Governor 921

Chapter 921: Breaker Corps

Martins couldn't bring sufficient troops due to objective reasons.

The Calamity Fleet is vast in scale, and currently, a large number of human warships are still on their way to support, which will take at least several days to arrive gradually. Before that, the Human Fleet is not strong enough to compete with the Calamity Fleet for the remaining orbital regions of the planets.

The location of the church is naturally underneath the orbital space controlled by the Calamity Fleet, belonging to the other side of the Human Fleet.

It's entirely normal.

If their target is the coffin in the crypt below the church, then when occupying Papalier's orbital space, they would naturally choose to control a specific area of space. However, humans did not know their target beforehand and didn't compete for it, and at this moment, there's even less chance to compete for it.

When the Chaos Army supplements ground forces, it's very convenient; they just need to directly air-drop.

However, this time for Martins, it's laborious.

He cannot directly lead his troops to air-drop into the combat zone; he can only land on the other side of the planet. Then, they must board warplanes and transport planes to fly across nearly half the planet to come to this side.

The time spent in between is quite long.

Also, large landing transport ships are not practical. These things have mediocre penetration capabilities, not to mention long-distance flight within the planet's atmosphere, making them very

vulnerable to the anti-aircraft fire of the Chaos Rebels occupying more than 85% of the planet's surface area. Meanwhile, the large target size also poses a direct threat from Chaos Battleships in orbital space.

Losing one ship would mean at least losing one division, which is too great a loss.

At most, they can only use some large transport planes.

They can barely fit a light infantry battalion.

More often, it's conventional Wind Falcon, Qilin, and Dragon Elephant war machines.

To ensure basic combat capability, these war machines can load between six, twenty, or sixty personnel. The Dragon Elephant war machine can fit a tank inside, but generally, after putting the tank crew in, there isn't room for more.

This still requires removing some weapons equipment, reducing ammo loading, and not carrying missiles, which severely impacts the combat capability of the war machines.

Under such conditions, the number of warriors who can support the battlefield with Martins is bound to not be many.

Yet to strive for an impact on the battlefield, they must be elite.

Besides an airborne brigade, there are also a thousand Interstellar Warriors accompanying them!

Five companies of Phoenix, and five companies from various other regiments—including two companies of Rong Lizard and twenty members of his bodyguard Yulin troops.

A thousand Interstellar Warriors are the core combat force.

Moreover, the airborne brigade is no pushover. Almost all members are army elites, well equipped and well trained.

Additionally, to combat Chaos enemies, they have been equipped with a special Psychic Troops—Breaker Corps.

This corps is founded under the Psychic Cultivator's Association.

Speaking of the Psychic Cultivator's Association, after Gu Hang took on the role of the Great Mage of the Association, the vigorous reforms began. Nowadays, especially within the Alliance territory, the Psychic Cultivator's Association is not like it used to be—a marginal institution. Besides the main body of the Association handling Psychic registration and management, Psychic Academies established across regions are mostly under the management of the Association.

Meanwhile, the Association has also taken control of the dispatch of Psychic Experts to various areas of society. Whether Psychic abilities are used for military or civilian purposes, they are recorded and managed.

This significantly alleviated the Association's previous situation of insignificance and lack of actual power. Although the Association can never have the authority to manage all Psychic affairs like its original regulations suggested, after discarding those impractical ideas, the actual jurisdiction left proved to be more important.

Registration, management, research of Spiritual Energy.

In civilian aspects, such as assisting authorities in contacting experts for Psychic-related criminal investigations or enhancing certain industrial processes with Spiritual Energy, all fall within its scope.

In military aspects, they directly participate in constructing two Psychic units.

The Storm Mage Corps is self-explanatory; it didn't need the Association to establish it and had been founded in Gu Hang's hands long ago. In fact, it is now more accurate to say the Storm Mage Corps has become part of the Association. The Association's various levels now employ many positions held by the Great Mages of the Storm Mage Corps; many qualifying former members have been absorbed into the

Storm Mage Corps, or are teaching at Psychic Academies, or are employed in civilian affairs and registered under the Association...

As for the other unit, it is the 'Breaker Corps' accompanying Martins.

As the name implies, it is a military unit specialized in countering Psychics and Subspace.

Although it has been established for many years, its build-up remains challenging, always a kind of experimental unit. Anti-Psychic and anti-Subspace units need to find a special type of talent.

Calling Psychics essentially 'gifted' individuals, able to more sensitively interact with Subspace, channel Subspace energy to the real universe, harness it, and form Spiritual Energy.

Conversely, some are completely impervious to Subspace. These 'non-leakers' are completely insulated from Subspace. Not only are they unaffected by Spiritual Energy, but they can expand this insulate outwardly, suppressing the Subspace linkage across a whole area.

What does this mean?

Within their influence, Psychics cannot cast spells, and even Subspace Demons can be directly expelled from the real universe!

Such units are extremely powerful.

Unfortunately, their numbers are even less than top-tier gifted Psychics.

To date, the Alliance has only approximately less than a thousand 'non-leakers' identified.

If necessary, alternatives must be found.

If not reaching ’non-leaker’ level, at least individuals with significant Psychic insensitivity or ’sluggishness,’ which are barely usable.

These individuals, after professional military training and anti-Psychic technology training, together form the Breaker Corps.

Now, the Breaker Corps brought by Martins, composed of ten non-leakers and six hundred sluggards, is his other trump card.

Chapter 922: Primarchs Are Human Too

The human forces began a large-scale airborne operation.

Martins took the lead.

Tall, his heavy feet thunderously hit the ground, as if causing a minor earthquake.

And following him, his ’Great Nirvana Guard’, part of his Glory Guard, descended one after another.

These elites of the Phoenix swiftly moved forward to protect their Battle Group Leader.

They appeared extremely fervent.

In the past, of course, the Great Nirvana Guard diligently protected their Battle Group Leader; it was their duty.

However, the situation was different now.

Previously, it was a reverence for the most honorable battle brother, a protection for a brother, a defense for a leader.

But ever since Martins was recruited by Mr. Gu and returned, things changed.

Martins exuded a kind of kinship that they felt deep in their veins. This feeling was perceivable even across several Star Domains.

In fact, before Martins returned, at a certain moment, all the Phoenix and Yellow Springs Seagull warriors felt this sensation.

They were somewhat panicked at one point.

Though this feeling wasn't unpleasant, it was too unique, something they had never felt before, leading them to suspect something significant had happened.

Indeed, something significant had occurred—their Battle Group Leader had elevated to 'father'.

However, this wasn't something easy to convey, and exact intelligence couldn't be explained to every member of the battle group. Gu Hang merely issued a directive to explain this to the two battle groups, reassuring them.

Afterwards, when Martins returned, at least the warriors of the Phoenix Battle Group understood the source of their unusual feeling.

When Martins heard of his battle brothers' claims of sensing the kinship in him, he didn't explain much, saying only he participated in an experimental modification akin to Original Casting with Mr. Gu to enhance the power of Genetic Seeds.

He knew this wasn't the case but acknowledged the explanation.

And his battle group comrades did not oppose it much.

Natural genetic closeness and obedience, though can be overcome, but why overcome it?

Martins was already their Battle Group Leader, a legendary warrior of the Alliance, an important member of the founder team of the Alliance. In the battle group's history, he led the surviving seven Phoenix members to pull the group from the brink of destruction to now seemingly have the status of 'the Alliance's top battle group'...

Of the original seven Phoenix members, only three remain today. Apart from Battle Group Leader Martins, Chief Priest Rizzo, and Company Commander Calduso, the present Phoenix Warriors all joined the battle group after the Alliance's formation. Among them are many veterans with over a hundred years of combat experience, trained as the initial batch of Interstellar Warriors by the Alliance. Undoubtedly, they are all Martins' juniors, raised under his leadership.

Obeying Martins as the Battle Group Leader is their natural duty.

Now with an added layer of inexplicable genetic kinship, basically no one resists.

Unless, one day Martins were to rebel.

Then perhaps the Phoenix warriors might struggle between the Alliance and their Battle Group Leader.

But for now, no one has considered this issue.

How could Martins possibly rebel?

...

Martins indeed would not rebel.

This battle was his first since his rebirth.

As he led the Great Nirvana Guard, they encountered a significant impact immediately upon landing.

The Alliance forces' airborne operation was undoubtedly discovered. Chaos Army reacted very swiftly, mobilizing heavy forces to besiege the human forces' landing site.

Clearly, they planned to cause as much damage as possible when they just landed, before they could gain a stable foothold, even aiming to wipe them out right here in one fell swoop.

The forces of Chaos knew their raid on the chapel's undercroft had failed.

From their perspective, this defeat was negligible, just an attempt, failing to steal was indifferent. On the frontline, their troops remain far superior to the human side, capturing that chapel was only a matter of time. The raid merely delayed this timeframe slightly, not crucial.

In comparison, eliminating the human forces' airborne reinforcements was a more serious matter.

While the circling human warplanes engaged in aerial combat with Chaos's aircraft and Abyss Fire Dragons, they also tried to spare some effort to intercept the ground forces besieging them. But simple airstrikes, at most inflicting some damage, could not form a completely effective blockade.

Still, a large number of Chaos forces arrived.

Among them, Chaos Starfield Warriors were numerous as well.

Currently, at least a hundred-strong Chaos Combat Group targeted the just-landed Martins and others.

Their numbers were five times greater than Martins and his Glory Guard!

After all, even Martins could only parachute from a single Dragon Elephant War Machine. Fitting twenty Great Nirvana Guards inside the Dragon Elephant War Machine was already decent, realistically not allowing for more troops.

Though these Great Nirvana Guards appeared excellently equipped, half terminators, half Fine Work Power Armor, mightily valiant, but then what? The Chaos warriors did not believe they could withstand five times their number.

Chapter 922: Primarchs Are Human Too (Part 2)

Moreover, besides the Interstellar Warriors, they are also accompanied by a significant number of Chaos Wizards and Chaos Cultist soldiers in combat.

This small group of pseudo-Emperor lackeys that initially landed is merely an appetizer. Once they have taken down these twenty individuals, they will continue to maintain their existing size, continue searching for other prey in this landing zone, and eliminate them.

In their view, these pseudo-Emperor lackeys parachuting at such a close distance recklessly is simply courting death.

In that case, they are in no way reluctant to graciously accept these heads and convert them into the favor of the Evil God they worship.

However, once the battle began, each of them seemed as if they'd seen a ghost.

The twenty warriors of the Phoenix Battle Group were absurdly strong.

Almost every one of them possessed strength levels above the Battle Group Champion.

