

Mech 2661

Chapter 2661: Pinning Enemies

The Charlemagne and his Scarra posed a very great threat on the battlefield, yet they were not without their flaws.

One of the greatest shortcomings of the quasi-expert mechs controlled by Venerable Ghanso was that they were very fragile against other expert mechs.

Right now, the threatening Leskin had just drawn away the Jeanne D'Arc, thereby depriving the Scarra of their bodyguard.

This allowed the Star Dancer to pick off the Scarra with powerful shots.

Of course, Venerable Ghanso should have been able to shoot down the opposing rifleman mech a while ago. Yet he had been unable to get rid of this annoyance because there were too many flies getting in the way of his attacks!

The Glory Seekers mech pilots did not hesitate to put their lives on the line by using their mechs as shields! Even though the mechs blew up right after, they succeeded in blocking or mitigating the incoming resonance-empowered beams!

More Glory Seeker mechs began to divert their attention to Unit L. Every Hexer loathed Venerable Ghanso Larkinson. Even though he was kin to the famed Ves Larkinson, Ghanso had too much Hexer blood on his hands!

"Die, Hexer slayer!"

"We will never let you kill more Hexers after today!"

Even though the Glory Seeker preoccupation reduced the pressure on the other expert mechs, their combined efforts made life very difficult for Venerable Ghanso!

"Fine!" He shouted. "If you want to fight me so bad, then so be it! I'll kill all of you before I come for Ves!"

The Charlemagne and its entourage stopped focusing on the elusive Star Dancer and instead shot at every enemy standard mech in Ghanso's sights!

His killing efficiency increased due to two reasons. As the Scarra slowly reduced in numbers, Venerable Ghanso experienced less of a burden in controlling the remaining quasi-expert mechs. He also didn't have to employ full-power attacks to take down most standard mechs, thereby enabling him to adopt a higher rate of fire!

Venerable Brutus tried his best to wipe out the Scarra as fast as possible in order to render Unit L toothless, but Venerable Ghanso purposefully moved his mech over to the other beleaguered Fridayman expert mechs.

With more and more of the enemy expert mechs joining forces, it became a lot more difficult to take them all down! Mechs blew apart at a faster rate than before.

Even though the resonance shields of some of the expert mechs had already popped, their super-hard armor still granted them plenty of damage resistance against most attacks, especially lighter ones.

Colonel Ariadne Wodin began to grow increasingly more concerned. The enemy expert mechs weren't weakening fast enough. The Glory Seekers and the Crossers were losing their mechs at a prodigious rate, causing the enemy to experience less pressure over time.

While the fight against the enemy expert mechs was very tragic for the Golden Skull Alliance, the confrontation against the elite mech units wasn't going well either!

While the Transcendent Punishers succeeded in crippling the Holvein Grenadiers, they hadn't been able to direct their firepower elsewhere.

The Corundian Giants, the Bloody Herons, the Silent Swords and other less-famed units successfully advanced while only suffering light to moderate attacks.

At this time, the Bloody Herons took the lead. As soon as they were about to clash against their opposition, the Fridayman mech pilots all melded their minds together into a neural network!

"Fight for the Coalition!"

The Bloody Heron mechs soon changed in character. Their formations became a lot tighter and their coordination abruptly increased.

"Damn! The Herons are getting serious now!"

The moment the Bloody Heron mechs collided against the Avatars of Myth, the latter failed to withstand the pressure!

The Tamris Stellars that the Avatars relied upon to greet the initial push completely failed to delay the Bloody Heron mechs! The enemy machines either combined their attacks to circumvent or break the shields of the commercial space knights without too much effort!

The Princess Jeckas that swept forward in order to threaten the enemy melee mechs were unable to hold them back either! Their relatively weak strength made it very difficult for their swords to penetrate the armor of the Bloody Heron mechs.

