Governor 941

Chapter 941: Shattering Perceptions

Belson's question is not difficult to answer at all.

The gap between Interstellar Warriors may genuinely be even greater than the gap between an Interstellar Warrior and an ordinary mortal.

The Holy Infant Governor is nothing more than a most ordinary Infinite Sub-group, with nothing special about it.

By Gu Hang's standards, next year's Genetic Seeds may well be the most ordinary 'second-class' seeds.

And what are the Dawn Messengers? Every member is of the 'Glory' level seed, all have undergone the Blessed Child's training, and all have been advanced as much as possible on the Interstellar Warrior training panel owned by Gu Hang, with the company champion's ratio close to 20%.

Using the Hero interface, the elites within the battle group were inspired, directly increasing the number of Battle Group Champions to around 1% of the entire group.

To put it bluntly, if placed in such arenas or coliseums, in a fair battle, any company of the Dawn Messengers could annihilate the entire Holy Infant Governor while keeping their own casualties below 40%.

This is an enormously vast gap.

While the Dawn Messengers' second company dealt with the threats on the flanks, the main forces of the Dawn Messengers moved toward the target warehouse at the fastest speed possible.

The vanguard was the seventh company of the Dawn Messengers. They rode swiftly on their flying motorcycles, speeding forward, reaching the predetermined target the fastest.

The flying motorcycles are indeed fast, but it is difficult to carry particularly heavy firepower equipment. However, the combat prowess of the Dawn Messengers alone was already quite remarkable.

Their combat level was exceptionally strong, and more crucially, speed also has its value.

Without the high-speed advance of the assault motorcycles, it's possible that the warehouse guards could have completed the destruction of critical equipment inside.

The Nightmare Squad that they had particularly placed hope in, after being wiped out, abandoned any fantasies and prepared to evacuate. Before retreating, they would undoubtedly destroy things inside the warehouse, leaving nothing for their opponents.

But the Dawn Messengers' motorcycle companies were too fast.

Besides speed, they were particularly brave.

They directly ignored the enemies blocking on the outskirts, blew a hole in the warehouse wall, and charged inside.

For others, this would be reckless. Is the Dark Spirit Race's outer perimeter so easy to ignore? Ordinary people, forcing a breakthrough, would likely face a full intercept of firepower, suffering severe losses.

However, for the Dawn Messengers' rapid assault companies, it was skill and daring.

In the process of assault, not only did they suffer minimal losses, but they also disrupted the opponent's defense line.

Upon entering the warehouse, after eliminating the enemies intent on destroying cargo, the entire company began a resolute defense inside.

The enemy's counterattacks grew stronger with each wave. They even attempted to plant a giant bomb to blow up the entire warehouse along with everyone inside, but ultimately it was destroyed by a tactical team of the Dawn Messengers.

When Ji Hao arrived with his main force, the enemy's counterattack was directly suppressed.

The precious materials for building the Veil Spirit Gate were transported out of the warehouse, with the entire battle group protecting these supplies, rapidly retreating toward Queen Rose Port.

During this process, the Dark Elves seemed to realize the seriousness of the issue. They dispatched a rather strong force, attempting to reclaim or destroy these important materials and equipment that had fallen under human control.

This force consisted directly of a thousand-strong Nightmare Team—not executioners with short-distance teleportation, but conventional Nightmare Warriors whose direct combat strength was even stronger than the specialized executioners.

Moreover, within them were also executioners.

There were also numerous units like Dimensional Spider Warriors—a masterpiece of the Blood People. These are the finest genetic engineers of the Dark Spirit Race, crafting some creatures and even warriors of their own kind with a native dimensional spider capable of short-distance teleportation, resulting in beings with a spider's lower body and a human's upper body. They are stronger than Nightmare Executioners due to their more flexible and versatile teleportation skills, and their size is greater than a Terminator but slightly smaller than a Dreadnought Mech.

And Screaming Banshees—an ultra-agile elite aerial unit of the Dark Spirit Race capable of carrying heavy firepower, hovering in the air for strikes while also dive-bombing.

In short, elite units of the Dark Spirit Race began to appear en masse.

Accompanying the Dawn Messengers was the Holy Infant Governor's company commander Belson, watching from the side as he became almost numb.

He had seen these elite units, or at least heard of them. However, witnessing such a large-scale concentration for the first time was overwhelming.

Watching the combat strength of these Dark Elf units, he re-evaluated his perceptions of this race, which had survived apocalyptic disasters and persisted till now, annoying but never obliterated by others.

They must have a strong foundation and are very powerful.

Undoubtedly, if it were to exchange with their battle group, even at full strength and fully manned, this mission could not be executed, and they would certainly be overwhelmed and completely annihilated by such numerous powerful units of the Dark Spirit Race.

Yet, these gold and white-painted Dawn Messengers displayed such tremendous individual strength.

It was astonishingly strong.

This made him wonder when the offspring of the Saints could reach this level?

To put it into perspective, the Infinite Legion and Saints Legion back in the legion era tens of thousands of years ago had feuds and grudges. Although later on, both sides became loyal members of the Empire, due to historical issues, their relationship has been uncomfortable, avoiding cooperation if possible. When circumstances forced them to fight together, they often remained independent without any subordination.

And to elaborate, the offspring of the Saints generally viewed the Infinite Corps as ’enemies.’ After all, the grudge that nearly led to military conflict between the two was due to the Infinite Legion taking on The Emperor’s task to punish the Saints, acting as ’executioners’ and destroying their once glorious and proud ’perfect world.’

Meanwhile, the offspring of the Infinite Warriors generally looked down on the Saints, believing them to be too fanatical and irrational, not trustworthy enough.

But today, Belson, this offspring of the Infinite, had a significantly refreshed view.

The offspring of the Saints were ferocious.

It seemed as if all of them were from the mother group's most elite 'Ever Victorious Army' kind of level.

But the problem was, even in the mother group, the Infinite Corps only had one Ever Victorious Army company!

Only during the legion era could they produce a large company—the equivalent of a battle group's Ever Victorious Army today.

And here was a battle group that had barely been established for twenty years, with such prowess?

Belson was thoroughly numbed.

But overall, having such comrades was certainly a good thing.

At least, this rather important mission was finally completed.

Chapter 942: Whose Idea Is This?

The information from the front lines made the supreme commander on the same front, the Son of God Robert, feel quite astonished.

He also agreed that the outcome and performance achieved by the Dawn Messenger was at the level that only the Ever Victorious Army, the absolute elite of the Infinite Legion he personally led ten millennia ago, could reach.

In terms of their Saints Legion, only the trusted aides of his once opposing brother, the Blessed Sons, may have similar strength.

No, not even the Blessed Sons could match the strength of the Dawn Messenger.

He couldn’t help but feel a bit emotional.

All the intelligence he received showed that Gu Hang had special insights into training Interstellar Warriors.

Now, this has been further affirmed.

What secret does Gu Hang possess to achieve this?

He was very curious.

However, no matter how curious he was, it could be set aside for now. At least at the moment, Robert was only pleased with the Dawn Messenger displaying powerful combat capabilities.

Their performance had tremendous strategic value.

Some particularly crucial battles in the future, even some plans that had been shelved due to a lack of sufficiently capable forces to execute them, could be revisited and put into action.

Of course, the Dawn Messenger was not a unit directly under his command but a member of the Alliance. However, he had considerable trust in Gu Hang. Judging by Gu Hang’s actions since his rise, he might not be a loyal subject of Holy Terra, but he was a hero of the Human Empire. He believed Gu Hang would make the right choices, even if those choices differed from his own ideas, it was due to differing thoughts, not differing positions.

Even without considering the future, the tasks already completed by the Dawn Messenger were extraordinarily valuable.

The materials safely escorted out were immediately taken over by personnel, carried by a specially dedicated ship through the continuously open Veil Spirit Gate, heading to the real universe.

On the other side, the technical masters of the Alliance were already in place.

Technical documents had long been distributed to their hands.

After Yu Che conveyed the information to the Great Sage Kao'er and opened the Veil Spirit Gate, he vanished as a heroic spirit, returning to Gu Hang's Storm God Kingdom.

Naturally, the information reached the Storm God Kingdom, was quickly compiled, and the intelligence was then made available to the Mechanicus Sage of the Alliance.

They were, of course, vastly different from Kao'er's level, since the highest technical experts in the Alliance hadn't reached the level of 'Great Sage.' Perhaps Wu Jiarong, fed on countless black boxes, could barely meet this standard.

But Kao'er was called a Great Sage because this title was the highest rank within the Sect of Mechanics, with no higher level. Many of the Sages and Great Sages had experienced teaching from Kao'er.

He could be a mentor to the Sages.

However, in analyzing the Veil Spirit Gate technology, the time the Alliance's Sages spent was not much different from Kao'er.

The main factor was that the technological information on the Veil Spirit Gate had long been analyzed by Yu Che, leaving only the final steps of thinking, transformation, and learning.

In essence, Yu Che completed the most time-consuming and challenging parts. The remaining final step, which was also the simplest, posed no difficulty for Kao'er or the Alliance's Sages.

The assembled Sages, upon obtaining the materials and spirit race equipment, quickly began directing the gathered group of the most outstanding Alliance engineers and technicians to rapidly construct a new Veil Spirit Gate.

This grand gate was made without regard for cost or expense.

The temporary skills the Alliance learned definitely had operational differences from the Dark Spirit Race. Their work was not as refined or aligned with the Spirit Race's usual aesthetic of cherishing materials, being thrifty, and achieving the best results with minimal resources for that high-efficiency beauty...

However, human technology had its distinguishing traits — large quantities and sufficient supplies.

No matter the requirements, as long as it was usable, reliable, and stable, it sufficed.

As for the enormous energy consumption and massive construction costs, they were insignificant in the vast economic scale of humanity.

As long as the goal could be achieved, presenting a numerical cost was acceptable.

This was precisely the grandeur of the current cosmic overlord compared to the previous one.

The Spirit Race, under no circumstance, could achieve such a dominance by quantity.

...

The new Veil Spirit Gate built by humans began operation at the end of the second month after construction started.

This meant that on the other side of the Veil Spirit Gate in Comoros, the war had been going on for over two months.

Queen Rose Port had already 'calmly' settled down.

At least, no artillery fire rang out at this Comoros port anymore.

But in reality, it wasn't particularly calm. After all, it was still very busy here. Seven Veil Spirit Gates, ranging from small to medium scale, were operating day and night. One human ship after another arrived in Comoros.

Among these ships were battleships that would join the fight against the Dark Spirit Race's navy.

The Terra Expeditionary Army battleships led by Robert numbered less than two thousand by the time they were all drawn into Comoros.

Chapter 942: Whose Opinion Is This? (Part 2)

In the past two months, the number of Alliance Warships entering Comoros has reached fifteen hundred.

This directly doubled the presence of the Human Navy in Comoros, thwarting the Dark Spirit Race's attempt to swiftly annihilate the human 'invaders.'

The Human Fleet managed to tenaciously maintain its presence, not to mention launching attacks on other regions, at least safeguarding Queen Rose Port from being attacked by the Dark Spirit Race's navy from the void outside.

And this is by no means the limit for the Alliance Fleet.

At the moment, in the real universe, the number of human warships queuing to enter through the gate is more than fifteen hundred!

It's just that the seven gates are too small!

On average, a battleship takes over an hour to pass through the Veil Spirit Gate.

The warship enters from the real universe, as if into a void space, slowly rising. During this process, on the other side of the Veil Spirit Gate, in the void of Comoros, the silhouette of the warship gradually emerges until it fully solidifies.

This process is also the most dangerous phase. The warship squeezing through the Veil Spirit Gate to Comoros is quite vulnerable. It can be hit by firepower from both sides of the Spirit Gate, yet it cannot retaliate, and the Void Shield cannot be activated, relying solely on the armor and hull strength to withstand.

The Spirit Race warships do not have such difficulties when crossing the Veil Spirit Gate.

On one hand, their warships inherently have some technology and equipment suited for traversing the Veil Spirit Gate, speeding up the process. Moreover, a more critical aspect is that they build the Veil Spirit Gate as large as they need for their ships.

The seven small and medium-sized Spirit Gates previously used by human warships were not initially designed for massive battleships. Forcing them through means the medium-sized gates can barely accommodate them, but with a much longer traversal time.

Fortunately, at first, with the Terra Expeditionary Army fleet guarding, and the Spirit Race being caught off guard by their Spirit Gates being opened and utilized, their counterattack came a bit late, allowing the first batch of Alliance ships to pass through smoothly.

When several battleships managed to enter, the defense intensity for the Veil Spirit Gate by humans increased significantly.

Subsequent Alliance Warships that crossed became smaller warships.

These don’t take as long, often taking just a few minutes, or a little over ten minutes for one to come through.

With more warships entering, the defense for the Veil Spirit Gate and the entire Queen Rose Port was greatly strengthened.