In the long-range shootout, even though they were clearly fewer in number, they somehow didn't suffer much. The Great Nirvana Guard's ranged firepower could always precisely strike the core units of the Chaos Army. Conversely, the Chaos attacks were often dodged.

Even those that couldn't dodge had ten Terminators carrying micro energy shields to help their comrades block the damage.

If it's impressive during the ranged firefight, then when these Phoenix Warriors launched a rapid assault, rushed into the Chaos ranks, and engaged in close combat, the disparity widened further.

In the hundred-member team of the Chaos Combat Group, only a few could withstand a solo fight against a Great Nirvana Guard. The others required at least three to five piling on to barely fend them off — sometimes dying in the process.

And the most eye-catching of all was the one protected in the middle of those twenty Phoenix elites.

He was taller than any Interstellar Warrior. This difference in size was beyond individual variation; it seemed more like a racial difference.

Initially protected in the middle, he didn't show much. The Chaos side could detect that he was an important unit, launching numerous explosive rounds and Chaotic Sorcery aimed at his head, but these were all blocked by the Phoenix Terminators.

However, as the chaos unfolded and he wasn't guarded as tightly, many chaos warriors eager for merit zeroed in on him, deliberately found openings, and charged in.

Then... they witnessed what true terror is.

Under the Holy Sword in his hand, none of the Chaos Starfield Warriors dared to approach. They were no match.

Regardless of whether one has slain thousands or is a champion of the Chaos, they all perished in various ways with just one strike that they could hardly see.

And the climax of the battle landed on the leader of this Chaos Combat Group.

He was a legitimate Chaos Champion, having personally slain two Great Nirvana Guards in earlier battles.

But that couldn't prevent his group from collapsing.

He even suspected that if two or three Phoenix elites targeted him simultaneously, even if he didn't die, he'd be entangled, forced to watch helplessly as the remaining dozen members continued their massacre.

To turn the tide, he had to face that giant, intimidating figure head-on.

And Martins was already striding towards that Battle Group Champion.

In Martins' view, this guy's skill level is roughly at the pinnacle of the Company Champion, just a hair away from the Battle Group Champion level. If allowed to continue, he might still kill one or two more of his guards.

He won't let that happen.

Both advanced towards each other, with the Chaos Champion yelling as he lifts his blade. Under Martins' pressure, he feels his chaotic blood boiling, at his optimum state, and that his upcoming strike will be the pinnacle of his life. He even faintly feels an epiphany coming, giving him a sense of profound clarity.

So, next...

'Clang', 'Slash', 'Ugh...'

Nearly instantaneously, three sounds were emitted in succession.

The first 'clang' was Martins' sword clashing with the Chaos Champion's blade. In a flash, the Holy Sword precisely caught the weak side of the Chaos Blade, pressing it down.

The second 'slash' was the Holy Sword following the downward force, not only deflecting the Chaos Blade but also slicing deeper, cutting into the Chaos Champion's chest, his once formidable armor, reinforced by Subspace Evil Magic, sliced through like tofu.

The third ’ugh’ was the final groan from lips still twitching, as the Chaos Champion’s half chest, along with his neck and head, fell to the ground.

This was the thirteenth Chaos Starfield Warrior Martins killed on the battlefield.

He felt no turmoil in his heart, even though this guy was rather strong; for him now, it was a trivial achievement.

In reality, dedicating even ten percent of his attention to the sword in his hand would be quite sufficient. He didn’t need to allocate more focus on these enemies before him; with the casual swing of his sword and instinctive dodging, he moved unhindered, slaughtering chaos warriors one after another.

The rest of his energy was devoted to tactical command.

He continuously collected information across the battlefield, issuing command after command to every combat unit parachuted onto the field.

This marked the most significant change since his rebirth.

In the past, Martins, as a chosen champion, could lead twenty Great Nirvana Guards to wipe out five-fold enemies and swiftly kill opponents not reaching the level of a Battle Group Champion. But he could never do so with such ease and flair, nor could he ensure that every piece of battlefield information was fully analyzed within his mind, and then swiftly make the optimal decision.

For the entire troop under him, he could specifically command every company in the mortal troops; he could specifically issue directives for each squad of over a thousand Interstellar Warriors.

No one needed to question whether his command of ’five meters left for the machine gun’ was sensible. The information processed by his brain led to the optimal situation.

This ability to perceive every little detail previously unnoticeable, analyze rapidly like lightning, and issue commands was something his former self could never achieve.

The previous Martins considered himself an excellent combat commander, but not to this degree.

Not even if he were to sit at the central command entirely focused on directing.

Such feats shouldn’t be within human capability.

Not even for ’superhumans’ like Interstellar Warriors.

Unless he has entirely transcended the concept of ’human’...

No, he mustn’t dwell further.

He is human, of course, he is a person.

Even Mr. Gu sees himself as an ordinary person, and The Emperor views himself as one too, so why shouldn’t he?

...

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Chapter 923: The Dawn of the Dark Technology Era

The seventh minute after the Chaos Demon Flame exploded on the church spire, Talasa, commander of the eighth company of the Rong Lizard, had already emptied the third magazine of blast bombs. Through his tactical goggles, he saw a twisted metal tide three kilometers away engulfing the fourth armored battalion’s defensive line—the Leman Russ tanks, originally belonging to the Imperial Guard, at this moment had bloody pustules growing on their turrets, and their tracks were crushing the remains of former comrades.

"How long can the Vibranium Gate on the second line hold?" He wiped the brain matter that had seeped into his goggles while the screams of engineers mixed with the buzzing of chainsaws came through his earpiece: "The mutation virus is corroding the energy pipelines! Estimated to be nine minutes and four..."

A thunderous crash interrupted the communication. The entire foundation of the church trembled as three heavily armored Chaos Terminators broke through the east alloy wall, and the power claws encrusted with corrosive mucus tore open the chests of two gunners. As the blood splattered onto the holy icons, black blood suddenly oozed from the eye sockets of the Judge, depicted holding scales in the mural.

"Purification Protocol!" The roar of the battle group priest, Calov, exploded, accompanied by the scent of incense. He swung the power scepter studded with penitential prayers, smashing the nearest red-armored traitor into a load-bearing column. As the Judgment Fire at the scepter’s tip ignited the fleshy tendrils growing in the armor seams of the terminator, Talasa noticed an unnatural metal reflection behind the priest—that was three intelligent mines tracking his thermal signature.

"Get down!" He kicked off the shattered prayer bench and lunged forward, barely glimpsing the etched insignia of the Double-headed Eagle on the mine shells before the explosion wave tore apart the last images on his retinas.

The ground was collapsing. A whole slab of ceramic steel flooring plummeted into the underground catacombs, and the sound of breaking bones echoed amidst the fallen pile of rubble. Talasa spat out half a broken tooth, his power armor's servo system emitting a near-breaking squeal. Suddenly, he was connected to a high-priority channel, and Martins's cold, mechanical synthesized voice pierced through the clamor of the battlefield: "Is the subspace beacon at coordinates S-17 still alive?"

He fumbled to pull a data crystal from his belt and inserted it into the tactical terminal. Deep within the catacombs, a holographic projection abruptly flickered to life, revealing ancient equipment never mentioned by the command staff—seven bronze pillars entwined with quantum circuitry encircled a coffin-shaped container, with dark red energy now seeping from its crevice.

"For the Primogenitor!" A scream echoed from the other side of the catacomb, as three Chaos Sect of Mechanics priests with data interfaces broke through the wall, led by a modified figure with an open chest cavity; the spinning gears inside had transformed into spiked living organs. As the technical sergeant's mechanical tentacles entwined with the intruders, the coffin container suddenly emitted a heartbeat sound.

Talasa's genetic seeds began to burn. Some instinctual hatred deep within his genes drove him toward the coffin, and he sliced through the mutant servitor blocking his path with a chain-saw sword. As the blade touched the container, forbidden code flashed across his helmet display—clearly the identification of a relic from the Dark Age of Technology.

"Hold the container!" Martins's directive was uncharacteristically urgent, "The Yulin army is breaching the atmosphere!"

A new explosion shook the top of the church, this time marked by the distinctive purple lightning of a Yulin drop pod. However, what first pierced through the polluted clouds was the Desecration Gunship piloted by a Chaos Lord—the aircraft, a fusion of flesh and fine gold, split open in its belly, releasing a shockwave imbued with subspace energy.

The entire catacomb floor arched like a living creature. The technical sergeant, locked in battle with the heretical mechanics priests, suddenly froze, and the implanted cerebrator interface at the back of his neck sprouted nerve bundles as thick as cables. Talasa squeezed the trigger of his blast bomb gun without hesitation, only to witness something even more terrifying moments before the bullet hit his comrade's head—the translucent hand reaching out from the coffin container's crevice, with its fingers entwined in data streams rewriting the laws of reality.

"Close your eyes!" The distinct bird-call warning of the Yulin forces exploded over the channel.

Talasa's vision sensor abruptly overloaded, leaving the retinal afterimages showing a three-meter-tall dark green figure appearing out of thin air. The warrior's faceplate erupted with blue electric arcs, and the weapon in hand, resembling an ancient power spear but covered in optical nodes, swept across—the body of the Chaos Sect of Mechanics priest disintegrated into elementary particles within the energy wave.

"Phase anchoring complete." The voice of the Yulin warrior was multi-layer encrypted, "Activate the reverse engineering protocol."

More dark green figures appeared in quantum brilliance, traversing the battlefield in violation of physical laws. Talasa watched one of them stab a rhombus device into the coffin container, with the dark red energy being drawn out in reverse. When the first Nirvana Bomb slashed through the surface, he realized with a start that the church ruins above had already been cleared, and the Phoenix battle flag burning with blue flame stood upon the scorched earth.

Martins's Thunderhawk gunship crashed directly into the plaza where the Chaos Lord resided. As the Primogenitor's figure wrapped in spiritual energy lightning leaped from the cabin door, all Chaos constructs within a hundred meters spontaneously ignited. Talasa witnessed this Father of Genetics wield the Titan's Grip Warhammer, with the silver-white ripples released from the hammerhead shattering the Desecration Gunship into metallic powder mid-air.

"Deploy the purification array." Along with the declaration from Yulin forces, twelve floating gun turrets encircling the church ruins unfolded into a hexagonal force field. All the Chaos warriors trapped inside began to rapidly weather away as if an invisible hand was erasing erroneous existences.