Instead, their cheap frames quickly succumbed as the Bloody Herons worked in unison, always opting to launch simultaneous attacks from multiple directions with impeccable timing!

Commander Melkor was on the verge of panicking. Even if he managed to land a lot of hits onto the Bloody Herons, the rifle of his Vima Sun was simply too weak to achieve instant results.

"Pull back and Condense your lines! Help is coming!"

The Avatars were never meant to defeat the Bloody Herons. The Larkinsons were merely supposed to keep the Fridaymen occupied, but Melkor had miscalculated how well their current foes were able to defeat his men with so much ease.

Fortunately, reinforcements arrived quickly.

"Death from above!"

250 Valkyrie Interceptors and 250 Valkyrie Hurricanes swooped down from above!

The third eyes on their foreheads shone before shining hundreds of beams onto the mechs of the Bloody Herons.

The Fridaymen mech pilots couldn't help but pause. While their strange mind state left them much less susceptible to the glow of the Valkyrie mechs, just the physical charge alone posed a significant threat to them because they were outnumbered by more than 2-to-1!

It was at this time that the Silent Swords shot forward! The elite swordsman mech unit weren't supposed to be deployed so early, but the threat posed by the Valkyrie mechs were far too potent.

The Silent Swords were unquestionably superior in melee combat. The Konsu mech pilots possessed minds of steel and a mastery in swordsmanship that most Hexers could only dream of. This combination made them exceptionally suited to confront the Valkyrie mechs!

The Glory Seekers made the difficult decision to abort their charge. Instead, their Valkyrie mechs arced away while strafing the Bloody Herons and Silent Swords with their pulse submachine guns. Their guns inflicted light damage onto the enemy mechs, but the advantage of the weapons was that the Valkyrie mechs could keep firing without worrying about any limitations for quite some time!

The Glory Seekers opted to pressure the Silent Swords with their strafing runs in order to keep them occupied.

Additional mechs surged forth in order to pin down the Fridayman elites. The Cross Clan's mainstay mechs took over the position of the Avatars of Myth and adequately kept the Bloody Herons and the Silent Swords contained, if only for some time.

There were still too many threats! The Friday Coalition had brought thousands of more mechs, each of which needed to be contained. The Glory Seekers and the Crossers were spreading themselves thin in order to block the elite Fridayman mechs from advancing forward, but they were already reaching their limits!

The Avatars, Battle Criers and Vandals had been relegated to helping from the side. This was the only way to prevent them from losing their budget mechs too quickly, but they were only able to play a marginal role in this clash.

"Damn! Our allies won't be able to hold on!" Melkor cursed.

While the disparity in quality between the two sides wasn't as great now that the Larkinson mechs had made way, the numbers weren't in their favor.

If the Larkinson mechs weren't able to make the difference, then the Fridaymen mechs would eventually be able to gain an unstoppable advantage!

"We need more help!"

The Larkinson Clan still had several cards left to play.

"Larkinsons! Hold steady!"

The first prime mech had entered the fray!

"Vandals!" Venerable Orfan called as her Bright Spear Prime shone like a flame as she advanced! "Advance with my spear!"

The Flagrant Vandal mech pilots swelled with battle intent as the glow of the Bright Spear Prime enveloped them. Both Qilanxo and the Golden Cat lent their presence to the mech, causing it to turn into a beacon of hope that infused some much-needed courage in their hearts!

"Fight like a Vandal! Don't clash head-on against these Fridayman mechs. Harass them from their flanks and annoy them as much as possible. Take what is ours!"

"Take what is ours!" The invigorated Vandal mech pilots proudly echoed!

Under Venerable Orfan's lead, the Flagrant Vandals turned into a bunch of scumbags who never gave the Fridaymen an opportunity to confront them in a fair fight.

The Vandals circled around and raked the flanks of the Bloody Herons. Even though the latter was always able to respond perfectly to the attack runs due to their extensive coordination, not a single Bloody Heron mech was able to match the Bright Spear Prime in battle!

