Governor 991

Chapter 991: Even Angels Submit

On the holographic tactical platform, landing ships break through interception, shuttling back and forth between the Terra Imperial Palace and the planet's orbit.

This scene is still quite heart-shaking.

Each time represents an army unit reaching the surface.

Dante silently calculates in his mind, estimating that more than thirty million troops have already gathered.

This number is not far from the pre-war set target.

Now, large-scale airborne deployment continues.

The direction of the Imperial Palace will be the main battlefield.

But his role here is not small either.

The place they are currently in used to be a hospital in the Nest Capital. According to some survivors, it was once an important stronghold against the Nagor plague, gathering many civilians infected by the plague. Many doctors and volunteers and priests from the National Church treated civilians and soldiers here, and a team of Battle Nuns protected the place.

But soon, they became a thorn in the side of the Nagor Demon Army. A demon army of a scale far beyond their ability to handle came to this place. Even though the Battle Nuns and volunteers fought with all their might, they could not stop the enemy.

They were crushed, with only a very small number escaping, hiding in the surrounding blocks, and only daring to come out for food and supplies after this Nagor demon force passed.

But it is actually very difficult.

The destruction of the hospital by the Nagor Demon Army was not their main goal, but something they did casually along their march. But wherever they passed, plagues, diseases, toxins... these things would pollute the entire area.

The survivors invariably carry some illness; the food and supplies they find are almost always problematic.

Yet they have no choice but to survive.

And their fortunate point was that they at least survived until the Alliance forces landed.

The first to land were members of the Blood Angel Corps led by Dante. Initially, their numbers were not many, but after landing, they found this hospital, rescued some survivors, gathered some intelligence from them, cured their supernatural diseases, and provided them with supplies.

After confirming that there were not many enemies nearby, the Blood Angels set up a relatively secretive base and called for more reinforcements.

Gradually, this place began to gather forces.

The difference from the troops air-dropped to the Terra Palace is that Terra Palace is the main battlefield with grand frontal offensives and defensives. The main forces are largely composed of warriors from the Infinite Starfield Expeditionary Force, and some Alliance Army units, totaling a few army groups but not exceeding 20% of the total strength.

Here, however, it is different.

They are few in number but particularly elite—Dante personally leads, and the core combat units of the Blood Angel Corps are here.

They did not flamboyantly start combat to eliminate the Chaos Traitors but maintain stealth after capturing a region, initially just supporting subsequent landing units in an inconspicuous, undetectable manner.

The entire landing approach is quite low-key.

No large landing ships make grand entrances; instead, small-scale secret transfers, invisible landing pods, and stealth aircraft conduct low-frequency, small-scale transport.

The core objective is to deploy troops here with minimal attention.

The enemy can’t be totally unaware.

However, the Blood Angels performed very well here.

They killed a considerable number of enemy witnesses; they would mislead the enemy into attacking elsewhere and then swiftly withdraw, misleading the enemy into thinking this is a small infiltration squad operating behind enemy lines.

This is quite troublesome but not enough to prompt the enemy to dispatch a large army to sweep through. Small scale sweeps depend on the situation, whether to eliminate them, avoid direct conflict, or mislead them elsewhere.

Through such methods, the Blood Angels gradually gathered six hundred warriors;

Then Raymond Vis brought six hundred Saint warriors as well.

Following them, were eight hundred warriors from the Phoenix Battle Group, led by Martins.

This nearly two thousand Interstellar Warriors represent the Alliance’s current all-star lineup.

But that wasn’t the end.

Subsequently, small-scale secret airdrops continued.

Until the number of Interstellar Warriors gathered here reached about five thousand.

The remaining three thousand came from various Alliance battle groups.

Currently, they are all under the command of Martins.

This appointment, at first, stirred hesitance in many hearts.

Martins is indeed renowned, known by all, having led his Phoenix Battle Group from the Alliance’s infancy to its present strength, contributing remarkably throughout the Alliance’s history.

But things are always relative.

Martins is, after all, just a centennial Interstellar Warrior. The battle group he leads—the Phoenix, was once sentenced to punishment centuries ago. Even though they emerged from the Redemption Expedition and have unbelievably redeveloped under the Alliance’s support, surpassing their own peak...

Chapter 991: Even Angels Submit (Part 2)

But ultimately, it’s not comparable to the founding Chapters.

A battle group leader with not too deep qualifications, such a battle group, relying solely on its special status in the Alliance, can become the leader of everyone in such a crucial battle?

If it were elsewhere, it would be different.

But here, there are two main forces of the founding Chapters present. The two battle group leaders of the founding Chapters, Saint Raymond Vis and Blood Angels Dante, are all here.

Especially Dante!

This one is an imperial legendary hero! Thousands of years of experience, countless glorious battles, doesn't he have more qualifications than Martins?

Some were indignant.

But more people were mainly curious.

Like Dante himself.

He doesn't have much thought of vying for power. He is already too 'old'; perhaps interstellar warriors do not die of old age, but after thousands of years, he has almost always fought on the front lines where the Empire needed him. Even if his body is no different from its peak moments, his heart is very weary.

If he can unload some of the burdens, he would be eager to do so.

Before this battle, he did think he would be the commander-in-chief.

It's not that he wanted to be; mainly, he truly believed that there was no one else present more suited to assume this duty than himself.

Unexpectedly, it turned out to be Martins.

He first breathed a sigh of relief—no need to bear such a huge responsibility.

Then a bit of shame followed, for he should not have thought that way.

And then, curiosity—what kind of ability and skill does Martins have for Gu Hang to consider him superior to himself as commander-in-chief?

With such questions, Dante had his first meeting with Martins.

Just this meeting alone, Dante understood why.

Martins' tall built, standing in front, was so awe-inspiring.

Among interstellar warriors, there are indeed particularly tall individuals, yet normally, few can reach Martins' stature.

This is unusual.

But the difference in physique alone wasn't enough for Dante to be truly convinced.

More crucial was the aura he sensed from Martins, similar to that of Robert.

Is this the Son of God???

No, it's not.

The Son of God is strictly defined.

How many years has Martins lived? He certainly cannot be one of the Emperor's progeny from millennia ago.

But Martins possesses similar, comparable power.

Father of Genetics.

Can Gu Hang actually wield such power?

Dante was deeply shocked.

...

Martins did not overlook the mindset issues of the troops temporarily assigned under his command.

This has to be addressed, or in the upcoming crucial tasks, poor coordination due to such factors would be critical.

He fully understands how to leverage his advantages.

Since becoming the so-called 'Little Primordial Body', quite some time has passed. Although Gu Hang hasn't explicitly stated, he gradually noted what is happening to him.

He is now completely different from regular interstellar warriors. He can be easily recognized among them; he is unlike anyone else, another tier in the hierarchy of life.

He appeared before everyone without reservation, letting them clearly see that their leader is far more than a mere battle group leader or an old soldier with hundreds of years of experience.

Clearly, his approach was very effective.

Not only were Dante and Saint Remonvis thoroughly convinced of his command, but the other interstellar warriors under his command were as well.

Furthermore, another matter he focused on was the reinforcements from the skies.

Five thousand elite warriors among the interstellar warriors indeed constituted his core force, but ultimately, the numbers were somewhat too few.

Three additional units stood ready.

One was the Glory Guards Regiment from the Alliance. This most elite unit under the Alliance Army, though entirely composed of mortals, offered absolute top-tier quality. It should not be simply judged by the Star Realm Army standards, otherwise no Star Realm Army could reach their level.

Even facing an equal number of interstellar warriors, they were not entirely without resistance. Once forming units three to five times the size, the Glory Guards could even engage in direct combat.

The second unit came from the largest 'non-military' combat force in the current Alliance—the Holy Mercy Lily Battle Sisterhood.

The 'Living Saint,' led by Georgette, the Arch-Battle Nun, was in preparation.

Combined, these two units would exceed 100,000 personnel.

The third unit didn't quite match the numbers, even less than that of the interstellar warriors. However, this unit, the Alliance National Knights, was truly a Titan Legion, now expanded to perhaps only comparable to the Titan Legion of Mars Founding World.

Over three hundred Titans constituted a formidable main force.

However, these units had yet to land.

They stayed in orbit, within the carriers, waiting for the key moment to arrive, then tear through the sky to fall and coordinate actions on the ground.

Their key target this time was the core of the Nagor Demon Army, the place marked as the Corruption Cauldron.

The leader of the Nagor Demon Army was now confirmed as the former Empire’s Prime Minister Zebert, ascended to demonhood.

And this day arrived quickly.

Chapter 991: Even Angels Bow Down_3

...

In the last military meeting led by Martins, the holographic tactical panel showed, the nauseating yellow-green wave of the Nagor Demon Army almost engulfed the entire interface, leaving only a small golden area symbolizing the Emperor’s glory, suspended in isolation around the inner circle of the Imperial Palace and the nearby areas.

The bright white arrows representing the main force of the allied forces were piercing out from it, their sharpness aimed directly at the core of that filthy yellow-green vortex — the former Imperial Prime Minister, now a Demon Prince fully committed to Nagor, Zebert.

"His Highness the Regent King, with formidable thunderous force, shall crush cities and strike through the layered rotten barriers from the front. Our mission is to pierce through from the gangrenous, swollen flank—" Martins’ thick, fine-gold-armored finger jabbed at the side of the main force’s sharp arrow on the holographic map, at a location marked as the ’Hills of Suffering’, a nest capital ruin, "from here, to penetrate the weak line of defense, directly targeting the side of the Corruption Cauldron, as a supporting attack."

"Should anything change, we will immediately switch to a full assault direction."

"The objective of this operation is to annihilate that greatest traitor!"

The will of five thousand Interstellar Warriors had already merged like fine gold, sinking into the unfathomable war mire of Terra’s nest capital ruins.

They were no longer shadows lurking passively but had transformed into a silent, advancing stream of destruction moving through the tainted flesh.

At the forefront of the team, Martins resembled a moving fortress; any Nagor zombies or bloated plague warriors daring to leap from the collapsing, twisted steel concrete and filthy smoke were turned into splattering sticky meat chunks and foul pus under the roar of his Dawn Chainsaw Giant Sword. Wherever the sword blade passed, impure blood boiled, and rotten flesh scorched black as if an invisible purifying forcefield accompanied it.

The Blood Angels' assault squads flickered like phantoms amidst the ruins, their explosive bullets precisely blowing apart the decayed heads of Nagor toxic gunners hidden in the dark; the saintly flamethrowers unleashed roars of purification, burning away the plague mists, paving a temporary, relatively "clean" path for the follow-up troops.