However, the true killing blow came from the Phoenix Battle Group. Twenty elite warriors equipped with six-winged jetpacks formed a Firestorm Formation, and the Nirvana Bombs they threw did not explode but instead released a blue-purple vortex that consumed Chaos Energy. When a Chaos Dreadnought Mech, filled with power, charged into the vortex's range, its subspace engine became a fatal flaw—this war machine annihilated itself in the dimensional rift of self-destruction.

The final counterattack happened the instant the coffin container was fully purified. Yulin warriors suddenly retreated collectively, leaving the battlefield to Martins enveloped in quantum radiance. The

Primogenitor’s power hammer struck the ground, creating a web of psychic cracks that rose into countless glowing runes, forming a gigantic array covering the battlefield.

"In the name of humanity." Martins’s electronic voice and spiritual energy resonance formed a double sonic boom, "Expel!"

In the pure white flash of the array’s explosion, all surviving Chaos units evaporated like dew under the scorching sun. Talasa knelt on the ground, the burning pain in his genetic seeds finally subsiding. When his vision returned, the Yulin had vanished with the coffin container, leaving only the hexagonal scorch marks on the ground as proof of their presence.

Three hours later, the Rong Lizard Battle Group reassembled at a makeshift field hospital. The technical sergeant reconstructed the final data from the burnt cerebrator: the true target of the Chaos forces was the star map of the Dark Ages sealed within the coffin container. At this moment, medics were astonished to find that the genetic seeds of all surviving warriors bore a new pattern—the same optical node design as those on the Yulin armor.

Martins’s encrypted communication connected at this time: "What everyone witnessed today marks the beginning of an era when humanity regains the spark of Dark Technology." The Primogenitor’s eyes in the holographic projection glimmered with data streams, "And the bloodline of the Rong Lizard Battle Group has been branded with new glory."

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

Chapter 923: Completely Unstoppable

The troops led by Martins are far fewer than the main force of the Chaos Army.

In terms of sheer numbers, the original church defense force at least had an Army Skeleton Division, which is a force of over forty thousand people.

However, the personnel Martins brought this time, including the Airborne Brigade of about nine thousand, along with other units, totaled definitely no more than thirteen thousand.

As for the church's defenders, though there are still close to twenty thousand living people, injuries are everywhere, and heavy equipment is sparse, essentially wiped out and negligible.

Their enemy, Chaos Army, even if it lost some forces due to a failed landing zone encirclement battle, still has a force exceeding four hundred thousand.

But it didn't matter.

The troops personally led by Martins still pierced through them like a hot knife through butter.

The Chaos legion couldn't stop them at all.

The main difference lies in the superior elite quality of the Alliance forces.

Led by Martins, with the Phoenix as the mainstay, the Interstellar Warriors charge forward. Though there are nearly a thousand Interstellar Warriors among the Chaos Legion too, similar to the number Martins brought, their individual combat abilities are far inferior and can't stop them when faced directly.

Among them, Martins, as the top combat power, can unleash his full potential without restraint.

No one in the Chaos legion can match Martins.

Of course, some Chaos champions don't believe in evil and try to block or challenge Martins.

However, their fate is no different from that of the one who was previously cut down by Martins in a single stroke.

So far, no one has been able to withstand Martins' second strike.

Even when the opponent gathered several experts to besiege Martins simultaneously, attempting to block his advance, the result was the same.

They merely made Martins go from killing one in a single stroke to having to spend a little effort to find the second to cut down, transitioning into immediately linking to the next cut and killing the next one.

The wave of interception organized by the Chaos legion inadvertently accelerated their collapse.

When all the Chaos units that dared to intercept the human forces head-on were mercilessly shattered, even though the total size of the Chaos legion was more than four hundred thousand, likely only fifty or sixty thousand were wiped out, but realistically, the core strength was already exhausted.

The backbone of over a thousand Chaos Starfield Warriors was slaughtered by eighty percent; the Chaos Wizards in the Chaos Legion tried to gather for a counterattack but fell right into the humans' trap, targeted by the Breaker Corps.

Under the cover of hundreds of Interstellar Warriors, the 'Unmissables' led the 'Insensitive' straight ahead. The Subspace storm just started to stir but was immediately suppressed. Those Chaos Wizards who reacted lightly only felt nauseous, spat blood; those who reacted heavily, their heads burst directly, dying without a whole corpse.

Subsequently, the command center of the Chaos legion was also destroyed.

By now, they were essentially finished.

Only then did Martins lower his flags and drums, leading his troops back to the church area.

Even though the enemy still has about thirty thousand people, they are no longer a worry. The entire team is scattered, having lost offensive capabilities.

And if one were to capture and kill all the Chaos soldiers and Chaos Cultists, it would be too labor-intensive, and he did not do it.

The troops at hand are still a bit few.

He led his troops back to the vicinity of the church defense line.

...

Entering the church's underground crypt, Martins first nodded to the twenty Yulin soldiers.

Their combat ability indeed did not disappoint Martins, with no casualties in clearing out the enemies in the underground crypt.

He also met the captain from the Rong Lizard named Talasa.

For this loyal warrior, Martins was generous with his praise.

"Your glorious deeds will make the entire Rong Lizard Battle Group proud. You and your battle brothers will carry the name of Rong Lizard into the annals of Alliance military history."

Talasa was overwhelmed with emotion!

Though there was still mourning in his heart for the loss of eighty percent of his battle group brothers, at this point, he felt that all the sacrifices were worth it.

They completed their mission, held out until the reinforcements arrived, and did not allow the Chaos enemy to take their mission objectives before then.

They also won glory with their heroic actions. The battle group would take pride in them, just as the Alliance would be proud of them.

What is there to be dissatisfied with?

With gentle words, Martins asked Talasa to rest, while he and his cohort of researchers began to examine the ’object’ in front of them.

"Can this coffin be opened?"

A Dominant Bishop from the Sect of Mechanics, continuously tapping something on the data panel, said sullenly: "I wouldn’t recommend doing so... we know nothing about it, acting rashly might create danger or even destroy this thing."

His voice sounded quite ordinary, like electronic synthesized sound, yet Martins could sense a fervent feeling in it.

Understandably so.

For the Dominant Bishop, perhaps this ’thing’ is his chance to advance to Sage.

Martins said in a deep voice: "Then can it be moved?"

On the other side, a scholar from the Psychic Cultivator’s Association said: "I wouldn’t recommend doing so either. Based on the chaos traitors’ prior actions, we can roughly analyze that simply transferring the physical carrier through physical means won’t work. Otherwise, they would have carried away the coffin long ago."

At this point, Martins found it a bit tricky.

They had won the fight on the ground against the Chaos Army, which was certainly beaten down.

However, their main force is still in the sky with the Calamity Fleet, which yet remains.

This ’thing’, looking quite significant, the Calamity Fleet perhaps wouldn’t relent readily.

The area they are currently in, the orbital space above is controlled by the Calamity Fleet. They can easily replenish their forces and reconstruct the ground unit command structure.

It’s estimated that within two days, they’ll launch another attack.

Meanwhile, their fleet is also on the orbit of the other side of the planet, evidently it would be much harder to replenish forces and provide support than the opponent.

Moreover, Martins had to worry about the enemy’s orbital bombardment.

Though in the previous battle, they didn’t have any similar troubles. The enemy not bombarding the church area might be due to wanting to avoid affecting this ’thing’, rather than showing mercy.

But if it reaches a point where taking it seems implausible, who knows if they would drop their reluctance.

Thinking about this, Martins issued an order:

"Research and understand what this is, find out a way to take it away. I will try to buy as much time for you as possible, but you must expedite the process."

"Understood!"

Chapter 924: The Path to Godhood

Zachariah sat majestically on his throne, his mood far from pleasant.

As a Chaos Lord, he was the master of this Calamity Fleet.

The Chaos Army's Calamity Fleet had many branches, all established under the directive of Eternal God's Chosen, Chaos Warlord Alchaton, in the grand aftermath of the Battle of Cartier, where the Scarlet Scar tore through the universe.

The established Calamity Fleets had two major objectives.

The relatively less significant one was to travel across the universe, causing disasters and spreading Chaos corruption.

This was consistent with most Chaos Army factions, Chaos Cults, and Demon forces.

Apart from this routine task, the other core mission of the Calamity Fleet was to cooperate with an entity that had entered a certain agreement with the Chaos Warlord, to search for certain 'things' throughout the universe.

In reality, such intelligence was quite scarce. Even someone like him, a Chaos Lord and master of an entire Calamity Fleet, was unaware of many critical matters.

The so-called collaborator remained unknown to them, and the Chaos Warlord never revealed whether such a collaborator existed, let alone the nature of the 'things' they were to find.

Many Chaos Lords were dissatisfied with this, and Zachariah was among them.

He believed it showed the Chaos Warlord's distrust in them.

Of course, this was quite normal.

The vast Chaos Army under Alchaton's command comprised almost all the descendants of interstellar soldier corps defeated in past civil wars, even spanning veterans from the civil war era of millennia past. Coupled with numerous Chaos Cultists, followers, and the like from the Dark Mechanic Cult, it was akin to a dark, Chaos version of the Empire.

However, unlike the Empire, those Chaos Combat Groups gathered around him—organizations similar to the Starfighter Battle Group—had countless hidden agendas.

They congregated around the Warlord with various goals and motives. The fact that they could barely unite under one command was a testament to the Chaos Warlord's immense prestige, let alone achieving unanimous loyalty.

The internal strife within Chaos forces was far more brutal than that of the Human Empire.

To Zachariah, who hailed from the Wolf Pack Legion, the Chaos Warlord was not someone worthy of loyalty; he considered himself the most qualified 'alpha wolf.' It's just that, for now, Alchaton was powerful, and as the 'King of White Wolves,' he had to temporarily bow his head.

Even his position as the master of this Calamity Fleet was obtained through considerable overt and covert struggle.

Moreover, he had to work for Alchaton.

He couldn't help but feel dissatisfied.

Yet, the reason he fought for the position of Calamity Fleet master was that it truly had benefits.

As master of the Calamity Fleet, many battle groups were incorporated, and he gained an entire fleet for free. This scale was far more formidable than his original base, the 'White Wolf Combat Group.'

Of course, many were competitors who failed to claim the mastery of the Calamity Fleet. Though they were his defeated opponents, it didn't mean they were convinced. Within the freshly assembled Calamity Fleet,

But that wasn't an issue. Zachariah was quite adept and ruthless. After seizing the master's position, he quickly eliminated dissenters through exclusion, assassination, threats, and deliberately assigning suicide missions. By intimidating, bribing, and wooing others, he spent some time essentially turning the Calamity Fleet into his own turf, assimilating it into his strength.

With the Calamity Fleet's aid, he also diligently gathered other numerous descendants of the Wolf Pack.

