s Holy Scripture.

"Father." Martins's communication channel was filled with persistent background noise—that was his Genetic Seeds resonating with Subspace. "The Intelligence Director deciphered part of the signal... the enemy might be searching for the 'Primordial Well.'

Gu Hang's psychic scan swept over the warship's database, finding that forbidden coordinate encrypted seventy layers in the memory bank. The Subspace rift sealed by The Emperor himself a millennium ago was now rhythmically pulsating deep within the Crying Star System. He suddenly understood the true objective of this raid—Chaos forces sought to replicate the grandeur of the Horus Heresy, attempting to directly pollute the foundational structure of the physical universe through the Primordial Well.

"Correct course, target changed to NGC-4414 collateral nebula." Gu Hang's directive elicited a scream of terror from the navigator, showing a massive skull symbol marked at that region. "Martins, prepare to initiate the 'Little Primordial Body Protocol.'

As the warship began to turn, everyone saw a phantom halo appear behind the governor. This wasn't a simple manifestation of psychic energy but the superimposition of projections from countless parallel timelines. In that instant, Martins seemed to see a golden giant with a face resembling Gu Hang combating a Chaos Demon in the halo, a memory from ancient genes within him.

Deep within the Crying Star System, the Chaos Fleet had already torn open the curtain of reality. A wizard stood at the bow, transforming vacuum into a viscous flesh swamp with the skull magic wand in hand. Suddenly, all instrument panels simultaneously burst with sparks, and the observation windows of the bridge were filled with a certain golden light.

"Impossible..." The wizard's scream turned into a hoarse gasp, seeing Gu Hang's fleet directly emerge from the Subspace rift. More frighteningly, the psychic patterns flowing on the surface of those warships were converting surrounding Chaos Energy into pure physical laws.

Martins's assault ship completed the warp first, his power armor already connected to the ship's nervous system. When the landing hatch opened, warriors saw the Battle Group Leader's left eye turning into a pure psychic torch, the muscle enhanced by Genetic Seeds tearing the shoulder armor. "For Humanity!" His battle cry triggered a chain resonance, the mutations in all warriors simultaneously glowing blue.

Gu Hang suspended on the command throne of the flagship, his psychic powers reconstructing the physical rules of the battlefield. The curses cast by the Chaos wizard transformed into fundamental energy upon contact with the Alliance Fleet, yet Martins's warriors moved effortlessly in the vacuum—

this was the hidden trump card of the Little Primordial Body Plan, anchoring reality at the genetic level to counter Subspace pollution.

"Governor! Energy eruption detected from the Primordial Well!" The science officer's voice carried desperation. "Readings have already surpassed..."

Gu Hang suddenly stood, the Golden Throne disintegrating under overload. His flesh began to quantumize, each cell releasing energy comparable to a supernova explosion. In his final rational moments, he saw the shadow of The Emperor—the decrepit frame seated upon the Golden Throne now bestowing a smile of approval.

"Martins." Gu Hang's voice directly resonated in all warriors' minds. "Remember, you are more than a weapon..." His words were cut off by fierce energy fluctuations, his entire being transforming into a golden light spear that pierced straight to the core of the Primordial Well.

The Battle Group Leader watched that light, his mutated left eye suddenly shedding blood tears. His Genetic Seeds trembled madly as the primordial combat instincts awakened completely. When the Chaos flagship vaporized in the golden light, Martins heard the ancient call within his blood—from humanity's most glorious age, the war horn.

Chapter 912: Eternal Loyalty

As soon as Martins woke up, he knew he was completely different.

He had never heard from Gu Hang about the concept of the Primogenitor, Father of Genetics, or Son of God. When he joined this secret modification project initially, he did it purely out of trust in Gu Hang. When Gu Hang said there was a top-secret research project that required his participation, he came without hesitation.

He was aware of the risks of this experimental surgery, as Gu Hang had informed him that there was a possibility he might not leave the operating table.

But he still agreed.

First, he knew Gu Hang wouldn't deceive him.

Secondly, he also hoped to gain more powerful strength.

Although he was already the Battle Group Leader and considered as an ’early shareholder’ of the Alliance, having joined particularly early, his status within the Alliance was notably high. Especially within the Interstellar Warrior Management Association, which has considerable authority, his status was quite exalted, having a significant influence over the more than 250,000 Interstellar Warriors in the entire Alliance.

As a big player within the management association, Martins’ identity has surpassed that of an ordinary Starfighter Battle Group Leader. He truly could decide the fate of a regular battle group with his words.

Breeding new blood, battle group supplies, multi-group combat coordination, loyalty checks... these are all part of his work.

Of course, his major duty is still to lead his own battle group in frontline fighting. Regarding management work within the Interstellar Warrior Management Association, it mainly involves voting seats and remote meetings to fulfill his responsibilities.

In any case, he can be considered to enjoy a high status and power.

In this situation, why should he take a risk?

But in reality, he still took the risk.

The Original Casting surgery, with its rather high mortality rate, he went through it.

He needed to set an example.

Otherwise, even as an ’early shareholder,’ the biggest representative of Alliance-deployed Interstellar Warriors, and a big figure in the management association, if he didn’t support the Original Casting surgery, how could it be fully promoted among Interstellar Warriors?

Of course, this point is not mandatory.

No one required Martins to do so. It's just that he had enough political sensitivity to recognize this point and take action for it.

He survived the dangers of the Original Casting surgery—although it was said to have a general mortality rate of 30%, in reality, it wasn't equally close to one-third for everyone. The stronger and more determined Interstellar Warrior tends to survive the modification surgery more easily. Conversely, the mortality rate is higher.

Besides the political benefits, the power enhancement brought by Original Casting is also substantial.

His combat power level increased by at least another 10%.

On Martins' original foundation, even a slight increase had already become quite challenging. The effects brought by his own exercise and training had become very inconspicuous; accumulating combat experience also held limited significance.

And the Original Casting instantly elevated him greatly, which was truly surprising.

Moreover, there's the special organ known as 'Kao's Furnace,' capable of miraculous effects akin to reviving from the dead.

This time, when Gu Hang personally asked him if he was interested in participating in such an experimental surgery, he agreed without hesitation.

He had experienced a battle with the Bone Shattering King.

Even though they were the ultimate victors, the oppressive force of such peak individual combat power and its influence on the overall strategic situation still remained vividly in his memory, leaving him deeply shocked.

What if they encounter such an enemy in the future?

Is it possible every time to seamlessly assemble a lineup like the last time they cornered the Bone Shattering King?

If he had possessed the power of Original Casting at the time, wouldn't the situation have been better? Could some Battle Group Champions, who are definitely considered pillars of each group, have been spared?

He had no way of knowing.

For the Alliance, for humanity, and for the Empire to contribute more, he willingly took the risk to undergo this surgery.

And after the surgery, he did feel everything became different.

In his original understanding, he thought it was another surgery similar to Original Casting.

However, once he awakened, he realized the two are definitely not on the same level!

If the enhancement brought by the Original Casting surgery was 10%, still within the realm of 'enhancement,' then the change brought by this surgery was earth-shattering.

He now feels he could easily kill his past self.

It's not that he's arrogant, but the fact remains, prior to the surgery, he was already one of the strongest among the Alliance's 250,000 Interstellar Warriors, and only the Living Saint - Raymond Vis, Legendary Hero - Dante, Blood Shark King - Youwin, were at a level that could consistently match or defeat him.

But now, he is confident none of the three are his opponents.

Is this something ordinary technology could achieve?

He felt one part thrilled by the power, but nine parts filled with concern and hesitation.

Martins had long realized that power was never without a price.

The Original Casting modification carried the risk of death if the surgery failed—the price was significant, yet it only resulted in a 10% enhancement.

Now, the enhancement far surpasses mere doubling; three times, five times, ten times couldn't adequately describe it! It is a leap in the very nature of life!

For such power, what price did he pay?

He doesn't regret undergoing this surgery, nor does he believe the invitation from Gu Hang would betray him.

He just worries, does Mr. Gu know what the price is?

Not letting him fret for long, the first person to enter through the surgery room door was Gu Hang.

Gu Hang assessed Martins up and down, nodding contentedly.

His gentle voice somewhat alleviated Martins' worries: "It seems your condition is very good, and all your physical data indicators are fine, everything is within expectations."

"I feel... very different."

"Yes, you are completely different from before."

"So... what is the price? What is the price?" Martins asked directly.

Gu Hang just chuckled.