Following this, some transport ships could come through.

Batch after batch of Alliance troops arrived in Comoros aboard ships — Ji Hao and his Dawn Messenger Battle Group were among the first.

Shiploads of supplies were also delivered, and the Terra Expeditionary Army, which was cut off from supplies, received an immense boost, returning to full vigor like parched land rejuvenated by a rainstorm.

In naval battles, due to the still insufficient number of ships and the adamant need to guard Queen Rose Port and prevent any disruption to the Veil Spirit Gate, they dared not launch reckless outward assaults.

On the other hand, the army had relatively ample numbers.

They began to be dissatisfied with merely defending Queen Rose Port and started advancing on Comoros through land.

They encountered many problems still.

The mechanical and artillery units of the humans struggled to operate effectively.

Urban warfare is like this, especially in Comoros, which can be likened to extreme urban warfare.

Narrow paths and alleys concealed numerous enemies. Moreover, the Dark Spirit Race is quite adept at stealthy special operations.

Often, when heavy Armored Divisions and Titans paved the way to conquer a large area, and the artillery managed to find a spot for fire support, the Dark Spirit Race's defense lines appeared as fragile as paper during this stage, easily breached.

However, the Dark Spirit Race's living troops didn't suffer significant losses. They would scatter to various places, seemingly retreating but actually regrouping in different districts and alleys.

With organizations like cabals, families, and associations as grassroots structures, even as few as dozens or hundreds of them could maintain organization, engaging in guerrilla warfare, occasionally launching attacks on specific locations.

Unlike typical guerrilla warfare, this was a racial conflict, with no 'civilians' among the Dark Spirit Race in human eyes; all living creatures were considered legitimate targets.

This eliminated concerns over collateral damage among the populace, no longer hindered by international perceptions, with none of that stuff to worry about.

See them, kill them.

The Dark Spirit Race's ambushes and guerilla tactics solely relied on their familiarity with complex terrains to launch surprise attacks and retreats.

This truly suited them well.

Ordinary human soldiers compared to ordinary Dark Spirit Race soldiers had a disadvantage on numbers, but individual combat abilities were indeed superior.

Even the most common Dark Spirit Race soldiers could reach T3 level among human soldiers.

This level of proficiency wasn't common among human troops.

As human forces pushed further, occupying more and more territories, the hidden units of the Dark Spirit Race within their territories naturally increased.

They were trapped in a stalemate, engaged in a relentless battle of clearing and counter-clearing house by house, floor by floor, even room by room in the complex urban combat zones.

In such battles, tanks and artillery were not very effective, with both sides pitting their light infantry against each other.

In terms of casualties, human forces suffered more.

This forced the human side to lessen their offensive, even retracting their occupied areas.

Until they found some good solutions, they could not expand their controlled areas.

Currently, with the scale of Comoros as it was, the human-controlled areas didn't even account for one percent.

...

"The Alliance's military involvement isn't even one percent."

Faced with the query from the Son of God, Alliance Commander General Xiong Lei responded with this sentence.

The Son of God smirked slightly.

What he meant earlier was that he intended to call it off.

The confrontation with the Dark Spirit Race was not part of Robert's plan. The fight ensued purely due to the Dark Spirit Race's aggressive attacks, dragging them into Comoros.

For the Terra Expeditionary Army, this was evidently an unexpected disaster. Brutal battles resulted in numerous sacrifices and many ship losses. Yet, there were gains as well—contact was established with the Alliance, supplies were replenished substantially, and Robert was lobbying for the possibility of the Alliance dispatching some battle groups, Star Realm Army Groups, or naval warships to join his expeditionary force.

However, these discussions had yet to be brought up.

The first step was to cease the war against the Dark Spirit Race.

During the two months of conflict, the Dark Spirit Race, after realizing they couldn't capture Robert and Gu Jing, sent emissaries several times expressing the intention of a truce.

Robert obviously despised these abhorrent aliens, but in his rational assessment, ending hostilities seemed reasonable.

Do they truly have enough forces to conquer all of Comoros?

It's challenging.

The priority was, after all, saving Holy Terra, which hadn't been rescued yet—and however much one wanted to obliterate the aliens, prioritizing correctly was vital.

Destroying the Dark Spirit Race surely ranked below rescuing Holy Terra.

However, the Alliance had differing opinions on this matter.

As the highest commander for the Alliance on the Comoros battlefield, General Xiong Lei disagreed with Robert.

For the Son of God, this was quite a novel experience.

Neither ten thousand years ago nor upon his revival years later had he ever witnessed a mortal commander directly confronting and rejecting his suggestions.

"Is this your opinion, or Gu Hang's?" He posed the question.

Chapter 943: Holy Terra Can’t Wait Anymore

"Such a significant strategic direction decision wasn’t my choice, it was Mr. Gu’s."

"Then let me personally talk to Gu Hang."

"Of course."

Xiong Lei would not create any obstacles for Robert.

He had even anticipated this and had set up the communications equipment so that Robert could effortlessly have a Spiritual Energy communication with Gu Hang directly on his ship.

Robert didn’t engage in much small talk; he straightforwardly reiterated his viewpoint.

He believed it was high time to discuss a ceasefire with the envoy of the Dark Spirit Race.

Naturally, Gu Hang did not agree.

As Xiong Lei said, such major matters would definitely not be handled impulsively and certainly reflect Gu Hang’s stance.

Robert remained calm as he inquired, "Why not? I’d like to know the reason."

He knew Gu Hang had his own considerations and even speculated a few. Still, he trusted Gu Hang and did not regard Gu Hang’s thoughts as trivial or worthless. Thus, he needed to understand what ideas Gu Hang had that he hadn’t considered or ones that might persuade him.

Gu Hang was equally forthright.

"Entering Comoros is no easy feat," Gu Hang's voice was full of emotion, "The Dark Spirit Race, just tracking them down is difficult, let alone having the opportunity to conquer Comoros."

Robert said, "Destroying an Alien, especially one that isn't a significant threat to humanity or the Empire, doesn't warrant such substantial investment."

"You're right. What you said is correct. However, the greatest value here isn't merely about eliminating an ancient race. If it were just a Dark Spirit Race, they indeed wouldn't be worth such effort from us. But the greatest value here is neither this race nor the eradication of an Alien."

"Veil Spirit Gate technology? Haven't we already mastered this technology? We can just continue to occupy this port without necessarily launching a full-scale assault on the entire Comoros."

"It's not that simple." Gu Hang shook his head.

He realized that Robert's knowledge of Spiritual Energy and supernatural forces was quite... lacking.

Patiently, he explained some things.

Only Robert was worth such an explanation from him.

Is the Veil Spirit Gate technology itself crucial? Actually, it's not. This is essentially just a 'door-opening' technology, but the key is the value of Comoros itself.

This city, left behind from countless thousands of years ago, nestled between veils, could be considered the last glimmer of the once Universe-dominant Spirit Race Empire. Despite the Spirit Race's countless tens of thousands of years of legacy and survival until now, even given several more millennia, they couldn't rebuild a new Comoros.

Its existence is unique in this universe.

Utilizing Comoros, the Human Fleet could travel quickly and freely like the Dark Spirit Race's fleet. The efficiency of using large Veil Spirit Gates for interstellar travel far surpasses the risk-laden Subspace and Star Realm Tunnel journeys.

The only issue is the size.

The number of Veil Spirit Gates that can be opened is limited, and their scale is limited. After operating fifteen hundred warships with seven gates, it took two months to complete.

But that's because there are only seven gates, and their scale is small.

The newly completed, larger Veil Spirit Gate alone is expected to match the previous seven.

However, new issues have arisen—the continuous opening has stretched the entire port to its limits.

Opening Veil Spirit Gates requires the port to continuously output a massive amount of energy.

As for energy, this aspect is manageable; it's quite precious to the Dark Spirit Race. Comoros doesn't produce resources. The space between veils isn't merely barren, it's completely void. All materials, substances, and energy must be sourced from the real universe and transported in.

To sustain such a massive city, the Dark Spirit Race surely must continuously plunder.

But for the Alliance, this pressure isn't substantial. Bringing in resources and materials via transport ships does the job.

The Alliance has established numerous Stellar Energy Factories in many star systems lacking colonial value, with the most significant one nearly enclosing an entire star, embodying the concept of a 'Dyson Sphere.'

Of course, at this point, they can't really be called Stellar Energy Factories. Although Dyson Sphere technology essentially involves countless Stellar Energy Factories combined, when the scale reaches a

point encompassing a whole star, the quantity is immensely large. No matter how simple the system, when pieced together to such a scale, the technical difficulty skyrockets to a terrifying level.

It becomes a brand-new technology, an epic-level technology emerged during one of Gu Hang's billion-grade ten consecutive draws.

The establishment of a Dyson Sphere, although rendering other regions of a star system thoroughly valueless, its enormous energy output significantly alleviates the Alliance's energy pressure.

Now, multiple Dyson Spheres are under construction. Before their completion, those individual energy factories are already operational.

Chapter 943: Holy Terra Can't Wait Any Longer (Part 2)

In short, the Alliance has enough energy to sustain the operation of Comoros, let alone exclusively maintaining the full operation of Queen's Rose Port at present.

However, although the energy is sufficient, the port itself has a limit to the number of Veil Spirit Gates it can open, which is a capacity issue of the port.

The Dark Spirit Race has eleven medium-sized ports of similar specification in Comoros, three larger than Queen's Rose Port, and more than forty small ports.

"...So, only by controlling all of these ports, or a majority of them, can we meet the needs of our strategic mobility."

Robert fell into deep thought.

He was also able to recognize the problem.

Controlling just one Queen's Rose Port is not enough. Even if a new Veil Spirit Gate is constructed, doubling the 'throughput' of the port compared to when it previously had only seven gates, it still only takes a month to deploy a fleet of fifteen hundred warships.

Time is relatively a solvable issue. After all, under normal navigation, a month may barely suffice for a fleet to traverse a Star Domain—provided the Star Domain is small enough; otherwise, they wouldn't make it through.

But the problem lies in using the Veil Spirit Gate for such transport, where each gate can only get one ship through at a time, unlike subspace navigation or Star Realm Tunnel navigation, where a fleet arrives as a whole upon completion of the jump.

This makes a significant difference.

If it takes a month for a fleet to get through, and should the enemy know about it and assemble heavy troops to attack at the gate, the situation could be disastrous.

For the Dark Spirit Race, they've never worried about this issue. After all, their military operations are relatively small-scale, comprising pirates and guerrilla warfare, scrapping together fifteen ships for an operation is already substantial.

This becomes very quick.

But it does not at all suffice for the humans' most important large-scale military maneuvering.

According to estimates, if a corps needs to be deployed in a day, it requires thirty times the throughput of Queen's Rose Port.

So wouldn't it mean taking over all the ports in Comoros?

Robert at times considered if he needn't be so greedy.

But on the other hand, the enormous temptation was hard to let go.

Even if Comoros is entirely occupied, the Veil Spirit Gate can't replace existing conventional navigation. What does thirty times the throughput increase mean? A human naval corps would take a day to deploy. But the largest-scale operations in space navigation aren't military actions, rather the transport ships that far exceed warship numbers, plying between countless planets.

The Veil Spirit Gate can't handle this task. It's not just a matter of scale; the costs are prohibitive.

A Colossal Belly Transport Ship can take its time on the route, transporting food or raw minerals. Time demands aren't as stringent, making transportation cost-sensitive. But once the Veil Spirit Gate opens to transport a fully loaded ship to its destination, the energy consumption is immense, making it impractical.

However, sometimes the key lies in the rapid deployment of military force.

With the current construction of Veil Spirit Gates, where dozens of ports in Comoros could simultaneously exert force, the massive Expeditionary Force of fifteen hundred warships can be deployed anywhere in space within a day, bringing unprecedented strategic value!

In two days, that's three thousand ships; in ten days, fifteen thousand ships! No matter what major event occurs, humans can respond swiftly and handle it quickly.

This time, the expedition from the Infinite Starfield to Terra gave Robert quite a headache and left an extremely deep impression.

But what if Comoros was in human hands?

The expedition ceremony could be completed in the morning, and the army could reach Holy Terra by night!

But soon, Robert snapped out of his reverie.

Shaking his head, he said, "This vision is indeed very tempting, but how many years would it take for us to subdue Comoros?"

The battle situation didn’t need to be explained to Gu Hang; he believed Gu Hang was fully aware.

Currently, the human army has occupied less than one percent of Comoros territory, and it already feels like they’re stuck in a quagmire.

It’s nowhere near as easy to fully occupy it.

Moreover, the Dark Spirit Race is being pushed to the brink of survival. As a former cosmic overlord that survived countless millennia, who knows what powerful trump cards they might still hold? When pushed to the limit, no one can tell how much pressure they could exert.