Each step forward was accompanied by the sticky sound of remains being thoroughly crushed under their combat boots, while the spores floating in the air mixed with metal debris tried to infiltrate the joints of power armor ceaselessly. This exceptionally sharp blade silently and efficiently sliced through the relatively lax flank defenses of the Nagor Demon Army, directly thrusting toward that rotten core region along the twisted spine of the 'Hills of Suffering'.

Suddenly, the northeastern sky erupted with a blazing light more terrifying than a volcanic eruption a hundredfold, tearing a massive, lava-like gap in the thick radioactive dust clouds shrouding the low altitude of Terra — it was Robert's main legion launching a full-scale assault on the core fortress area known as the "Corruption Cauldron", personally overseen by Zebert.

The deafening explosion roars, even several dozens of kilometers away, still hammered on the warriors' auditory sensors like persistent, continuous heavy blows. The periphery of the holographic tactical visors flashed frantically with fragmented data stream from the direction of the main force: enormous casualty numbers rolled coldly, and signals of armored units being obstructed lit up successively.

Inside Martins' helmet, the urgent and mixed calls echoed from the public tactical link:

"...Steel Walker dreadnought phalanx has collapsed! The third regiment is covered by destructive artillery fire!"

"...Chaos heavy armored units detected on the left wing, unknown model! Approach speed is fast!"

"...Plague fly swarm has breached the anti-air network! They have covered the skies!"

The center of the storm is converging on the ’Corruption Cauldron.’

Chapter 992: Terror Demon Brass Bull and the Great Unclean One

The human tactics are actually not complicated.

Nor can they be very complex.

In the process of combating the Chaos Demon Army, killing the enemy leader is a very effective tactic to gain a significant advantage.

The human armies are much better in this regard, with a higher degree of organization, usually relying on the entire system rather than individual officers/leaders.

If the main general is sacrificed, there are deputies, chief of staff, deputy chief of staff, and a series of successors that can fill in. Even if all are dead, replacements can be found from lower-ranking officers.

The human army has such a complete system of ranks and duties to solve this problem.

The Chaos army also has similar structures, but they are not as systematic as the human side.

The fundamental reason is that the organizational system of the Chaos army is inherently less orderly. More often than not, it relies on the personal strength and prestige of the leaders and chiefs to organize the army.

Leaders form an army; a larger leader leads the army and has his own direct troops; multiple big leaders follow the one with the highest prestige...

No matter what Chaos force it is, there is a similar trend.

The nature of Chaos is like this. They need a strong individual to represent high prestige, using fear and authority to suppress and oppress their subordinates. Otherwise, they naturally tend to become scattered like loose sand.

Even the Jian Qi faction, which is the most particular about organizational structure, is the same. After Galaraldo, the leader, died, Jian Qi was out of the picture. Although there were still many Jianqi Cult members in the orbital systems of Terra and among the sailors of the Solar Fleet, they could no longer be united into a smoothly functioning force structure.

Specifically, in this Nagor Demon Army, there is a similar situation.

Their leader is the Empire's former Prime Minister, now confirmed ascended Demon Prince—Zebert.

Unlike Jian Qi's Galaraldo.

Galaraldo's means of protection was hiding himself so that no one could find him. If it weren't for Gu Jing tracing the clues and directly capturing his position, the allied intelligence wouldn't have known that the leader of the Jianqi Cult was Galaraldo, nor his specific location. Achieving this success has an element of luck.

However, Zebert is different.

That guy has no intention of hiding himself at all.

When the siege of Terra began, Zebert had already appeared. Still using the title of the Imperial Prime Minister, he proclaimed himself legitimate and commanded the Nagor army in military operations.

So why not carry out a decapitation strike against him?

Because it cannot be implemented.

Zebert, of course, also has means of self-protection.

His throne has always been located in the core of the Nagor army. Around him, there is always an army protecting him. He never recklessly advances and always stays within the protection of the army. The massive and elite army around him is never easily used; any attempt to lure him away is ineffective.

The remaining options are few.

A direct confrontation, defeating the Nagor Demon Army, and overthrowing Zebert's decayed throne is the only option.

This current action is precisely for this purpose.

Robert led the Imperial Guards and the main force of the allied army, striking out from the Imperial Palace towards the Corruption Cauldron in a frontal assault; Martins' elite alliance, after deploying an advance team, rapidly advanced and attacked from the flanking side as the frontal assault began.

Nothing special, essentially a force-against-force approach, without any flamboyance.

So far, the progress is rather smooth.

On Martins' side, indeed, from the enemy's flank, although there are many enemies in terms of numbers, compared to the frontal battlefield, they are few and less elite, unable to withstand the assault of five thousand of the finest Interstellar Warriors.

Besides them, the Holy Compassionate Lily Battle Nuns, Glory Guard Corps, and Alliance National Knights, already prepared for combat on the orbital carriers, have all deployed.

With the ground cover of the Interstellar Warriors, they marched out from the landing ships, valiant and high-spirited.

As Martins and others advanced, various units joining midway quickly brought their total number to over a hundred thousand.

The Battle Nuns and Glory Guard Corps warriors, as the main infantry units, were responsible for occupying and clearing the positions; the National Knights' Regiment, with over a thousand Titans, including eighty-nine at Warlord Level, undoubtedly presented a super-strong armored force.

Under fierce advancement, they swept everything before them like a thunderbolt.

On the other side, the frontal battlefield was also doing quite well.

Although the number of Titans was not as many, unlike Martins' force, fewer in numbers but all elite, with excellent strike effectiveness.

Yet, there was also a top-notch assault spearhead over there—the Ten Thousand Man Team of the Imperial Guards!

The Imperial Guards had not all been deployed, still holding a significant number in reserve, as a backup, within the inner circle of the Imperial Palace. However, even with just five thousand deployed, they were a decisive force.

Especially since they brought out many of their trump cards.

From secret chambers beneath the palace, they retrieved numerous items that would usually never be brought out. These secret weapons, some of which are millennium-old secrets, inherited from the era when the Emperor was still present, and even dating back to earlier times, before human decline, in the Golden Age.

Chapter 992: Terror Demon Brass Bulls and Great Unclean Ones (Part 2)

Some of it comes from the top-notch technological products seized from countless alien races and beings during the Empire's founding expeditions.

These winter technologies have proven highly effective on the battlefield.

Coupled with over fifteen thousand Interstellar Warriors and the landing of the allied force brigade... In this decisive battle against the Nagor Demon Army, although the human side is significantly outnumbered, they rely on superior individual soldier quality and a very decisive frontal assault approach, making them unstoppable along the way!

Despite the heavy casualties reported, they are getting closer and closer to the target, the 'Corruption Cauldron'.

Moreover, the elite main assault force still maintains its condition well.

The human units attacking from two directions seem poised to meet victoriously.

But just as the heated battlefield pressure reaches its peak, a distinctly different yet more primitive and savage terrifying energy, like a red-hot War Axe, viciously cleaves into the battlefield!

The earth begins to tremble at a frightening and completely physics-defying frenzied frequency, with even the thousand-meter high ruins of the Nest Capital moaning. Immediately after, a thunderous metal roar, more violent than lightning and chilling to the soul, reverberates through the heavens and the earth!

Blood-red giant beast figures burst forth from the smoky torrents at the edge of the battlefield, like an out-of-control lava flood, sweeping away everything! They are not Nagor's slow and swollen creations, but the mounts bestowed by Terror Demon to his most furious believers—burning with the rage of the Copper Bulls!

Each Copper Bull is covered in layers of massive armor inscribed with blasphemous blood symbols, their size comparable to small Titans, and their crimson compound eyes exude a tangible thirst for slaughter.

On their backs ride Terror Demon Champion Knights, clad in crimson heavy armor, wielding War Axes so large they could cleave mountains!

How could such a grand battlefield be without the presence of Terror Demon?

As the war has reached such a juncture, the constant day-and-night summoning of Terror Demon's followers has finally succeeded, calling this devastating army from Terror Demon's Demon Realm into the real world!

The target of this raging cavalry formation is the chaotic battlefield itself—whether it is Nagor's slow-moving plague legion phalanx or the allied vanguard's valiant breakthrough elite armor group, all are indiscriminately swept, devoured, and trampled into a paste of flesh and metal by the world-ending charge!

It's hard to say which side suffered more destruction from these Copper Bull Knights.

More likely, they don't even care.

Finally able to ramble unfettered in the real universe, the Terror Demon Champion Knights do not mind who their opponents are; they merely wish to unleash their desire for slaughter and destroy everything they see!

Their craving for human blood is strong, and the rotting undead of Nagor equally repulse them, hence they chop indiscriminately!

Although this Copper Bull Knight is not entirely targeting human forces, their appearance undoubtedly disrupted the progress of the human frontal assault.

This action has come at a significant cost, and unless all hope is lost, it would not be easily abandoned.

Caught in the Nagor tide and being charged by Terror Demon Knights, retreating the army is also difficult.

There is no halfway retreat; the only way not to lose is to win.

The troops led by Martins have evolved from a peripheral unit into the decisive backup.

...

"The time has come!" Martins speaks through the legion-level communication channel, his voice piercing the minds of all warriors like a cold steel blade, instantly freezing and crushing the chaos and fear within the channel.

The destructive chaos driven by the Copper Bull Knights is sweeping the front lines of the "Corruption Cauldron," and the Nagor guards are in deeper turmoil amidst the storm of flesh and brass, with massive gaps being torn into the yellow-green fog in that region.

"Terror Demon's senseless act has torn Nagor's rotten barricades and temporarily paralyzed Zebert's blasphemous will!"

On the holographic tactical map, a sharper and more resolute gold-red arrow than the previous main attack direction disregards the stalemated frontal mire like a precisely thrown armor-piercing dagger, aiming straight at the swirling massive yellow-green energy vortex at the core of the fog—Zebert's throne coordinates!

"Phoenix, become the Empire's fiery spearhead! Blood Angels, shield the flank with flames! Saints—" His gaze seems to penetrate helmets and space, landing on Dante, "You shall be the steadfast shield in the rear, blocking all pursuing enemies and disruptions! Our destination is but one—Zebert's head!"

Orders are law.

The array of five thousand warriors instantaneously executes the transformation like a precise War Machine; engines roar to their limit, stealth gone, a silent lava flow suddenly erupts into a dazzling golden arc tearing the sky, driving the group charge towards the core of the Corruption Cauldron!

Along the way, the thin Nagor Demon Army cannot possibly block the assault!

The chaotic three-way battle on the front lines captures most of the attention. Though Martins' side is not unchallenged, it certainly cannot be controlled.