Understanding what Martins worried about, he pondered his wording for a moment, then spoke in a way that Martins could comprehend: "The price is perhaps that you will never be able to betray me."

Martins also chuckled: "That’s not a price."

After a pause, he added: "That’s a grace."

Gu Hang said, "Then there’s nothing else. The other cost is what I paid. What you need to offer is your eternal loyalty to humanity, the Empire, and me, that’s all."

Chapter 913: Alliance Warlord?

Gu Hang didn’t say a single misleading word to Martins.

Indeed, Martins’ future holds no possibility of betrayal, destined to offer his eternal loyalty with his eternal life.

This is the only price Martins pays,

Of course, power is not without a price. Loyalty alone cannot exchange for such tremendous strength.

For the power Martins acquired, Gu Hang paid the price of deep research over the past decade and a vast piece of subspace essence.

At this level, the source of power must be subspace essence. Furthermore, Gu Hang also believes that the Son of God created by The Emperor is a being possessing subspace essence.

In this regard, doesn't the Son of God somewhat resemble the Great Demon of the Four Evil Gods?

Or perhaps the ascended Demon Prince?

No, the difference is significant.

Aside from both possessing subspace essence, there is nothing else alike.

Gu Hang is not entirely sure how The Emperor created the true Son of God ages ago, but he can only draw some conclusions from his research.

Firstly, the chosen must be strong enough, which is somewhat similar to 'ascension.' A chosen not strong enough will undoubtedly fail in ascension, transforming into a mass of mindless, instinct-driven flesh that dies out. That thing is the source of the Chaos Spawn. The vast majority of those attempting ascension end up this way.

And in Gu Hang's 'Little Primordial Body' experiment, if the chosen is not strong enough, the outcome is death.

However, the difference lies in the fact that 'ascension' is rather simple. For the Four Gods, or even Gu Hang, it means bestowing their power or even subspace essence to a trusted mortal, enhancing their strength. In this process, the most crucial aspect is that the power of the chosen is entirely controlled, as the 'god' can stop the blessing anytime or let ascension fail maliciously.

Of course, achieving success is not easy.

However, the cost is low, and the price is nearly nonexistent. The Chaos Gods don't mind mass production. If it fails, what then? Do you expect the Four Gods to feel pity or heartbreak?

Impossible.

The Chaos Spawn thus created also serve a purpose.

But clearly, Gu Hang wouldn't do this.

The subspace essence he took out was not a blessing but a genuine piece representing his fundamental power.

On Martins, the role of this subspace essence is not dominant. Instead, it serves as 'support.' The primary entity is still Martins himself. The subspace essence continuously reshapes and supports his body and soul.

Only in this way can the achievement be considered a 'Little Primordial Body.' Otherwise, even if Martins housed this subspace essence, if it dominated, the path would resemble 'ascension.' Even if ascension succeeded, becoming Gu Hang's subordinate 'Thunder Angels,' it still couldn't be considered a 'Primordial Body' and couldn't even maintain existence in the real universe for long.

This requires extremely meticulous operations and prolonged research and experimentation.

Successfully reaching this stage is indeed not easy.

And the price is not merely a decade of research.

If it were just this, the 'Primordial Body' would seem too easily achieved.

For Gu Hang, he genuinely expended an entire piece of subspace essence.

This thing is irreplaceable, painstakingly accumulated by Gu Hang. It either comes from consuming Great Demons and Queens or the trust of billions of Alliance members, gathered bit by bit.

To Gu Hang now, the former's significance is far less than the latter.

And the amount of subspace essence needed to create a Primordial Body is not something achievable by consuming a few Great Demons or Queens, absolutely not the same scale.

Will Gu Hang's power be diminished for creating Martins?

Undoubtedly, it will be.

However, he cares little for this.

Not a big deal!

This chunk of subspace essence doesn't enable Gu Hang to challenge the Four Great Evil Gods; without it, he can still easily overpower the next tier Divine Sovereign Demon.

Without hesitation or doubt, Gu Hang simply divided his power out.

The first attribute of the created Martins is immense individual power. After his life essence leaped, just in terms of combat power, he's already reached, or even surpassed, the mightiest entity Gu Hang has encountered in the real universe — the Bone Shattering King.

Currently, if Martins were to duel the Bone Shattering King, the win rate might be eight to two.

Moreover, Martins' 'upper limit' has been unlocked. Over time, his individual power, which has long stagnated, will grow further with his self-training and accumulated experience.

The enrichment brought by the Primordial Body is not merely visible in individual combat power.

Thanks to the enhancement of his soul and brain, Martins' already excellent and outstanding command ability will be strengthened to an epic level.

Undoubtedly, he will become the most outstanding Commander of the Alliance.

Gu Hang intends to appoint him as the Commander of the Southern Army, and subsequently possibly integrate the Southern, Eastern, and Dante-led Angel Corps to be responsible for the Dark Side Expedition altogether.

In the past, no one undertook this duty. Each army acted independently, and the true unifier was the Command Center of the Dark Side Expedition, a nominal position without a real Commander at its head, mainly a massive intelligence bureau reporting directly to Gu Hang.

In plain terms, Gu Hang managed it himself.

There was no other way.

No one could undertake this responsibility.

Now Martins has this ability — or at least the potential.

Alliance Grand Marshal?

No, no, no, the term is slightly inauspicious.

Just the Commander of the Dark Side Expedition is sufficient.

In the future, Gu Hang won't entirely let go; he just wants someone to share a part of the overall command, especially a commander who can advance to the frontline, integrating the entire Dark Side Expedition more effectively.

The freed-up energy can be more focused on the Alliance's domestic affairs and economic development.

This is the foundation of the Alliance's strength.

Simultaneously, he must be cautious in control.

A millennia ago, the Empire was also glorious but ended in civil war, corruption, and decline.

His most crucial task is to prevent the Alliance from following the Empire's old path.

...

Besides the direct value brought by the Primordial Body, another added value is the ability to collect genetic pheromones from Martins to mass cultivate Genetic Seeds.

These are the Genetic Seeds of the Phoenix.

Chapter 914

According to Gu Hang's estimation, about every year, the genetic pheromones that can be harvested from Matins can cultivate a thousand Phoenix Genetic Seeds.

Based on Gu Hang's use of Gift Points to filter and cultivate interstellar warriors, this means that each year, a new regiment of Phoenix bloodline can be established.

Of course, this doesn't mean Matins has to stay in the lab constantly, cooperating in pheromone extraction.

He will return to the front line, and in the next one or two years, he will take charge of the Southern Line Army and then, in ten to fifteen years, oversee the entire Dark Side Expedition.

This is his greatest duty.

As for the collection of genetic pheromones, there will be a dedicated medical team accompanying Matins.

Within this medical team, there are more than twenty young warriors from the ’Yulin’ regiment.

Their main responsibility is to provide medical support for Matins, continuously monitoring the health of this precious original body, who is already being positioned as the commander-in-chief of the Dark Side Expedition by Gu Hang. As for those twenty Yulin soldiers, they are responsible for Matins’ safety.

Speaking of the Yulin regiment, they are quite a mysterious force.

With exceptionally high levels of confidentiality, many senior members of the Interstellar Warrior Management Association are unaware of their existence.

Matins knows about this regiment, but his knowledge is limited to that. As for their exact number, the specifics of their missions, or the nature of their equipment supply, even Matins doesn’t know. He only knows that this regiment is solely accountable to Mr. Gu.

In the past, he managed to suppress his curiosity and did not focus too much on the Yulin regiment. However, now that these twenty Yulin soldiers appeared beside him, he wasn’t actively investigating but passively noticed that they were somewhat different from ordinary interstellar warriors.

They are taller, even towering over the Original Casting warriors, except smaller than the current Matins.

Their physique could barely be considered a fit for Original Casting interstellar warriors, and that would be acceptable.

But in Matins’ eyes, they are quite distinct.

Nonetheless, as in the past, he doesn’t feel that his newfound uniqueness means he should probe into secrets he isn’t supposed to know. Even though he faintly understands that Gu Hang hopes he will manage the Dark Side Expedition in the future, and his status within the Alliance will be very high, he absolutely won’t rely on favoritism. Instead, he’ll conduct himself more cautiously, ensuring he dedicates himself fully to serving the Alliance.

He overlooked the special features of the Yulin soldiers, referring to them externally as his guards and assistants.

These twenty Yulin soldiers, along with an equal number from the Phoenix's Glory Guard, collectively make up Matins' personal protection and close assistants.