"And besides..." Robert brought up a new issue, "I agree, if we can conquer Comoros, it would be worth any cost and time. But if it takes too long, what about Holy Terra? No one knows how long Holy Terra can hold on after a century of darkness."

"Alas..." Gu Hang sighed, "I do know the general situation on Holy Terra right now, though not in detail, but overall, it doesn’t look promising."

This was another gain for the Alliance’s Western Expeditionary Army after entering the Empire’s Holy Territory.

Previously, during the peak of the Scarlet Scar, Gu Hang found it challenging to cross this awe-inspiring ’natural phenomenon’ in subspace and explore the situation on the other side.

But as the Alliance Army captured half a Cosmos Domain on the other side, Gu Hang’s connection to that side improved substantially.

He could even communicate with the Alliance Embassy on Holy Terra.

But the outcome was not promising.

After the great disaster, Holy Terra too experienced massive upheaval.

The consumption needs of a trillion-population world are enormous; water, food, consumer goods... Many require external trade. After communication was cut off, even with subsequent proactive external actions by Holy Terra authorities, the overall situation remained quite tense. Famine, water shortages, energy shortages, and lack of consumer goods erupted across the planet.

This crowded world with a trillion inhabitants, the heart of the Human Empire's center, is a place ever under the gaze of external Evil Gods, drooling in anticipation.

Frequent and numerous are the cults and chaos brewing on Holy Terra.

Moreover, it's not just external influence; the severed contact from outside led to a loss of control over the Empire's governance, which resulted in enormous political catastrophes. On Holy Terra, intense struggles persist between various political factions and some local factions in Central Territory who have already reestablished contact with external areas.

This is the tragic aspect: the more urgent it becomes, and the closer to doom, humanity doesn't necessarily unite more. There's a significant chance that, under the pressure of extinction, they could descend into frenetic mutual conflicts.

The Alliance Embassy, declared illegal decades ago, saw many Alliance-appointed personnel and their associates on Holy Terra met with harsh persecution. Now, only a few persist in hiding everywhere, but a century is too long, spanning several generations, hardly any remember their ancestors' responsibilities toward the Alliance.

Even those who remember may not care anymore.

Gu Hang now only knows that centered around Holy Terra, rebels proliferate in all surrounding Cosmos Domains; internally on Holy Terra, rebel activities also exist. Cultists accelerate corruption, and even real subspace demons have begun operating in the nest capitals' underbelly of Holy Terra.

It's a massive powder keg, ready to be blown apart by some fuse event.

Indeed, there, an individual like Robert is urgently needed to take a stand.

"Holy Terra might not wait for us to take Comoros."

When saying this, Robert felt both anxious and a bit forlorn.

Chapter 944: Eagle’s Reckoning

Reckoning of the Hawk

When the last enchanted warrior turned to ash in the Nirvana Flame, the Yulin Army had already activated the phase device to cleanse the battlefield’s chaotic contamination. Sol noticed they never removed their heavy helmets with breathing tube interfaces, their power armor’s lower back faintly glowed with the cold light of some crystalline implant. He gazed into the depths of the underground crypt at the still-operating phase device, "Relics of the 32nd-century Terra Expeditionary Force... no wonder."

Suddenly, the unique encrypted communication frequency of the Yulin Army resonated through the church ruins, a bird-like binary code trembling in the air. When Sol looked up again, the enigmatic warriors, along with the Primarch, boarded the returning Thunderhawk, leaving only hexagonal energy burn marks on the ground to prove they were not phantoms.

————————————————————

Newborn Thorns

Five hours later, when the Rong Lizard Battle Group reorganized at the temporary camp, the technical sergeant recovered the last surveillance footage from a damaged storage device: 0.03 seconds before the Chaos sorcerer could touch the relic, a rune of recognition appeared on the hand armor of a Yulin warrior — it was clearly a totem of the Mars Mechanism Sect from the dark age.

Sol gazed at the flickering holographic sand table on the tactical desk, the warning from his mentor two hundred years ago echoed in his ear: "Some truths need to wait for the right moment to blossom." At this moment, he suddenly understood that this bloody battle was not only Papalier’s salvation, but also a witness to some secretive process of the entire Dark Side Expedition — encrypted communication

frequency, a bird-like binary code trembling in the air. When Sol looked up again, the enigmatic warriors, along with the Primarch, boarded the returning Thunderhawk, leaving only hexagonal energy burn marks on the ground to prove they were not phantoms.

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Newborn Thorns

Five hours later, when the Rong Lizard Battle Group reorganized at the temporary camp, the technical sergeant recovered the last surveillance footage from a damaged storage device: In the heavy helmet, a cold light from some crystalline implant was faintly visible at the power armor’s lower back.

"You protect more than just bodies." Martins’ voice, carried through a voice changer, resonated with metallic overtone as he looked towards the still-operating phase device in the underground crypt, "Relics of the 32nd-century Terra Expeditionary Force... no wonder."

Suddenly, the unique encrypted communication frequency of the Yulin Army resonated through the church ruins, a bird-like binary code trembling in the air. When Sol looked up again, the enigmatic warriors, along with the Primarch, boarded the returning Thunderhawk, leaving only hexagonal energy burn marks on the ground to prove they were not phantoms.

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Five hours later, when the Rong Lizard Battle Group reorganized at the temporary camp, the technical sergeant recovered the last surveillance footage from a damaged storage device: 0.03 seconds before the Chaos sorcerer could touch the relic, a rune of recognition appeared on the hand armor of a Yulin warrior — it was clearly a totem of the Mars Mechanism Sect from the dark age.

Sol gazed at the flickering holographic sand table on the tactical desk, the warning from his mentor two hundred years ago echoed in his ear: "Some truths need to wait for the right moment to blossom." At this moment, he suddenly understood that this bloody battle was not only Papalier’s salvation, but also a witness to some secretive process of the entire Dark Side Expedition — when the first ray of morning

light pierced through the polluted clouds, golden-edged dark green buds unexpectedly sprouted from the Rong Lizard Battle Group’s flagpole. Reckoning of the Hawk

When the last enchanted warrior turned to ash in the Nirvana Flame, the Yulin Army had already activated the phase device to cleanse the battlefield’s chaotic contamination. Sol noticed they never removed their heavy helmets with breathing tube interfaces, their power armor’s lower back faintly glowed with the cold light of some crystalline implant.

"You protect more than just bodies." Martins’ voice, carried through a voice changer, resonated with metallic overtone as he looked towards the still-operating phase device in the underground crypt, "Relics of the 32nd-century Terra Expeditionary Force... no wonder."

Suddenly, the unique encrypted communication frequency of the Yulin Army resonated through the church ruins, a bird-like binary code trembling in the air. When Sol looked up again, the enigmatic warriors, along with the Primarch, boarded the returning Thunderhawk, leaving only hexagonal energy burn marks on the ground to prove they were not phantoms.

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Chapter 944: Strategic Directions

What Robert said, what Gu Hang said, they could understand each other and both recognized that what the other was saying was correct and valuable.

The importance of Comoros or Holy Terra is undeniable.

However, they quickly exchanged some new directions.

Holy Terra and Comoros, these two strategic directions are not mutually exclusive.

The core still lies in what Admiral Xiong Lei previously told Robert: the Alliance's military strength is less than one percent.

This statement represents everything.

In fact, is it necessary for the Terra Expeditionary Army under Robert's command to conquer all of Comoros?

Not at all.

Just how strong is the Terra Expeditionary Army's military strength?

With a fleet size of two thousand warships, how does it compare to the Alliance?

The Alliance's five major armies, for example, the smallest Northern Front Army, has over five thousand warships, stationed south of the 'Iron Wall' for defense.

The Terra Expeditionary Army's two thousand warships, placed in the largest Southern Line Expeditionary Army, might equal the size of the main fleet—and slightly smaller. And in the Southern Front Army, although the main fleet is the largest, for the sake of expedition efficiency, there are at least over ten, each with at least fifty or sixty, or up to five or six hundred warships. The total number of fleets of the Southern Front Army may exceed ten thousand warships.

The total number of warships in the Alliance might reach over forty thousand.

Moreover, this number is rapidly increasing. It's possible that in a few years or ten, another fleet the size of the Terra Expeditionary Army will emerge.

The biggest limitation on the Alliance's deployment of forces to Comoros is the delivery capability.

If the Alliance cannot capture Comoros, or if it takes a very long time, then the presence or absence of Robert's Terra Expeditionary Army would not significantly affect the outcome.

"However..." Gu Hang also said, "The Terra Expeditionary Army still needs to hold on here for a while."

Robert understood the meaning of Gu Hang's words.

The Alliance needs to send forces to Comoros little by little.

Even after the latest large-scale Veil Spirit Gate is established, doubling the delivery capability, it will still take a considerable amount of time.

Before that, humanity must at least maintain control over Queen Rose Port.

If the Terra Expeditionary Army were to leave now, the remaining Alliance forces might not withstand the Dark Spirit Race's counterattack.

Robert could accept this.

He could lead his troops to continue fighting in Comoros for the sake of humanity.

Moreover, he couldn't leave even if he wanted to now.

This leads to the second topic—attacking in the direction of Holy Terra.

The Veil Spirit Gate theoretically can be opened anywhere in the real universe, that's true.

But there's a condition—the location in the real universe must have a gate.

The positions in the real universe corresponding to the seven gates currently active at Queen Rose Port are all in the Dark Spirit Race's strongholds within Alliance-controlled areas, seized by human forces. The large spirit gate about to be established also involves transporting materials to the real universe through the Veil Spirit Gate, selecting a suitable landing site, and then building a new spirit gate to use.

For the Dark Spirit Race, if they want to venture into an unfamiliar star domain, they must sail from the nearest veil spirit gate, then arrive at the target area using conventional navigation, whether it be the Star Realm Tunnel or subspace travel, then find a place to construct a spirit gate for convenient future transits.

In short, even if you can teleport at will, you need a teleportation point.

To quickly send the Terra Expeditionary Army to Holy Terra, a Veil Spirit Gate must be established there. That means at least several ships must carry the materials to build a gate to Holy Terra.

Alternatively, there needs to be an existing Veil Spirit Gate.

Gu Hang and Robert discussed these two directions for getting the expeditionary force to Terra, deciding to pursue both tactics simultaneously.

For the former, they needed to capture and seize some Veil Spirit Gate construction equipment and materials—Kao'er has already led a team to attack the relevant technology, but how long it will take to achieve independent production is unknown.

Once they have the materials, they need to deliver them to the real universe and then, as fast as possible, transport them to the Western Expedition Army.

The Western Expedition Army needs to organize a Vanguard Fleet, carrying the materials, and risk crossing the distance of two cosmos domains—this means there is no Thunder Torch Tower protection, and they must rely on themselves to transport the Veil Spirit Gate equipment as close as possible to Holy Terra and establish the Veil Spirit Gate.

The difficulty may not be that high—if they cannot persist in the middle, as long as the fleet carrying the materials doesn't get lost during navigation, they can first find a place to construct a spirit gate, then directly obtain supplies from Comoros. Not only logistics, but also reinforcements and ship replenishment.

Once resupplied, they can dismantle the Veil Spirit Gate and set off again.

The feasibility is still good, but there's just one problem, it will take quite a while.

There's uncertainty about when they will capture a new set of Veil Spirit Gate equipment.

Once that problem is solved, it will take over a year just to send the equipment through the currently Alliance-controlled Veil Spirit Gate to the Western Front Army.

The Western Front Army forming a Vanguard Fleet to travel to Holy Terra, even putting danger aside, still presents a completely unpredictable timeline. Before the Catastrophe Era, this journey might have taken over half a year. Now, with battles in between, and the risk of getting lost without Thunder Torch Tower protection, even a minor error could result in the entire fleet wandering in the Star Realm Tunnel for half a year before finding their way out...

These are all uncontrollable risks.

The exact time they can reach Holy Terra is truly known only to the Emperor.

The whole process may take two to three years at least, perhaps many more, before the Terra Expeditionary Army can set out again.

This is clearly something Robert is not willing to accept.

But at least this is a path under their own control, everything is in humanity's hands.

Having this route means maintaining initiative.

In contrast, looking for an existing Veil Spirit Gate places the initiative outside humanity's control.

This was one of the peace negotiation conditions proposed by the Dark Spirit Race.

Chapter 945: The Emperor, Old Man, Should Just Stay Down

The Dark Spirit Race built countless Veil Spirit Gates across the universe over the long years of the past.

They were everywhere.

Even near Holy Terra.

Perhaps they wouldn't dare to send raiding parties to directly operate near Holy Terra. Even during the decline of the Human Empire, with Holy Terra as the core of the Empire, it always retained its strength.

Every bit of force from the Dark Spirit Race was precious, not to be wasted casually. They always assessed the risk-to-reward ratio.