Now, under the current circumstances, of the Wolf Pack descendant-composed battle groups with notable activity records, half had already joined his command and became part of his Calamity Fleet.

In Zachariah's ambitions, his next goal was to vie for the 'Wolf King' position of the Wolf Pack Legion. He didn't wish to limit himself to being only a 'King of White Wolves'; he aimed to be the 'Lord of All Wolves.'

Even so, that wasn't his ultimate limit. Once he became the 'Lord of All Wolves,' he planned to leverage the founding legion's power to contend for the Chaos Warlord position as well.

Of course, relying solely on this wasn't enough.

The strength of the Wolf Pack Legion had a definite gap compared to Alchaton's loyalists, the former Cangyue Guards, now the Dark Legion.

The gap in prestige was even larger.

Striving for it was difficult.

Thus, he had to devise alternative methods.

Now that he was already the master of a Calamity Fleet, and considering what he commanded was among the largest in numerous Calamity Fleets, the method naturally had to stem from the Calamity Fleet itself.

When assigning tasks to the Calamity Fleet, Alchaton never explicitly stated what they were searching for, nor mentioned any collaborative undertakings, merely dispensing mission objectives and instructing them to carry on with their work.

Many Calamity Fleet masters were quite perfunctory about their missions.

It's hard to say whether dividing these Calamity Fleets was Alchaton's way of eliminating dissidents. Checking which fleet was insubordinate, and to what extent, before deciding how to deal with it. Each fleet had confidants and monitors from the Warlord. Moreover, the Warlord had enough means to conduct power takeovers and purges if the Calamity Fleet masters became too excessive.

Chapter 924: The Road to Godhood (Part 2)

At that point, it becomes quite easy to distinguish who is truly loyal, who is rebellious, who is the middle ground that can be won over, and who is the vacillator that must be suppressed to establish authority...

Using these methods, Alchaton has already purged several Calamity Fleets, taking out troublemakers and removing dissenters who originally harbored ill intentions, swapping them for a few utterly loyal fleets that follow his orders completely. In a swift manner, he showcases his prowess as the Chaos Warlord and the supreme leader of the Chaos Army.

However, these methods have never been used against Zachariah.

The Chaos Warlord knows that this 'White Wolf' is not one of his own, harboring second thoughts and deep-seated ambitions. Yet, the Calamity Fleet led by Zachariah has always been notably 'obedient.'

As long as they are assigned a mission, they eagerly proceed to undertake it, often accomplishing it quickly and effectively, consistently bringing back the items that need to be collected.

This has always left the Chaos Warlord without an excuse to take action against Zachariah.

For Zachariah, being obedient, following rules, and executing tasks promptly and efficiently not only prevents Alchaton from having the chance to deal with him, but, more importantly, he has discovered one particular fact: the collected items are not something Alchaton wants for himself.

He further investigated and found out that Alchaton had struck a collaboration with a great existence, perhaps second only to the four beings of Subspace. The establishment of so many Calamity Fleets, including the technology for forming the fleets, was acquired from this existence.

From this perspective, Zachariah naturally harbors this thought as well: If Alchaton can barter with that great existence, why can't I, King of White Wolves?

The entity only wants 'items' and doesn't care who provides them.

Instead of letting you, the Chaos Warlord, act as the middleman, I might as well sell the items myself for a good price.

Of course, the premise is that Zachariah must also find a way to contact that unknown great existence.

However, he is not worried about this.

On one hand, he has spies and sources of intelligence around Alchaton that can be utilized to probe methods of contacting that great existence.

On the other hand, he can wait for the other side to approach him. As long as his fleet is the most outstanding in finding 'items,' and if that existence truly values these 'items,' then there is no reason to worry about not being contacted.

Sure enough, his intuition proved correct.

Can someone really expect any existence in Subspace to be the type of ally that keeps promises and is entirely reliable?

No one should have such naive hopes.

That existence, wanting to stir up chaos in the physical universe, would naturally hope to have forces within the physical universe that can be controlled firsthand.

And encountering someone like Zachariah, who is willing to defect and bypass Alchaton, the two sides are just perfectly aligned in mutual pursuit.

During the initial contact, that existence was quite ’candid.’

His candor about his power genuinely instilled Zachariah with a deep-seated fear, which then transformed into fervor.

Zachariah has indeed embraced Chaos, but he is different from those Chaos Starfield Warriors who have received blessings from specific Chaos Gods. He has merely joined Chaos, without fully aligning with any single Chaos God.

There are quite a few Chaos Starfield Warriors in the same situation as him. Even Alchaton, the Chaos Warlord, is like this. Alchaton is referred to as the ’Eternal Divine Chosen,’ essentially having received blessings from all four Gods without completely obeying any single Chaos God, representing a deeper chaotic power. Alchaton believes that it is his own will.

Zachariah also thinks this way, but if an existence is genuinely willing to offer him a particularly high price, he isn’t unwilling to accept.

And this great existence, showcasing such terrifying power, is a suitable candidate.

Although he lacks the strength of the four true Chaos Gods, that could be considered an advantage.

For one thing, the degree of control wouldn’t be as overwhelming. Honestly, Zachariah sometimes sees the Pale Death God regiment, those who have almost wholly sided with the Slaanesh, with their body full of pus and overwhelming stench, and feels quite disgusted; upon seeing the Secret Guard Legion in complete worship of Slaanesh, appearing utterly deranged, he also feels frightened.

Jian Qi and Terror Demon are relatively better, but not by much.

He doesn’t want to become like that.

But associating with this new existence, although not as strong as the four Gods, transforms their relationship from subordinate and servant, to more of equal collaborators.

This is what Zachariah finds quite satisfactory.

Another reason is that this self-proclaimed 'Bas Sol' is a potential powerhouse.

Aside from 'candidly' detailing the power he possesses, Bas Sol also forthrightly explained his ambitions.

He wants to become the fifth major Chaos God in Subspace—unless we count the human pretender emperor.

Of course, whether to count him or not, Bas Sol has no objection to being the sixth major Chaos God.

After all, he aims to become a new god.

Not like a Subspace Inferior Deity.

He already is one, and could arguably be considered the strongest of the Subspace Inferior Gods, without needing to be described as 'one of.'

But Bas Sol is clearly not satisfied with this, he aims to go even further.

The conventional path is almost impossible now, the journey to godhood has been significantly blocked. Without full support from one of the current occupants of those positions, success is impossible.

He has to forge a new path.

And what he's focused on is an ancient creation.

Bas Sol calls himself the 'Creator,' and he holds significant authority in technology, intelligence, and manufacturing. What he's seeking is the technology from an ancient cosmic dominator species.

Mastering it gives him the confidence to complete his ascension ceremony and become one of the beings in Subspace sitting at the same level as the four Gods and the pretender emperor.

Though audacious, Zachariah believes it.

He's not one to easily believe things, but the main reason is Bas Sol has demonstrated his power before, which truly is extraordinary, convincing him of Bas Sol's potential to achieve it, just a step away; Moreover, Bas Sol clearly provided him with ample benefits before he even started working.

A large number of Demon Engines and Arks of Misfortune were fused and crafted by Bas Sol using his boundless Divine Power, granted to Zachariah.

This significantly enhanced the power of the Calamity Fleet under his control.

Bas Sol stated, this was giving him great power so that he could better fulfill his mission.

Since the other party is capable of paying in advance, then why not proceed?

Afterwards, Zachariah puts more effort into collecting for Bas Sol.

The dark, ancient technology is shattered into countless pieces, scattered across the universe. His task is to exert all efforts to retrieve those items.

...

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Chapter 925

Zachariah felt extremely agitated.

For him, this operation was a must-win, and the item must be procured.

But at the same time, he also understood that this so-called Alliance was powerful.

In his past experiences collecting 'items' all around, he had interacted with the Alliance and engaged in battles.

Generally speaking, the human side hasn't fully realized the Calamity Fleet's objectives, and before the Calamity Fleet proactively strikes, they are even less aware of how to excavate that so-called 'item'.

This often gives the Calamity Fleet a significant advantage.

Their action mode is sudden arrival, sudden action, grab the items and run, leaving chaos behind...

And it repeatedly works.

Without knowing precisely what the Calamity Fleet intends to do, the Alliance indeed has no way to counter during its Dark Side Expedition.

This is also the key factor that allows the Calamity Fleet to frequently succeed.

Despite this, during several deep incursions into the heart of the Alliance, to worlds already controlled by the Alliance, he gained a profound impression of the Alliance Army's combat strength and will.

The difference lies in the Alliance's attitude.

In other Empire Worlds, the Calamity Fleet would blast and run, leaving chaos behind, but the ordinary Human Empire rulers would react with relief.

After all, the great enemy is gone; even though the place is a mess and takes a long time to recover, at least the great enemy is gone, and there's no more worry.

The Alliance is different.

The deep desire for revenge signifies utter abhorrence for the Calamity Fleet's actions disrupting their achievements.

If they have no choice, it's fine, as long as there are Alliance ships near the affected planet, they will certainly pursue, attempting to eliminate the daring invaders.

Even assuming it's a small-scale Alliance Fleet, not a match for the Calamity Fleet, they would often choose to tail or harass, especially when the Calamity Fleet attempts to jump into Subspace to leave, they would desperately try to obstruct.

They do this to buy time for the large fleet coming to support.

The annoyed Calamity Fleet has no choice but to counterattack.

But the pursuing small-scale Human Fleet, slippery like an eel, won't give an opportunity and dart around.

Although eventually caught, it's only because the Calamity Fleet managed barely, using far superior numbers and ship performance.

After dealing with the opponent, before the Alliance's main fleet arrives, the Calamity Fleet completes its jump to Subspace, avoiding confrontation with the Alliance's main forces.

After several encounters like this, holding a distinct impression of the Alliance is difficult.

Despite the Chaos forces internally still voicing disdain for human armed forces—even for the Alliance.

However, talking is one thing, and truly not regarding the Alliance as a serious matter would be foolish.

Here, in Papalier, upon Zachariah receiving the mission saying there is something here, he genuinely didn't want to act hastily.

This place is too close to the Alliance's main fleet.

If given a choice, he preferred to wait silently, until the Alliance main forces leave.

After all, the human side doesn't know what the 'item' truly is, not worried about them getting there first.

However, developments escalated beyond Zachariah's grasp.

The Chaos corruption inside Papalier planet was too severe, a Jianqi Cult incited severe rebellion in this world to a situation that couldn't be handled normally. The Alliance Army decided to execute the Extinction Order.

At this point, Zachariah was at his wit's end.