In reality, there are some additional tasks directly dispatched by Gu Hang to Matins' side.

The Yulin soldiers are responsible for assisting Matins in strategic command, utilizing their superior command strategic thinking than interstellar warriors, to aid in their growth, while providing support to Matins.

At the same time, these Yulin soldiers must meticulously collect frontline combat intelligence, compiling what they see, hear, and handle into analysis reports, then secretly channel these back to the Alliance Headquarters.

This can be considered a form of... surveillance?

Another medical team is entrusted with the task of collecting Matins' genetic pheromones.

The collected pheromones will be handled with the utmost security and confidentiality, returning to the Alliance Headquarters—Rage Owl Star—along with the supply fleets that have completed the Dark Side Expedition mission.

Each year, a new regiment of Phoenix bloodline will be established.

Thus, a brand new interstellar warrior corps has been formed.

The most direct manifestation is in Gu Hang's system, where the words "Phoenix Legion" can already be seen.

However, the upper limit of genetic seeds is currently three thousand. The special 'Glory Seeds' and trainable Glory Guards - [Great Nirvana Guard] tally only to three hundred.

This is likely because the total number of Phoenix bloodline genetic seeds is currently three thousand.

Initially a thousand Phoenix; using Phoenix Gene, a thousand genetic seeds were exchanged from the system, creating the Yellow Springs Gull Battle Group with another thousand; the first batch of Matins' genetic pheromones collected, harmonized and cultivated produced a thousand genetic seeds and established a new group.

Just these three thousand. It's only these three thousand recognized by the system.

But it's okay, this means, as long as Matins continues to produce genetic seed pheromones each year, a new Phoenix sub-group will appear annually, allowing an increment of a thousand warriors each year and raising the Phoenix genetic seed limit in Gu Hang's system by a thousand.

When an occasion of serious damages occurs in a Phoenix sub-group, leading to significant depletion within the bloodline group, evolved pheromones from Matins amounting to a thousand each year may not suffice for replenishment, then Gu Hang can utilize the gene seed exchange slots available below the upper limit to swiftly exchange new genetic seeds.

Of course, if no such major loss occurs, then the additional Phoenix sub-group numbers can only rely on the secretion of Matins' pheromones and the inherent support from Phoenix's

Chapter 915: Calamity Fleet

After arriving at the Southern Front Expeditionary Force, Martins did not rest for a moment and immediately plunged into a battle.

At this time, it had been less than three hours since he completed the command transition with the original Southern Line commander.

He actually didn't need a battle to establish his prestige; his reputation was already quite significant.

The Alliance Army is not like the old-style military, with almost no warlordism. Although factionalism is somewhat unavoidable, a new commander sent by the top wouldn't face resistance from existing troops, and the handover proceeded quite smoothly. The original commander smoothly handed over the baton. He would remain at the Southern Command, assisting Martins for more than a year to better take over the entire force. After a year, he would return to Rage Owl Star to report and await further assignments.

But Martins still went on.

Two considerations.

On one hand, it was his newly acquired power. Although it had been tested on the training grounds and was quite powerful, trials are ultimately just trials and not the same as real combat.

Despite being a mature and steady person, the new power surging within his body was an urge even he found hard to resist releasing.

Especially when releasing this power recklessly onto the human enemy, it was particularly satisfying.

On the other hand, there was a practical need for him to engage in battle.

On this world called 'Papalier', a very serious Chaos corruption had erupted, making it a focus of surveillance.

After an initial orbital bombardment and intervention by ground forces failed to resolve the issue, the Southern Command began assessing the safe zone strategy.

Unfortunately, this world did not pass the safe zone assessment and was deemed unworthy of establishing a safe area. Simultaneously, as it neither possessed particularly rare materials nor significant strategic value, it was sentenced to an Extinction Order.

After a half-month effort to evacuate as many residents as possible, the Extinction Order was set to be executed.

However, it could not be successfully executed.

The Extinction Order deployment was intercepted.

This is not unheard of.

The Command Center then launched a contingency plan, dispatching ground troops to commence an attack. The expectation was to dismantle or destroy areas that could intercept the Extinction Order under the cover of orbital fleet firepower. Once destroyed, troops would withdraw and bombard again.

If once again intercepted, it would mean insufficient ground clearance. On one hand, the Alliance Military would intensify efforts to clear the area. On the other, some might need to be held accountable. Whether it was the intelligence department's oversight, insufficient army reconnaissance, or missed targets, appropriate actions would follow.

However, at this moment, a rather formidable Chaos Fleet suddenly invaded the battlefield.

These were old adversaries.

Since over twenty years ago, the Alliance has encountered these enemies quite frequently across various fronts.

They differ significantly from those who burst out from the Scarlet Scar.

Firstly, in troop composition.

Enemies emerging from the Scarlet Scar primarily consist of surreal Demon Armies. Some Cultists and Chaos Starfield Warriors are present but not in large numbers and not as the main force. The leading figures could be Chaotic Vanguards if weak, Great Demons, or even Demon Princes if stronger.

But these enemies mainly consist of Chaos Cultists, with a large number of Chaos Starfield Warriors, while the genuine Subspace Demons are few, mostly summoned by Chaos Sorcerers among them. Furthermore, there are many Demon Engines, dark mechanical creations among them.

On their fleet, they are not those corrupted flesh ships. Their ships appear more 'conventional', at least looking more like human ships, made of steel.

However, they do have their distortions. Their flagship is enormous and looks like an unknown number of space wrecks patched together. Varied in shape but formidable in combat. It not only possesses powerful firepower, but its combat style is more like an aircraft carrier, launching numerous fighters, medium and small, even large warships.

This thing is quite terrifying, and the Alliance has suffered many losses from it.

Besides the structure of their forces, another huge difference lies in their combat approach.

Compared to demons bursting out from the Scarlet Scar or due to severe Chaos corruption directly creating numerous Subspace rifts, and entire planets gradually detaching from the real universe in a semi-Subspace state, allowing endless demons to pour out, these Chaos enemies don't seem to need any place of departure or Chaos corruption drawing them in.

They wander the universe like a human fleet.

Moreover, they seem to have mastered very mature Subspace navigation technology, allowing them to travel faster than light without passing through any Star Realm Tunnel. This makes their actions quite ghostly and unpredictable for human forces.

What leaves the human side even more perplexed is that their objectives are quite mysterious.

They often are not limited to occupying or corrupting a planet. Or rather, such actions seem to be merely an adjunct to their other goals. If they can corrupt, occupy, or plunder, that is best, but if not, they don't seem to mind too much. More so, after occupying or corrupting a world, they leave without hesitation.

It’s like a ’calamity’, arriving unexpectedly without warning, then suddenly departing, leaving behind a world of wreckage.

Because of this trait, the Alliance calls them the ’Calamity Fleet’.

There is more than one Calamity Fleet, the exact number unknown.

As for their true objectives, according to the Alliance General Staff Department, summarizing the Calamity Fleet’s operational logic encountered across various Dark Side Expedition lines and even in some interior regions, the General Staff Department believes the Calamity Fleet seems to be ’searching’ for something.

Staff are working hard to analyze what exactly they are searching for and where they might appear next.

There is already a bit of a clue, but further insight requires more information and intelligence.

All Dark Side Expedition lines have received orders: if they encounter a Calamity Fleet, try to capture their high-ranking figures. This is crucial for future assessments.

And now, what Martins is facing is such a Calamity Fleet.

Chapter 916: Blocking the Calamity

The arrival of the Calamity Fleet worsened the situation of the world of Papalier.

This world had already encountered a terrible crisis, to the extent that safe zone strategies could not be executed, leaving only the Extinction Order—which ended up intercepted.

Now, the Calamity Fleet is involved.

The situation is extremely urgent.

The Alliance Fleet, caught off guard by a surprise attack, even had to temporarily avoid confrontation. To avoid being thrashed, it made an urgent retreat, allowing the Calamity Fleet to smoothly take half of Papalier's orbit, while the Alliance Fleet moved to the planet's far side.

The two fleets began combat along the planet's orbital path.

But to be honest, the fighting wasn't particularly fierce.

The Alliance forces here were indeed where the Southern Line army command center was located, but not the main force. During combat, the army's units scattered into multiple detachments. The army sets general combat objectives targeting multiple Star Domains, while each detachment follows the detailed strategies provided by command to undertake their tasks.

This is to improve efficiency.