As they pierce through layer upon layer of chaotic and weakened outer defenses at astonishing speed, like arrows crashing into the ultimate core area, where toxic miasma, heavy as death, condenses into a physical entity!

Even the seasoned Interstellar Warriors find their power armor's built-in life-sign monitors shrieking with overload warnings.

They are prepared for Nagor toxins, as each warrior has been equipped with blessed artifacts sufficient to fend off erosion.

Yet this mysterious toxicity exceeds expectations, seemingly an embodiment of Nagor Evil Power in the material universe here.

Vision is swallowed by the living-like thick poison mist, sounds become distorted and blurred, metal moans with corrosion. Beyond this ultimate death curtain, they confront the scene that truly reveals the meaning of blasphemy—seventy-seven colossal, mountain-like ultimate rotting creations!

Seventy-seven Great Unclean Ones!

They are the highest-ranking demon entities of the Nagor Demon Army, beloved manifestations of Nagor's garden. Each one needs to be looked up at, their bodies formed by countless endlessly swelling, bursting, flowing with colorful pus-filled giant ulcers, billions of fat maggots squirming and crawling within their wrinkled decayed flesh crevices and open abdominal cavities. Deformed bone spikes pierce through rotten skin, hanging at their apex are the melting remains of victims. Foul swamp gases, accompanied by blasphemous whispers, exhale from their slobbering giant mouths, each breath heavy as tectonic shift causing the war-torn earth to moan, sink, and bleed deadly corrupt liquids.

These seventy-seven hills of profane flesh do not stand randomly, but rather in a layered geometric array of blasphemy precisely guarding the innermost core—a terrifying throne made of billions of crawling maggots.

On the throne, a massive shadow coated in countless plague sacs oozing eternal pus slowly raises an eye hotter than a furnace, filled with pure malice!

This is Zebert’s ultimate corrupted fallen form!

"Lowly... crawling here... like maggots..."

The vast blasphemous voice, filled with phlegmy pops and bursting sound of corrupted bubbles, echoes directly within the soul of all warriors, tinged with despairing malice that breeds madness and nausea, "I am the Imperial Prime Minister... The empire should fall under my control... I offer it to my benevolent father... You shall become fresh bait for this sea of pus..."

As its whisper enriched with billions of germs ceases, all seventy-seven Great Unclean Ones simultaneously emit a Chaos scream that dims stars and fills with endless pain!

Their bloated to the extreme rotting bodies begin to move forward, defying the laws of physics, to crush and wriggle, simultaneously lifting their plague mortars and scythes embedded within decaying arms, streaming with abyss-like dark destructive power—the plague burst cannons as large as ancient turrets, the corruption liquid arrays glow with death-green light, cell-like giant enemy scythes tore through the thick air...

The filthy barrel and jet organs shine with the light of death, in the air Nagor Evil Power instantly condenses thicker than ever, suffocating every throat, making time itself seem to freeze before this blasphemous array.

Who could have imagined they would have to face such an enemy?!

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Even Gu Hang, upon seeing this scene, felt a sudden darkness before his eyes.

Although Gu Hang had not personally descended upon this battlefield, he could see everything clearly.

Earlier, Jian Qi blatantly transformed someone into a demon in just a second, and Gu Hang already thought it was quite exaggerated and shameless.

What was even more shameless was that despite losing, this guy refused to admit it and planned to participate personally. Gu Hang retaliated fiercely, and the two were entangled in Subspace for a long time before breaking free.

However, unexpectedly, the situation on the surface of Holy Terra was even more exaggerated.

First, a group of Copper Bull Knights appeared—is this thing commonly seen in the real universe?

Seeing them once always results in bloody havoc, not to mention encountering an entire Knight Order fully assembled!

Facing such a scale of enemy, the battlefield led by Robert in a frontal assault falling into a stalemate was quite normal.

More exaggerated yet was the seventy-seven Great Demons surrounding Zebert!

These are genuine Great Demons, each one placed outside is a world-ending presence. Back in the day when Gu Hang started on Rage Owl Star, he encountered one; that was just an avatar. He engaged with another on Korolya Nest Capital World, attracting it into his Storm God Kingdom, and after a very long time, at great cost, vanquished it.

That was merely an ordinary Great Demon!

Facing such beings, an ordinary Interstellar Warrior Battle Group might face complete annihilation and still not stand a chance, unless the Battle Group Champion is plural or exceeds the champion level.

As of now, seventy-seven of these things are laid out in front.

Gu Hang was already preparing for the failure of this operation.

Next, consideration must be given to how to assist this elite unit in retreating.

Honestly, it's a bit headache-inducing for Gu Hang.

Just as Jian Qi's involvement was disallowed, he would intercept personally, ensuring a blockade even at some cost. If he 'breaks the rule', intervening himself, the outcome would likely be the same.

The 'benevolent father', possibly feeling smug, wouldn't simply watch Gu Hang personally ruin his excellent situation.

Equally, these seventy-seven Great Demons, including the rampaging Copper Bull Knights, could hardly have emerged on their own. Just through those cultists' prayers and sacrifices, summoning such terrifying beings is impossible.

It surely required the effort of a powerful Evil God behind all this.

Gu Hang couldn't directly act, so he had to think of some indirect methods.

But before he began, a surprising scene unfolded.

Martins, wielding the Blade of Nirvana, raised his arm and without hesitation charged to the forefront, attacking the enemy!

His actions had a massively motivating effect on all units under him.

Despite the enemy being incredibly frightening, the human warriors loudly sang the praises of courage, fearlessly advancing towards death!

Even more astonishingly, they actually achieved results!

Although the presence of seventy-seven Great Demons, at the onset of battle, dealt substantial damage to human forces via their insidious Nagor Evil Magic and Plague Cannon, the surviving human forces' ensuing counterattack was not trivial either.

After losing nearly a hundred Titans, the remaining nine hundred unleashed brutal volley fire, dispatching the two most arrogant Great Demons at the forefront!

Titan firepower is indeed formidable.

Especially among Titans, nearly a hundred are of Warlord Level!

Moreover, these Titans from the Alliance National Knights didn't just hide and shoot. While firing, the Titan pilots and Knight Mecha pilots advanced, leading the charge!

Under the leading charge of the Titan array, the Alliance's elite infantry had a better environment to advance forward.

Their weapons may cause limited damage to the massive Great Demons, but human elite infantry primarily engaged other foes than these Great Demons.

Among the present enemies, besides the Great Demons, there's a significant number of low to mid-level, medium to small-sized demons, and other large creatures—like Toad Dragons and Nagor Beasts. While not as strong as Great Demons, their size is comparable. There's also a batch of formidable Plaguebearers, and some corrupted humans acting as Nagor Warriors guarding the Great Demons. Moreover, several Pale Death God Interstellar Warriors arrived here through Subspace Evil Magic. This is a notorious traitor legion entirely pledged to Nagor.

These creatures cannot be allowed to approach our Titans easily. Otherwise, after breaching the Void Shield's defenses, they possess the capability to inflict deadly damage on Titans or Knight Mechas close-up.

Currently, Titans are the core battlefield weapons of the human army; only they can cause widespread and sufficient damage to Great Demons.

Human infantry successfully accomplished their mission.

The swarming demons found it difficult to approach the Titans under their assault.

The Battle Nuns' faith garnered blessings intensely enough to be visible to the naked eye. The power of faith granted these Battle Sisters immense strength, enabling them not to fall short against ordinary Interstellar Warriors temporarily.

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The Holy Fire clung to their explosive rounds, ravaging the enemies. In the face of nearby foes, they fearlessly wielded chain-saw swords and power swords, fiercely dueling the enemies, slashing down one Nagor Evil Demon after another.

The elite soldiers of the Glory Guard Corps were not far behind. They may need to sacrifice ten or twenty times more lives to take down a single Chaos Starfield Warrior, but they were never stingy about it, exchanging where possible.

Moreover, encountering opponents at the level of Chaos Starfield Warriors wasn't always the norm. The Pale Death God wasn't as prevalent among the enemies as one might think. Against ordinary demons, the Glory Guard Corps could still use their advantage to defeat them.

Besides, dealing with opponents like Interstellar Warriors wasn't the responsibility of the Glory Guard Corps.

We have our own!

Apart from the two thousand warriors from the founding regiments, Phoenix, the remaining three thousand were elite soldiers drawn from various battle groups. The proportion of Battle Group Champions was quite high; even facing the Pale Death God, they held their strength.

Furthermore, the nearly two thousand warriors combining the founding regiments with Phoenix were elites among elites, boasting even higher proportions of Battle Group Champions and Battle Group Champion levels!

Facing them, the Pale Death God would even ponder: When did these minions of The Emperor become so formidable?

In such a slaughter, the enemy arrays were swiftly broken through.

The Titans paid the price of over a hundred destructions to truly reach the abominations.

A more brutal hand-to-hand battle commenced!

This directive was actually issued by Martins.

He didn’t believe the Titans could easily prevail in close combat, but at least the opportunity was greater than during long-range bombardments.

Letting go of a hundred Titans, costing two abominations... even if this exchange ratio continued, finishing the Titans would down only twenty.

Additionally, with fewer Titans, decreased firepower meant the exchange ratio couldn’t deal with twenty opponents.

Close combat might present different opportunities.

Moreover, Martins never placed all victory hopes on the National Knights’ Regiment—that’s unrealistic.

Infantry sheltered Titans approaching, then what were Titans sheltering?

Champions, of course.

In an instant, as abominations engaged Titans in close combat, Martins silently dispatched one of them.

Now Martins, though fairly large, still differed greatly from the eight-nine meter tall abominations, not even reaching their hips. But in true confrontation, when the enormous scythe swept over, the Nirvana Blade in his hand unexpectedly stabilized the scythe.

Swiftly turning, he hacked another sword, severing an arm of the abomination before it could retract; then stepping forth, raising the sword overhead, he thrust upwards into the Great Demon's ample belly.

The raging Alliance Primarch pressed the Holy Sword further into the enemy's body, the blade cutting out from the Great Demon's rear, tailbone area. The devastating wound rendered the Great Demon unable to stand, collapsing.

The fallen Great Demon attempted to wave its arm to drive Martins away. A sinister green light covered its substantial wound, trying to repair it. But after Martins dodged the attack, he struck again, cutting the ugly head off.

Just then, a Plague Cannon shell hit directly.

The enemy had naturally detected Martins' threat, not caring about friendly fire, determined to hit hard.

Martins had nowhere to dodge; he lowered his head, bracing with the sword to withstand it.

However, when the Plague Cannon finally struck him, he felt no impact and was unharmed.