Even though the spearman mech fell far short of an actual expert mech, the huge amount of pressure it exerted made it very difficult for any human to stay close in its presence.

The heavy glow of the Bright Spear Prime pressured the Fridayman mech pilots to such an extent in close range that they were practically forced out of the neural network!

Once the individual Bloody Heron mechs in front of the Bright Spear Prime became isolated, their mech pilots couldn't adjust to the changes fast enough to make the right responses.

With Venerable Orfan's superior skill along with the strength of a prime mech derived from the unfinished Bright Warrior Version B design, she quickly felled half-a-dozen enemy mechs in quick succession!

The Bloody Herons instantly recognized the threat she posed. What one mech pilot knew, all of the mech pilots knew.

Their ranged mechs no longer exchanged fire with other ranged mechs and instead concentrated their fire on the Bright Spear Prime.

The Fridaymen judged that the strange mech that exhibited a different form of false resonance was a high priority target. Taking it down not only deprived the Larkinson Clan of a champion, but also damaged their morale!

The weak resonance shield around the Bright Spear Prime quickly popped as a torrent of energy beams and gauss rounds flooded in its direction!

"Hahaha!"

While Venerable Orfan employed evasive maneuvers, she did not pull her mech back. Instead, she allowed her mech to continually get hit by her opponents.

To the surprise of both sides, the Bright Spear Prime largely remained intact!

While some vulnerable surface components and other parts were compromised, much of the armor plating did no suffer a single scratch!

The Unending alloy cladding much of the mech had successfully fended off the incoming attacks!

"Hahaha! Is that all you got? Shoot at me some more!"

The Bloody Herons collectively analyzed the result of their attacks and soon made some adjustments.

The Fridayman rifleman mechs no longer wasted time on the odd prime mech. Instead, they went back to pressuring other mechs.

It only took a few seconds before attacks fired from the rear of the Fridayman forces impacted the Bright Spear Prime instead!

No energy weapons struck the prime mech. Instead, gauss rounds of a heavier caliber than before slammed into the spearman mech and rammed it backwards.

"Hey! Who the hell shot me this time?!"

The cannoner mechs of the Corundian Giants had taken over the task of suppressing the Bright Spear Prime!

After proving the viability of this tactic, the cannoner mechs mounted on the backs of space knights fired their primary armaments at an alternating pattern.

Every half-second, at least one kinetic round slammed into the indestructible chest of Venerable Orfan's mech. While the mech still remained as whole as ever, the mech was constantly being pushed back meter by meter!

"What gives! Let me fight already!"

Venerable Orfan became more and more frustrated as all of the power she had at her disposal wasn't able to prevent her prime mech from getting pushed back again and again.

The Fridaymen did not let up. The Corundian Giants allocated a considerable amount of firepower to suppress this potentially destabilizing factor.

Unfortunately for them, the Bright Spear Prime wasn't the only prime mech on the battlefield.

The Corundian Giants detected an approaching energy signature. Their mech pilots initially dismissed the incoming mech because it was only a light mech that was probably scouting forward. The light mech even circled around and kept a respectable distance from every Fridayman mech.

That was until it turned around and advanced rapidly towards the Corundian Giants. It accelerated thirty percent faster, causing it to build up its speed faster!

Some of the combination mechs of the Corundian Giants turned around and fired at the approaching light mech.

Predictably, the light mech easily evaded the attacks.

The Corundian Giants weren't worried. When the light mech came close, the cannoneer mechs suddenly shot out simultaneous blasts of fracturing projectiles!

Like shotguns, the cannons turned the entire area around their target into a lethal zone against any lightly-armored mech!

Unfortunately, the Fridaymen miscalculated again! The light mech possessed a resonance shield as well! Even though it only blocks a portion of the attacks, the remainder bounced harmlessly off its thin Unending armor plates without severely slowing the machine down.