He couldn't just watch the Extinction Order being executed, otherwise, what if the 'item' was destroyed alongside it?

At this moment, he deeply resented the Jianqi Cult here—where was your effort typically? At this critical moment causing such trouble!

The transformation cult causing trouble in Papalier, though also a Chaos force, is entirely under the Jianqi Faction's, not quite aligning with them.

Even belonging to Chaos, internal conflicts are even greater than those between Chaos and humans!

If his Calamity Fleet had arrived earlier, he even wished to dispatch troops to aid the local humans of Papalier, driving out those Jianqi cult scoundrels!

Thinking about this, he suddenly realized—could this be the Jianqi Cult's plot? Just stuck at this crucial time, pushing Papalier's situation to its current point, forcing him to show himself and act early?

No wonder he was suspicious, if it's the Jianqi's doing, plotting such would be quite reasonable.

Oftentimes, Jianqi's followers or demons, create plots not necessarily for personal gain. They're truly those who create schemes for the sake of schemes, it's their nature, deriving amusement from chaos birthed through schemes, or even gaining strength from it.

If seen from this perspective, a Jianqi demon behind this did succeed.

Chapter 925-2: The White Wolf Guard Assemble

No matter which direction the outcome of events ultimately develops, at least, Zachariah can forget about quietly waiting on the sidelines until the main Alliance forces depart and then easily obtaining what he wants; the human side can also forget about systematically completing the reclamation of a

planet. Both sides are destined to engage in a major battle on Papalier over that 'thing' which has surfaced.

Zachariah no longer has the leisure to consider the likely presence of Jian Qi amidst all this.

Such considerations will have to wait; for now, he must intensify his efforts.

When forced to take action, he can only do so while the Alliance still has only a portion of its power on Papalier. He aims to seize half of the planet's orbit at the fastest speed and then strive with all his might to deploy his forces in the shortest possible time to attempt a forceful attack to secure the target.

Exploiting the time when the Alliance's main force has merely a hundred warships present, while other fleets are reinforcing from other planets within their Star Sector, capturing the target quickly and retreating is the priority.

However, due to the garrison's staunch defense of the cathedral and Martins' overly swift support, Zachariah's primary objective was thus thwarted.

Zachariah is plunged deep into regret.

He regrets his arrogance, questioning why he did not full-heartedly commit during the first wave?

Why didn't he personally engage in battle? If he and his White Wolf Guards had joined the assault on the cathedral from the very beginning, perhaps the battle would have long been won?

In truth, it's not his fault.

The Chaos forces have consistently operated this way.

Not only him, but it's also the usual practice among other Chaos Lords and the masters of the Calamity Fleet—to preserve elite forces while sending others to their deaths.

From the leaders of smaller warbands to Chaos Warlord Alchaton himself, they all behave this way.

After all, within the factions of Chaos, strength is the most crucial thing. Completing a task while draining one's own power means no recognition will remain; instead, another ambitious one who preserved their strength will soon rise to replace them.

He merely committed an error that all Chaos Lords tend to make.

And he has realized it, now resolved to correct this mistake personally.

He rises from his throne, already fully armed.

Surrounding him, the White Wolf Guards clad in Terminator Power Armor are poised to move behind him.

These warriors almost all boast battle experience of at least a thousand engagements. Their most prominent feature, apart from the grey and white paint speckled with some black dots unique to the White Wolf lineage, is a strip of genuine white wolf pelt draped over their shoulders, akin to a scarf, although it actually endows them with formidable powers from deep within Subspace.

This blessing—or curse—elevates the White Wolf Guards' abilities far beyond normal circumstances.

In critical moments, the Wolf Soul hidden within their White Wolf cloaks can fully replace the soul of the Interstellar Warrior, transforming them entirely into werewolves.

While transformed into 'werewolves,' the warriors' personalities and memories are entirely obliterated, which could be considered a kind of death in itself. But the power gained at this cost is undeniably real.

They will become complete werewolves, clad in the most advanced Terminator Power Armor, a Subspace-blessed werewolf with strength rivaling that of a superior Demon!

Such White Wolf Guards number seven hundred strong by Zachariah's side.

This forms his core elite fighting force, along with over two thousand White Wolf warband warriors, composing the main force commanding the entire Calamity Fleet.

Attached to these two to three thousand core forces are about four thousand other Chaos warriors from over a hundred different warbands, alongside a multitude of conscripted and enslaved Chaos minions, support troops sent by Chaos Warlords from the Dark Mechanic Cult, and an army formed by Demon Engines procured from Bas Sol.

Among the over a thousand Chaos Starfield Warriors sent to the front, only a little over a hundred were Zachariah's White Wolf cubs; the rest were Chaos warriors from other warbands.

As a result, there were hardly any left after the battle.

And facing the current situation, since he himself plans to go down personally, he won't conserve any power.

Even with limited deployment capabilities, he must immediately bring all the most elite forces down.

This is not just about committing all forces to ensure the task is foolproof. More importantly, he must bring all unsafe factors to his side.

To put it bluntly, even if he dies below, he must ensure all those who need to die do so alongside him. He absolutely won't leave anyone on board the ship capable of taking over the fleet in the event something happens to him below.

...

The cathedral on Papalier wasn't particularly famous in the past.

The world itself is not a famous world, and the cathedral isn't famous anywhere within it, let alone externally.

But from today onwards, the name ’Savinier Cathedral’ will leave a prominent mark in many human historical texts.

A battle with tremendous impact on the cosmic landscape will commence here without much preamble.

When Zachariah leads over six thousand Chaos Starfield Warriors of various attires and origins, backed by a multitude of dark mechanical constructs and Demon Engines, forming a terrifying army, to launch an assault on Savinier Cathedral.

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Chapter 926: Fire of Nirvana

Eagle’s Reckoning

When the last enchanted warrior turned to ash in the Nirvana Flame, the Yulin army had already activated the phase device to purge the battlefield’s chaos pollution. Sol noticed they never removed their heavy helmets with breathing tube interfaces, and the dim glow of some crystal implant could be seen faintly at the lower back of the power armor.

"What you guard is not just the body." Martins’ voice echoed with metallic resonance through a voice modulator, as he gazed toward the operational phase device deep in the underground crypt, "A relic of the Terra Expeditionary Army of the thirty-second century... no wonder."

Suddenly, in the cathedral ruins, the Yulin army’s unique encrypted communication frequency sounded, and some binary code resembling bird calls trembled in the air. When Sol looked up again, the mysterious warriors had boarded the Thunderhawk for their return trip with the original body, leaving only hexagonal energy scorch marks on the ground as proof they were not phantoms.

Nirvana Flame

Covered in blood, Sol watched as the Phoenixes launched their signature attack: a trio throwing thermite bombs wrapped in blue fire in perfect arcs, followed by a subsequent squad exploiting the gaps between explosions to target the mecha’s joint weaknesses. When a warrior equipped with a six-winged power backpack descended from the sky, slicing through the core of a war mecha, his pupils suddenly constricted—that was clearly the genetic traits of the Brother Battle Group that had sacrificed themselves in the Gamma Star Zone thirty years ago!

The Chaos Lord’s final counterattack toppled four Yulin warriors, but in the instant Martins seized the opening, the kinetic hammer’s disassembly field suddenly turned silver-white—this was a spiritual energy spectrum Sol had never seen in a hundred years of warfare. The sonic boom cloud brought by the original body’s advance directly plowed through three Demon Engines, and at the moment the hammerhead embedded into the Chaos Lord’s breastplate, a subspace shriek resembling a bird’s song shattered all the glass within a hundred meters.

Chapter 926: Blotting Out the Sky and Sun

Just as Martins had anticipated, when the Chaos Army launched its attack, even though his troops were prepared for defense, they were immediately plunged into a bitter struggle.

The human forces had almost no time to rest after the previous wave of battle ended. Although as biological entities, individual humans inevitably need rest, at the level of the army, rest is not necessarily mandatory, at least it can be alternated.

In the past dozen hours, the human troops adopted a rotation method, ensuring those who needed rest could take it, while those who could endure quickly revamped the defensive lines to prepare for the next wave of attacks.

Many soldiers were sent to their designated positions while they napped in military vehicles.

Amidst the rush, the humans recovered and redeployed the nearly destroyed army defensive lines in the outer regions of the Savinier Cathedral. They even salvaged some surviving heavy artillery from some artillery positions that were overrun or destroyed before being dismantled.

Meanwhile, with a more ample number of Interstellar Warriors, Martins ordered a significant number to be placed directly in the key areas of the outer defenses.

Although the available forces were limited, the space within the Savinier Church was even more so. Deploying all available troops inside the church was an unwise choice. The flexibility of outer spaces is the lifeline. If all surrounding positions were lost, only having the church area left means the battle could not be fought effectively. Huddling inside to take a beating passively would eventually lead to being overrun.

Deploying the Interstellar Warriors directly to the frontline could significantly enhance the defenses of the forward lines.

Overall, the Alliance side has made every effort to reinforce the defenses during the battle preparations.

But as the battle commenced, red alerts were sent from all lines to the command post.

"This is Northwest Line 0104 Hilltop, we are under heavy artillery bombardment, requesting counteraction!"

"This is North Line 0332 Position, a Corrupted Titan has appeared in front of us, it's been destroyed but we lost seventeen Phoenix Warriors, our forces are critically low, need reinforcements!"

"This is Northeast Line 0746 Position, the enemy number assaulting us far exceeds expectations, we can hold out for at most 20 more minutes!"

Everywhere was under pressure, everywhere was calling for reinforcements, everywhere was reporting that they couldn't last much longer...

However, the one who should be listening to these reports, the supreme commander Martins, was no longer in the command center.

Fully armed, he and his assault squad had already boarded an aircraft and set off with a roar.

Accompanying them was the massive fleet of Alliance aircraft!

If there was any aspect in which the Alliance could barely match the opponent at this moment, it would be their air power.

The numerous aircraft mobilized during the last wave of airborne operations near the church had not yet returned.

From the Wind Falcon to the Dragon Elephant, and various modified versions, they are equipped with vertical take-off and landing capabilities, making them less demanding on the takeoff environment. Temporarily established airstrips could fully meet their needs.

The current situation was somewhat anticipated by Martins. Just a while ago, a batch of new transport aircraft, escorted by another wave of aircraft, arrived.

They not only brought an elite Army Guard Division—officially designated by the Alliance Army as an S-class division.

This is a force more powerful than an A-class division, restructured from the former Glory Guard Corps into the Army sequence. The S-class division not only has powerful artillery, armor, and Titan units, but all infantry are equipped with Feedback-Type Power Armor.