Floating lightning formed a shield, protecting him.

After absorbing a Plague Cannon blast, the Thunder Shield not only refused to dim, but rather brightened, pulsing as it transformed into a lightning spear, shooting forth and skewering the abomination that targeted Martins, piercing its skull.

For the Great Demon, it wasn't a lethal injury, but it suffered significant damage.

Seizing the opportunity, a Titan Commander even larger than the abomination charged, colliding head-on.

The severely injured abomination was knocked to the ground, the Titan Commander cared little about possible damage, raising the Gravity Fist high and pounding down, caving in the Great Demon's chest, while the heavy cannons attached beneath its arm and shoulder-mounted rocket launchers face-blasted into it.

The abomination couldn't stand again, yet the Alliance's Titan Commander wasn't much better, covered in smoke and damage, many weapons broken... but at least it shakily stood, a victory in its own right.

But in the next instant, a Magic Sword swept, slashing down the Titan Commander.

Simultaneously, the Alliance's Living Saint, Georgette, took notice. The flying Living Saint brought the incandescent long spear crashing down.

Despite being less than Martins, Dante and Raymond Vis were slightly stronger than Georgette; among the five thousand Interstellar Warriors, assembling one or two hundred Battle Group Champions was feasible. These champions posed lethal threats to the abominations, especially aided by Alliance Titan forces in desperate cover, this combination genuinely delivered fatal blows to the Great Demons.

Moreover, Gu Hang had opened the gates for them.

Occasionally appearing on their bodies, the Thunder Shields blocking fatal attacks and enabling counterattacks, were naturally Gu Hang's handiwork from afar.

Gu Hang did this, hearing the not-so-kind shout of the Benevolent Father.

But Gu Hang didn't care.

If you cheat to summon seventy-seven abominations, can't I slightly hack for our forces nearby?

Gu Hang reckoned, his deeds weren't as excessive as the enemy's!

Watching Martins and many elite Alliance warriors sacrificing themselves so heedlessly, he too was touched.

Initially planning that, once the troops began retreating, he'd employ some methods to keep some units alive for withdrawal, if possible.

But unexpectedly, upon realizing the enemy's strength, his troops didn't withdraw, instead determinedly counterattacked. From Martins and other Commanders, down to many champions, Interstellar Warriors, Titan pilots, down further to the warriors of the Glory Guard Corps and Battle Nuns, none were daunted, none retreated, they courageously charged, how could Gu Hang not empower them?

The methods once intended to support retreat transformed entirely into offensive gifts upon them.

Battling to the bitter end this time!

As for pressure in Subspace, Gu Hang would endure it!

Naturally, meanwhile, he mused about one thing—what's that old guy doing?

Your home base is close to being annihilated! I'm already here fighting hard, what are you doing?!

But soon, this question found an answer.

Initially, Gu Hang had already prepared for the Benevolent Father's wrath, ready for a solid fight like before against Jian Qi.

Even if his Storm hadn't fully recovered from the last conflict, with Divine Realm shattered, his risk of severe injury escalated sharply, he'd accept it.

However, the anticipated battle never emerged.

Instead, Gu Hang sensed vaguely that in the glaring corner of Subspace, a place known as the 'Nagor Garden' within the heart of the realm of despair seemed to be ablaze.

Subsequently, this information was corroborated from another source.

The Windsor Goddess aspect from the Spirit Race's God of Thousand Faces relayed a message to him.

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Gu Hang swallowed all complaints.

Alright.

Old Deng is still getting things done.

When someone messes with his territory, he messes with theirs too.

All tactical maneuvering, right?

But just looking at it now, this trade... it's hard to say if it was worth it or not.

By comparison, the Garden of Nagor seems to have been quite thoroughly burned, while the Imperial Capital - Holy Terra, though heavily damaged, still seems salvageable—provided the war is won.

And what guarantees victory in the war?

Gu Hang thought for a moment and then rolled his eyes in disbelief.

That guarantee isn't him, then who else could it be?

However, when he thought about this, he hesitated a bit.

Speaking of trades, just comparing to Nagor alone, it should be considered worthwhile for now.

However, humanity's enemy is not just Nagor.

Excluding the ousted Jian Qi, there are still two left.

Even though Slaanesh's investment in Holy Terra seems rather ordinary, not as significant as the influence of the other three, there's also a ferocious tyrant still out there.

His brass throne hasn't been burned.

But soon, Gu Hang didn't ponder too much.

The current situation is already quite good; he can directly engage in bolder actions. Even if it angers that tyrant, he's only facing one—anyway, Nagor is too occupied to trouble him.

Moreover, Gu Hang vaguely sensed that some great entities, although ousted, are still somewhat restless. Though he hasn't gained much benefit, this game is still highly entertaining, especially seeing his nemesis—Nagor—suffer losses much larger than his own, which brings him joy.

He doesn't mind at all, in this already thriving chaos, adding fuel to make it even more chaotic, which is what he likes.

Nagor still has losses to endure.

And that old Deng might have other tricks up his sleeve.

There’s nothing to hesitate about!

Of course, he wouldn’t truly tear open the veil between Subspace and reality to fight personally.

The cost would be too high and expose major weaknesses, leading to major issues at critical moments.

Moreover, there’s no need.

In the current universe, there’s nothing that Gu Hang’s true form must intervene to solve.

Like the final piece of the Comoros campaign, it’s enough to figure out how to amass an avatar.

The only problem is, in Comoros, Gu Hang was well-prepared. The Spiritual Energy crown used for the avatar was ready in advance, summoned at the crucial moment, ending that battle.

But now, Gu Hang hasn’t prepared in advance.

However, he has another method.

His own son.

...

Upon receiving his father’s message, Gu Jing immediately communicated with Robert.

A few weeks ago, he came to the Terra Imperial Palace with Robert from above to the surface. When the Alliance launched a major offensive from the inner ring palace outward, he followed the main forces.

After encountering the impact from the Copper Bull Knight Order, he too got trapped in the chaos brought by these fearsome Terror Demon knights.

He knows there is a small but extremely elite unit from the Alliance that would launch an attack from the side.

According to the original plan, both forces should have converged at the Corruption Cauldron to jointly kill the ascended Zebert.

But looking at the situation now, the main force engaging head-on struggles to reach the target as planned.

Gu Jing was already anxious.

But now, having finally received his father's message, his spirits lifted!

He asked Robert to immediately organize a team to escort and follow him directly to the Corruption Cauldron.

He fully understood the chaos of the battlefield and how the arrival of the Terror Demon Copper Bull Knight Order has massively affected communication between human troops. Plus, most are already engaged in intense battles, facing not just Nagor's Demon Army but also Terror Demon's Chaos Army, making it hard to receive messages and even harder to simply withdraw upon receiving them.

But understanding is one thing; tasks are another.

He hoped Robert could mobilize as many troops as possible at that moment.

In this brutal melee with Nagor and Terror's troops, victory or defeat is meaningless and has negligible impact on the overall situation.

Gu Jing didn't place all hope in others.

He had contacted three nearby army corps from the Alliance, all armored corps. Using his own Spiritual Energy, he relieved them and brought them to his vicinity.

He gave the troops thirty minutes to prepare.

Once time was up, regardless of whether Robert found enough strength, he couldn’t wait any longer.

And Robert proved reliable.

In the twenty-seventh minute, a seemingly battered and bloodied force emerged from the ruins nearby.

Their numbers weren’t large, but their quality was exceptional.

More than three hundred members made up of core warriors from the Infinite Corps and Interstellar Warriors from various sub-corps; over a hundred Imperial Guard soldiers, plus roughly three thousand mortal troops with adequate armored support, including tanks and Titans.

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More importantly, it was Robert himself, alongside a Forbidden Army in golden armor, slightly smaller in stature than him — Marshal Yan Xinzhen himself.

Upon seeing these two, Gu Jing truly felt reassured.

"I’ve already handed the battle here completely over to Nero," Robert said, "Marshal Yan Xinzhen and I will go with you."

Yan Xinzhen also spoke up: "You said Gu Hang’s power will aid us in this process? Once close enough, we’ll have a way to kill that damned traitor? I hope you’re not lying."

"Of course, I’m not lying." A rare smile appeared on Gu Jing’s face.

He trusted his father.

Even setting aside Gu Hang's power, just relying on Robert, Yan Xinzhen, and himself—a total of three strength, nearing Zebert's Corruption Throne seemed promising.

Without further pleasantries, Gu Jing gave a brief outline of the assault plan to the two within the final two minutes, then immediately ordered the army to launch!

Crossing the chaotic battlefield was certainly not easy.

Despite the Nagor Demon Army's endless density, spanning nearly a thousand kilometers in width and over seven hundred kilometers in depth, forming countless dense lines of defense. However, when the Copper Bull Knight Order charged out from countless Subspace rifts leading to the Terror Demon Realm, these Nagor Demon forces were also within the Terror Demon's striking range.

Just like human units breaking apart, scattered across the vast battlefield, engaging the Chaos forces everywhere, many of the Nagor Demon Army's defensive lines were riddled with holes.

Yet, even so, getting through was no easy task.

The enemy density was high, and even amidst chaos, shortly ahead, a Nagor zombie tide would surface—it truly flowed like waves, often numbering in tens of thousands!

Relying solely on their current strength, it wasn't impossible to cut through these Nagor zombie tides, yet time wastage was inevitable.

Taking detours also wasted time.

Fortunately, Robert connected with more troops, not just those he brought.

Several artillery regiments could follow orders and provide assistance within a certain range.

Besides artillery, a more direct and potent support from the skies above—orbital bombardment!

As the main battle erupted, the allied fleet had already reached above this battlefield.

The bombing targeting Zebert's location actually never ceased, constantly battering the Corruption Cauldron area with endless heavy Colossal Cannons and missiles.

Except for doomsday weaponry deemed unusable on Holy Terra, no resource was spared among L-type and X-type heavy artillery, relentlessly bombarding the Corruption Cauldron area.

If orbital bombardment could kill Zebert, it would undoubtedly be ideal.

Even at the cost of completely leveling that Nest Capital District and significantly impacting Holy Terra's future ecological climate, it was deemed necessary.

Unfortunately, the bombardment effect on the Corruption Cauldron was very poor. Various Colossal Cannons and missiles falling were akin to sinking stones without a trace. Observed from orbit, the area was constantly shrouded in a yellow-green haze, obscuring the happenings below, and not a glimpse of explosion light was visible.

Moreover, it was almost certain the bombardment hadn't been effective.