The lone Piranha Prime rapidly entered the middle of the enemy formation! The surrounding combination mechs instantly froze or slowed down for a moment as their mech pilots came under the effect of a crippling glow!

"You're too slow!" Venerable Tusa Billingsley-Larkinson crowed as the daggers of his Piranha Prime stabbed into the vulnerable back of a cannoneer mech!

Chapter 2662: Looking Up

Commander Casella Ingvar looked pensive as her Living Sentinels fought alongside a large number of Glory Seeker and Crosser mechs.

Just like the left flank, the Larkinson Clan was only capable of playing a marginal role at the right flank.

Perhaps the only consolation was that the Living Sentinels piloted the same commercial second-class mechs as the other mech forces. The Princess Jeckas, Vima Suns and Tamris Stellers in the hands of her troops were identical to those in the hands of the Avatars of Myth and the Flagrant Vandals.

Of course, the other mech forces utilized them a little better because of the difference that pilots made. She was merely glad that the difference didn't appear to be too big, which showcased that her men were worthy soldiers.

While she continued to pay attention to the overall state of her side of the battlefield, she did not neglect the difference she could make as a person. Her mech, a prototype Bright Warrior Version B in rifleman mech configuration, constantly fired powerful

positron beams that precisely hit an exposed joint, an important sensor system or the exposed gaps of a damaged mech.

Casella was an expert candidate!

Her skill, judgement, intuition, reaction speed and other relevant attributes had exceeded human limitations, if only barely. That was still enough to turn her into a top combatant among the thousands of mechs that were clashing right in front of her machine!

In particular, her concentration, attention span and her multi-tasking ability had increased considerably, allowing her to pay attention to both the state of the battle and her own combat situation with hardly any penalties!

"5th Company, reinforce the 3rd Company and prevent the Praetor mechs from breaching through their ranks."

"Vima Suns of the 6th and 8th Company, suppress the light skirmishers coming around to harass us from below the orbital plane."

"Requesting artillery support at the marked coordinates. We need to break up the charge of the Planat lancer mechs."

The battle might look like chaos up close, but Commander Casella never lost her cool!

After clashing against the mechs dispatched by the Praetor Clan and Planat Clan, she already gained a measure of her opponents.

Just as Major Verle had alluded to her, the enemy military mechs were orderly and disciplined but not that imaginative. The intensity of battle was lower at this side of the battlefield because neither side wanted to initiate any high-risking gambits that could easily escalate and lead to massive casualties.

Instead, both sides seemed content with going through the motions, though the battle was anything but an illusion. Even if they weren't putting their all into the fight, plenty of mechs still succumbed and many mech pilots constantly perished as a result of the large-scale fighting!

Both sides had different reasons to keep the fight from escalating at this side.

The Golden Skull Alliance sought to achieve victory at the left side. Defeating the 8 Fridayman expert mechs was the primary win condition for the expeditionary forces. With thousands of mechs focusing all of their efforts on taking down 8 expert mechs, the latter's odds were not great!

Once those expert mechs fell, the enemy strike force lost a major component of their strength, thereby freeing up a lot of friendly forces which could be reassigned to attack other enemies!

As for the Praetors and Planats, they were content to maintain a stalemate because they put their faith in their expert pilots.

Back in Vicious Mountain, the status of expert pilots in battle was supreme! Whenever they were present on the battlefield, the duel between opposing high-ranking mech pilots was all that mattered!

Once an expert mech became victorious, the soldiers of the winning side received an insane morale boost while the mech pilots of the losing side fell into a pit of despair.

Unless there was a gross disparity in numbers, the latter always suffered defeat at the end!

Commander Casella briefly directed her attention upwards. An intensive clash had erupted between the expert mechs of both sides!

The Crossers and their archenemies weren't messing around! Their medium and high-tier expert mechs fought with such intensity and violence that not a single standard mech dared to get close or interfere with the destructive duel.