The establishment standard of the Guard Division is 'to parallel an Interstellar Warrior Battle Group with a regiment's strength'.

A Guard Regiment consists of about three thousand, including four infantry battalions and two armor battalions, totaling approximately two thousand frontline combat troops; the remaining one thousand are support units, including five self-propelled artillery support companies, and also including logistics, reconnaissance, battlefield medical battalion, staff, guard battalion, and other assorted units.

While they benchmark against an Interstellar Warrior Battle Group, in reality, they might still struggle in direct confrontation. Despite being three times the size numerically as a typical battle group, can three elite army soldiers in Feedback-Type Power Armor defeat one Interstellar Warrior?

It's difficult.

If possible, Martins would of course prefer to use their valuable transportation capacity to send over another three thousand Interstellar Warriors.

But unfortunately, he simply doesn't have that many left at his disposal.

On the Southern Line front where he is positioned, there are a total of forty-three battle groups, with the Interstellar Warriors numbering theoretically over forty thousand. However, such a formidable force would not be perpetually gathered all at one place. In reality, most of the time, Interstellar Warriors would operate in the scale of companies scattered across the Army's fronts' objectives, active in thousands to tens of thousands of worlds in one or two Cosmos Domains, executing operations according to strategic goals.

Of course, the largest contingent would naturally be with the main fleet of the front army, which is with Martins.

In total, there were five battle groups.

This contingent, which is controlled as a reserve by the Headquarters, partly follows the main fleet for campaigns, and partly is ready to assist other detachments whenever needed.

Yet even among the main fleet, five thousand Interstellar Warriors would not be all gathered together. Actually, within the multiple star sectors in the Papalier area totaling thirteen worlds, all are targets of this offensive. The other four thousand warriors are currently scattered throughout the multi-star sectors, coordinated with other main fleet ships.

They have received the message and are hurrying with all speed, but the soonest completion of assembly would take three to four days.

That is to say, the Interstellar Warrior forces Martins could command now on the surface are all there are.

If he wants to up the ante, the highest-level troops he could call upon are indeed the S-class divisions, namely the Army Guard Division.

One Guard Regiment may not equal an Interstellar Warrior Battle Group, but in a real encounter, they are not entirely helpless, at least they could put up a fight.

This Guard Regiment was also assigned to the frontline positions for combat.

And accompanying this Guard Regiment came a vast supply of aviation energy crystals, used to replenish the aircraft's energy needs.

This supported a full-scale launch of the Alliance aircraft now.

The sky-darkening aircraft launched full force at the Anti-Air firepower of the Chaos Army, fiercely bombing the simultaneously ascending Chaos Air Force.

While perhaps not achieving total air superiority, they could at least accomplish some strategic air operations.

Such as bombing runs, or transporting Martins and his assault squad to their desired location.

Chapter 927: Cornered Beast Moment

Beast in Captivity Moment

Lieutenant Terence was pinned down by iron-gray debris on his left leg, while clutching the last Thermite Bomb. The communicator transmitted a hoarse binary language, as a Priest of the Sect of Mechanics reported phase fluctuations in the underground tomb with melted vocal cords. A metallic tearing sound emanated from afar — it was the sound of an enchanted warrior's Shock Claw piercing through the Vibranium Protection Layer.

"Reactor Number Three overloaded!" The technical sergeant's roar was shattered amidst explosions. At the instant the spire of the chapel collapsed, Sol glimpsed purple lightning slicing through the sky five kilometers away — a signature subspace turbulence of the Orbital Parachute Pod. Yet, more lethal at this moment was the four-legged mechanical beast pouring into the nave, its corroding cannon barrels aimed at the chapel's last energy core.

"For The Emperor!" A distorted scream came from somewhere. Five assault soldiers, their bodies wrapped in Magnetic Storm Grenades, charged out of cover, their blood plasma forming crimson blossoms before being consumed by the disintegration field. Amidst the burning metallic rain, Sol wielded a Chain-saw Sword to confront a Chaos champion wielding dual axes, the teeth grinding against demon metal sparking blue-purple sparks.

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Shattered Faith

"Primarch above, those are...desecrated relics!" The Chapter Priest gazed at the Chaos sorcerer infiltrating the underground tomb, the skull hoisted in the sorcerer's hand blatantly marked with the Golden Throne's imprint. The Holy Blood prayer suddenly transformed into a piercing scream, as three young warriors abruptly turned their guns, liquid sulfur oozing from the seams of their Power Armor.

Torek’s Staff smashed the traitor’s skull while the Chaos sorcerer detonated the Nagor Plague Jar in his arms. The priest’s breastplate corroded swiftly in the yellow-green fog, yet he used his final strength to insert the staff into the underground cable slot: "The furnace shall burn forever!" The sacred code-infused current erupted explosively along the power conduit, causing the entire foundation of the nave to begin to collapse.

Chapter 927: Airstrike

The actions of the human air force were quite effective.

This time, they had three tasks, all completed excellently.

The first was to seize air superiority, though not completely, as achieving complete dominance in the face of enemy ground anti-aircraft fire and the interception of those Abyssal Demon Dragons and flying vehicles augmented by the Demon Engine is rather demanding.

However, having enough air superiority suffices.

The core objective is, after securing the skies to some degree, to accomplish the next two tasks.

The second task is bombing, a ground assault aimed at relieving pressure on the human ground forces.

This task was also completed quite well.

However, the air force of the Alliance did not directly bomb the Chaos forces attacking the human front lines.

To be honest, those Chaos forces are not the greatest pressure on the Alliance forces’ front lines.

The greatest pressure actually comes from the continuous assaults and the bombardment from Chaos artillery in the rear.

And it is precisely these two that the air force focuses on attacking.

The former represents the rear positions of the Chaos forces' advancing formations.

War never throws all the troops at the frontline; an attack width that's too narrow with densely packed troops not only does little for improving offensive efficiency but also becomes extremely vulnerable—one artillery shell would take out several troops at once, and being packed tightly offers no advantage.

Yet, there is a need to constantly maintain attack intensity, exerting enough pressure on human troops by having reserve forces ready to replace the frontline troops once they are done and withdrawn. This way, units with high ammunition expenditure and personnel loss can rotate for rest and reorganization, while the pressure at the frontline does not diminish as fresh and fully-armed troops replace them. The human side, with fewer forces, cannot enjoy the same rotation opportunity, leading them to face increasing pressure until the balance is completely broken, unable to withstand, the defenses collapse, and positions are lost.

When such positions are taken out one by one, it leads to an overall collapse of the entire defensive line.

Currently, the air force is targeting these reserve forces.

When a contingent of Chaos reserve troops is ready to support and replace, the bombing arrives.

Machine gun strafing is part of it too, posing significant threats; a large-caliber machine gun could penetrate even the power armor of an Interstellar Warrior; if an ordinary mortal is hit, they wouldn't even have their bones left; even a tank, after being strafed a couple of times, would have so many dense holes that it wouldn't be able to operate...

The greater threat, however, comes from the ground missiles launched from large aircraft like the Qilin, or even Dragon Elephant warplanes.

One Scalpel Missile striking would destroy a Titan if hit directly; one Sky Cleave Axe Missile coming down could wipe out an entire Armored Company if they're too close and haven't dispersed their formations; and if it's a Scorching East Wind...

Only a very few Dragon Elephant warplanes carry this. The Scorching East Wind missile is too large, meaning that once equipped with it, even the largest scale Dragon Elephant warplanes capable of operating within the atmosphere would not be able to carry anything else, rendering them practically unarmed.

But it's worth it.

With one Scorching East Wind, a whole Chaos staging area would be wiped out.

Currently, only one Scorching East Wind has been dropped on Chaos Army's staging area, preserving five originally endangered positions, wrecking three Titans, killing over seventy Chaos Starfield Warriors, with countless other Chaos troops taken out.

The other two Scorching East Wind missiles were directed at another major threat to the Alliance Army's defense line: the Chaos artillery positions.

Artillery is the king of war. Even today, this saying holds.

Frankly, war is about efficacious killing tactics to crush the enemy. If one could use ship cannons for orbital bombardment, that would certainly be optimal. In the absence of such a condition, when looking purely at ground forces, artillery remains indispensable.

Artillery is the most pervasive, most cost-effective, most scalable, and most sustainable method.

The hardest point for human defenders is the constant bombardment they face above their heads.

Although the human side also has artillery, its quantity compared to the enemy is far too little, making countermeasures difficult and unable to provide enough support for the frontline — even so, being able to call in an artillery round for a covering attack on advancing enemies is enough to offer a breath of relief.

And now, two Scorching East Winds have almost destroyed the two most significant Chaos artillery positions.

The Chaos side’s firepower suddenly reduced sharply!

Virtually all artillery positions ceased fire.

Not all the artillery was destroyed. The damaged artillery accounts for less than half of the Chaos artillery. After all, the Chaos side isn’t foolish enough to conveniently gather all their artillery in one place. However, they too are fearful and anxious about whether the Alliance fleet still has any Scorching East Winds left to fire at them?

Even if it’s not Scorching East Winds, a few more Sky-splitting Axes down would be pretty terrifying.

The various artillery positions began to urgently disperse, aiming to construct more, smaller, and more dispersed positions to reduce losses from airstrikes.

Zachariah was very angry.

"You forced me to!"

In his fury, the King of White Wolves sent orders to his fleet.

Initially, he was concerned that a ship cannon orbital bombardment on the ground might affect the ’thing’ beneath the cathedral, but now, since the human side was doing it, he too was not holding back.

Bombing directly toward the cathedral or the core area close to it is still too risky, a mistake would spell disaster. But precise calculations reveal that a relatively smaller yield orbital bombardment of the peripheral positions is feasible.

It’s just that, for these peripheral positions, the human side hasn’t dedicated particularly heavy defense forces, often just a small position or a slight elevation defended by a company of ordinary soldiers. Firing a round or a few rounds of ship cannon bombardment would indeed help the Chaos Warriors quickly conquer the position, but the assistance it brings in utterly destroying the human defenses is relatively limited.

Zachariah had to grudgingly admit that to end the battle, it still required the ground troops to forcibly take them down.

He took a deep breath, reminding himself to be patient.

The current situation is still under control, they are gradually eroding the human defense lines. Those pseudo-imperial claw minions won't be able to hold out for much longer.

As he pondered this, he suddenly heard gunfire and cannon shots not too far away.

Stepping out of the command room, he saw several human warplanes spiraling down from the sky—they had been shot down.

And other human warplanes in similar numbers were circling, continually firing downward.

They seemed to be covering certain targets.

Narrowing his eyes, Zachariah realized that someone was coming for him.