Unless they encounter particularly difficult challenges requiring multiple detachments or collective action from the entire army, they remain divided. Otherwise, they stay dispersed under normal circumstances.

Papalier was said to be in a critical situation, but before the Calamity Fleet appeared, it was merely an issue of a single world, insufficient to recall other detachments for reinforcement. The command fleet's strength was more than sufficient to resolve the problem.

Until the arrival of the Calamity Fleet, everything changed.

The Human Fleet's size numbered roughly over a hundred warships; in this Star Sector, there were another 500 or so ships belonging to the command fleet, having received the message and are rushing full speed.

Before they arrive, relying on the hundred warships at hand makes fleet confrontation with the Calamity Fleet difficult.

The opponent's numbers far exceed ours.

However, the formidable chaotic enemy didn't, due to their larger scale and greater strength, insist on pursuing the Alliance ships to annihilate them.

On the contrary, after occupying half the orbital space of Papalier, their next move was deploying troops to the ground.

Their target region was rather apparent.

It was a church located in the middle area of a Nest Capital occupied by the Alliance Army. Originally, it served as a ground base, a temporary relocation site for surface residents to the sky before executing the initial Extinction Order strike.

Civilians would undergo inspections here, ensuring they carried no viruses or chaos corruption, before being safely transported to the rear.

Later, after the failure of the Extinction Order strike, human forces returned to the surface, reoccupying this area. It continued its duty of identifying civilians, further attempting to evacuate more people. Additionally, it fulfilled another role as a forward military base to strike a Chaos Rebel Army air defense site 70 kilometers away.

This place, considered important, does hold some strategic value, which is why the Alliance forces stationed a fully assembled Skeleton Division here, along with a company of Rong Lizard Battle Group Interstellar Warriors.

Rong Lizard is a subgroup of the Giant Dragon Legion, their sepia and dark green dual-tone paint making them resemble old banyan trees. With a history of 1600 years, they've been long understaffed. Until joining the Alliance's Dark Side Expedition, Rong Lizard Battle Group was rejuvenated, now including over 700 new recruits beyond their less than 300 veterans, all Original Casting new soldiers.

The Eighth Company of Rong Lizard here is an Original Casting Company.

Their original duty wasn't guarding the church; they were meant to assemble here as the core force to attack the air defense site.

But now, with the Calamity Fleet's ground invasion, their primary mission naturally shifted to local defense.

Initially, they didn't plan on defending to the death.

This church's value lay in being a staging ground for attacking the enemy air defense site. Now, the Alliance side evidently lacks the strength to continue the offensive, the entire battle situation undergoing significant changes.

With ground forces deployed by the Calamity Fleet targeting them, the opponent's forces hugely surpass theirs, making the church, no longer holding value as an offensive springboard, logically a candidate for abandonment. Preserving their active strength, awaiting subsequent peripheral reinforcements for a counterattack, accumulating power, is the more correct choice.

However, just as the troops prepare to withdraw, an order from the general command halts them.

They were instructed to defend the area, holding it at all costs, even if it meant fighting to the last person.

...

This order was personally issued by Martins.

He was familiar with the Calamity Fleet.

Or rather, among various Alliance military units, the Interstellar Warrior Management Association was one most concerned with the Calamity Fleet.

The reason is simple: the Calamity Fleet is, among various enemies the Alliance faces, the force with the highest Chaos Starfield Warriors concentration. Often, the leader of the Calamity Fleet is a chaos combat group leader.

If there’s an enemy in the universe the Interstellar Warriors most want to eliminate, it’s undoubtedly those traitors sharing their bloodline.

Bloodline traitors are the greatest enemy, aiming to cleanse disgrace; other non-bloodline traitors are secondary.

As a chief of the management association, Martins reviewed many command analyses on the Calamity Fleet. He knew the Calamity Fleet seemed to be searching the universe for something.

So far, the Alliance remains unaware of what that ’thing’ is.

But seeing how clear their goal was, aiming for that church, could it be the ’thing’ the Calamity Fleet seeks is inside the church?

They must be stopped.

Martins even judged that those traitors likely wouldn’t wait for Alliance forces to gather outward-spread detachments for a decisive battle. After seizing the church and acquiring their desired ’thing,’ they might immediately withdraw.

Once they’ve fled, capturing them wouldn’t be easy.

Martins was determined to stop them.

Solely relying on a Rong Lizard Company on the ground alongside an Alliance Army Division surely wasn’t enough.

But as long as they could hold out long enough, until reinforcements arrived, it would suffice.

And the reinforcements would be led by Martins personally.

Chapter 917: The Dawn of the Phoenix Guard

"Close your eyes!" The channel burst with the Yulin Army's unique bird-like warning.

Talasa's visual sensors suddenly overloaded, the afterimage on the retina displaying a three-meter-tall dark green figure appearing out of thin air. The warrior's faceplate eyes emitted a ghostly blue arc, sweeping through with a weapon similar to an ancient power glaive but covered in optical nodes— the Chaos Sect of Mechanics priest's body disintegrated into elementary particles in the energy wave.

More dark green figures appeared amidst the quantum glow, traversing the battlefield along trajectories that defied the laws of physics. Talasa watched as one of them plunged a rhombus device into a coffin container, and the dark red energy seeping out was astonishingly withdrawn. When the first flame of resurrection fire tore through the ground, he realized the church ruins above had been cleared, with the Phoenix Battle Group's blue-flame-burning banner standing on the scorched earth.

Martins' Thunderhawk Gunship crashed directly into the square where the Chaos Lord was located. When the Primarch's figure wrapped in spiritual energy lightning leaped out of the cabin, Chaos creations within a radius of a hundred meters simultaneously ignited. Talasa witnessed this Father of Genetics swinging the Titan's Grip Warhammer, its head releasing silver-white ripples that shattered the Desecration Gunship into metallic dust in mid-air.

"Purification array, deploy." Along with the Yulin Army's proclamation, twelve floating gun turrets surrounding the church ruins unfolded into a hexagonal force field. All the Chaos warriors trapped within began to rapidly weather, as if an invisible hand was wiping away erroneous existence.

However, the real killer move came from the Phoenix Battle Group. Twenty elite warriors with six-winged thrusters formed the Firestorm Formation, and the Nirvana Bombs they threw did not explode, but rather released swirling blue-purple vortices that devoured Chaos energy. When a fully charged Chaos Dreadnought Mech rushed into the vortex, its equipped subspace engine instead became a fatal weakness—this War Machine annihilated in the dimension-tearing fissures of its own making.

The final counterattack occurred the moment the coffin container was fully purified. The Yulin Army warriors suddenly collectively retreated, leaving the battlefield to Martins, who was shrouded in a quantum halo. The Primarch's power hammer struck the ground, casting web-like spiritual energy cracks, from which countless glowing runes rose, forming a giant array that enveloped the entire battlefield.

"In the name of humanity." Martins' electronic voice resonated with spiritual energy to form a double sonic boom, "Exile!"

In the pure white flash of the array's eruption, all surviving Chaos units evaporated like dew under the scorching sun. Talasa knelt to the ground as the burning pain of the Genetic Seeds finally subsided. When his vision returned, the Yulin Army had vanished with the coffin container, leaving only hexagonal scorch marks on the ground as proof of their existence.

Three hours later, the Rong Lizard Battle Group regrouped at a temporary field hospital. Technical sergeants recovered the last data from the burned-out cogitator: the true target of the Chaos forces was the dark age star map sealed within the coffin container. Meanwhile, medics were surprised to discover that the Genetic Seeds of all surviving warriors had manifested new patterns—patterns identical to the optical nodes on the Yulin Army's armor.

Martins' encrypted communication came through at this moment: "What you all witnessed today will be the beginning of an era when humanity regains the Dark Technology Spark." The Primarch's eyes in the holographic projection flickered with data streams, "And the bloodline of the Rong Lizard Battle Group has been marked with new honor."

Gazing at the mysteriously growing luminous vines on the battle flag, Talasa suddenly understood that this bloody battle was far more than just a defense. As the starlit sky illuminated with the lights of fleet assembly, a legacy spanning millennia was continuing amidst the flames of war.

Chapter 917: Holding the Chapel to the Death

The Chaos Demon Flame exploded on the church spire, marking the climax of this desperate defense.

Talasa, the commander of the Rong Lizard Eighth Company, was fighting on the spire. He needed to conduct combat operations from above while simultaneously engaging in battle himself.