Raiding near Holy Terra was not only difficult due to strong defenses but also, once exposed, would draw strong counterattacks from the Human Empire, making it unwise.

However, this place was extremely important. Holy Terra was the core of the Human Empire, with an abundance of information. Upon hearing news of a transport fleet operating outside the core region, they could transmit the information back and then organize a raid to seize the goods in a relatively safe area.

They always had personnel lurking within Holy Terra, conducting silent, low-key, and discreet activities.

To support their operations in Holy Terra, naturally, a small Veil Spirit Gate was built within the Solar System.

Not on the planet of Holy Terra itself—that would be too audacious. But in the Solar System, it's possible.

At the edge of the system, on the asteroid belt, the Dark Spirit Race's Veil Spirit Gate was constructed there.

Not large, but very hidden.

Although, upon reaching the Solar System, one would still need to travel for some time conventionally to reach Holy Terra, but at least it is considered close by then.

The problem was, this Veil Spirit Gate was entirely under the control of the Dark Spirit Race, with unknown coordinates and activation keys. It couldn't be opened at all currently.

Unless humanity captured the Comoros Port that holds these coordinates, or through a Dark Spirit Race captive who knows the coordinates, they could extract the specific coordinates and keys.

Even so, it's actually quite difficult.

Because the Dark Spirit Race could, at a moment's notice, destroy the Veil Spirit Gate stationed at the Solar System upon receiving news, ruining everything.

It was precisely because of this leverage that the Dark Spirit Race's negotiations were truly appealing to Robert.

If agreed, they could almost immediately reach the Solar System, completing the most crucial step of Robert's anticipated expedition, bringing the army to Holy Terra, to see whether this capital of the Human Empire still held loyalty.

Upon reaching this point, Gu Hang didn't care whether Robert's title was 'Son of God' or not, severely criticizing Robert's opportunistic wishful thinking.

Listening to Gu Hang's critique, Robert was bemused.

He was not as irrational as Gu Hang described. Since considering negotiations, he naturally considered a series of negotiation terms and matching actions to ensure the Dark Spirit Race would honor them.

Of course, he knew, as Gu Hang stated, that this was a race with no honesty— in fact, talking about honesty across species was inherently absurd.

But in general, it was true that the Dark Spirit Race had a poor reputation, was inherently cruel and deceitful, with constant internal conspiracies, let alone cooperating externally.

Robert wouldn’t easily trust them, not even a little. He would only act under circumstances that ensure the other party’s compliance through compulsory binding forces.

In this process, the power of the Alliance was essential.

He needed the Alliance keeping watch in Comoros, only then would he dare to send troops into the Veil Spirit Gate opened to them by the Dark Spirit Race.

Otherwise, even if there was only a one percent chance of the other party trapping him, within the Dark Spirit Race, it would turn into one hundred percent.

In other words, without Gu Hang agreeing to negotiations and the Alliance’s secured power, he couldn’t negotiate by himself.

He also understood that Gu Hang’s use of terms like ’opportunism’, ’wishful thinking’, and ’Dark Spirit Race promises unreliable’ was to stall him.

Essentially, it was still about insisting on the attack on Comoros and not wanting the Terra Expeditionary Army to leave.

"Let’s talk openly about this matter, Mr. Gu Hang, without unnecessary remarks we all know are needless. I believe you are a wise man," Robert said.

Gu Hang found it somewhat comical.

"I am indeed talking openly now, Prince Robert."

"You might feel that I’m discussing these matters with you to block you. However, my admiral has told you before, and now I am emphasizing again: conquering Comoros is my goal, but during this process, the Alliance does not need your expeditionary force, we are fully capable of completing this task independently."

"I fully understand why you might misunderstand my intention. You believe you've made complete, comprehensive preparations, and as long as I agree, with the Alliance's supporting forces, you could achieve your plan no matter the Dark Spirit Race's hidden schemes."

"But, in my opinion, you're too arrogant, Prince Robert. You believe in your brain, the wisdom and rationality granted by the Emperor, confident that as long as you execute your perfect plan step by step, there will be no mistakes. Even if mistakes occur, you have confidence that you have enough contingencies to remedy... But, what are you facing? Do not underestimate the Dark Spirit Race. Though weakened, degraded, and few in numbers now, I must solemnly inform you, they once dominated the universe, and no one knows what powers still lie hidden beneath their heritage. Your perfect plan is very likely to fail; it could lead the expeditionary force into an abyss."

Chapter 945: The Emperor Should Just Stay Seated, Old Man_2

Upon hearing this, Robert was still smiling.

He even thought that Gu Hang wasn't actually that smart.

He had initially believed Gu Hang to be a high-level 'peer,' an extraordinarily intelligent individual who could guess his perfect plan without being told. And once he knew his plan, he would surely believe that everything would proceed smoothly.

Unfortunately...

But since Gu Hang held the powerful Alliance,

he decided he needed to take some time to explain it to Gu Hang carefully and patiently, persuading this ruler of the Alliance.

Still, he felt somewhat disappointed.

If Gu Hang were the kind of person with 'absolute wisdom' that he had previously thought, he even considered handing over the Empire to him. During his time as the 'Regent King' of the Empire, he had taken control of the entire military and political affairs of the Empire, understanding how taxing it was. He was willing to hand off this responsibility or share it with Gu Hang.

But it seemed Gu Hang wasn't that 'absolute wise man.'

Regrettably, Gu Hang should at least be able to act as his deputy, helping him shoulder some of the burden.

However, before he could begin to outline his perfect plan, Gu Hang's next words completely wiped the smile off his face.

"...I believe that ten thousand years ago, when you led reinforcements from the Infinite Starfield, serving as the most crucial and largest force to support Holy Terra during the Empire's civil war, you surely had a 'perfect plan' as well. But you and your forces arrived fashionably late after the war ended, which definitely wasn't part of your perfect plan, was it?"

Below Robert's frozen expression, a wave of anger was brewing.

How dare you?

That was one of the most painful scars of his life, one that he spent countless nights blaming himself for. As exceptionally intelligent as he was, he certainly knew many people thought this way in their hearts, but no one had ever dared to expose it to his face.

Although he was known as the rational Son of God, it didn't mean he was immune to anger.

After all, does Robert's character lack the impulsive and fiery side?

No, not only does it exist, but it's quite strong, not less than some of his more recklessly famed brothers.

Seeing Robert no longer smiling, Gu Hang instead laughed: "I believe you have reflected on that history countless times on countless nights. So, don't repeat the same mistake, alright?"

After Gu Hang said this, Robert fell into a long silence.

After waiting a while, Gu Hang started speaking on his own:

"Of course, I'm not totally opposed to negotiations. But negotiation is just a means, we must push for negotiation through combat, we must gain complete dominance, which means rejecting any conditions proposed by the Dark Spirit Race, accepting only one thing: they must completely, unconditionally accept all of our terms."

"Time is on our side. The autonomous plan can start from today. We can dismantle a small Veil Spirit Gate now, reclaim it into equipment and materials, then have the Vanguard Fleet carry it towards Holy Terra."

"In Comoros, we can continue to search for new equipment and materials for manufacturing Veil Spirit Gates, and we will attempt to conquer other ports as well."

"Within a few years, when our Vanguard Fleet reaches one or two star systems adjacent to Holy Terra, we can set up the small Spirit Gate. Presumably, by then, we should have acquired more Spirit Gate equipment and more ports. At that time, transport the equipment through the small Spirit Gate to establish a large Spirit Gate, and the Expeditionary Force can still make its way through."

"Time won't be as bad as we initially thought under the worst case."

"Moreover, we can make this clear during negotiations with the Dark Spirit Race. With each passing minute and second, the bargaining chips they hold for negotiation will become increasingly weak."

"Multiple channels, parallel advancement. Your Highness Robert, you can adjust your rather frugal plan, my Alliance has sufficient resources to pursue many grand goals simultaneously. You don't always have to think about having a perfect, least costly, highest probability plan. There's no need, we can do everything, we can afford to lose."

At this, Robert couldn't help but speak up: "What if we lose Holy Terra?"

"We can afford that as well," Gu Hang replied, "Did the Dark Side Expedition of the Alliance have anything to do with Holy Terra? We still seized a quarter of the Empire, and visibly so, as long as we are

given time, we could seize the entire Dark Side of the Empire, and then reconquer the other side's Holy Territory."

At this point, Gu Hang's voice turned somewhat cold: "Let me put it bluntly, even if Holy Terra were completely destroyed, so what? Rebuild a world, regenerate a trillion people, create an Imperial Guard, assemble multiple stationed Battle Groups, and dig up the secrets and treasures buried under Holy Terra, replicate them, nothing more."

"Perhaps, such a New Terra might even be more worthwhile than rescuing Old Terra."

Robert pressed further: "What about The Emperor? The Emperor's body still sits on the Golden Throne deep within the Imperial Palace!"

Gu Hang's smile became somewhat unfathomable, seemingly even with a hint of mockery, Robert wasn't sure if he was seeing things.

He only heard him say: "The Emperor probably no longer cares."

Ascended Emperor, what does he need with the flesh? Old man, you might as well stay there.

...

In the end, was Robert persuaded?

No, he wasn't.

It's just that he had no choice.

The Alliance is the side with the greatest power. All of his plans needed the full cooperation of the Alliance.

If Gu Hang wasn't on board, no matter how perfect his plan was, it would be in vain.

He could only execute Gu Hang's plan.

He even had to repair and patch up the so-called rough proposal taken out by the Alliance Military's General Staff Department.

In this aspect, Gu Hang completely trusted his intelligence.

As long as the general direction was right, the specific implementation plan, Robert could modify any way he wanted.

After all, he was the 'absolute wise man,' he wouldn't be wrong, nor act foolishly out of spite.

Hmm, probably not.

Even if he did, it wouldn't matter.

Just like Gu Hang said, the current Alliance can afford to lose, and afford to lose many times.

With the new large Veil Spirit Gate operational, the throughput of Queen Rose Port doubled.

Two months later, one-third of the main force of the Alliance's Central Front Army had already entered Comoros.

That was three thousand warships, with an Alliance Queen of Glory overseeing them.

Simultaneously, the Starfighter Battle Group engaged in combat had more than thirty from the Alliance alone. Coupled with the descendants of the Infinite Legion from Robert's Expeditionary Force, the total exceeded fifty thousand Interstellar Warriors, fighting in Comoros.

After gaining Robert’s agreement and consent from various Infinite Sub-groups coming from the Infinite Starfield, recruits from the Alliance’s New Blood Cultivation Center, drafted as Original Casting recruits, would also be replenished into those Infinite Warriors’ Sub-groups.

Though there were issues of acceptance among veteran soldiers, during wartime, there is no room for such concerns.

They would have to adapt slowly on the battlefield.

And with the abundant forces, humans once again launched a frenzy of assault within Comoros!

Chapter 946: Black Witch King

Victor’s withered fingers unconsciously rubbed the textured steel throne, the cold touch unable to suppress the simmering rage.

The council chamber was suffused with the stench of fear and decay, the air stagnant. Under the dome, the hanging torture stakes swayed with the light like flickering specters.

"...three more outer node ports were seized by those apes," the messenger’s metallic scratching voice sliced through the silence, his hunched figure wrapped in a black cloak, "’Dusk Fang’ clan’s beast master team barely held for two days before being completely annihilated...average casualty ratio...ninety-seven to one." That final number was like a drop of concentrated acid splattering into a pan.

"Ninety-seven to one?!" A sharp roar pierced the stillness, Maraki, governor of the Shadow-eating Clan, leapt up, "Comoros has never suffered such disgrace! That throng of ’Dusk Fang’ incompetents should be fed to the low-level Demon! Victor! How long do you expect us to hide like frightened burrow creatures? Let them in! Drown them with the labyrinth! Tear them apart with numbers! My rats are more than willing to take on this task!"

"Let them in?" A colder sneer echoed from the other side.

Isara, governor of the ’Dusk Fang’ clan, who had been cursed as ’should be fed to low-level Demon’, sneered coldly and said, "Maraki, your fear has eroded what little pathetic sanity you had. Have you stayed with your rats too long, becoming this stupid? Look at the data, the ape army is still growing exponentially! Rely on your ’labyrinth’ to delay them? Your rats are fragile and incompetent, merely wasting resources and handing over our precious land!"

Before her opponent could respond, Isara’s pale, slender fingers traced through the void, bringing up a relentlessly shrinking crimson marker, "Our outpost in the real universe is being systematically dismantled, the offensive of those primitive creatures isn’t limited to Comoros. Each disappearance of a post means a severed plunder route, means one less agony and soul brought back to Comoros! Continuing this bloodshed in the swamp, we are not fighting, but engaging in chronic collective suicide!"

The governors of the two families argued fiercely, while the others in the council chamber, considered conspirators within Comoros, remained silent, watching them dispute.