Because the counter-fire launched from the Corruption Cauldron area towards orbit had never slowed. The allied fleet attempting to bomb the Corruption Cauldron paid a heavy price in consequence. At its peak, even a Retribution-class Battleship was destroyed by the counterattack.

But inefficacy against the Corruption Cauldron didn't mean it was ineffective elsewhere.

Despite not having successfully dealt with numerous orbital cannon fortresses and Nagor's plague cannons aimed skyward, orbital bombardment cover remained vital during troop advancement.

As long as the bombing area was slightly distanced from the Corruption Cauldron area, even if a significant portion of firepower was intercepted, it managed to exert some influence. The ships performing bombing missions above, though facing some risk, were ultimately manageable.

Without the help of orbital bombardment, the humanoid army's initial comprehensive assault couldn't have proceeded as smoothly and effectively right from the start.

However, as the Terror Doom's Copper Bull Knights entered the battlefield, the situation changed considerably. The chaos on the battlefield grew exponentially, with friend and foe intertwining, making precise bombing nearly impossible.

Nevertheless, the navy didn't idly sit by.

Occasionally, they'd receive coordinates from army brethren calling out something like 'fire at my position.'

During such instances, they could only tearfully fulfill the army brethren's desires, hammering heavy artillery into synchronized army coordinates.

Taking many army brethren's lives, yet often burying more demons with them.

Now, as a more critical battle mission arose, at Robert's request, a specialized fleet composed of carriers and battleships was designated to obey Robert's directives, executing orbital fire support.

The fierce bombardment provided significant aid to the entire assault force.

Yet, ordinary bombardments were highly effective against zombie tides and tough defensive positions, but were ineffective against the Terror Doom's Copper Bull Knights.

These Copper Bull Knights moved incredibly swiftly on the ground. After receiving bombing coordinates and preparing for bombardment, their position information often greatly changed.

Moreover, shells and missiles dropping from tens of thousands kilometers above took time.

More often, Copper Bull Knights plunged directly into human formations.

Blessed by the Brass Throne, Copper Bull Knights, unharmed by fearful ranged bullets, only those close and carried with the fervent bravery of fighters showed noticeable effects.

Facing such adversaries, there was often no better solution than direct confrontation and combat.

Robert, Yan Xinzhen, and Gu Jing, never would hold back at such moments. When facing exceedingly strong resistance, they often led the charge.

When dealing with particularly intense obstructions, they'd be the first to leap forward.

The mighty strength of individuals was meant to be exerted at times like these.

...

Yet, ordinary bombardment worked well against zombie tides and fortified positions but proved ineffective against the Terror Doom's Copper Bull Knights.

These Copper Bull Knights' ground mobility was remarkably quick. By the time bombardment coordinates were received and preparations made, their locations usually shifted significantly.

To say nothing of the fact that shell and missile descent from several kilometers above took time.

On numerous occasions, Copper Bull Knights directly penetrated human formations.

Carrying blessings from the Brass Throne, Copper Bull Knights, beyond fear of ranged ammunition, were barely harmed; the closer the weapons bore fighting zeal, the more evident their effect.

Faced with such foes, often there was no choice but direct confrontation and battle.

Robert, Yan Xinzhen, and Gu Jing wouldn’t hold back in these moments. Encountering intense obstruction, they were often first to charge.

The mighty individual strength was meant to be showcased at times like these.

Chapter 995: The Poisoned Dagger and the Warhammer

Recounting the past of iron and blood. Draped in crimson battle armor symbolizing nobility and sacrifice, with a visage seemingly sculpted into stone by time and endless wars, stood Dante, the Battle Group Leader of the Blood Angels, alongside Raymond Vis, the Battle Group Leader of the Saints, his entire body covered in indigo and silvery-white paint, with sacred runes flowing faintly. At the other end of the tactical holotable, the nauseating yellow-green wave representing the Nagor Demon Army had almost engulfed the entire northern hemisphere of Terra, leaving only a small patch of golden area representing the Emperor’s Glory, isolated within the inner ring of the Imperial Palace and its surrounding areas. The blazing white arrow signifying the main force of the allied army was thrusting out from within, its sharpness aimed directly at the core of that filthy yellow-green vortex—the former Imperial Prime Minister, now fully turned into Nagor’s embrace, the Demon Prince, Zebert. "We are the poisoned dagger, delivered from the shadows, straight to the heart of corruption," Martins’ voice was as low and steady as magma surging from the depths of the earth, possessing a strange resonance as if hundreds of souls were whispering in the armor together. This voice echoed within the command post converted from a small medical station, easily penetrating the faint, incessant explosions coming from afar. "His Majesty the Regent King wields immense power, demolishing fortresses from the front, piercing through the layers of decayed barriers. Our mission, however, is to attack from the rotting and bloated flank—" His thickly armored, fine gold-covered fingers suddenly jabbed at the holotable, the point falling precisely on the wing of the sharp arrow of the main force, at a section marked as the ’Hills of Suffering’ in the nest capital ruins. "From here we break in, piercing through the fragile defenses, directly arriving at the side of Zebert’s desecrated throne. This plan should be a surprise attack, swift as lightning, targeting its lifeline. However..." He looked up, the scarlet glow beneath his helmet sweeping over the two veteran and prestigious founding Battle Group Leaders, like molten steel. "The battlefield is a swirling storm of toxicity. If the front edge is halted by its pus-filled walls, if that decaying beast senses the blade upon its throat... then this dagger must transform into a hammer!" The words "hammer" left his lips with the decisiveness of a collapsing mountain, causing the air to tremble. "Your will is the direction of our blade." Raymond Vis struck his right fist against his chest, the sacred humming flowing through his armor recounting the past of iron and blood. Draped in crimson battle armor symbolizing nobility and sacrifice, with a visage seemingly sculpted into stone by time and endless wars, stood Dante, the Battle Group Leader of the Blood Angels, alongside Raymond Vis, the Battle Group Leader of the Saints, his entire body covered in indigo and silvery-white paint, with sacred runes flowing faintly. At the other end of the tactical holotable, the nauseating yellow-green wave representing the

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Chapter 995: That’s How Titans Are Used

The war before him left Robert in awe.

The Son of God, who had emerged from the founding expedition, thought he would no longer be surprised by any scenes of war.

After all, what kinds of battles had he not experienced?

But this, he definitely had not been through.

In this not particularly large region, the ground was scattered with the wreckage of Titans, so many that counting them became difficult at first glance. And near these Titan remains, there were also plenty of bodies belonging to the Great Unclean Ones.

Not to mention the heaps of Nagor followers and Demon corpses that almost covered every inch of this area.

It wasn’t as if he had never commanded a ’Thousand Titan’ battle, nor had he never seen the Great Unclean Ones, these top-tier Nagor demons.

But can these Great Unclean Ones really appear in groups?

Whenever a battlefield sees the arrival of just one such being, that war could be considered an apocalyptic-level battle!

And here, there are dozens of them, both alive and dead!

As for those thousand Titans... deploying a thousand Titans so densely in a local part of a battle... are such precious war machines to be used like this?

Being sent in clusters to brawl with people like some super soldiers?

If Robert had encountered this before, he would definitely have subjected the Commander who made this decision to a court-martial!

But at this moment, Robert found himself unable to utter a word.

How else are Titans supposed to be used? In the current battlefield, only such enormous machines coming close could effectively entangle those massive demons, thereby creating more opportunities for Martins and others to strike down these Great Unclean Ones.

Here, Titans have to be used this way, there's nothing more to say.

What surprised Robert even more, were the warriors of the Alliance.

If they were Interstellar Warriors, it wouldn't be a big deal. Robert knew what Interstellar Warriors were about; driven by their genes, they are natural warriors, capable of fighting endlessly in the most desperate environments.

The Battle Nuns also deserve no mention, for although they are strictly speaking also mortals, they can receive blessings of faith—whether mental or supernatural.

But what about those mortal soldiers?

Such a battlefield, one that even Robert found intimidating at first glance!

And these mortal soldiers fought fiercely in it!

They were not mere cannon fodder; their presence had its own significance.

They defended Titans at the feet of Titans.

Titans might be destroyed in confronting the Great Unclean Ones, but at least it would wound these Great Demons, and at the very least, delay and encumber them.

However, Titans must not be harmed or wrecked by the ordinary-sized demons and Chaos Starfield Warriors swarming at them.

These guys would rush past the Void Shield and Energy Shield, clinging to the feet, planting a Corrosive Bomb that could blow a Titan's leg off, which would be a senseless loss.

Their task is to pin these enemies outside the perimeter of the Titan.

Often beside a Titan, there are dozens of soldiers, dozens of Battle Nuns, led by several Interstellar Warriors, responsible for protecting the Titan.

Meanwhile, Titans cover the Champions, drawing the attention of the Great Demons head-on to give these top warriors a chance to strike the Great Demons.

Robert quickly understood the current pattern of the battle and also realized what he needed to do.

The team he led, shouting 'For the Emperor', joined the battle.

His progeny and Imperial Guard, along with a few humane soldiers, joined in protecting the Titans.

Both Robert and Yan Xinzhen began, like Martins and others, seeking opportunities to hunt during the confrontation between the Titans and the Great Unclean Ones.

With these two joining, the speed of eliminating the Great Unclean Ones increased significantly.

Their combat power was extraordinary, among all in the Alliance, only Martins had similar strength. Others, be it Dante or Raymond Vis, certainly couldn't compare to the Son of God in efficiency, nor surpass the Forbidden Army Marshal.

Yet, there was one exception—Georgette.

This flying Living Saint fought extremely aggressively, disregarding her own safety. This made her efficiency only slightly less than the Forbidden Army Marshal, after she joined the battle.

Soon, Robert understood why this Living Saint was so reckless.

He witnessed the Living Saint being grasped by a Great Demon and stuffed into its bloody maw, chewed up, and swallowed down.

This should have been certain death.

However, less than ten seconds later, golden light erupted mid-air, opening a Heavenly Gate. The glowing Living Saint emerged again, spread her wings, and rejoined the battle with the Great Unclean Ones!

This scene almost left Robert dumbfounded.

Soon, he realized that Robert wasn't the only one with special abilities and magical protection.

He saw a Blood Angels Battle Group Champion, pushed to the brink, forced to meet a Great Demon's cleave head-on. That massive demon sword, wide as more than half an Interstellar Warrior's height!

Being slashed by such a sword would be inevitable death.

But suddenly, a flash of lightning appeared on his body, teleporting him three meters away, making the Great Demon's giant sword strike empty air, roaring in rage.

And similar situations occurred a few more times.

Like a lightning shield blocking a lethal cannon shot and reflecting it back; a flash of lightning helping a doomed warrior escape death; lightning enhancement turning originally minor damage to the Great Demon into more destructive force...