This wasn't a fight they were qualified to intervene in! It took too many standard mechs to put pressure on an enemy expert mech, but if Commander Casella really attempted such, she would have too few mechs to stop the regular troops of the enemy from advancing!

This was the true reason why the Praetor and Planat mechs fought in such a sticky fashion. They wanted to occupy as many Larkinson, Glory Seeker and Crosser mechs as possible in order to prevent them from interfering with the duels taking place above!

An alert sounded in her cockpit.

"Watch out!"

The Trost piloted by Venerable Kelvin Praetor briefly swooped closer to the static battle lines and unleashed a wide and devastating blast of glowing flames that enveloped 15 Living Sentinel mechs and 22 Crosser mechs!

The mechs that had been struck all burned with blue flames that melted right through their armor plating and charred the internals!

Fortunately, the majority of the mech pilots quickly understood their mechs were unsalvageable and ejected their cockpits. Only a couple of ejected cockpits were still

aflame. The hardened shells only lasted for seconds before breaching the interior and turning the mech pilots inside into ashes.

"Noo!"

Venerable Linda Cross arrived late!

Her expert space knight seemed to dash forward with great momentum! The Trost barely evaded the Amphis as the latter attempted to charge into the hybrid with its shield!

Even though the space knight missed the mark, it launched forward its sword as it passed, causing it to slam into one of the Trost's arms and deliver a deep cut that exposed its internals!

What was even more remarkable was that the thrown sword was connected by a chain. Even though the sword bounced away shortly after impacting the Trost, it seemed to gain life and attempted to entangle the Praetor expert mech with its chain!

The Trost panickingly withdrew from the range of the chained sword. Nothing good would come from getting lassoed! The chain connecting the sword with the Amphis was so thick and resilient that barely any weapon in the Trost's arsenal could cut its links apart in a short amount of time.

Just as Venerable Kelvin Praetor thought he had dodged a dangerous moment, the sensors of his mech picked up a sudden change from the other expert mechs that were dueling in the vicinity.

The Conavis Mer that had persistently fought to contain the Imperior Verdict piloted by Venerable Albert Praetor suddenly turned around in an instant and activated all of its boosters to accelerate towards the Trost's exposed rear!

The Imperial Verdict momentarily froze at the sudden turn of events. Venerable Albert Praetor had been so engaged in his duel against Venerable Imaris Cross that he had tuned out the presence of other mechs on the battlefield.

The trident-wielding expert mech rapidly accelerated forward in order to catch up with its opponent, but its speed could never match that of an expert light skirmisher!

"Hahaha!" Venerable Imaris laughed as the daggers of his mech already glowed in off-white. "Albert always fights like he's in the dueling arena. Idiot!"

Even though Venerable Kelvin was already attempting to turn around the Trost, he noticed that the Amphis had already closed in and launched its chain sword forward a second time with surprising speed!

The expert hybrid mech fell into a dilemma. The daggers of an expert light skirmisher swept in from the rear while the chain sword extended by an expert knight mech approached from the front.

There was no way the Trost could block both attacks! Perhaps other expert mechs might be able to, but Venerable Kelvin Praetor's personal machine was not geared for blocking or parrying!

"KELVIN! Defend from the front!"

The expert pilot's eyes lit up! He completely disregarded the approaching Conavis Mer and focused fully on blocking the chain sword. The mech quickly retrieved two shafts strapped to the side of its legs and slotted them together to form a short halberd!

With impeccable timing and precision, the Trost swung the flat of the glowing halberd blade against the side of the sword connected to the chain.

Two resonance glows briefly competed against each other before cancelling each other out! Without any form of true resonance amplifying the power of the chained sword, it had briefly turned into a regular weapon with regular momentum.

Though the stress to the Trost was not light, the battering impact successfully swung the threatening sword off-course!

Unfortunately, this heavy exertion left the Trost's rear completely exposed against the Conavis Mer's lethal daggers.