These two families have been long-standing rivals for the past three centuries. Every meeting sparks conflict, if either can find fault with the other, they will seize every opportunity to attack.

But now...

Previously, arguments were merely arguments.

At present?

For thousands of years, Comoros has never faced such tremendous crisis, and it’s a direct invasion by the current cosmic hegemon against Comoros.

How has this come about?

The direct cause was the Black Witch King’s ’ingenious’ plan, ’inviting’ Robert in.

There was no choice but to come.

Along with him came the Alliance.

Immediately after, the situation spiraled out of control, escalating into the current form.

Indeed, to be frank, Victor's plan was not executed unilaterally; it went through deliberation among high-ranking leaders and was collectively decided.

But, speaking of collective decision-making, it sounds nice described as collective effort, yet when plans fail, especially in such colossal failure as now, can one hope everyone will shoulder the responsibility together?

That's too idealistic.

Blame-shifting is more in tune with human nature.

The Dark Spirit Race may not be human, but they excel at such things even more.

The one who proposed the plan was Victor, the one who organized the meeting was Victor, the one who mobilized forces for execution was Victor.

Victor, the Black Witch King, wields power in Comoros that surpasses all clans, associations, mercantile groups, and organizations, recognized as the leader and king of Comoros. He relies on the fear instilled by force and reputation that brings benefits to everyone.

But now, these two points are hugely challenged due to the present catastrophe.

According to human time, it's been six months. Yet the crisis of invasion faced by Comoros has not only not been resolved but has festered even more.

The original intent was to address a prophecy. Consensus had largely been reached, believing the prophecy concerning the Spirit Race's future was genuine. But frankly, if ignored, even if doomsday was real, it should occur far into the future.

Now, attending to this prophecy has instead brought impending doom.

Due to this, Victor has neither resolved the prophecy's issue nor crushed the human invasion with force, resulting in Comoros's forces suffering losses, dragging his prestige to rock bottom...

Under such circumstances, can the Black Witch King, an 'Alliance Hierarch' whose legitimacy is completely reliant on personal prestige and not through bloodline or election, still suppress the ambitious, divergent factions?

The two old rivals seem to have agreed to engage in deliberate squabbles at meetings again, even quarreling over significant issues as if testing something.

The other spectators in the council, gauging the thoughts of the Black Witch King seated on the steel throne, try to discern if this ruler still has the strength to maintain control.

And reality proves the Black Witch King's prestige still retains some existence.

Chapter 946: Black Witch King_2

Without waiting for him to speak, the old and eerie voice of Zalas, the representative from the Blood Actor Association, sounded: "Maraki and Isara, your arguments are meaningless and cannot solve the difficulties we are currently facing."

Saying this, his cloudy eyes turned to the throne, bowing as he spoke: "Lord Victor, please allow the association to dispatch the Harvester Squad. Let others handle the fights to delay them; we need fresh... research materials. What they call 'Interstellar Warriors'... and those psychics wielding blue flames...

"Research materials?!" Maraki's fury instantly shifted, perhaps upset that someone dared to add pressure at this moment. He scolded angrily, "Zalas! Comoros is burning! Those apes bomb our cities day after day! And you're still fixated on your perverse organs?!"

Zalas's old and eerie voice, which didn't sound like it came from a living creature, remained emotionless: "My research is our hope for victory. I once conducted some studies on special varieties within humans,

but past materials were insufficient. Now, give us more fresh materials, and we might develop some means against them, significantly alleviating the pressure."

At this point, Isara did not oppose Maraki, instead turning her attention to Zalas: "The new fleet of humans is unending; they are even setting up bigger Veil Gates directly over the ruins! This is not just a battle; they are here to... conquer! Eradicate! They don't need slaves or pain art; they seek total annihilation of us! There's no time for your slow genetic research. In a life-and-death situation, there are no precious hunters to distract the enemy. Anyway, our Dusk Fang family won't engage in such worthless matters!"

The voices of argument rose again, like a flock of ravens disturbed, with shrill accusations and curses echoing under the dome.

Victor's steel throne's armrest let out a subtle groan from his palm, almost being crushed. His eyes burned with a cold fury, sweeping over these governors who, at the brink of survival, were only concerned with personal gains and squabbling endlessly.

"Enough."

Just two words. The voice was not loud, yet it carried the vacuum storm of Comoros's deep chilling void, instantly freezing all sounds.

Not just a subjective feeling—the breeze carrying the deep chill indeed blew through the conference hall, from both a factual and objective standpoint.

The governors, as if their throats were gripped, stood frozen in place, even the most furious Maraki, as they confronted those unfathomably deep black eyes with terror.

The Black Witch King remained the Black Witch King, and they felt no doubt that if the Black Witch King desired, this chilling wind freezing sounds could transform into one that froze their hearts.

Victor slowly stood from the throne, his silhouette like a profoundly oppressive shadow.

"Maraki, the Shadow Eater." His gaze first nailed the angry governor, "Since you crave battle, the ’Blood Rose’ labyrinth node will be entrusted to you. There are seven fast transport backup routes there; deploy all the hunters, mercenaries, and your so-called endless rats to defend the place. Should you fail, don’t bother returning to see me; the punishment of soul erosion will grant you a proper taste of it."

Maraki’s lips moved silently, and ultimately, under Victor’s death-like gaze, he gave a stiff, twisted salute of compliance, face ashen.

"Isara of Dusk Fang." Attention turned to the pale and aloof female governor, "I will assign multiple ports and Veil Spirit Gates to reality, the Alliance territory, for you to oversee. Find the true source coordinates of these human fleets, locate the lair in the real universe that continually supplies those apes with troops, resources, and warships. Find one, destroy one. May the suffering inflicted on our homeland be multiplied tenfold, hundredfold upon these apes’ home in the real universe, opening a war of spreading fear. Fail to do so, and you’ll be sent to the flesh mill at the deepest layer of the Eternal Arena to train our stitched beasts."

Isara’s face turned as white as new snow, bowing slightly, a flash of panic from being seen through darted through her eyes, yet she had no courage to argue.

"Zalas." Victor’s gaze finally settled on the representative of the Blood People, "The ’samples’ you desire, a slaughter battle will soon erupt at the Tower of Pain defense node’s flank. My ’Undertakers’ and ’Nightmare Team’ will create chaos, hunt targets. Have the association dispatch the Harvester Squad, too, to participate in the assault. Regardless of the cost, I will ensure you retrieve at least 200 complete Interstellar Warriors and Psychic bodies."

The Black Witch King’s fingers tapped lightly on the throne, silently, yet instantly stiffened and froze the writhing tentacles of Zalas: "I’ll also open priority viewing rights for the association at the ’Eternal Pain Library’; your research progress must have time assurance, at least reach a staged outcome. Should I find out that your research is a meaningless waste, the significance of the Blood People Association’s existence will be reconsidered."

...

The air was deathly silent.

Victor’s cold command carried more weight than any roar.

The orders from Victor were not limited to the three who spoke in the prior disagreement. Every single governor, without exception, received assignments and work instructions.

And they had no choice but to accept them.

Perhaps, if everyone present immediately united to resist the Black Witch King, they might succeed.

However, the first ten who stood out would likely face certain death.

And if unfortunate, once those ten were dead, the rest would become even more submissive to the Black Witch King, then feast on the blood of those fallen at the front, divided their power amongst themselves, and offer it up to the Black Witch King.

No one wished to be such a fool.

No one dared to make any sound, the argument just now as if it had never occurred.

"Execute." Victor’s voice was indifferent, yet like heavy shackles locked upon each soul.

The governors left the oppressive dome hall, granted a reprieve, yet also like convicts sentenced to execution, silently and swiftly.

The heavy carved doors closed behind them, sealing the inside and outside into two utterly different worlds—the turmoil and fear outside the door, the deathly judgment hall within.

When the last echo of footsteps completely faded, Victor resumed his seat upon his throne.

"Elder Woman." His voice carried deep weariness, not as majestic as when facing the numerous governors earlier.

Following Victor’s summon, a bizarrely elongated figure silently slid out from the deep shadows cast by the giant stone columns in the council hall. The leader of the Wu Ling Sect, the Elder Woman.

She wore none of the regalia that symbolized authority—a dark gold bone battle skirt and crown of thorns—instead cloaked in a gown as dark as raven feathers, her face covered by a silver-white mask without any expression, leaving only a pair of eyes as deep as ancient wells exposed.

She halted quietly at the foot of Victor’s throne steps, slightly bowing in a posture of respect.

Facing her, Victor let out a deep sigh.

He said: "Climbing my way up from the depths of Comoros to where I am now, every step I’ve taken, I reminded myself, there is no one worthy of trust, no one that cannot be betrayed."

"But you alone, the wise Elder Woman, daughter of the Mensa Blood God, I believe everything you do is for the great resurgence of our race. I acknowledged your prophecy, responded positively to it."

"Yet, how do you repay me?"

His skeletal finger traced lightly through the air.

A three-dimensional projection instantly unfurled before the throne.

The backdrop of the scene was the interior of the Reception Tower at the debris-strewn Queen Rose Port. Explosions and shadows flickered chaotically.

Yet, the focal point remained exceptionally clear: several fast-moving, constantly morphing entities, pure energy lifeforms jumping with fine arcs of blue electricity. They weaved between the ruins, precisely avoiding artillery fire, even deliberately or inadvertently creating cover paths for charging human soldiers.

The screen zoomed in abruptly, freezing.

The shell of a storm energy being rippled and distorted like a water surface, and when it stabilized, it was startlingly a human male dressed in the uniform of an Alliance Army and Imperial Star Realm Army colonel, with a resolute face! He saluted the humans, the rigid salutes of the Sky Eagle military glaringly standard.

The Elder Woman’s expression remained unchanged: "I can explain."

Victor’s hands were crossed in front of him: "Very well, I can listen to your explanation."

Chapter 947: Not Even the Gods Can Stop Me

Faced with Victor’s demeanor of an arbiter, the old woman’s mask did not move a bit, not even a ripple in the eyes, only bowing deeper:

"Indeed, the Witch Spirits generally admire such creatures. With their assistance, the Witch Spirits can exert even greater power, whether in daily research, prayer, or combat when necessary. A Witch Spirit can amplify their strength or directly draw energy from them when needed, and their combat capabilities are indeed not weak, which is why we prefer to hire them."

"The situation you mentioned, I’m hearing for the first time. The secrets of the Ancient Universe are endless, and the Wu Ling Sect has never recorded the fact that humans could even reach an agreement with some energy creatures, revealing our lack of scrutiny towards their origins. I am willing to take responsibility for this and accept punishment."

Victor shook his head in disappointment.

"Old woman, old woman, at this point, are you still making excuses for me with such words?"

His fingers slid once more.

The holographic projection suddenly switched, the perspective shifting from the battlefield to a high-altitude view, clearly marked with "Secret Archives of the Witch Sect - Shadow Corridor."

A familiar translucent Storm Heroic Spirit, its body structure pulsating with extreme regularity. As it fluctuated, an inconspicuous prismatic spiritual energy information terminal in the corner of the archives, with an extremely concealed, needle-point sized symbol interface on its side, was synchronously flashing with almost imperceptible micro-light.

This was receiving and transmitting information.

"This is something we've captured using the 'Eye of True Sight' from three Blood People." Victor's voice suddenly turned harsh, "Every time it approaches the Shadow Corridor, the same information interface consistently emits a flow of information. Old woman! Don't tell me an energy body would deliberately go to the corner where your Church hides historical materials to perform an energy dance!"

The old woman's gaze seemed to flicker with something: "The archives keepers have reported that these mercenaries have a strong and strange curiosity about the ancient knowledge of the Spirit Race... But the Church abides by the sacred laws, never opening the core secret teachings... I must emphasize again that we didn't know they were human spies. At most, this can be considered the Witch Spirits indulging their cute pets, I ask for your forgiveness."

"Indulging cute pets... you really know how to speak."

Victor sneered, harshly throwing out the third image!

No longer the worldly battlefield or archives, but extremely bizarre spiritual level scanning images! Recorded by the Witch Sect's high-ranking witches jointly performing the "Soul Imaging Technique"! The images are extremely unstable, filled with fragments of screaming souls and a scarlet background.

At the center of the image was the old woman!

She wore a grand ritual battle skirt, not the emotionless silver-white mask, but a skull mask representing the High Priest, inlaid with blood rubies. She held her hands high, presiding over a sinister ritual! Surrounding her were dozens of frenzied dancing priestesses. Their target—a struggling human shape, condensed from pure painful memories, bound at the top of the altar!

The ritual’s power fluctuated intensely, above the altar connecting to a turbulent spiritual vortex.

At the vortex’s edge, several humanoid Storm Heroic Spirits were clearly visible.

They were not bystanders but actively channeling the violent spiritual energy dissipating from the ritual.

By the looks of it, they seemed to be used as ’batteries,’ as an energy pool within the ritual, extracting energy to supplement the Witch Spirits involved.