Robert discovered this lightning seemed to be everywhere.

Soon, he personally experienced it.

He exchanged a glance with Yan Xinzhen, who had just arrived nearby, and could see the shock in the latter’s eyes.

The Forbidden Army Marshal couldn’t help but speak: "Is this Gu Hang’s power?"

"Yes..." Robert replied first, then added: "Perhaps only a part of it."

"Incredible..."

Yan Xinzhen marveled.

Yet, this appeared only to be the beginning.

After an hour of fierce battle, the number of Great Unclean Ones left was no longer many, dropping to under thirty.

Of course, the human side suffered significant losses as well, with only over two hundred Titans left battling.

The losses among mortal soldiers, Battle Nuns, and Interstellar Warriors were also huge.

Even among the Champions, despite being protected by Divine Power, many still fell in battle.

Continuing in this form, it was still uncertain who victory would belong to.

And at this moment, as he sat upon his rot throne, the corpulent Zebert made a new move.

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The heavy air was filled with the pungent smell of decay mixed with ozone. Standing in the shadows of the temporary command post, Martins' three-meter tall imposing figure resembled a holy icon forged in the fires of battle. The deep bullet marks and energy scorch marks on his golden Power Armor silently recounted tales of iron and blood under the dim emergency lights. Draped in a crimson Battle Armor signifying nobility and sacrifice, the Blood Angels Battle Group Leader Dante, with a visage sculpted by time and endless warfare into something rock-like, stood on the other side of the tactical holographic platform alongside Raymond Vis, the Saints Battle Group Leader who was fully covered in indigo and silver paint adorned with softly glowing sacred runes. On the platform, the nauseating yellow-green waves representing the Nagor Demon Army nearly engulfed the entire northern hemisphere of Terra. Only a small golden area symbolizing The Emperor's glory remained isolated around the Inner Imperial Palace and its adjacent areas. From this, the brilliant white arrows representing the main force of the allied armies protruded, their sharp points aimed at the core of the filthy yellow-green vortex—the former Imperial Prime Minister, now fully embraced by Nagor, the Demon Prince, Zebert. "We are the poisoned dagger, delivered from the shadows, stabbing straight into the heart of the sore," Martins' voice rumbled, deep as molten lava from the depths of the earth, carrying a strange resonance as if hundreds of souls whispered together within his armor. This voice filled the narrow space.

Chapter 996: Breach of Promise

Zebert harbored hatred towards Gu Hang.

He still remembered that Gu Hang had promised him to extend his life. That transaction between them was the most significant matter to him when his life was nearing its end.

Time and again, he tried all possible ways and means to send messages to the far East of the Empire, pleading for Gu Hang to come and perform the promised enhanced lifespan extension surgery on him.

Yet, he never received any response.

Was it because the emergence of the Scarlet Scar led to a communication breakdown?

Yes, that was certainly part of the reason.

Common and ordinary means of communication indeed became unusable in the aftermath of the catastrophe.

But he was the Imperial Prime Minister. The resources he could mobilize were far beyond mere ’ordinary’ means.

Across the Scarlet Scar, in the world on the other side of the Empire, there were many they managed to contact.

Though the communication was unstable, and the calls often got cut off, they still made contact.

But only the Alliance remained unreachable.

How come you, Gu Hang, a person of extraordinary capabilities, couldn’t be reached at this time?

During those days, while Zebert could calmly and rationally realize that it was intentional from Gu Hang to not respond, after all, with the Scarlet Scar in between, the impact of the catastrophe restrained Holy Terra’s influence within its own boundaries, unable to even guarantee control over parts of the Empire’s Holy Territory, let alone manage the Imperial’s Eastern Frontier separated by a chasm.

Meanwhile, his luck made him hope until the end that the message was merely not connected, and Gu Hang was still trying to contact Holy Terra and would ultimately fulfill the promise of coming to perform the lifespan extension surgery.

If not, then what could he do?

Truly let him face the forthcoming inevitable death calmly, manage his affairs one by one, transfer power, hoping that after his death, the Empire's political landscape remains stable?

Don't amuse me.

After I die, let the world plunge into chaos!

In the end, the benevolent father granted him redemption.

Yet, his hatred towards Gu Hang not only didn't diminish in the slightest but grew even more intense.

"It is you...it is you who forced me to such an extent."

"And now, again you stand in my way from becoming the true ruler of the Empire..."

"You shall not succeed! I am the ultimate victor!"

With this belief, he sat on his decaying throne, and when the Alliance's army arrived, he invoked the Plague Cannon repeatedly, demolishing Titan after Titan.

He further summoned Subspace Evil Magic in an attempt to let the poison fog infiltrate all the Alliance members' bodies. But this effort bore little fruit. An extra divine power constantly purified all of the Alliance soldiers.

Zebert knew exactly where this power came from, which made him even more furious.

Moreover, he tore open several more Subspace rifts, swarming more demons into the real universe.

However, among them were no more Great Demons.

Great Demons aren't commonplace. Having prepared seventy-seven to send into the battlefield was already the limit. At this point, trying to bring in more was impossible.

Yet these newly arriving mid-to-low level demons made barely any difference to the battlefield situation.

And he saw the arrival of Robert and the Imperial Guard.

That made him slightly anxious.

Though the enemy's number of Titans reduced swiftly, his own Great Demons also fell one after another. The crucial issue was that the particularly threatening individuals on the opposite side were still alive.

Not only alive, but Robert and Yan Xinzhen joined them.

With such attrition, he couldn't say he'd surely win.

And unless victory was assured, Zebert would feel uneasy and want to take action.

Participate personally in the battle?

No, no, no, Zebert wouldn't do that.

He was the focal point of this war. Should anything happen to him, the whole battlefield situation might collapse. The benevolent father invested too many blessings in him, and it was precisely these powers deeply seated in his body that maintained the semi-Subspace state of the entire area, allowing so many Great Demons to coexist simultaneously.

If he were to die, then the semi-Subspace process would end, and the remaining Great Demons would soon dissipate due to losing support.

This body of his possessed, without doubt, superior power to most Great Demons, but it was by no means invincible.

He wasn't willing to risk his life.

This eternal life he painstakingly acquired must not be compromised.

Outside of this, what more could he do?

There is more.

He tore the reality curtain even further.

Although on the other side in Subspace, there weren't more Great Demons available for his summoning, advancing the current area of reality further into Subspace, especially aligning closer to the Nagor Divine Kingdom's environment, still held significance. Even though the humans were immune to Nagor's toxins enhancement thanks to the impostor and pledge breaker's aid, his demons, particularly those Great Unclean Ones, would receive further empowerment.

This also increased the probability of his side's victory.

On the field, one by one, lower demons were sacrificed, roaring in terror, turning into puddles of sludge.

The power within their bodies was extracted, infused as pure dark magic, merging into the bodies of the Great Demons with the yellow-green air.

Since these lower demons contributed little to shifting the battlefield tides, not bringing down many Titans crowded around their feet, futilely wrestling human ordinary troops, without advancing closer to the Titans' feet.

If they're useless, then better they be sacrificed to enhance the Great Demons.

This tactic by Zebert brought a noticeable change to the battlefield. Those empowered Great Demons made things uncomfortable for the human side. Abruptly acting, they inflicted heavy blows on a few ordinarily perceived human fighter opportunities.

Several Battle Group Champions perished, and even Raymond Vis, the level of divine-chosen Champion of Temple Guard Group Leaders, was knocked down during an attack. Although a shield of thunderlight arose on him, it couldn't fully withstand the blow, sending his body flying, leaving him lying on the ground with unknown fate.

Several blessed offspring of the Saints rushed to protect the Temple Guard Leader's body but couldn't drag him to safety—on this battlefield, nowhere could truly be called safe!

Yet at this moment, opportunistic Gu Jing suddenly took action.

Suddenly, lightning flashed beside him, and by the light of a hand transmission, forty 'Interstellar Warriors' in silver-blue armor with phoenix crested blue crowns appeared beside him.

Chapter 997: No Need to Be This Close

Upon seeing the Alliance's Yulin Army, Yan Xinzhen was immensely shaken!

Although the style of the armor was a bit different, and the color scheme was entirely different, he was all too familiar with the warriors' postures!

How should he face these so-called 'Yulin Army'? How did Gu Hang accomplish this? What was his mindset? What should he say?...

Countless questions swirled in his mind.

But the developments of the situation gave him no opportunity to react.

Gu Jing, under the protection of these forty Yulin soldiers, charged directly toward the Rotten Throne!

On the battlefield, after a large number of sacrifices, the numbers of the Nagor Demons and the Plague Walkers had already been greatly reduced, sparsely scattered, unable to form any obstacles.

Moreover, in the position where Gu Jing launched his assault, there was not a single Great Demon between him and the Rotten Throne!

This was an opportunity he seized at the moment when Zebert sacrificed the lower Demon Legion to empower the Great Unclean Ones, clearing a space for him!

Forty Yulin warriors, advancing like a hot knife through butter!

Even though Yan Xinzhen had other enemies to deal with before him, he couldn't help but have his gaze drawn to those forty familiar figures.

He noticed that these—let's call them Yulin for now—in other aspects were not visible, but just in terms of combat performance, they even surpassed his Forbidden Army!

Among these forty, the weakest matched the level of a flag officer in the Forbidden Army; over ten reached the level of a battalion commander; the best three or four were fully on par with a tribune.

Such a level of Yulin team was already very formidable, even Yan Xinzhen would struggle to assemble such a force from his own Forbidden Army. He would have to extract one-third of the tribunes from each battalion, and pull out one-tenth of the whole Forbidden Army commanders...

The number may not seem large, but it must be known that each tribune, commander has their own responsibilities. Extracting them was simple, but this would limit a significant part of the Forbidden Army's functions.

The forces he brought with him to participate in this final battle were no match for this suddenly teleported Yulin Army!

And the fact they could breach the thinning defense line of the Nagor Demon Army due to sacrifices was therefore understandable.

Was this enough to deliver Gu Jing in front of that gigantic creature at the Rotten Throne?

Yes.

But was it enough to kill that detestable monster that had once been the Imperial Prime Minister?

It seemed unlikely.

Even though Zebert had seldom directly engaged in combat before, seeing his physique, even larger than the average Great Unclean One, and the evil power swirling around him, it was clear that he was an extremely tough opponent.

The key was that Zebert was not only strong but possessed the same trait as Nagor Demons—hard to kill.