He was an excellent marksman, setting up his sniper Blast Bomb Gun here, which had already emptied its third magazine of bombs. Under his sniping, more than nine Chaos Starfield Warriors and numerous Chaos Cultists had met their end.

Of course, the enemy was not going to just take the hits passively. They had long since realized the threat posed by the church spire as a high point and launched various countermeasures, though Talasa and his men successfully dealt with each one.

However, regardless, the situation was steadily deteriorating.

Three kilometers away, a twisted metallic tide was engulfing the defensive line of the fourth Armored Battalion.

The Lion King Tanks, originally belonging to the Empire, now had bleeding pustules on their turrets as their tracks crushed human remains.

These corrupted tanks didn't have much advantage in combat with the human armored forces. Yet they continued their unstoppable advance, rolling over human defensive lines like tracks over wild grass.

The reason was simple—there were just too many enemies.

How many troops were defending this church? Aside from the Rong Lizards, merely one division of the Alliance.

And the enemy? Right now, it was ten times their number!

Both in terms of Chaos Traitors, armored units, and Chaos Starfield Warriors, the enemy numbers were overwhelming.

On the fourth Armored Battalion's position, they had suffered merciless firepower coverage long before they were ruthlessly rolled over.

In reality, the troops could no longer hold their ground. The battalion commander sent a report, requesting higher-ups for permission to leave, and the division headquarters reluctantly agreed, tearfully notifying Talasa.

And so, the Armored Battalion launched a desperate counter-charge.

They made this decision out of necessity. According to the battalion commander, they couldn't just let their armored vehicles and tanks, upon which they relied for combat, sit idle on the front line and be destroyed by the Chaos Traitors' ranged firepower without firing a shot. Even knowing that the consequence of their charge would be that they wouldn't return, they were determined to let those Chaos foes feel their boundless fury!

The battalion commander's vehicle led the charge personally, and finally, with 30% of their troops sacrificed under the shellfire during the charge, they managed to rush into the enemy lines. However, they faced head-on the counter-charge of the Chaos Army's armored forces.

Faced with enemies who far outnumbered them, their resistance was undoubtedly resolute, eliminating some enemies, but the ultimate outcome was nonetheless a complete annihilation without any miracles.

And this was the last of the armored units assisting in defending the church for this Armored Division.

On the fourth Armored Battalion's position, only a handful of soldiers remained, without tanks or armored vehicles.

When the Chaos Sect's tanks approached, they had no means left to resist. The remaining soldiers attempted to use some anti-armor weapons individually and even directly strap explosives to themselves, ambushing in trenches and tunnels, detonating when the enemy passed.

Very heroic!

But heroism didn't help.

These acts of valor made almost negligible impact in the grand scheme, mere ripples in the iron tsunami of the enemy's advance, hardly significant.

However, it wasn't that humanity's side was entirely out of capabilities.

Previously, under the enemy's cannon barrage, the artillery battalions were suppressed, unable to raise their heads, let alone fire casually to expose their positions. But finally, they stopped concealing themselves.

Caught in a rapid few rounds of urgent fire, they launched 1,500 artillery shells onto the enemy's attacking forces within two minutes.

The effect was quite apparent.

Numerous rebel tanks and soldiers were blasted sky-high in this two-minute intensive carpet bombardment, suffering heavy losses.

Even with the Chaos Rebel Army's plentiful manpower, they had to retreat and reorganize before initiating the next assault.

This undoubtedly bought some time again.

In exchange for this time, however, the artillery position was exposed, and the Chaos counterattacks arrived.

The Chaos artillery completely covered the artillery battalion's position that was too late to relocate. The swiftly arriving Chaos aircraft, which completely dominated the airspace, dropped bombs recklessly, completing their bombardment.

Under enemy countermeasures, this artillery battalion managed to retreat only with a tenth of their self-propelled artillery.

Really tragic, really hard, really heartbreaking to watch.

But in reality, all this was within Talasa's expectations.

Before the battle began, upon receiving the orders to hold firm, he and the Alliance Brigadier General discussed how to maintain this defense and foresaw the current situation. They decided to use similar methods to block the enemy layer by layer.

They would bleed the enemy bit by bit.

But meanwhile, they themselves were undoubtedly losing blood.

This was their defense strategy, using lives to resist the enemy's advance in limited space and buy time.

They knew, relying just on them, it was absolutely impossible to hold. Their objective was merely to stall until reinforcements arrived.

Come on, attack, continue in the same manner as before.

The Alliance Army's Skeleton Division still had 40% of their forces available; Rong Lizard Eighth Company still had sixty warriors capable of fighting, and they still had space to use their lives to block and slow down the enemy's every step.

Until they run dry of blood, they would unwaveringly pursue the 'hold firm' mission objective.

But the enemy wasn't willing to let them defend so staunchly.

Suddenly, Talasa felt the church's foundation trembling.

He initially thought it was the enemy's artillery coming again.

Previously, the enemy had tried to directly strike the church itself as a high point and base. Long-ranged artillery fire and aircraft bombing were persistently ongoing.

Yet, their attacks weren't very effective.

The incoming aircraft would face fierce anti-air attacks from the gun emplacements set in the building complex. Anti-air guns and missiles could be deadly to them.

While there was no effective countermeasure for long-range artillery bombardment, the robustness of the church building complex was quite reliable. Moreover, prior to the battle, it had undergone emergency special reinforcement.

Even if some auxiliary structures collapsed, so what? The collapsed building complex still served as excellent combat cover. As long as no one was inside during a collapse causing burial, it wouldn't be a big deal. Instead, placing artillery, anti-air defenses, and field hospitals in the ruins was even safer.

Let it tremble, as after being covered by fierce artillery barrages, the church's main structure had been able to hold up.

However, Talasa soon realized this was not an artillery bombardment.

No Chaos Rebel aircraft were approaching, nor did he see chaos artillery streak through the sky.

Quickly, reports from the combat brothers informed him what was happening: three heavily armored Chaos Fearless had smashed through the eastern alloy wall and invaded!

Chapter 918: The Thing in the Crypt

Three corrupted Dreadnought Mechs completed the directional blasting, leading an entire troop of Chaos Starfield Warriors adorned in black and gold, as they stormed inside the church.

Their arrival was quite sudden; before they blasted through the walls, no one had detected their advance. Consequently, only two nearby squads of guards hurriedly arrived, barely forming any resistance. The corrupted slime-coated Power Claws tore open the soldiers' chests, and the guards were quickly slaughtered.

Then, before anyone could react, they swiftly charged into a sealed entrance, blasted it open, and proceeded to head underground.

By this time, Talasa arrived with his men, encountering the remaining Chaos Starfield Warriors still guarding their position.

On one hand, he commanded his troops to engage in combat with these Chaos Starfield Warriors. On the other hand, he wondered about the enemy's strange actions.

What were they attacking here for?

At first, when these Chaos Traitors invaded the church, he was exceptionally tense. He didn't know how many Chaos Traitors there were, nor what follow-up maneuvers they might have had. If the church were lost, the central rear would fall, and the already precarious human defense line would become unstable.

But that is beside the point; their core mission was to defend the church. If the church were lost, even if other defense lines remained, what would it matter?

It would still be a failure!

Yet, why were these Chaos Starfield Warriors running straight underground?

Having guarded the church for quite some time, Talasa certainly understood its structure well. He knew that the underground passage led to the catacombs.

A catacomb beneath the church was reasonable. However, in this Nest Capital World, many lower-class poor lived in coffin-sized spaces and had no chance of being buried in such places. Those who were specifically buried in the catacombs under the church, even if not nobles, were at least middle-class or above.

They had previously conducted meticulous inspections of the catacombs beneath the church.

On one hand, this was for defense requirements, ensuring there were no oversights. If there were any passages in the catacombs leading to the outside world, they could become a loophole in the defense. After inspections, they found there indeed was one, and they had it thoroughly sealed in advance.

The other reason came from the command orders from the headquarters, demanding that while holding the church, they should be aware that the Chaos enemy seemed to be searching for some ’object.’ From their orbital descent directly towards the church, it’s highly likely this ’object’ was inside the church.

For that reason, they had to search thoroughly.

However, the term ’object’ was too broad. They searched the entire church and found nothing that would warrant the Calamity Fleet’s effort to come to a world to seek.

Of course, that in itself was quite normal.

If the ’object’ were so conspicuous, the Alliance wouldn’t still be clueless after so many encounters with the Calamity Fleet.