Chapter 928

Zachariah found it somewhat absurd.

Decapitation Tactics are being played on me?

He certainly received the earlier ground battle information.

But to be honest, he didn't particularly care.

Of course, he knew that a powerful Interstellar Warrior had wreaked havoc on their Chaos Warriors; a human who was the greatest hero in their previous airborne operation victory.

However, there are some subtle information discrepancies here.

No specific footage of Martins attacking people in the earlier battle was transmitted; the Chaos Army suffered a massive defeat. Among the thousands of Chaos Starfield Warriors who fought on the ground, few survived.

No footage meant Zachariah couldn't witness how Martins slaughtered his warriors personally; the lack of surviving experts meant there wasn't anyone authoritative enough to report to Zachariah just how formidable Martins truly was.

Of course, it's not that there wasn't a single living witness; some Chaos soldiers who watched from afar survived.

Having the privilege of surviving the battle and being able to personally report on it carried little weight; they only said how terrifying, tall, and heroic Martins was, slaughtering Chaos Starfield Warriors like pigs, with one chop per person... How could Zachariah believe this easily?

What's going on? If we going this way, has a Son of God come to Papalier star?

Ridiculous.

Of course, Zachariah didn't underestimate his opponent too much. Despite believing the survivors' exaggerated descriptions contained significant embellishments, even if you discounted those, the impostor Imperial pawns likely had decent strength.

A top warrior among the Battle Group Champion? Or even... reached the level of a divine champion?

But no matter what kind, he was confident of handling it.

The King of White Wolves was always the strongest in the pack, he always believed so.

If he lacked sufficient strength, how could he dare to covet the position of Warlord in the strength-respecting, fiercely competitive Chaos forces?

He was one of the top warriors in Chaos, possessing the might of a divine champion.

Moreover, after collaborating with Bas Sol, he diligently completed his missions. Among the numerous Calamity Fleets, his was the most proactive, and indeed, highly efficient. He retrieved many 'things', aside from accomplishing the tasks Alchaton assigned, he also completed many more additional missions.

As for these extra missions, for the many 'things' retrieved, Bas Sol was generous with rewards.

These rewards included powerful Holy Artifacts, low-cost blessings, and special abilities, either to save lives or to conduct ultimate attacks...

His already immense personal strength, plus these numerous enhancements, was almost invincible!

Perhaps one might call him arrogant, but he truly felt that unless he faced a Son of God or Chaos Warlord Alchaton himself, he was unbeatable!

Moreover, he fervently believed he had significant growth potential, destined to achieve higher levels in the future.

Now some champion just casually appeared, attempting a decapitation tactic, targeting his head?

Simply laughable!

"These impostor Imperial pawns are so desperate they've resorted to such a suicidal method? Let me fulfill them!"

With a sinister grin, Zachariah picked up his War Axe, along with his White Wolf Guards, and stepped out of the battlefield command post.

Targeted by the decapitation tactic, he didn't retreat; instead, he proactively faced the challenge, exemplifying his absolute confidence.

However, when he truly laid eyes on Martins, both his hearts suddenly skipped a beat.

His towering physique seemed even larger than the Chaos Warlord by a bit. Compared to Zachariah himself, significantly larger!

Is this truly a divine champion-level opponent?

He began to doubt his judgment.

If it were just a difference in appearance, it might be bearable. Although rare, he could convince himself it was individual variation.

However, Martins was now visibly slaughtering his warriors, one chop at a time, right in front of him.

Were the slain just cannon fodder?

No, they weren't!

The airborne decapitation force, upon landing, immediately drew the attention of Zachariah's White Wolf pups.

Beside Zachariah were his most trusted core troops—the warriors of the White Wolf clan.

These White Wolves, under the leadership of the core among the core, Zachariah's trusted aide—the White Wolf Guards' guidance, confronted the enemy.

Upon first seeing the enemy numbering less than a hundred, they believed the battle to be nothing more than a desperate suicidal attack by the enemy leader, coming to offer their heads.

But once the battle commenced, they found it was completely different.

The elite White Wolf Guards suffered heavy losses!

From the outbreak of combat to Zachariah reaching the battlefield, barely seven minutes elapsed, during which nearly a hundred White Wolf Guards were slaughtered!

This was nearly the most significant loss for the White Wolf Guard in the past century!

What's the combat power of the White Wolf Guard? If they engaged a standard Imperial Space Marine battle group, typically, three hundred could withstand one battle group! Six hundred years ago, they once achieved the feat of leading one hundred seventy warriors with over four hundred regular pups to annihilate a fully equipped battle group!

Chapter 928_2

And now, the most elite White Wolf Guards under Zachariah's command are being slaughtered mercilessly!

Losing one hundred, not only was this the greatest loss the White Wolf Guards had suffered in the past century, but this was just the beginning, caused in just seven minutes!

And these gods of slaughter, descending from the sky, were still widening this number!

Among nearly a hundred Human Interstellar Warriors landing, they were clearly divided into three tiers.

The majority were warriors bearing the flaming emblem and the Phoenix Battle Group insignia.

They were the Glory Guard of the Phoenix Battle Group, the elite among the Great Nirvana Guard. Each of them had the strength of a company champion, and at least ten among them were Battle Group Champions. Even the most formidable White Wolf Guards could not reach this level, facing them was essentially like being slaughtered.

Additionally, there were fifteen others, wearing Platinum Power Armor, with blue capes, and two azure phoenix wings protruding backward from their helmets. Their armor bore patterns of a classical style, distinctly different from typical Interstellar Warriors. They wielded long-handled swords and spears, fighting valiantly with strength surpassing even the Glory Guards, as if each had reached the level of a Battle Group Champion.

If those from the Great Nirvana Guard could still be killed in battle when besieged by many enemies or encountering the experts among the White Wolf Guards, then these fifteen unnamed Battle Group members were truly like gods of war—facing them, even the expert White Wolf Guards couldn't withstand a few rounds before being cut down. With three to five ordinary ones attacking together, they couldn't even scratch the opponent.

But none could compare to the most magnificent one.

If the White Wolf Guards, when facing the Yulin army, found it hard to fight, thinking the opponents seemed like war gods, at least they could engage in battle a few moves. If all else failed, they had Chaos Champions among them who could barely lead a few minions to contend against a Yulin warrior.

However, in front of that most magnificent man, everything seemed like mere rubbish, sent away with a single strike.

In these seven minutes, among nearly a hundred dead White Wolf Guards, one-third perished at his hands.

And they were the most formidable third.

Being slaughtered so, even the White Wolf Guards began to feel fear, followed by a sense of retreat, hinting at being broken in morale.

Chaos Starfield Warriors are also Interstellar Warriors; naturally, they are not like mortals, fearing death and having their morale easily crumble.

But even Interstellar Warriors are not machines with locked morale.

Sometimes, they may break not because of fearing death but because they feel that even a fight to the death has no meaning, resulting in pointless death.

Just like now, facing this group of Human assault troops, they felt the same way.

So many have died, so quickly, what use is it?

There's no use.

Apart from killing a few from the Great Nirvana Guard, their thrust forward didn't stop at all, while their casualties kept increasing.

If this efficiency keeps up, in less than an hour, the entire illustrious White Wolf Guard might be dead here.

In terms of exchange rate, they might have killed thirty or forty from the Great Nirvana Guard at most.

Is there value in such a desperate fight? To sacrifice the entire White Wolf Guard just to take the lives of thirty or forty enemies?

Zachariah thought the same.

Not wanting to sacrifice the entire White Wolf Guard was one thing, but he was even more unwilling to risk himself.

What kind of divine Champion might this be, maybe it's really a Son of God!

He himself was a divine Champion and didn't believe he could put on such a mighty display!

If he charged, he might handle those fifteen special Interstellar Warriors, but would likely not be a match for that magnificent warrior.

He didn't want to gamble with his life.

He still harbored endless ambition; he was the fleet's master, he couldn't die here.

He wouldn't risk even a ten percent chance of failure, let alone when now there was a high probability of being outmatched if he charged.

Retreat, retreat, even if this mission failed, he couldn't die here.

Zachariah turned and left without a trace of reluctance.

...

But Martins was not willing to let him go!

The moment Zachariah showed up, Martins recognized him as his target.

He roared and immediately strode forward to pursue.

With his strides, his team quickly followed.

The White Wolf Guards remained very loyal.

Despite the fact their leader was trying to escape, possibly leaving them behind as cannon fodder, they hesitated not at all. At Zachariah's command, they did their utmost to block the human assault team's advance.

However, their obstruction had little effect.

Martins showed no restraint, taking the lead himself, cutting down any enemy blocking his path with a single strike.

To him, even a Chaos Champion moved as if in slow motion. He had ample time and response to see clearly what his opponents intended to do, and his powerful analysis allowed him to perfectly predict their next moves. With reflexes far superior to theirs and unmatched strength, along with the unyielding Holy Artifact·Nirvana Blade in his hand, he could take down anyone at sight with one strike.

Once Martins eliminated the strongest foes in front of him, the rear Yulin and Great Nirvana Guards naturally advanced without hindrance, further tearing the enemy's formation apart.

Even when some enemies attacked from afar with ranged firepower, it was meaningless.

He could dodge; even if he couldn't, the armor Gu Hang personally helped craft could withstand normal weapon assaults.

Let alone Martins, even the Yulin behind him wouldn't be easily taken down by ranged attacks.

It posed more of a threat to the Great Nirvana Guards.

But they also had ranged weapons in their hands; while Martins was slaughtering, he could raise his hand, and the Annihilation Hand Cannon hanging from his left arm could take out enemies one by one, giving them no chance to hide.

Chaos even tried using Subspace Evil Magic against them.

However, behind Martins were two 'unshakables,' who, leading an anti-magic team, created a Subspace Black Hole—a region where Spiritual Energy or Evil Magic could not even stir a ripple, pacifying the area.

Even Chaos Wizards targeted by them, whether Chaos Warrior Wizards or not, would suddenly find their connection to the Subspace severed. This led to their mutated bodies and souls, without the support of Subspace Evil Magic, becoming unsustainable.

The stronger ones would vomit blood and collapse, while the weaker ones would have their heads burst open into fragments.

Thus, Martins and his team quickly closed the distance to Zachariah.

Zachariah looked back and immediately realized he couldn't escape anymore.

To continue fleeing would merely end up with Martins catching up and killing him with a strike.

He gritted his teeth, turned around, drew his weapon, ready for a do-or-die battle.

As Martins approached, the cunning Chaos Lord took a stance as if to launch a suicide charge.

The multiple blessed Magic Artifacts on his body roared to life,

...