Yet, upon closer inspection, between the vortex and the Heroic Spirits, faintly flickering were extremely weak symbol information streams, requiring highly professional spiritual identification to decode!

Those symbols... incredibly intricate, the core structure clearly depicted some complex circuits of multidimensional space energy guidance and node connection!

"Still trying to argue, old woman?"

"This was the Mensa Eye ritual you presided over. The Church’s secret canon recorded the need for pure painful souls to invoke Mensa’s blessing, then extract the energy to maintain the stability of all Comoros’s Veil ports. The ritual succeeded, but tell me, why after that day, did the energy flow diagram of these energy creatures’ internal structure show the sequence of symbols that only exist in the secret canon in your hands?"

Everything was exposed.

The old woman was an outstanding master of conspiracy. She plotted many things, even the energy Heroic Spirits did not know that their ability to collect the complete Veil Spirit Gate technology swiftly and smoothly, and complete its analysis, was due to someone secretly aiding them.

She thought that by doing this, she could leave no trace.

However, things unknown even to those Storm Heroic Spirits were known by Victor.

The silver-white mask the old woman wore cracked like a spider web into countless fragments and fell off, revealing the face beneath the mask—a face retaining the graceful elegance of time, its contours sharp as a blade, with deep-set eyes filled with lamentation.

"No wonder you're the Black Witch King, the greatest master of conspiracy in a millennium, able to unify Comoros under your rule, accomplishing things that countless governor conspirators could not... Wise Black Witch King, since you have all the answers, why must you still ask?"

"Because there's one thing I've thought about for a long time but couldn't figure out." Victor's voice did not change just because the old woman finally admitted everything, "Why? Why did you do this?"

Chapter 947: Not Even Gods Can Stop Me (Part 2)

"I respect you, I trust you, aside from this matter, you really haven't had other contacts with those humans. I once thought, were you trying to replace me by bringing in foreign enemies to create waves sufficient to overthrow me, but now it seems that's not the case..."

"Then what is the reason? Please forgive my foolishness, and as always, enlighten me."

The old woman answered quite straightforwardly:

"For the prophecy."

This answer greatly ignited Victor's rage!

He seemed not truly as he said, unclear about the old woman's motives. On the contrary, he seemed especially clear, so much so that when the old woman spoke, it was like igniting all the anger squeezed in his heart, causing him to show unprecedented loss of composure!

"For the prophecy? For the prophecy!!!"

"I believe in your prophecy! I have done too many things for this prophecy. I harmonized the countless forces big and small in Comoros, made them believe this prophecy decided the fate of every Spirit Race member, binding them to the chariot. I was dedicated to weakening the Infinite Corps, observing and seizing opportunities at all times, and when necessary, I'm ready to mobilize great troops, to carry out a military action in Subspace extremely dangerous to our race."

"I was nearly about to succeed, as mentioned in your prophecy, whether it is Robert or Gu Jing, have already fallen into Comoros. Even if there are some minor setbacks in between, everything is still under control. Just the last step left, slowly bleeding those humans, on our turf, where we can spill the blood of countless slaves."

"Yet you brought the Alliance in, gave away Comoros' greatest secret. At the most critical point, you stabbed me."

"Betrayal, betrayal. Throughout my life, I've experienced countless betrayals, none made me feel this pain."

"Old woman, old woman. Where did I go wrong? The prophecy gives fate's verdict to the Spirit Race, and I am determined to hold fate in the Spirit Race's hands, where exactly did it go wrong?"

"Must you let those so-called divine offspring make the judgment? Do you not believe at all that our great race can't control its own fate, can't personally complete our revival?"

Faced with a series of questions, the old woman's attitude remained unchanged.

The 'daughter' of the God of Mensha just listened patiently, and didn't speak until Victor's words filled with rage stirred the cold wind to the extreme, saying:

"This is Mensa's will, this is the fate of the Spirit Race. Our race has long lost all vitality, great revival is merely a forbidden fantasy, the future of the universe holds no place for us. Our only path is to become part of the universe's overlords, join them, become them. Only thus can our genes, our culture, our wisdom, and our divinity endure..."

"God! God! God!!!" Victor angrily interrupted the old woman's words, "What of Mensa? What of that human false emperor? Those vile repugnant things in Subspace are the same!"

"Let all these gods die! Nothing can stop the Spirit Race's great revival, nothing can stop me from grasping fate in my own hands."

"Even if it's our race's divinity!"

Victor's face cast a giant shadow under the light from the crystal prism.

With his anger vented, his whole body gradually calmed down.

The anger retreated with the cold wind, leaving only deeper, unreadable silence. His deep eye pools slowly lifted, swirling with a heavy, thoroughly betrayed cold.

Perhaps, he had long understood.

He was betrayed not only by the old woman, but standing behind her, the divine being named Mensa revered by the Dark Spirit Race, one with Windsor.

The Dark Spirit Race fervently worships Mensa. In their society, Mensa worship is the greatest religion, often conducting bloody sacrificial rites with slaves or other Dark Elves. The initiators of this worship are the Witch Spirits, led by the old woman, 'Mensa's daughter.'

Victor is also a follower of Mensa, but now, he scorns the divinity, scoffing at its pitifulness.

"I will not tolerate any existence manipulating me and my race, no matter what fate is used as an excuse." He slowly shakes his head, "Every grain of dust filled with pain in Comoros will dance under my war blade. Mensa helps me, I believe Mensa; Mensa doesn't help me, then it is merely a damned Subspace entity, unworthy of attention."

"Even if everything is like a chess game and toy of those divine beings, everything is destined, everything is unchangeable, I'd rather take the Spirit Race, take all of Comoros, together into hell, sink into the dust of history!"

The crystal prism behind him shattered with his proclamatory words. The light faded, the giant shadow cast by Victor under the throne also pulled back.

His body leaned slightly forward, as if using all his strength to prevent himself from falling. That gaunt face of the Dark Spirit Race was covered by a layer of twilight ashes, he reached out a hand—more resembling a powerless dismissal than an attack.

"Bring the sacrificial knife, old woman." Victor's voice like wind passing through the hollow of bones, "Then, leave."

Just a final, lightweight instruction, more stabbing than any curse.

The old woman knew the result.

No words of judgment were needed, Victor's lifeless gaze, the subtle sound of the cracked stone armrest, and the word "sacrificial knife" pointing to the final rite were already unmistakable.

Her deep eyes looked at the hunched figure on the throne for a long time, until eventually, she let out a slight sigh.

The old woman didn't resist her fate, just as she didn't resist the fate of the Spirit Race.

But as she looked at Victor, her gaze gradually bore a hint of compassion.

Retracting her gaze, she ceased looking, nor did she speak another word.

She deeply, silently bent down, a last farewell to an old friend she accompanied for countless years.

Then, she slowly, incredibly slowly turned around, the movements like struggling in flowing amber. The hem of her robe, dark as raven feathers, brushed the cold ground, dragging, silently gliding towards an unnoticed archway at the edge of the council chamber swallowed by deep darkness.

The darkness like a beast's giant mouth, swallowing her lonely and isolated back bit by bit until the last piece of her robe disappeared into the swirling thick shadow, as if she never stepped into this hall filled with betrayal and judgment.

The air was filled only with the faint scent of decay and the withered figure on the throne.

Chapter 948: The Calm Before the Storm

As the soldiers with the inconspicuous cog and lightning crossed insignia on their armbands passed under the Titan's feet, the Black Witch King pulled a dry and cracked sneer at the corners of his mouth, "Iron Hammer Mobile Engineer Brigade... Gu Hang even squeezed his own guard engineer troops into the five thousand personnel quota." The accompanying Blood Person, Zalas, emitted a laugh sharp as glass scraping, his hunched figure trembling with excitement, "What a wonderful irony! Do they think the Titan is merely a deterrent decoration? When the energy flows of the Ling Gate coordinates reach their peak, the power cores of these steel beasts will..." His claw-like fingers made a pinching motion, "...turn into a noose choking the throat of humanity." Victor's gaze moved to the corner of the crystal sphere's edge. In the surveillance footage outside the Shadow Corridor Archive, the scant energy signals of a few Storm Heroic Spirits were gradually being diluted by the environment, "Mensa's game is not over, old woman." He whispered to the void, his voice as cold as the wind in Comoros's eternal frigid nights, "The path opened with your blood will ultimately welcome back the true child of destiny." As the last Alliance transport ship completed unloading and departed from the Ling Gate, the human active area within Rose Port suddenly fell silent. Only the humming of machinery and the low murmur of void shield energy flows interwove under the lead-gray dome. Vesela watched from the shadows of the spire as the stable working lights illuminated the Alliance-controlled area, as if gazing into an abyss, while far away at the edge of the Solar System, six million light years away, within a soul core obelisk disguised as an ice crystal meteorite, a complex spiritual energy circuit like a neural network was absorbing the chill of the void, silently accumulating destructive energy for a storm that was set to tear the curtain of reality. The facade of peace was like a thin layer of ice covering an abyss. Beneath the ice, the undercurrents were slowly gathering a violent force sufficient to shatter all pacts. At the instant the Human Fleet bathed in the light of the Terra Star leaped out of the curtain, this fragile ceasefire agreement, as thin as a spider's thread, would face a brutal trial in the collision between reality and subspace.

Chapter 948: Who Can't Go Down Fighting?

The Black Witch King made a firm decision.

However, at this stage, negotiations between the Dark Spirit Race and the Alliance have unexpectedly progressed significantly.

In fact, discussions for 'peace talks' between both sides have continuously persisted.

It's quite normal—the warriors on the frontline fight fiercely, while the diplomats in the rear engage in verbal battles, exchange terms, and test attitudes based on the front-line war situation...

However, the peace talks have consistently shown little substantial progress. Both sides have irreconcilable conflicts over their respective core interests and key terms.

The reason why the negotiations have suddenly advanced is mainly due to the replacement of the Dark Spirit Race's diplomat. This new ambassador, Ms. Veselani, once she took charge of the negotiations, promptly compromised on multiple key issues that previously seemed irreconcilable.

This brings us to the core interests of both parties.

For the Dark Spirit Race, their core interests are twofold.

Firstly, the retreat of human forces from Comoros, and secondly, obtaining Robert and Gu Jing.

As for humans, their core interests also split into two parts, the most important being the occupation of Comoros, and secondly, the rapid deployment of the Terra Expeditionary Army to Holy Terra.

Obviously, the core interests of both sides do not align, and the foundation for negotiations is exceedingly weak.

Yet, with Veselani's compromise on certain core interests, a foundation for negotiation suddenly emerged.

Firstly, the Dark Spirit Race fully abandoned their demands concerning Robert and Gu Jing. They ceased mentioning fanciful conditions like having Robert and Gu Jing cooperate in their actions.

Regarding the human demand for the occupation and management of the entire Comoros and the unconditional surrender of Comoros, this is certainly something Veselani cannot compromise on—it's tantamount to handing over one's life.

However, specific issues can be analyzed specifically.

What is the Alliance's biggest goal in demanding the occupation of the entire Comoros?

Surely not for resources. In this aspect, Comoros is exceptionally poor, with no resource value whatsoever.

Subjugating the Dark Spirit Race to utilize their manpower? That's somewhat more reliable than resources, given that the Dark Spirit Race could be formidable as mercenaries, forming a capable army. Although their population is small and incapable of fighting attrition wars, they can serve as elite forces.

Nevertheless, the combat power of these Dark Spirit Race warriors would only serve as icing on the cake, not essential.

Moreover, even if the Dark Spirit Race subjugated, who would dare use them?

At crucial moments, a stab from behind is precisely what these treacherous beings are capable of.

Aside from these two items, Comoros has two other things of great value.

Firstly, naturally, Comoros's characteristic as Veil City, allowing swift and convenient travel across the realities of the universe.

Secondly, the technology passed down through the Dark Spirit Race's grand Spirit Race Empire.

The concession Veselani made lies here.

She proposed a plan to make several ports in Comoros jointly managed by both sides. Humans need only provide energy for port operations and pay a fee to use these ports. The Spirit Race would also open some coordinates established within the universe, including those located in the Sun Star Domain.

This would allow Robert's Terra Expeditionary Army to quickly reach their destination. Furthermore, through Comoros's Veil Spirit Gate, Gu Hang's journey to visit Holy Terra could take less than a day, rather than enduring a prolonged interstellar trip lasting over a year to reach the destination.

As for the various magical technologies inherited by the Dark Spirit Race over the long years, they could be partially shared with humans.

Despite offering so much, the human negotiator of the Alliance, Ambassador Deska, remained unmoved.

He said only one thing:

"After we defeat you, eliminate you, and occupy all of Comoros, these things will be ours anyway. So why should we accept peace talks?"

It is blunt but also a reality, a demand made by Gu Hang: we only accept unconditional surrender.