However, based on the current intelligence, it could be largely speculated that the ’object’ was indeed in the church.

This was why defending the church was of paramount importance.

And coupling it with the Chaos Traitors’ action of directly rushing to the catacombs, perhaps it could be deduced that the ’object’ was indeed there. It was only out of their reach to detect it before.

With this thought, Talasa made a decision.

He could not let the enemy succeed.

He gathered all the available Interstellar Warriors, twenty-eight Rong Lizards, and under his personal command, with the cover of a company of ordinary soldiers, launched a desperate assault against the enemy.

The ordinary soldiers operated Heavy Bomb Guns, small Plasma Cannons, and direct-fire rocket launchers, launching a fierce onslaught on the enemy's defensive positions.

The goal was not to cause significant harm, but at least to temporarily suppress the blocking Chaos Starfield Warriors with firepower.

This was to cover the advance of the warriors led by Talasa.

They succeeded.

Talasa's roar exploded along with the scent of incense!

He was once a veteran Priest of the Rong Lizard Battle Group. After a severe injury, he had the option to enter the Fearless Iron Coffin or undergo Original Casting modification for a chance of survival, and he chose the latter.

He fortunately survived the ordeal of Original Casting modification, and upon returning to the battle group, he no longer continued as a battle group Priest but became a Commander instead, instructing many newly recruited Original Casting soldiers.

However, even though he no longer performed priestly duties, his combat style was inevitably influenced by his long tenure as a Priest.

The scattering incense was one such aspect.

Moreover, the incense, imbued with faith from daily prayers, indeed had a weakening effect on the traitors and provided a mental boost to the allied warriors.

Talasa could even see the small fleshy growths at the seams of the armor of the first Chaos Traitor he encountered shrink slightly due to the incense.

Clearly in pain, its movement paused for a moment.

Seizing the opportunity, Talasa swung his Power Staff engraved with redemption prayers, smashing the traitor into a load-bearing pillar. The Judgment Fire at the staff's tip ignited and consumed the fleshy growths sprouting from the Terminator armor's seams, ending it with a single blow.

Chapter 918-2

Talasa's combat power is still very fierce, especially after the Original Casting modification.

His proactive attack successfully attracted the attention of several Chaos Starfield Warriors. They pointed their explosive pistols at Talasa, while others raised their chain-saw swords and charged at him.

Talasa remained unfazed, exchanging shots on the spot and using his staff to fight off enemies who came close.

The Iron Rider Terminator Armor he wore absorbed a lot of damage, leaving him only slightly injured.

Meanwhile, his battle brothers also joined the battlefield, seizing the opportunity his charge provided.

There were a total of nine Chaos warriors responsible for intercepting them here. They were quite powerful, all veterans who survived in harsh environments until now. However, when faced with the Rong Lizard Warriors, who were three times their number and all Original Casting, they still had no way to turn the tide and were ultimately completely annihilated in close combat.

The Rong Lizard paid the price with five warriors' casualties.

Of them, two met their fate at the last moment.

When the last Chaos Starfield Warrior realized he couldn't stop them at all, he frantically opened a metal box, causing an unnatural reflection. Three Evil Magic Landmines tracking thermal signals were launched, exploding at close range.

Blowing himself up in the process, he also took the lives of two Rong Lizard warriors.

After losing five warriors, Talasa was left with only twenty-three people, but he did not hesitate.

He resolutely commanded the troops to continue downward.

However, ’resolute’ and ’cautious’ are not mutually exclusive.

The underground crypt is an unfamiliar environment. Although they had previously explored it, once all other entrances to the crypt were sealed, they soon ceased to pay attention to it. There was no deployment, at most some wounded soldiers or supplies were temporarily stored in the crypt.

Now, the enemy occupies the place.

The original wounded soldiers and medics in the underground crypt, their fate goes without saying. With the entire crypt area occupied, they will definitely deploy defenses comprehensively.

The entire underground crypt area is not small in scale, and its most notable feature is that the passages inside are relatively narrow. There are many forks, paths, and corners. In this environment, as the offensive side, going down recklessly can easily lead to ambush and heavy losses.

Talasa’s troops are particularly scarce, with only twenty-three Interstellar Warriors plus an infantry platoon. With this configuration, Talasa cannot afford any failure.

At some corner, encountering an invisible mine, losing a few soldiers, is already something Talasa cannot tolerate. Not to mention, after being ambushed by heavy troops, the entire force can be wiped out and defeated.

In this situation, he must be sufficiently cautious.

Luckily, he has some means at his disposal.

A squad tech sergeant received his directive, stepped forward, and launched several very special drones.

Meanwhile, Talasa fumbled with the data crystal from his belt and plugged it into the tactical terminal. Then, as the drones launched earlier began their operation, the holographic projections deep in the crypt suddenly lit up.

The places swept by the drones, at least initially, appeared to have no major issues.

These drones are a new representation of Alliance technology. If one were to say which battle groups excel at 'forging' works, then the Giant Dragon-blooded warriors are one of the special groups in this regard. As part of the Giant Dragon bloodline, the Rong Lizard Battle Group also has a similar tradition.

The 'Holographic Battlefield Construction Technology' represented by this drone is exactly a project they participated in the research of.

In the current environment, this technology begins to play a particularly effective role.

The drones, on their way, never encountered particularly large issues, making the holographic scene construction of the crypt on Talasa's tactical panel clearer and clearer.

Talasa was a bit amazed.

He initially hadn't planned to rely on this drone to construct such a detailed and rich tactical map.

He thought the drone would likely be attacked midway, ending its operation prematurely. Talasa was already prepared for this, having the drone do whatever it could, at least allowing them to know where they could safely proceed.

However, the drone provided a lot of information.

He judged that this might be because the invading Chaos Starfield Warriors themselves had limited troops on hand. After splitting forces to defend the underground entrance, the remaining troops were also insufficient to systematically defend the crypt.

If this is the case, that would be great news!

Of course, Talasa cannot afford to be overly optimistic.

The drones are still probing ahead, but that does not impede Talasa from commanding his troops to formally enter the underground crypt space.

Along the way, although they traversed areas swept by the drones, to avoid any hidden traps due to special Dark Magic that might not have been scanned, they proceeded cautiously, continually checking every corner and path along the way.

They went a considerable distance without encountering any trouble.

This proved that the areas scanned by the drones were still relatively reliable.

However, at this moment, Talasa suddenly heard the tech sergeant’s exclamation from the other side.

He promptly halted the entire troop and inquired, "What’s wrong?"

"Look, Captain!"

The tech sergeant handed over the tactical panel.

On the holographic projection, ancient equipment never mentioned by the staff department appeared—numerous bronze pillars entwined with quantum circuitry surrounding coffin-like containers, from which dark red energy seeped through the cracks.

"What... what is this?!" Talasa asked with a tightly furrowed brow.

"I... don’t know."

Talasa did not receive an answer, but in fact, he did not expect a definitive answer.

No one knows what that thing is, but based on previously obtained intelligence and clues, that so-called ’thing’ is probably this.

Thinking of this, the holographic display suddenly went black, followed by red exclamation mark warning signs.

Evidently their drones were finally discovered and shot down.

He gritted his teeth and said, "Pick up the pace, we have to hurry!"

The entire force started accelerating, and the checks on their surroundings became less thorough than initially.

And this led to them facing a penalty—a sudden attack from the side near the target.

The enemy was not strong, not even a single Chaos Starfield Warrior, only some Chaos Cultists. Yet, as they charged with a frantic mindset, sacrificed themselves fearlessly, and detonated bombs, it still caused significant damage to Talasa’s troops.

One Rong Lizard warrior and an infantry squad fell.

Nevertheless, with no time for distraction, Talasa could only continue commanding his troops forward.

Based on the information they’ve just seen, the time left for them is probably running out.

Near the container resembling a bronze coffin...

...

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Near the container resembling a bronze coffin...

Chapter 919: Take More Traitors to Hell

As the sound of gunfire echoed through the grave, Talasa could already see the coffin with the naked eye.

Seeing it in person was even more unsettling than seeing it through the holographic display.

Everyone present felt a deep, instinctual hatred driving them toward the coffin.

Before Talma could command his troops to attack, a communication signal came through.

It was from Commander-in-Chief Martins.

"I've received your latest report. You must keep an eye on 'that thing' and not let the traitors obtain it!"

"At your command!"

Talasa answered very decisively.

Was he really confident?

No, he wasn't.