Small weapon ports exposed themselves from the Trost's back and fired a pair of potent missiles at the incoming light skirmisher.

"That won't work!"

The Conavis Mer's knees bent in a way that caused them to expose two gun ports that fired two separate streams of projectiles that intercepted the incoming missiles!

The Trost fired some additional weapons from the rear, but the Conavis Mer's resonance shield fended most of them off while dodging the remainder!

Venerable Kelvin Praetor was not yet out of tricks. However, the price of implementing his desperate solution was very severe.

Yet just as the Conavis Mer was about to sink its daggers into the flight system of the enemy hybrid mech, Venerable Imaris Cross abruptly jerked his light mech off course.

A gloving arrow had almost struck the Conavis Mer! If the light skirmisher had not altered its course, its relatively lightly-armored frame would have suffered considerable damage!

"Damira!"

The four mechs that had moved closer to each other all looked above the heads of their mechs.

Having previously decided to fight far away from other mechs in order to avoid endangering their comrades, Venerable Damira Planat decided to break this accord first.

Just as the Erin Tear swung its twin axes against the battered unfolded shield of the Bolvos Rage, the weapon master mech declined to take advantage of the moment the shield finally split in half.

Instead, the boosters installed on the Planat expert mech's front engaged at full blast, causing the mech to distance itself from the Bolvos Rage and avoid the explosion of heat that Patriarch Reginald's hybrid mech unleashed from its chest!

As the Erin Tear launched backwards, it connected the ends of its two axes together as they spontaneously elongated and morphed into the shape of a bow. The Erin Tear rapidly retrieved an arrow from a slot built inside its thigh and strung it onto the flexible alloy string before pulling the bow and firing the projectile in one smooth motion!

"DAMIRA!" Venerable Reginald Cross furiously roared. "You will pay for that!"

Even though the Bolvos Rage's chest projector already unleashed a powerful close-ranged heat blast, it rapidly glowed before firing a powerful energy beam that struck the Erin Tear before it could completely dodge out of the way!

The weapon master mech had already morphed its spear into a thick radial shield that barely managed to block the powerful beam!

Even though the shield had rapidly heated up, it still remained intact!

No more attacks ensued for a moment. The three expert mechs of the traitor clan rapidly congregated together while the three Crosser expert mechs grouped up as well.

The two sides briefly faced each other. The expert pilots knew that the struggle between them would become even more precarious now that they had linked up with their peers.

"Our primary target is the Trost." Patriarch Reginald Cross decided with a repressed voice. "It is the easiest to defeat out of the three."

Venerable Damira Planat issued a similar instruction to the two Praetor expert pilots. "Target the Amphis first. I know it's a space knight, but it is the least maneuverable out of our current opponents. Just pile as much damage onto it as possible. Take out its flight system if you have the opportunity! We don't need to care about the rest of the Amphis once it loses its mobility!"

Six expert mechs clashed against each other with much more violence than before!

Chapter 2663: Interfering Prime Mechs

Ves grew concerned at the changes to the right side of the battlefield. The expert pilots from Vicious Mountain abided by a different set of rules and customs. That made him feel uncomfortable because Patriarch Reginald Cross seemed to act without regard to the bigger picture.

Now that the struggle between the expert mechs shifted from single duels to a full three-on-three confrontation, the danger level of their confrontation had increased remarkably.

While there was a chance the three Crossers would quickly be able to defeat their opponents, the same applied in reverse.

This was not good!

As long as one side gained a clear advantage, the entire course of the battle would instantly change. The power displayed by the Bolvos Rage and the Erin Tear far exceeded that of the Fridayman expert mechs.

If the Bolvos Rage was unleashed, then that would be fantastic. The hybrid mech seemed to possess an endless amount of energy which could be used to fuel massive area attacks that was able to wipe out dozens of enemy mechs at a time!