Diplomacy isn't achieved at the negotiation table; it's carved out by warriors on the frontline. With the current deployment of human forces in Comoros, they can already rival the Dark Spirit Race, transforming the previous strategic defense into even strategic offense.

As time progresses, human forces entering Comoros will only increase.

The balance of power between both sides will increasingly lean toward the humans.

This is why Gu Hang has the confidence to demand 'unconditional surrender.'

Veselani, however, does not grow angry.

This stance was entirely within her expectations, and she made preparations, proposing several counterpoints.

Firstly, Veselani does not deny that humans currently hold the advantage, but she emphasizes that even with projections in such a situation, the Alliance seeking ultimate victory by fully occupying Comoros and thoroughly crushing the Spirit Race's regime and organizational structure will exact an unprecedented cost.

Perhaps, humans will need to continuously deploy forces equivalent to two army groups of the Alliance, and ultimately, the loss of forces in Comoros, including various weapons and equipment, could exceed 30%.

From warships to tanks; from Interstellar Warriors to ordinary soldiers' lives, all of them.

Regarding this, Deska remains noncommittal.

Actually, Veselani is right. Although she might have exaggerated the loss figures for the human side, in any case, losses will be significant.

Not to mention, should the Dark Spirit Race resolve to resist to the end, even with their regime and organization collapsing, they could engage in guerrilla warfare for many years inside the massive, multidimensional Comoros, which is far larger than a single planet. In the future, perhaps hundreds or thousands of years, while humans utilize Comoros as the Veil City, they would still be entangled with surviving, revenge-driven Dark Spirit Race.

Many, many people would die.

Even if Gu Hang, as the leader, after weighing benefits and costs, could accept these losses, reducing the numbers of such losses certainly remains preferable.

After saying this, Veselani raised a second finger, presenting an even more critical second point.

If it truly comes to a life-and-death struggle, the Dark Spirit Race can ensure humans get nothing.

Isn’t ’going down together’ something everyone knows how to do?

Chapter 949: Blood Rose Maze

Veselani claims that the Dark Spirit Race has the ability to destroy the entire Comoros.

Whether it is true or not is unknown.

Because it is very difficult.

During the human invasion of Comoros, they assessed the destructive effect of the Extinction Order weapons on Comoros, and the outlook was not very optimistic.

Not to mention that the Extinction Order could be intercepted, and after it is deployed, their own troops inside Comoros would also suffer losses.

Just looking at the destructive effect, whether it’s the Skyburn Torpedo or even higher-level Earth-Shattering Star, they probably can’t achieve the intended effect.

The core of the Skyburn Torpedo lies in igniting the planet’s atmosphere, burning everything on the surface clean, leaving only a layer of lava on the surface, which slowly extinguishes, eventually returning to desolation.

Though Comoros also has an atmosphere, the feature of its veil lies in the fact that the atmosphere is artificially created and segmented.

Even if the Skyburn Torpedo ignites an area, it may not spread for long.

It doesn’t even need to be artificially cut; between each ’city’ and ’district’, it is inherently discontinuous.

The Earth-Shattering Star is similar. This is essentially a terrifying ground-drilling super bomb, burrowing through the planet's crust, exploding from the mantle layer of the planet, with huge and special energy conducted to the core, causing a horrific internal reaction, collapsing and exploding from the inside out to achieve the effect of destroying the entire planet.

Like the Skyburn Torpedo, though the Earth-Shattering Star is much more powerful and technologically advanced, it essentially also involves destroying the planet's structure to achieve the 'extinction' effect.

But Comoros is not a celestial structure. Using an Earth-Shattering Star may have the effect of a large bomb, an uncontrollable bomb that might destroy one or two districts? But that to Comoros as a whole is insignificant.

Especially as humans have occupied part of the Comoros territory, their understanding of this city built between veils has become clearer.

Comoros probably isn't a physical whole in the traditional sense, but rather resembles a city made up of countless non-contiguous cities and districts.

This composite assembly technology seems like unintelligible scripture to humans, and currently remains incomprehensible.

At present, whether it's the Great Sage Kao'er or the Alliance's scholars and technical experts, there is a common consensus that the current human technology cannot effectively destroy Comoros. At most, using some extinction-level weapons to perform single destruction on a single district.

But even so, it is not very realistic.

The cost is too high.

Even the cheapest Skyburn Torpedo has a lengthy production cycle and high cost.

And success cannot be guaranteed.

Not to mention interception might occur mid-way, and ignoring the potential for friendly fire, even if successfully deployed, the atmosphere of a single district differs vastly from that of an entire planet, and the probability of successful ignition might be below thirty percent.

Various factors combined almost mean that attempting to destroy Comoros with such weapons is not feasible.

Moreover, even without considering the Dark Spirit Race's resistance, the human side cannot find a suitable way to totally destroy Comoros, so scholars and researchers naturally doubt whether the Dark Spirit Race is grandstanding?

They themselves might not have the ability to destroy Comoros.

Just pretending.

However, this matter must be taken seriously. It is imprudent to believe everything is bluff and then when pushed to a moment of species-level crisis, blow up Comoros.

At that point, it would be like drawing water with a sieve.

Not only would the most desired gains be unattainable, but the Alliance's heavy military group invested in Comoros would also suffer.

Furthermore, in proving the Dark Spirit Race lacks the ability to destroy Comoros, Ambassador Deska lays out the argument straightforwardly.

Even if taunted by the Dark Spirit Race as human short-lived kinds with narrow vision, and the Dark Spirit Race certainly possessing such technology, Deska assumes the attitude of 'no matter what you say, I just don't believe.'

Otherwise, this black skin might actually use destroying their own home and mutual destruction as leverage to manipulate humanity?

If you can do it, self-destruct, and have your entire race perish.

From a rational perspective, it surely is more miserable than unconditional surrender, and can only serve as a game condition. Rather than engaging in a game with the Dark Spirit Race on this condition, humanity resolutely denies the authenticity of this condition.

Unless the Dark Spirit Race presents its trump card of being able to destroy Comoros as tangible evidence before the Alliance.

But if so, they would also reveal the Alliance's countermeasures.

In a situation where the Dark Spirit Race doesn't want to self-prove and even if proven, the Alliance doesn't respond or acknowledge, destroying Comoros can only be considered an ultimate means, hung there, unused.

Besides that, their core competitive condition is down to one: they can inflict unbearable damage on humans on the battlefield.

On this point, on the battlefield, the Dark Spirit Race is attempting to exhibit its value.

...

On the battlefield inside Comoros, in the previous two or three months, humans launched a wave of offensive frenzy. Not only clearing several districts of the black skin guerilla squads but also extending the front line to a further distance. They are even not far from occupying the next port.

Chapter 949: Blood Rose Maze (Part 2)

Although the next port is just a small harbor and the throughput of the Veil Spirit Gate that can be opened at the same time is less than one-fifth of Queen Rose Port's capacity, any increase, however small, accelerates the pace at which the Alliance can deploy troops and transport supplies.

Actually, the current shortage of manpower is a relatively minor issue. The main problem lies in maintaining a high-intensity offensive, which requires the human army to have substantial logistical resources. From fuel and energy to consumables such as ammunition, and even food supplies... Currently, more than a billion human soldiers are fighting in Comoros, and the amount of supplies consumed every day, every hour, is astronomical.

In fact, a significant portion of Queen Rose Port's transport capacity is dedicated to the conveyance and storage of these supplies. Many second-line troops have also been dispatched to take on numerous logistical tasks, delivering all kinds of military supplies to the frontlines.

In short, as the human army advances triumphantly on the battlefield, the bargaining chips for the Dark Spirit Race wane.

But just at this moment, the human forces encounter a massive problem in their main offensive direction.

The 'Blood Rose' Maze node and the rats.

This name was informed to humans by the Veselani diplomat. When describing this thing, her expression was full of pride.

As for its effectiveness, Veselani certainly wouldn't tell. She merely claimed that it was an 'impenetrable defense.'

Many of its functions, the human frontline forces have already partially deciphered through the bloodshed of countless warriors.

The so-called 'maze' isn't a traditional physical structure but a war machine constructed by the Dark Spirit Race's technology department under Victor's control.

This massive living structure, occupying several city blocks, uses numerous mutated bone-like vines as its skeleton, while blood vessels weave into intricate passages, simulating the ecological fields created by ancient Spirit Race within its inner environment.

The core functions of the maze are threefold.

First, the white bone vines entwined with dark runes are movable. After entering, the human forces' paths become completely unpredictable. For a support mission, the roads that were once passable may become blocked the next time someone uses them; an entire unit may advance only to find, unknowingly as the mist and vines shift, that they have been separated and divided.

In such an environment, human forces are very prone to being outnumbered in localized situations, quickly wiped out by the Dark Spirit Race troops, which excel in slicing, ambushing, and raiding.

Second, these bone vines can, at crucial points, form special patterns and shapes to construct a Spiritual Rune, which activates the high-speed Spiritual Energy transmission channels hidden within the 'maze,' allowing forces to move rapidly.

Third, the scattered scarlet flowers all over can sense information and transmute energy; the energy signature and movement paths of anyone stepping in are recorded and analyzed, rendering the battlefield one-way transparent to the Dark Spirit Race.

Fourth, the Blood Rose 'maze,' as a war machine capable of covering an entire city quarter, is an unequivocal energy consumer. But the living beings who perish within the maze are captured by the vines, quickly digested, and their energies are recycled back into the maze as an energy reserve. Especially during combat, the inevitable pain experienced in their dying moments provides an excellent nutrition source.

The entire Blood Rose Maze is both a living trap and a fortress offering nearly infinite battlefield support for its defenders.

And the Ratman regiment, cultivated by the so-called 'Shadow Eater' family, is specifically trained for this environment.

Their hunched spines are covered with somewhat crude armor, and they are roughly the size of a human child around the age of ten. Low-ranking Ratmen, often merely cannon fodder, have undergone substantial brain structuring during genetic modification processes, replaced with biological neural nodes receiving maze commands.

When human armies step into maze neighborhoods, these "rats" silently ooze out from sewer outlets, ventilation shafts, and even the cracks in peeling walls; utilizing the maze's sensing network, they accurately foresee human firepower avenues and, with their limitless numbers, madly engulf human forces.

They swarm within armored vehicles' bellies or infantry formations' flanks, their destructive manner primitive yet efficient. After all, not all are merely fodder; some are 'special units.'

Self-destructive rats carrying corrosive mucus spores gnaw at armor joints with acid, and upon being killed, they explosively detonate, regardless of whether they annihilate their own alongside, for rat units, no matter how costly, are deemed worthless; engineer rats equipped with Dimensional Interference Devices paralyze vehicle engines and communication arrays; hundreds to thousands of frenzied combat rats, stimulated by maze bioelectricity, tear through the throats of isolated soldiers with ghastly speed; the occasional Mouse Giants appear, standing over five meters tall, their formidable vitality withstands direct tank cannon rounds without immediate death, and their horrifying power can flip tanks over!

The maze vines become their best cover and conveyor, each human corpse fallen supplies more energy to the maze, spawning more twisted rat shadows.

In the early stages of encountering such a dire war environment, humans suffered tremendous casualties, and the offensive was forced to halt in several city quarters covered by the Blood Rose Maze.

Considering the prohibitive casualties and the ineffective destruction of bone vines during assault efforts, humans were compelled to study this piece of Dark Spirit Race warfare equipment and seek its resolution.

And the two hundred warriors from Black Hammer's Fourth and Fifth Companies were tasked with this mission.

This regiment, from the newly established Blood Angel Original Casting Subgroup under the Alliance after the Blood Angel Corps' merger, employed entirely Blood Angel Original Casting Genetic Seeds, boasting a remarkably high overall level. Although it has not yet reached the all-member Holy Blood Guard status, nor can it be regarded as an elite regiment, its capabilities exceed that of regular ones.

On the battlefield, two hundred Black Hammer warriors, along with four armored infantry regiments, were struggling through this living hell to advance to the core area of the "Cranial Fracture Crossroads" district. Their experimental mission attempted to seize the landmark signal tower there.

The tower’s base is wrapped by the maze energy core, theoretically, destroying it will cripple a vine formation channel.

According to the tactical map, we swiftly approached the targeted location. Here, there should be an alloy tunnel that directly leads to the tower’s base.

But on the way to the tunnel, they noticed a significant discrepancy from previous intelligence, as the white bone vines had altered the environment’s paths.

To avoid becoming trapped in the maze, they had to spend considerable time clearing visible bone vines and scarlet flowers.

Of course, they didn’t have to handle everything on their own.

After a call, it wasn’t long before the human air force arrived. Fighter jets and bombers dropped vast amounts of incendiary bombs over this area, almost burning every inch to open a path for them.

But it remained a challenge.