He could already see the enemy's formation.

The number of Chaos Traitors was just as he had previously predicted; their forces were actually quite stretched thin. Although the human forces' defense line was under immense pressure, its collapse was just a matter of time. But under the resilient will of the Alliance soldiers, that battalion managed to hold off the fierce attack of Chaos Rebel Army and Chaos Starfield Warriors, with the help of less than thirty Interstellar Warriors, despite being at a total disadvantage.

Even though their end was destined to collapse, at least they hadn't crumbled yet. They wouldn't let too many enemies in. Those Chaos Traitors specialized in special operations, and what they deployed was merely a special unit.

However, this special unit was still strong. The number of Chaos Starfield Warriors in traitor-powered armor Talasa could see alone exceeded thirty. Among them, the most terrifying were the three Chaos Fearless. They were the ones who breached the chapel walls, and they were also the greatest obstacles in battle now. To eliminate these three Fearless would require an unknown amount of sacrifice.

Fortunately, the dozens of Chaos Wizards that were quite formidable among the enemies seemed unable to free their hands. They surrounded the coffin, engaging in some unknown but clearly ominous actions.

As for the few armed Chaos Cultists, Talasa ignored those.

Simply dealing with the thirty Chaos Starfield Warriors and three corrupted Fearless was not something they could easily handle.

Objectively speaking, the victory rate for both sides was about eighty-twenty, with theirs only having twenty and no more.

Yet he answered the commander-in-chief very decisively, not because he had the odds, but because he was ready to put life and death aside.

He was determined to send himself, his brothers in arms around him, into the jaws of death if that's what it took to accomplish the mission.

And even if that couldn't achieve the mission, at least it represented he and his brothers had done their utmost, with a clear conscience.

With such a mindset, he ordered the attack.

Yet, understanding aside, he was not foolish and wouldn't recklessly send all his brothers to their deaths and call it glory.

He still remembered his task was merely to prevent the enemy from obtaining the target item, not to annihilate them completely.

He decided to try pulling on the edges first.

The remaining half of the infantry platoon set up their weapons.

Though they were just ordinary soldiers, Talasa had to make the best of every resource at hand.

After their preparation was complete, the Interstellar Warriors moved.

They appeared from corners, from behind cover, beginning to fire with Blast Bomb Guns and Plasma Guns into the interior. Their targeted strikes focused entirely on those Chaos Wizards.

Talasa could see those Chaos Wizards' actions were key to them obtaining 'that thing' inside the coffin. Attacking them might not cause direct harm, but at least it could disrupt their efficiency.

And indeed it was so.

Though the emergence of Spiritual Energy Shield blocked many of their strikes, a plasma beam penetrated the shield, killing one Chaos Wizard. The dark red chain connecting him to the coffin abruptly broke, and the coffin suddenly cracked open, reaching out a translucent hand with fingers wrapped around purple-blue data streams.

The Chaos Wizards became visibly anxious, increasing the intensity of their chanting. Talasa could even see veins bulging on their foreheads.

Effective!

Talasa was about to order an increase in intensity, but the enemy wouldn't let them attack just like that.

The firepower of the chaos great enemy also covered them.

Some Rong Lizard warriors were injured, others were suppressed unable to make any move.

The amount of pressure they could bring to the Chaos Wizards was only from that initial round of salvo.

But the chaos enemy was not willing to continue risking giving them opportunities.

The three Fearless moved, accompanied by about a dozen Chaos Starfield Warriors, pressing towards Saralta and the others' location. The remaining twenty Chaos Starfield Warriors continued holding their fire suppression.

This assault was very successful.

The Chaos Rebel Army indeed suppressed the Rong Lizard warriors, and those three Fearless Mechs were extremely resilient. The occasional blast bomb or plasma beam launched by Talasa and others couldn't pose an effective threat nor effectively hit the accompanying attacking Chaos Starfield Warriors. Even a single-launched missile cannon caused a tremendous impact in the narrow space, but once the smoke and dust dissipated, they saw the three Fearless Mechs brushed aside the half-collapsed passage from being blasted, continuing their strides only with some slight dust on them.

Chapter 919: Take a Few More Traitors to Hell

A series of ultra-heavy bomb blasts fired from the Dreadnought Mech's hands—almost like cannon shots—shattered the corner's cover, turning a Rong Lizard warrior who couldn't escape in time into fragments.

Talasa sighed.

Although this scene was anticipated, when those three corrupted Dreadnoughts charged with an unstoppable force, it was still tricky for them.

The hope for a scene where a single anti-armor missile shatters a Dreadnought did not appear, so Talasa could only continue following the original plan.

The three Dreadnoughts, accompanied by Chaos Starfield Warriors, were already nearby.

As they emerged around the corner, the ambushed mortal soldiers on both sides fiercely opened fire!

The Mortal Troops also possessed weapons capable of harming Interstellar Warriors and even Dreadnought Mechs. The set-up heavy bomb guns, plasma cannons, and even the thermite bombs held by soldiers were all deadly weapons.

These items, regardless of who wields them, if launched successfully and hits the target, the destructive effect is the same.

But the premise is [can hit].

This is indeed a huge problem.

These weapons, in the hands of Interstellar Warriors, can be carried around; but in the hands of mortal soldiers, they are extremely difficult to operate, and for mortal soldiers, the firepower of bomb guns or plasma pistols is excessive. Typically, their opponents are usually of the same strength, so using such weapons is unnecessary. Forcibly using them may cause more harm to themselves than the enemy.

And to use them safely and effectively, it is best to set up these powerful weapons in fixed positions for fixed-angle shooting.

In this way, even Interstellar Warriors will find it difficult to charge through the zone of direct fire blockade.

Well... it’s just difficult.

When mortal soldiers face elite opponents like Interstellar Warriors, the issue of "difficulty hitting" manifests in another way.

The neural reaction speed, aiming, mindset... all sorts of qualities are far inferior to the ’superhuman’ Interstellar Warriors.

The soldier pulling the trigger appears in slow motion from the Interstellar Warrior’s perspective. They fully have the ability to dodge within that time, rendering the shot unsuccessful.

And the counterattack by Interstellar Warriors toward mortal soldiers is often one shot, one kill.

The disparity between the two sides is indeed significant, reflected on the battlefield, where Mortal Troops usually have no means to retaliate when facing Interstellar Warriors, even with reliable weapons.

However, the current environment is different.

Those Dreadnoughts and Interstellar Warriors did notice the ambushed mortals and anticipated their firing intentions.

However, dodging was not so easy.

The Chaos Starfield Warriors could still manage, but the Dreadnought Mechs truly had no way to dodge in such narrow confines.

Of course, Dreadnought Mechs have their characteristics.

Such bulky figures, expecting them to dodge flexibly is unrealistic; but their lack of maneuverability is compensated by their sufficiently thick armor.

When the three Heavy Bomb Machine Guns wildly swept and the two plasma cannons fired, one Dreadnought Mech stood in front of the other Chaos units.

But this is exactly what the human soldiers intended. They ignored other targets and kept firing at it.

The counterattack from the Dreadnought Mech soon followed.

The heavy weapons held by the human soldiers survived barely eight seconds before they were all wiped out.

But can eight seconds of concentrated close-range firing destroy a Dreadnought Mech?

The fact proves it can’t.

Although its body was riddled with holes, it still stood up trembling.

But what if combined with the Rong Lizard warriors' raid?

Talasa, who had just hidden his troops, now charged out again.

The chance the mortal soldiers sacrificed their lives to create must not be wasted.

The roaring Giant Dragon offspring fiercely opened fire. Talasa charged fastest, alongside four fellow combat brothers, wielding melee weapons at point-blank range. The combat brothers temporarily held off the enemies, while Talasa himself raised the Gravity Scepter high, its tip bursting with thundering roars, smashing fiercely onto the Dreadnought Mech's support legs.

Even the powerful Dreadnought Mech was forced to kneel under this blow.

He then smashed three more times, thoroughly silencing the fallen Dreadnought Mech.

By this time, only two combat brothers remained by his side.

With the cover of distant-shooting brothers, they quickly retreated.

Once again, it was Talasa himself at the rear, smashing the heads of two Chaos Starfield Warriors. Ultimately, under the explosive assault from the other two Dreadnought Mechs, he still displayed unbelievable agility, dodging deadly cannon shots one by one, and swiftly retreating behind the cover.

Yelling profanities, the Chaos Traitors launched a pursuit, a cat-and-mouse chase unfolded between them in the narrow, junction-filled underground tomb.