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Chapter 929: The Calamity Fleet Annihilated

Zachariah is not dead.

But he's not living well either.

He had an arm severed, both legs broken, and was dragged away from his guards, twisted and delivered onto a warship, and brought to the site of the church.

He was captured.

This is absurd, even more ridiculous than if he had been killed.

In the final battle, when Zachariah realized he couldn't escape, his desperate move was to use the sinister artifact bestowed by Bas Sol.

These divine artifacts are indeed powerful enough that even with two Sages suppressing directly, they couldn't fully repress the release of Subspace Evil Magic. Three Yulin Guards, who possess near immunity-level resistance to Spiritual Energy and Subspace Power, were burned to serious injuries on the spot when engulfed by the flames of Dark Magic, unable to be saved.

This shows that Bas Sol indeed did not deceive them. The rewards given were strong enough. The unleashed power exceeded even the full-force strike of a typical Alpha-class Psychic, capable of penetrating the Subspace Black Hole of the Sages and possessing strong enough energy to burn the Yulin Guards.

But that's as far as it got.

Martins, aflame all over, was indeed harmed to a certain extent but it hardly affected his combat capability.

He rushed fiercely towards the enemy, with a swift slash, making Zachariah break out in cold sweat.

Zachariah did manage to catch the blow, but... the pressure was overwhelming.

Martins's sword was so fast that Zachariah barely realized what was happening; once he did, Martins had already changed his move, subtly altering the trajectory of the sword, prompting Zachariah to react again to block the strike.

However, the force in that strike made his Power Armor groan with screeches!

The bodily blessings from the Evil God did not equip him with strength, agility, reaction, and speed to rival Martins.

The Power Armor bestowed by the Evil God was indeed very powerful, top-notch in both power and protective aspects; the War Axe named 'Frost White Bite' was no ordinary item either.

But so what? The full set of equipment on Martins, all crafted with Gu Hang's participation, was not inferior to those given by Bas Sol—perhaps even better.

This doesn't imply that Gu Hang's ability in crafting equipment and tools surpassed Bas Sol's.

However, Gu Hang also had numerous Mechanicus Sages assisting him.

Crucially, what was Zachariah to Bas Sol? At best, a decent enforcer, while Gu Hang treated Martins as a favored son, sparing no effort to equip him with the best gear for fear he may face hardship.

The level of dedication created a gap in their equipment.

So what chance did Zachariah have?

With the fundamental strength as a champion chosen by the gods, coupled with a series of blessings from Bas Sol, Zachariah was no longer in a state to be finished off with a single blow.

But that was all there was to it.

His actual prowess couldn't even reach the level of the Bone Shattering King, so how could he contend with a 'Son of God' armed to the teeth?

In the end, he just managed to hold on a bit longer in Martins's hands.

Failing to parry one time, he lost an arm.

The Nirvana Blade in Martins's hand, an excellent Holy Artifact crafted by Gu Hang, contained a portion of Subspace essence from the Storm God Kingdom, combined with Martins's own strength, slicing through Power Armor was not an issue.

After losing an arm, Zachariah had no more fight in him.

Martins intentionally left him alive, severing his legs, allowing him to be dragged away.

Then, he led his team to break through the encirclement.

In fact, breaking through was far easier than when they charged in.

The White Wolf Guards, already struck with terror, were only fighting on because of Zachariah's orders. Now, with Zachariah, their strongest, their domineering leader for thousands of years, dragged away like a dead dog, what more could they do?

Risk their lives, knowing full well they couldn't win, trying everything to rescue their fleet master?

Don't be ridiculous.

They'd already shown enough spirit fighting to this point.

Better think about how to internally vie for leadership among the White Wolves after Zachariah's capture.

With the White Wolves severely crippled, how to maintain their position in the entire Calamity Fleet, whether one of their own can continue as master of the fleet and not be overtaken by other warbands or ambitious usurpers, is vital.

Hmm... they hadn't even considered what to do if their Calamity Fleet also fell.

...

When Martins captured Zachariah, the master of the Calamity Fleet and King of White Wolves, the battle was essentially over.

The Chaos Legion had lost its ability to organize another offensive. Their command center had been decapitated, plunged into chaos. Even ignoring their internal power struggles after losing a central authority figure, just the problem of restructuring their command center after losing coordinated command was enough to leave them frantically busy for some time.

And when the enemy no longer actively attacked, with their leader captured, and most crucially, the key 'thing' remained safely under the Alliance's control, there was no longer any need for the Alliance to provoke conflict.

Waiting and waiting, another wave of air support arrived.

The forces under Martins's command were steadily growing more robust.

More crucially, fleets from other Star Sectors, originally part of the Southern Line's main fleet, were returning to aid.

In the Papalier Star System, the Alliance Fleet's numbers were gradually shifting from a state of not daring to face the Calamity Fleet head-on.

But Martins was very patient.

He did not rush the incoming fleets into combat.

The situation was not urgent, so they kept a card up their sleeve.

When the number of returning battleships reached over a thousand, Martins believed the time had come.

The main fleet, always hidden behind the Papalier planet, never directly clashing with the Calamity Fleet, immediately launched an assault, the Southern Line's Glory Queen Battleship brandishing its might.

And not far away, the amassed over a thousand alliance return warships canceled their stealth mode, set out at full speed, surrounding the entire Calamity Fleet from behind.

Didn't the Calamity Fleet notice the large-scale gathering and return of the Human Fleet?

They noticed.

However, the fleet masters were Interstellar Warriors majority of whose forces were still ground-based; their command center remained chaotic, unresolved for days; they had internal conflicts...

These factors all hindered the Calamity Fleet's decision-making.

And now, they no longer needed to make any decisions.

Chapter 930

When the Calamity Fleet was completely surrounded, their fate was already sealed.

To be honest, the Calamity Fleet was still powerful. Their overall number was not much less than that of the Alliance Warships. Among the more than eight hundred Chaos Battleships, there weren't just numbers. There were plenty of battleships, carriers, Heavy Cruisers, and other giant ships, with enough Escort Ships and cruisers to match and with formidable combat power.

Not to mention, among them, there exists the Omen Ark.

This thing is even larger than a Glory Queen-class Battleship!

Its shape is very strange and twisted, overall looking like many giant ships, crudely pieced together. A heap of steel creations fused together, somehow with a faint flesh-like twisted feel.

In fact, it was indeed manufactured in this way.

Under the great power of Bas Sol, some derelict ships lost in Subspace for unknown thousands of years were pulled out, combined with twisted technology, driven by the Demon Engine, forming the current Omen Ark.

Therefore, each Omen Ark is very unique and different.

Yet all are very powerful.

In this universe, however, size does not necessarily equate to quality when it comes to warships.

The Omen Ark is very large, not slow, albeit a bit lacking in agility, which is inevitable but totally acceptable. Sacrificing a bit of agility for huge size, strong defense, formidable firepower, and the strategic role of a supercarrier is entirely worth it.

Generally speaking, besides being the command flagship of the entire Calamity Fleet, the Omen Ark mainly serves as the core fortress and hub in specific battles. Its gigantic size means it can act as a massive space carrier. Countless flying craft, various ships, Demon Engines, can swarm out from the Omen Ark, sent straight to the enemy's face to launch a raid.

It can also transport a massive Chaos army, with abundant forces seemingly as if an entire Chaos World is within its belly.

And if the enemy wants to target such an Omen Ark, it is incredibly challenging. Besides the fleet guarding around it, the Omen Ark's structural strength is immense. Blowing up a few parts, several derelict ships that compose it, isn't enough to destroy it. The powerful Void Shield mounted on it is a formidable barrier in any adversary's path.

Not only is its defense formidable, but its firepower is also extremely strong. Sacrificing other weapons and deploying three to five battleships for a direct artillery duel still doesn't stand up to it.

Attempting boarding combat is even more impractical.

The internally complex structure of the Omen Ark, built from many space derelict ships fused together, isn't clear even to its masters, the Chaos Navy. Even without moving far in familiar territories, one can easily get lost, much less the attacker's side.

Purely in terms of combat power, it stands on par with the Glory Queen-class Battleship, only excelling in different areas. The Queen of Glory has an edge in agility, an edge in firepower; however, its defense and hull strength are comparatively weaker.

As for offensive tactics, the two are worlds apart. The Omen Ark, after all, has its core combat approach as being a space carrier, launching craft and ships outside for battle, although its inherent combat ability isn't weak, it's more defensive, with less direct offensive methods.

Whereas the Queen of Glory is akin to a pure sword!

Of course, if it's just this sort of difference, it merely indicates differing combat approaches, not clearly defining a superiority or inferiority.

Overall, in comparison between the entire Calamity Fleet and the main force fleet on the Southern Line, from numbers to fleet quality to flagship combat power, they are nearly evenly matched.

In a real fight, it would be a dragon versus tiger, a great cosmic showdown, with a startlingly decisive battle needed to settle the outcome. Furthermore, even if one side wins, they'd likely face a Pyrrhic victory.

But the reality?

Despite the confrontation, it was almost a one-sided affair!

The Human Fleet held absolute advantage!

In the current battle scenario, the greatest difference between the two sides lies in command, tactics, and strategy.

The master of the Calamity Fleet was captured; many other leaders were on the ground. Zachariah, to prevent mutiny, did not allow anyone capable of replacing him to remain on the flagship when he left. While this prevented mutiny, it also led to complete dysfunction in fleet command when he was captured and the responsible individuals couldn't return.

The entire Calamity Fleet operated inefficiently, with each ship almost fighting independently, and coordination was extremely chaotic.

Overall, the situation was very unfavorable to them.

Human ships attacking from both sides of Papalier planet's orbit, though numbering only two to three hundred, had the Glory Queen-class Battleship as the sharpest blade, bringing enormous pressure. Even if they attempted to open space for maneuver combat, they were blocked by over seven hundred Human Warships coming from behind, leaving no escape route.

The Calamity Fleet, in complete disadvantage, suffered significant losses from the outset of combat.

Their morale was low, and unable to escape, some ships made independent decisions, attempting to break out.

Encountering such situations, the Human Fleet often selectively let some ships flee.

Escort Ships with low value, let them go if they must, especially those whose departure would further disrupt the already fragile formation of the Calamity Fleet. It was desirable for them to leave swiftly.

But if high-value ships tried to run, that was out of the question.

They were often initially allowed to leave the formation by Human ships, but once isolated, swiftly surrounded and annihilated.

The Calamity Fleet, greatly reduced in numbers, even realizing that continuing like this would lead to their doom, strove to put aside internal differences, urgently electing a spokesperson,