The vines prove resilient, requiring Thermic Sprayers’ high temperatures to incinerate them thoroughly. Incendiary bombs could burn some, but some stubbornly persisted.

Moreover, even after burning an area, new vines would extend from elsewhere. Worse, many bone vines remain hidden underground, or in walls, only to extend anew once the burning ends.

Clearing an area appeared effective, yet shortly after walking through, it reverts to its earlier state.

While the scarlet flowers are easily destroyed, they can hide in the smallest crannies, easily overlooked without notice.

Even with carpet-bombing clearance efforts using Thermic Sprayers, burning every inch of land or walls clean, eventually, white bone vines would reassert control and new flowers would sprout again.

Long story short, they had to brace themselves and keep going.

Along the path, in the charred area still exuding residual warmth from airstrikes, new vines surfaced.

Lu Baigang, the captain of Black Hammer's Fourth Company, already anticipated the difficulty of this mission.

Chapter 950: Battle for Survival

Lu Baigang had already considered that his expedition wouldn't be easy, although it was manageable at the start.

The thermite incendiary bombs dropped by the air force opened up a path which was certainly worthwhile. Seizing the moment before the bone vine proliferated too much, the Alliance army suddenly accelerated their pace and advanced a long distance forward.

During this journey, the enemy attempted harassment, but it was mostly in vain.

Without the bone vine acting as a labyrinthine foundation to forge the ecological environment, the enemy's threat was greatly diminished. The few Ratman troops sent to test the waters were nothing but cannon fodder, unable even to close in, easily shot into minced meat by machine guns from a distance.

However, towards the latter half of the journey, the difficulty level heightened.

The bone vine had silently grown considerably. A thin mist began to spread once more. Obstructing the field of vision posed some trouble, with visibility at only one or two hundred meters. At this range, much of the human artillery was disadvantaged. Many tank cannons could directly shoot up to two kilometers

away; within the Armored Corps, there were armored self-propelled guns capable of reaching thirty kilometers away under normal circumstances.

However, in essence, these artillery units with strike ranges of tens of kilometers didn't rely on visual sightings for targeting.

They couldn't see anyway.

The main reliance was on positioning provided by frontline units, which then calibrated the guns to fire directly, testing the artillery skills significantly.

However, the visibility range for frontline units was also limited, making it challenging to directly reach further places and ascertain the enemy's precise position with one or two hundred meters visibility. But that didn't matter; observing the direction from which the Ratmen emerged from the mist, a range of two hundred to one thousand meters was bombed collectively.

This indeed was not as accurate as under normal circumstances, but it still had considerable effectiveness.

However, tank cannons and machine guns faced some difficulty, only able to bombard with bullets and shells recklessly into the mist in the direction the Ratmen charged from.

The efficiency was clearly somewhat lacking, and still many Ratmen charged from various directions, reaching within visible range of two hundred meters.

Further firepower strike becomes challenging. Although the Ratmen's weapons were shoddy, at distances of a hundred to two hundred meters, under mutual fire, humans inevitably suffered some damage.

Especially the occasional Mouse Giant, with its strong resistance to strikes, at this sight distance, tank cannons or anti-tank weapons in soldiers' hands might not be able to hit accurately and swiftly.

And if the Mouse Giants charged into the soldiers' positions, it would be a massacre. Ordinary soldiers using laser guns at close range caused only very limited damage.

Often at this point, only relying on Interstellar Warriors to maneuver within the positions can quickly deal with these high-threat targets.

Even a single Black Hammer warrior facing a Mouse Giant is quite dangerous, with only about a fifty percent chance of eliminating the enemy without damage, easily resulting in injuries or even death.

Only a three-person squad can ensure quick and safe elimination of enemies.

Enduring the interference of the bone vine, enduring the obstruction of countless Insect Swarms, the entire army trudged through the mist.

Ultimately, after paying considerable sacrifices, they finally reached the target location of the phase.

It was a tunnel, and according to intelligence, this tunnel could lead directly to a place very close to the mission target area.

The good news was that the tunnel was still there, although its entrance was blocked by the bone vine, once they located the target, they could use the thermite incinerating spray weapons to burn it away.

But the bad news was that this underground main passage had been gnawed by the Ratmen, the tactical intelligence marked "safe passage" alloy corridor, upon their actual arrival, although the road hadn't changed, the passage itself had become incredibly fragile, with very poor accessibility.

At least, the heavy armored units of the human army, especially several Titan units, heavy tanks, truly couldn't pass through.

Only some small light armored vehicles could barely make it through.

This situation was anticipated, the main force of the operation remained the Black Hammer Interstellar Warriors, supplemented by a small number of troops from the Armored Corps, including some elite companies, sentinel mechas, light armored units.

Altogether less than two thousand people, entered into what was actually a considerably vast underground passage.

The remaining troops stayed outside the tunnel entrance, waiting while also responsible for support, ensuring some security during the troops' retreat.

And the troops entering into the tunnel began their action.

The alloy walls exuded a greasy sheen under faint light, a mark of the digestion liquid secreted by the live vines soaking in. The air thick enough to feel like a shroud, the strong smell of humus and flesh decay filled every helmet filter port.

Initially, there were only sporadic fungal clusters rolling off from the occasionally seen bone vines, a "poof poof" bursting sound spraying mucus.

But upon stepping into the middle segment, the dome suddenly shed large patches of wriggling crimson flowers, hundreds and thousands of Ratmen like a foul waterfall poured forth to assault!

They emitted no roars, only the rapid friction sound of joints, "squeak squeak creak," and the dull, unpleasant sound of their inferior weapons firing bullets.

Chapter 950: Battle for Survival (Part 2)

The counterattack of the human forces was swift, sweeping madly through the surrounding enemies. The roar of the heavy bombs instantly tore through the fungal carpeted tunnels, ripping apart the remnants of the ratmen, creating a muddy mush of flesh and blood.

Every charge and roar of the plasma pistol could evaporate a straight line of the rat tide, and the high temperatures of the plasma even temporarily carbonized and solidified the fungal carpet.

The rusted metal walls on both sides suddenly softened, and vines rapidly extended out, glowing with bluish symbols, with shimmering light flashing as groups of elite ratmen units were teleported into the midst of the crowd.

Engineering rats were teleported next to the Interstellar Warriors and human armored units. The presence of these engineering rats brought considerable trouble to human forces. The electromagnetic bombs they carried caused the engines of heavy armored vehicles to groan and stall in the thick fog, and the sentinel mechas also suffered severe interference. Only the power armor of the Interstellar Warriors had relatively strong anti-interference capabilities, but inside their helmets, the communication channels were filled with static noise, which was extremely unpleasant to the ears.

The self-destructing rats that were teleported in not only caused significant damage with their direct explosions, but their bodies contained strong acid spores, which vaporized and spread during the explosion. The corrosive yellow-green smoke swiftly obscured the vision and was highly toxic.

The Interstellar Warriors could only contract their formation, their chain-saw swords forming a blade forest to grind down the rats that escaped the bomb net.

But when some frenzied combat mice charged over, although they seemed no taller than the knees of the Interstellar Warriors, they acted just like real mice, swiftly rushing to their feet amidst the slaughter of their kind, climbing up. They would insert precision drills into the gaps of the power armor, furiously boring through the armor joints!

A warrior’s power fist joint was disabled by the insertion of a liquid metal solvent. As more mice surrounded him, he could only swing his chain-saw sword to cut off his own entangled left leg at the knee to escape the bind. This freed him, allowing him to swiftly kill many close-range mice, but the final outcome was still being overwhelmed.

"Abandon the vehicles! Move forward! Assault!"

Lu Baigang roared the order through the communication channel inside the helmet.

The warriors began to forcibly assault the base of the signal tower, while the Heavy Bomb Group continued to suppress the rat tide under the cover of their comrades, but every step forward was on the corpses of rats that had rushed to their deaths.

As they fought their way out of the tunnel, their view opened up slightly, and the base of the signal tower became clearly visible. However, the plaza surrounding the base was completely covered by thick, raised bone vines. What's more terrifying was that these vines were still contracting, as if they had a heartbeat.

When the vanguard squad stepped onto the edge of the plaza, the "heart" suddenly contracted violently! The ground beneath the plaza collapsed abruptly, forming a bottomless pit of flesh and blood, and many soldiers fell into it unprepared! At the bottom of the pit, a gel-like digestive liquid was secreted, with a swarm of rats raining down from above!

The formidable bodies of the Interstellar Warriors and their power armor were enough to withstand tearing, but the corrosive mucus at the bottom of the pit was dissolving their foothold at a terrifying speed.

Lu Baigang was forced to painfully abandon those comrades trapped in the pit, but as they got closer to the base, they increasingly felt the terror of everything.

Lu Baigang felt that this entire area was like a labyrinthine trap!

The so-called signal tower was long since an eroded shell, and the giant vine organism underneath was the key node supporting the teleportation channel.

"All bombs, concentrate fire on the base!"

Lu Baigang's order was imbued with a sense of hopeless determination.

The remaining warriors poured their last heavy weaponry firepower towards the base.

Under the bombardment of high-explosive bombs and thermite rays, the fungal carpet rolled up in scorched black chunks, but what was exposed below was not the expected energy core, but countless writhing giant rat fusion embryos. They were connected to the fungal carpet by numerous pipelines, like a grotesque heart parasitizing this death labyrinth!

The intense assault firepower only temporarily interrupted its pulsation but couldn’t really solve the problem.

On the contrary, from the pulsating ’heart,’ an innumerable amount of mice ’hatched’ from within, swarming towards Lu Baigang’s unit.

The edges began to collapse and expand, and more Interstellar Warriors and soldiers staggered and fell.

"Retreat! Abandon the target!" Lu Baigang issued the order in the final moment of communication cutoff, while the remaining warriors detonated preset thermite bombs to create a firewall that temporarily blocked the rat tide, dragging each other as they retreated into the twisted passage behind.

However, at the passage entrance, the unit responsible for their cover never managed to receive those they were meant to retrieve.

...

Deploying two hundred Interstellar Warriors for a single operation is already a considerable investment. Moreover, those two Armored Corps are also among the elite units of the Alliance Army. With sentinel mechas, Titans, and heavy armored tanks, a significant proportion of soldiers are equipped with feedback-powered armor.

This is definitely an elite force.

The Alliance could deploy more forces, such as more troops or forming the entire force of Interstellar Warriors.

However, doing so wouldn’t be particularly meaningful.

If deploying two or three full battle groups of Interstellar Warriors, it might be possible to secure the target. But even though the Alliance has a large number of Interstellar Warriors under its command, only a few dozen battle groups are fighting here. Needing Interstellar Warriors as the backbone to hold

the lines everywhere means that pulling out so many to take this city district would likely result in greater sacrifices elsewhere.

Overall, the Alliance's engagement with this flesh labyrinth is progressing unsatisfactorily.

On another battlefield, the Alliance is also at a disadvantage.

The Dark Spirit Race has opened a new battlefield in the real universe.

Of course, it's not direct confrontation.

After all, in direct confrontation, in their home, Comoros also relies on living war machines like labyrinths to barely withstand human attacks, let alone confront the Alliance in the real universe, on their territory.

However, they don't need to do so.

Over the many long years, the Dark Spirit Race has preserved a considerable number of Veil Spirit Gates across various places in the universe. Those found by the Alliance were only a fraction.

They emerge from one unfamiliar region to another within the Alliance's dominion, targeting non-core planets for sudden raids with a few warships.

Elite Dark Spirit Race raiding parties wipe out and massacre Alliance planetary government officials, plundering populations and resources, and then proceeding to wreak havoc.

Every action is swift; they strike and then immediately retreat.

Even worse, they have released bioweapons on several agricultural planets. The effects of these do not match the forms of human Extinction Order weapons, but the results are similar. Within days, with the spread through air and water, a gene plague infecting all organic life ravaged the planets' ecologies, resulting in the deaths of billions.

This was a blow to the Alliance.

The Alliance's garrison troops and fleets were spread throughout the stationed regions, attempting to capture these elusive Dark Spirit Race members, but these slippery foes were extremely hard to catch.

This forced the Alliance to invest more lực lượng in spreading defenses all over.

However, due to the Dark Spirit Race's difficult guerrilla tactics, even with a hundred times the enemy's forces invested, significant losses were still incurred periodically.

This was clear proof for the humans, verifying the previous warning from Veselani, the Dark Spirit Race diplomat.

The Dark Spirit Race is not made of clay; even if seen from a long-term perspective, they might eventually be wiped out, but before that, the Dark Spirit Race, fighting with all their might for survival, will bring immeasurable losses to humans.

Negotiations surfaced once more.

Gu Hang received two reports. The Alliance Military General Staff Department and the Alliance Government both solemnly deliberated over the conditions offered by the Dark Spirit Race. They deemed that accepting negotiations wasn't entirely unacceptable.

As long as the conditions were suitable and the interests fully obtained.