Though cursing vehemently, the actions of those Chaos Traitors turned somewhat cautious.

Losing a Dreadnought Mech made them vigilant. They didn't want to be ambushed by heavy fire from human soldiers again at another corner.

Talasa's displayed combat strength also forced them to take it seriously.

And the enemy's caution played right into Talasa's hands.

Slowing, dragging, even reversing to attack when the opponent seemed to withdraw, stalling enemies became his priority.

Finally, what he wanted to see happened.

He heard gunfire and violent explosions erupt near the direction of the sarcophagus.

This was exactly what he had planned.

Attack, disrupt the Chaos Wizards, lure the enemy into pursuit, at the cost of eliminating a Dreadnought Mech, then use the environment to pull against the enemy. The core target was for another group consisting of seven Original Casting veterans, armed with high-explosive weapons, to traverse through the complex passages of underground tombs from another direction to the sarcophagus location, launching an assault when the enemy's main forces were diverted.

Meanwhile, he was incredibly anxious.

This was his last resort, could it succeed?

The enemy still had reserve troops, could his brothers complete the mission?

He heard more intense explosions, which was good news, as it meant greater interference with the Chaos Traitors.

The primary Chaos Traitors pursuing them wanted to return, but were entangled by Talasa's team.

However, the situation suddenly took a downturn.

Talasa's tactical visor disclosed that the life indicators of the seven specially marked combat brothers tasked with heavy duty quickly vanished one by one.

They all perished.

And evidently, although the Chaos Wizards faced some interference, they were not entirely prevented.

In his disappointment, he realized he was in big trouble too.

To prevent the enemy from returning to support, they were too close to the enemy.

Now, trying to create distance again wasn't so easy.

Those Chaos Traitors, not eager to retreat, turned and nearly surrounded the Rong Lizard warriors, numbering just over ten, with intentions of completely wiping them out here.

He sighed and called out to the remaining combat brothers:

"If this is our final fate, then let's drag a few traitors to hell with us!"

Chapter 920: Yulin Guard

Talasa had already accepted that he and his battle brothers were doomed, only wanting to take some enemies down with him before dying.

However, the situation would not remain so dire forever.

The resilient will always receive their deserved rewards.

In Talasa's communication signal, the battle brother on standby above the church sent a surprising message: "Our reinforcements have arrived! It's the Commander!"

He was suddenly invigorated!

He shared this good news with every battle brother. They fought back-to-back, leveraging their formation and the environment, resisting with all their might.

Martins' achievements were well-known among the Alliance's Interstellar Warrior community. Whether it was the battle to extinguish the Ironclad rebellion back then, his outstanding performance in the Dark Side Expedition, or the earth-shattering duel with the Bone Shattering King, they were victories that shocked and impressed, even inspiring admiration.

He believed that after Martins arrived personally, the tide of battle would significantly turn!

Now, his goal, on the contrary, was to save as many brothers' lives as possible.

Amidst Talasa's anxious wait, his brothers beside him fell one by one. Even he himself was seriously injured due to shielding battle brothers several times.

The most serious and also the last strike came when he resisted a heavy blow from a Dreadnought Mech.

Sure, Talasa, clad in Iron Cavalry Terminator Armor, was very tall; the Gravity Scepter in his hand was a power weapon; he himself was also a top-tier power warrior...

But compared to the Dreadnought Mech, in terms of size, structure, strength... the Terminator Armor was, after all, still just armor, fundamentally different from the Dreadnought.

With his body, to withstand a heavy smash from the Dreadnought, the outcome was predictable.

His arm was broken.

He was going to die. As long as that Dreadnought, or any other Chaos enemy, struck him, he would die.

After he died, the battle brother he had desperately tried to protect from that heavy hit would likely not survive either.

But he was still willing to pay such a price; even if he died, he would feel at peace.

He led his brothers into the underground tomb, battling until now. He could be ruthless, sending any battle brother to their death for a goal. But in this situation, he absolutely would not be the last one to survive by clinging to life.

If the 8th Company of the Rong Lizard Battle Group was destined to perish here, then he would absolutely not want to be the last to die; if The Emperor blesses them, and one of them could live, he would not want it to be him.

But today, perhaps there really was a divine blessing.

None of them would die.

Just as Talasa's life was about to end, he saw a brilliant blue light blade slicing horizontally through the Dreadnought Mech in front of him.

Behind the fallen Dreadnought, emerged a heroic warrior.

Clad in Power Armor, which appeared somewhat similar to imposing-type Power Armor but had many differences in detail; his stature was even taller than the Original Casting warriors; draped with a wholly blue cape behind his platinum-hued Power Armor. The cape, shoulder armor, and chest armor bore the Alliance emblem—the hammer, sickle, and sword beneath a shield-like emblem, with the Imperial wings unfurled at the shield's edge. On the upper part of the eagle-faced helm, unlike the common vertical or

horizontal crests seen in Interstellar Warriors, were two long blue plumes, towering high and trailing behind, making him look exceptionally valiant.

And such warriors, Talasa swept his gaze over and saw over a dozen of them!

They seemed to belong to a certain battle group, but Talasa could feel that they were distinctly different from Interstellar Warriors.

Even seasoned Original Casting warriors couldn't match this group's combat prowess. Though outnumbered by the enemy by a slight margin, they swept through opponents with relative ease.

Especially the scene unfolding right before his eyes.

The electrically charged blade came down in one mighty sweep, bisecting a Dreadnought Mech!

What immense force must one possess to achieve this?

Could the power-focused Battle Group Champion do it?

That seems doubtful!

What... 'monsters' are these?

He had never seen this battle group and felt they were vastly different from Interstellar Warriors. Yet, seeing the Alliance insignia they bore and the way they swiftly butchered enemies, it was undeniable they were allies.

The warrior who slew the Dreadnought extended a hand to him.

Talasa extended his intact arm, using the other's strength to stand up.

The warrior who helped him stand didn’t engage in combat, as if fully confident that his comrades could resolve the fight unquestioningly.

He asked Talasa, "Can you move?"

Talasa gritted his teeth, "Yes!"

"Lead the way."

...

Martins himself was on a Dragon Elephant War Machine at that moment.

Through the shared visuals from the Yulin Army, he saw the situation within the underground tomb was under control.

The Yulin warriors, led by the surviving members of the Rong Lizard, had entered the chamber where the sarcophagus lay.

The surviving Chaos traitors were evidently aware of the threat posed by this new group of arrivals.

Spiritual Energy traps that had been prepared were triggered the moment they stepped into the chamber.

This information wasn’t included in the reports from the Rong Lizard warriors earlier.

Though understandable, as they had never even set foot into the sarcophagus chamber, the closest they got was firing shots from a distance, not knowing the traps of psychic energy hidden within.

But what's even more astonishing was that these vicious psychic traps were wholly ignored by the Yulin warriors!

As torrents of spiritual energy echoed repeatedly, they walked in leisurely, swords drawn, slaying both the Chaos Starfield Warriors and Chaos Wizards as if they were mere chickens.

Not a single Chaos opponent could withstand them for even a single clash.

Even the small leader of the Chaos Combat Group, who seemed to have strength surpassing an average contingent champion, met defeat in a single move at the hands of the Yulin squad leader—beheaded in the second move.

Nonetheless, Martins was not surprised by the Yulin's combat effectiveness. This was entirely within his expectations, fully aware of the strength of these special warriors; today, he merely witnessed it firsthand.

But there was one newfound realization: the Yulin warriors were seemingly immune to psychic powers!

To say they are completely immune might be an exaggeration. If a real Alpha-level psychic appeared, they would still be at their mercy.

However, in conventional terms, they were unaffected by spiritual energy, or should we say, unaffected by Subspace Power.

Their specially-made Power Armor—clearly not your typical Interstellar Warrior Power Armor—bestowed them with extraordinary spiritual resistance.

But the greater resistance probably comes from the warriors themselves.

These various traits naturally brought to Martins' mind a term: Forbidden...

No, he mustn't dwell on it further.

Suppressing his instinctive, almost palpable speculation, he turned his focus back to the current battlefield.

The number of troops he brought was not vast.

Despite the sky filled with swarming aircraft, it surely couldn't exceed the numbers deployed directly by large landing ships onto the ground.

But it didn't matter, what lack of numbers they had, was compensated by quality.

They were, after all, the elite.

Moreover, he himself was overseeing it all personally.