They might not have as many varied means as Jian Qi Demons, not as adept at disguise or deluding hearts as Slaanesh Demons, nor as ferocious in attack as Terror Demons, but Nagor Demons have one prominent feature: an extremely tenacious vitality!

The Great Unclean Ones demonstrated this to a very high degree. Their vitality was too resilient, if not for this, the battle would have ended long ago—regardless of who won.

As a Demon Prince, Zebert was even stronger and more blessed by the Evil God, which meant he was even harder to kill.

Killing him isn’t something a simple assault or beheading could achieve.

Furthermore, if he isn’t killed all at once, he would quickly recover, dragging the entire combat out for a long time.

The forty Yulin warriors, certainly formidable, but based on Zebert's understanding of their capabilities, they were still not strong enough to take down a Demon Prince with one assault.

And Gu Jing, of course, was a powerful Spiritual Master.

But unfortunately, even if he possessed combat power on a Son of God's level, he similarly lacked the power to instantly kill a Nagor Demon Prince.

Not even severely injure him.

And as long as Zebert wasn't quickly slain, the Nagor Evil Power on him would rapidly heal his wounds. Moreover, those nearby Great Unclean Ones would quickly rush to his defense, to aid the supporting Demon Prince.

By that time, Gu Jing and the forty Yulin soldiers he summoned would most likely die under the siege.

Others would find it extremely difficult to come to their rescue.

Yet Yan Xinzhen didn't believe that Gu Jing was heading to his death.

He believed that Gu Jing surely had a backup plan.

He was expecting several things to happen.

Not only for the victory of this battle but also to verify certain things.

Some of what he wanted to verify were thoughts of his own, others were things Robert had told him.

But no matter what, he had to see it with his own eyes.

And his expectations were not disappointed.

Zebert felt the threat.

He was not afraid.

He thought these humans were reckless. They were eager for success, eager for victory, targeting an unresolvable target.

And he planned to give them a harsh lesson.

Especially within the protection of those strange silver-armored warriors, Zebert recognized who it was.

The face that bore seven parts resemblance to the person he hated filled him with excitement.

Although he couldn't kill Gu Hang, killing his son would be a very satisfying thing.

With a casual wave, a Plague Giant Scythe suddenly appeared in the void. The three foremost Yulin warriors realized they needed to dodge, but the scythe was enormous, its sweeping area too wide to evade, forcing them to attempt a block, but ultimately their weapons were knocked away, and they were sent flying into the sky along with their armor.

Upon landing, their armor already bore a deep mark—had the scythe not directly severed it, it was a testament to the formidable strength of the fine work power armor donned by the Yulin Army.

Unfortunately, it still couldn't save their lives.

The Forbidden Army soldiers who fell were already silent.

But there was no time for pity; Gu Jing recalculated and determined that the current position was sufficient.

When Zebert’s scythe swung again, targeting him, Gu Jing suddenly opened his arms wide.

From another direction, a corner of the Subspace was torn open, and a shadow appeared directly in front of Gu Jing.

Zebert thought he was seeing things.

What did he see?

Did he really see Gu Hang?

This can’t be...

"No need to get so close." Gu Hang chuckled, and the All Things Thunder unfolded before him.

The enormous scythe disintegrated, and Zebert’s grotesque face, only vaguely recognizable, froze.

But before his expression could change, his gigantic, seemingly invincible body evaporated into a puff of gray smoke.

Chapter 998: All Things Thunder

Gu Hang’s appearance lasted only for an instant.

After he electrocuted Zebert, whom he had longed to see, his figure quickly became transparent and eventually dissipated.

The impression he left on people was just that silhouette suspended in mid-air, and the explosion akin to the blossoming of All Things Thunder.

However, just this scene was enough to leave a deep impression.

Countless brave warriors have spilled their blood on this battlefield, fighting to this day, all for the goal of killing that hateful traitor, right?

He was hateful and powerful, sitting on the throne of decay, seemingly very close, yet appearing incredibly distant due to the countless demons and dozens of Great Demons blocking his way.

Even the most resilient warriors couldn't help but have a thread of doubt deep in their hearts: Would the victor of this war definitely be us?

This doubt wouldn't affect their bloody battle. Even if the end is defeat or death, there can be no slackening, so that they can remain true to their conscience even in death.

But when they saw the victory that wasn't guaranteed even at the cost of their lives, come so easily at Gu Hang's appearance, they were inevitably a bit dazed.

However, there's no need for self-pity.

The time Gu Hang could appear was only for that brief moment.

Looking at Gu Jing's pale face now, one could tell that this psychic far surpassing Alpha-level paid a steep price to summon his father for just a moment with the synergy of Divine Status and cleansing the essence of the Great Demon.

Only one chance, only one moment, what to do? Recklessly using this move, if it didn't succeed, would lead to disaster.

Thus, even though Gu Hang had indicated a distance, Gu Jing still opted for safety and made arrangements to get as close as possible.

Even when later an unexpected comment from his father about 'the proximity being unnecessary' came, it mattered little.

Though several excellent Yulin warriors were sacrificed, securing victory made their sacrifice worthwhile.

Besides them, everyone on the battlefield contributed to the final blooming of All Things Thunder.

Without numerous Titans, top-tier experts, interstellar warriors, or human soldiers battling fiercely and putting immense pressure on the Nagor demons, forcing Zebert to make sacrifices to strengthen the Great Demon's power and leaving the defense lines vulnerable, Gu Jing would have found it difficult to get close enough to release his father.

But regardless, the battle has indeed been won.

...

The death of Zebert does not signify the complete end of the war.

Yet it doesn't affect the fact that killing him has already settled the state of the war.

The nearest battlefield was the first to be cleared.

After Zebert's death, the presence of this benevolent father who bestowed many blessings couldn't be maintained, causing the semi-subspace nature of the whole area to falter.

The Great Demons who had been strengthened not long ago by the sacrifice of lesser demons began to rapidly decline.

They roared angrily with deep voices, but it was meaningless, for they couldn't reverse the drain of power from their bodies.

Weakening was just the beginning; soon, they couldn't even maintain their forms.

At this stage, human troops no longer aggressively attempted to eliminate these Great Demons.

There was simply no need.

Protecting oneself was the most important thing.

As for these previously mighty foes, no need to bother with them; given time, they would be finished.

All this lasted for more than half an hour. All the Great Demons disappeared without a trace.

The remaining mid-to-low-level demons, under the onslaught from the Titans and the most elite interstellar warrior units, were quickly annihilated.

Nagor's losses weren't limited to just the army.

Those ominous yellow-green mists were also dissipating.

Considering the entire vast battlefield, all Nagor demons and Plague Walkers would be affected and weakened in the ensuing time.

Meanwhile, their entire command structure and combat morale would suffer significantly.

Already under the joint assault from the Slaughter Demon Army and human forces, these Nagor forces weren't truly a threat anymore.

As for the remaining forces on the battlefield, the Terror Demon Army still posed a problem.

Particularly the Copper Bull Knight Order.

Overall, in the vast strategic battlefield stretching tens of thousands of square kilometers, the biggest threat remained Nagor—they were numerous and widespread, being the main force in the previous Terra Imperial Palace siege.

After defeating them, dealing with the remaining Slaughter Demon Army becomes relatively manageable.

Even the mightiest Copper Bull Knight Order can be handled once humanity's forces come into focus—at least better than dealing with seventy-seven assembled Great Demons.

Indeed, that's the reality.

At Corruption Cauldron, human forces now have time for a proper rest.

They would have about six hours of recuperation. During this time, aerial forces were constantly delivering supply materials and reinforcing troops. As planned, two alliance airborne divisions would arrive with ample supplies during this period.

Relying solely on these airborne divisions' combat power wouldn't suffice to significantly alter the course of events. The primary fighting strength remained the elite forces like the interstellar warriors already present.

However, they had their uses.

Occupying regions, coordinating with other units, scouting enemy situations... all valuable roles.

While waiting for reinforcements and troops to regroup, as the highest-ranking present figures, Martins, Robert, Yan Xinzhen, Dante, and others held a meeting—Saints Battle Group Leader Raymond Vis was absent, as he was severely injured and still unconscious.

The meeting's contents were straightforwardly discussed. They were talking about how to proceed with the war's next steps, which was essentially to regroup forces, rebuild the army's command structure, and eliminate the Copper Bull Knight Order in this process.

The Copper Bull Knight Order, trying to create chaos, was scattered, gathered in small groups around to cause havoc.

With the elite forces at their disposal now, they could swiftly and efficiently eliminate one group after another without much loss.

It's worth mentioning that during the meeting, there were two major focus points.

Firstly, Martins.

Robert and Yan Xinzhen frequently looked at him, their gazes growing increasingly peculiar.

Secondly, were the few Yulin troops standing behind Gu Jing.

This mainly concerned Yan Xinzhen.

Chapter 999: There Is Only One Divine Emperor, But Gods Are Not Necessarily Unique

The two of them valued Martins and the Yulin Army, which was perfectly normal.

They had countless questions in their minds.

However, it seemed that there was no need to ask very clearly.

Some questions actually don't require answers; just thinking about them can provide answers.

However, people from the Alliance could see their confusion and were not stingy with providing an answer.

Martins gave a self-introduction:

"Martins Salas, from the Phoenix Battle Group, the sixty-fourth Battle Group Leader. Currently also the chairman of the Imperial Dark Side Expedition Committee-Interstellar Warrior Management Association and the Commander-in-Chief of the Imperial Dark Side Expedition Southern Army."

After hearing this, Robert and Yan Xinzhen both remained expressionless.

Isn’t this all common knowledge?

Although the latter two identities, namely the chairman and Commander-in-Chief of the Southern Army, sounded prestigious and indicated that this leader of the earliest allied battle group played a highly significant role in the political power of the entire Alliance.

However, his political identity was clearly not what the Regent King and the Forbidden Army Marshal were concerned about.

Martins also knew what they cared about, so he smiled slightly and continued:

"You might think I’m somewhat different from an ordinary interstellar warrior and rather resemble His Highness the Regent King... I do not deny this, but why things have turned out this way, please allow me to keep it confidential for Lord Gu Hang."

Though described as ’confidential’, this answer revealed everything.

What Robert and Yan Xinzhen cared about was not how Gu Hang ’created’ Martins. What they cared about was the fact that Gu Hang could ’create’ Martins itself!

What does this imply?

Could Gu Hang create a Son of God?

Then what is Gu Hang?

This kind of association felt blasphemous, even to the two of them!

There can only be one Divine Emperor!

But it seems this doesn't conflict.

After all, there's no rule that there can only be one God.

No matter how they deny it, they all have to admit now, there are four Evil Gods in Subspace.

And besides those four, having one more God, especially a new God on the human side, isn't that a good thing?

Such a statement could actually only be a statement. Whether it counts as self-deception... well, it shouldn't count.

After all, that's just the truth, right?

The Zebert they desperately tried to kill under the heavy protection of dozens of major unclean beings was killed in an instant when Gu Hang appeared, what more needs to be said?

Not to mention Gu Hang's personal strength, just look at the Alliance.

If the Human Empire wants to continue, the Alliance is the most crucial.

The Empire, as a brand, depends on whether the Alliance wants to keep using it.

If they want to use it, they'll keep it; if not, they have territory, an army, interstellar warriors, Battle Nuns, a New National Church, a Sect of Mechanics, a Tribunal, and special intelligence agencies—they even have the Imperial Guard!

Except they call it the Yulin Army.

At this point, Yan Xinzhen was also too lazy to ask about the situation of the Yulin Army.

The earth-shattering news that Gu Hang can create his own Imperial Guard seems not so shocking compared to the fact that he can create a Son of God.

The two exchanged glances and both sighed inwardly.

...

The war on Holy Terra continued for more than fifteen years after the death of Zebert as a milestone.

The siege battlefield outside the Terra Imperial Palace, with a front over a thousand kilometers wide and nearly a thousand kilometers deep, continued to be fought for more than three years until the enemy troops were essentially cleared away.

Subsequently, it took more than fifteen years to clear the visible Chaos Sect and rebels on all of Holy Terra.

In between, there were several repeated skirmishes on local battlefields, during which the enemy even launched major offensives in certain Nest Capital Districts, only to be suppressed quickly.

In the entirety of this war, Holy Terra's population plummeted by over three trillion.

This was almost equivalent to the population loss when an entire Star Domain of other places was exterminated.

Moreover, aside from the massive population loss, Holy Terra's originally powerful industrial production capacity also suffered extensive damage, leaving countless social governance problems.

Particularly with the governmental functions failing, the reconstruction work of the Imperial Central Government was of utmost importance.

And these reconstructions—whether political or economic—actually proceeded in tandem with the war.

During this period, Robert had no time to spare, and he couldn't even pay attention to the war. The subsequent war events on Holy Terra were completely handed over to Yan Xinzhen to manage.

As for why it wasn't Martins—Martins was the Commander-in-Chief of the Southern Army of the Dark Side Expedition and was temporarily assigned along with Dante and Raymond Vis for the Holy Terra campaign. Once the most crucial and difficult part was completed, he had to return to his original post.

Moreover, during these fifteen years, Martins acquired a new position—Commander-in-Chief of the Imperial Dark Side Expedition.

He got promoted.

Gu Hang couldn't manage that many things himself anymore, and after Martins underwent Primarch-level genetic modification, he honed his capabilities over decades. Coupled with his sufficient qualifications, notable achievements, and credibility, it was quite fitting for him to take on the role of the Dark Side Battle Commander.

Returning to Holy Terra, over these fifteen years, Robert gradually rebuilt a new empire government structure.

This structure was quite similar to the model he previously discussed with Gu Hang.

Under the organization of this new empire government, the origin of bureaucrats was divided into three parts.

The most numerous were locals of Terra plus former empire bureaucrats.

However, although they were numerous, their positions of power were generally in the lower and middle ranges.

The second and third parts came from bureaucrats led by Robert from the Infinite Starfield and those from the Alliance.

In general, there wasn't much difference in rank between the two, but the higher up and more crucial the positions, the more people from these two sources filled them.

However, in terms of overall numbers, the number of people from the Alliance far surpassed those from the Infinite Starfield.

This was inevitable.

The scale of Robert's Infinite Starfield wasn't that large. How many useful and competent people could he muster?

On the other hand, the scale of the Alliance was much greater.

Besides Robert, the second most significant figure in Holy Terra's administration was Jason Morgan.

This person, who started as an ordinary civil servant on Rage Owl Star, rose to become a Planetary Governor, then Star Domain Head, became a Chair of a Cosmos Domain after the Dark Side Expedition began, and now, appointed by Gu Hang, acts as the agent of the Imperial Prime Minister's power, a journey spanning one hundred and fifty years.

And at present, as the general situation on Holy Terra has finally stabilized and the central power of the empire has been completely restructured, a major task lies before them:

The return ceremony of the Empire Regent King, the appointment ceremony of the new Imperial Prime Minister, the reconstitution ceremony of the Imperial Supreme Council, and the restart ceremony of the Grand Expedition...

All these major ceremonies combined have a name:

The New Empire Founding Ceremony.

In the future, this will be formally known as the beginning of the Third Empire.

Chapter 1000: The Third Empire

In the past decade or so, Robert has been extremely busy.

He hardly had any time to rest, with the Empire in disarray and Holy Terra in a mess, too many matters required his personal attention and handling.

Even though a stable government structure had been established later on, the terrible state of the former Empire Government was so shocking that he couldn't dare to trust it easily.

But in reality, he had to admire the efficiency of the Alliance officials.

He once had great confidence in the bureaucratic system he personally cultivated during the era of governing the Infinite Starfield, feeling it was much stronger than the Empire's bureaucracy of the time—even when the Empire was in its glorious era. However, the technical officials of his Infinite Starfield were still the best across the Empire.

Still, he could recognize that this was because the Infinite Starfield had the Son of God himself stationed for a long period, personally managing the entire administrative system. His territory was merely the size of a Star Domain.

With the abilities of the Son of God, and backed by an interstellar soldier corps and the vast environment of the Empire, Robert could indeed create an ideal state.

But this difficulty was nothing compared to establishing a well-functioning system for an Empire ruling over tens of millions of worlds.

Tidying up the Infinite Starfield was no great skill; making the Empire successful was truly amazing.

And the Alliance, though not reaching the size of the Empire, was still much larger than the Infinite Starfield by an unknown margin.

More critically, they were not building in a stable environment.

During the fervent Dark Side Expedition, the strong administrative ability of the Alliance was the greatest factor supporting the smooth conduct of the entire expedition.

Even for Robert, it was hard to understand how the Alliance managed to carry out domestic construction and cultivate such a team under the pressures of an expedition environment and harsh external factors.

Moreover, the Alliance's administrative team excelled in post-war construction, restoring order from chaotic social environments.

Robert must acknowledge that without the assistance of the Alliance's administrative team, his achievements over the past fifteen years wouldn't be as significant, and he wouldn't have succeeded in establishing and smoothly operating the government institutions of Holy Terra shortly after the war ended.

However, today, for the first time, he did nothing.

Sitting quietly in his office, he let his mind wander for a morning.

Soon, it would be the founding ceremony of the New Empire.

But he did not think about this matter.

Regarding this matter, over the past decade, he had pondered repeatedly and made a decision.

He wouldn't regret this decision—if regret were to come, it would be in future trouble.

However, after making the decision, when it all was about to happen, could the fear be avoided?

No, it couldn't.

You had to be fearful where fear was due.

In fact, the closer the moment came, the heavier this feeling of fear became.

After all, his decision directly determined the future fate of the Empire.

With the dual executive system... it is said to be two heads now, and his position as Regent King was even somewhat higher than Gu Hang's in the Imperial Reorganization Charter, but in reality?

True power and strength were not held by a piece of law.

If Gu Hang wanted to overthrow the dual executive system and become the true master of the entire Empire, it might not be as easy as snapping fingers, but it was definitely a simple matter.

He had some plans and fallback options, but the sad truth was, even with all his efforts, he knew those were just capable of causing Gu Hang some trouble, unable to change the eventual outcome.

And now, all he could do was trust Gu Hang.

He indeed trusted Gu Hang.

Yet, when the moment truly arrived, restlessness still accompanied him.

Even though over the past fifteen years, he had done many things to ascertain whether his decision was right.

He kept observing every Alliance member working under his watchful eyes on Holy Terra, searching for evidence that Gu Hang might be an Evil God or these people were His minions. But he found nothing, not a trace of such evidence. Among Alliance officials, there were corrupt, incompetent, and loafers, but so were the bureaucrats he gathered from the Infinite Starfield, which was unavoidable.

Overall, the Alliance officials performed excellently.

He also inserted personnel and collected intelligence throughout the Empire and the Dark Side Expedition led by the Alliance.

The more he learned about the Dark Side Expedition, the more he had to admit it was a grand and glorious undertaking as significant as the founding campaign of the Empire. The tiny clouds under this great venture were just the incidental noise of greatness, not worth mentioning.

Gu Hang didn't look like a villain in any sense.

If there were ambitions in Gu Hang?

Gu Hang never denied or hid this.

He openly presented a notion to all the Empire's subjects: I am the leader who can best lead the Empire and humanity back to glory!

Robert even, accompanied by the Imperial Guard, went to the Golden Throne to try to meet The Emperor in this most secretive and noble place.

Only a momentary audience offered him information that everything was right.

What else could Robert say?

He could only repeatedly tell himself that suspicion was good, but never let suspicion ruin the big picture.

He had experienced the grand campaign during the Empire's founding and had seen the somewhat ridiculous looking back, stumbling Second Empire during the Empire's critical times. Now, creating a Third Empire also seemed like no big problem...

"Dong, dong, dong..."

The bells of the Terra Imperial Palace rang for the third time, and Robert came to his senses, ending his vacant mental state.

He stepped out of the office and boarded the hovercar.

The ceremonial vehicle appeared very luxurious, crossing the partially cleaned and rebuilt Imperial Palace District as the hovercar descended, sweeping over the grand square.

This grand ceremony was right in front of his eyes.

Getting off the car, he walked onto the red carpet and stepped onto the podium.

Gu Hang had already arrived in advance, waiting for him.

The person with the gentle smile and middle-aged appearance seemed both heroic and quite refined, appearing as a gentle ruler.

This appearance was deliberately crafted by Gu Hang. Being an immortal, maintaining eternal youth was not difficult for him. Yet, allowing his age to progress to middle-aged was more suitable for a ruler's visage than keeping a youthful face.

But Robert fully knew what a terrifying existence lay beneath this façade.

He was adept at disguising...

Robert took a deep breath, concealing all the gloom, worry, and fatigue, presenting a perfect flawless smile, both gentle and dignified. From this perspective, he was a true political being, as much as Gu Hang was.

With emotions sorted out, Robert greeted all the colleagues standing on the high platform, then stood by Gu Hang's side.

Receiving the manuscript, he was set to speak first in the capacity of Empire's Regent King.

And after him would speak the New Prime Minister of the Empire—Gu Hang.

Once the ceremony was concluded, the New Empire would formally declare its establishment, and so would the Third Empire.