The Erin Tear was not as efficient at mopping up weaker mechs, but it was virtually undefeatable and unstoppable without the Bolvos Rage constraining its actions. The Erin Tear could easily fly up to the Spirit of Bentheim and carve its way inside to inflict crippling damage from within!

If the Spirit of Bentheim didn't manage to escape before the Erin Tear reached her hull, then it would be too late to do anything! Even if the factory ship hastily transitioned into FTL, the Erin Tear would just travel with the escaping vessel because the hostile expert mech had entered her envelope.

"Well, that won't happen anyway because none of us are able to escape in this way."

The Friday Coalition went through all of this effort to ambush the expeditionary fleet in order to take out Ves. There was no way it was willing to let the Spirit of Bentheim slip away at the final moment.

Ves glanced at the periphery of the projected map of the local space. Various Fridayman light mechs had stationed themselves all around the battlefield. These light mechs did not do anything aside from maintaining an active gravitic module that slightly disturbed the local space.

Not only that, but a number of artillery mechs stationed in the bunkers of the enemy deep strike fleet carriers fired special shells that inexplicably burst in the middle of the expeditionary fleet without hitting anything.

Anytime these shells exploded, they generated dispersed gravitic fluctuations that destabilized the local space. The disturbances were just enough to prevent any FTL drive from safely engaging!

With this measure, none of the ships of the Golden Skull Alliance was allowed to escape willy-nilly.

It was useless to try even if he transferred to a swift corvette like the Barracuda and attempted to flee at all costs. The Barracuda may be fast, but she was thinly-armored and not as agile as a light skirmisher.

The remnants of the Witch Slayers and the Destiny Hammers would easily be able to cripple the Barracuda!

The only way to lift the blockade was to prevent the enemy from coming close and to take out the enemy elements that maintained it. This was very difficult and would certainly distract from the overall fight.

In certain rare circumstances, excellent engineers were able to force an FTL drive to make an unstable transition by compensating for the gravitic disturbances. This was an extremely complicated and data-intensive approach that was fraught with danger.

While it was not impossible to open up an escape route, Ves wasn't willing to do so until there was no other choice.

He had already decided to commit to the battle. The window of opportunity to run away was already closed. Since he chose to meet his pursuers in battle, he had to live with the consequences.

He did not go into this battle with the expectation of losing, though. Once he turned his attention to the left side of the battlefield, the situation grew more hopeful.

At the start, the elite Fridayman mech units secured a considerable advantage. Their mechs and mech pilots were better than the opposition. The Avatars of Myth and other Larkinson mech forces assigned to the left wing were wholly outclassed by the Bloody Herons, the Holvein Grenadiers and the other Fridayman elites!

Not even the backbone of the Glory Seekers and Cross Clan managed to hold their ground!

All of that changed once additional elements entered the fray.

The Bright Spear Prime piloted by Venerable Orfan invigorated the Flagrant Vandals! The mech was able to defeat even the toughest elite mech in single combat. Its absurdly thick glow suppressed any human mech pilot in the vicinity until they lost control.

Most mech pilots simply weren't capable of withstanding the spiritual pressure that reached thousands of Ves!

Not surprisingly, the Bright Spear Prime's cheat-like glow was even able to crack the famed mental defenses of the Silent Swords.

The Konsu Clan's most disciplined and mentally-resilient mech pilots were all strong enough to withstand the suppressive glows of the Doom Guard, Ferocious Piranha and Valkyrie Redeemer.

Yet against a brute force approach like stacking lots of spiritual energy in a single mech, only expert pilots were able to maintain their lucidity under so much mental pressure!

Once the Bright Spear Prime was no longer suppressed by the Corundian Giants, Venerable Orfan drove her mech into continuous attack runs against the Silent Swords, seeking to constrain and block the Fridayman swordsman mechs from carving their way through friendly lines!

The Valkyrie Interceptors and Valkyrie Hurricanes piloted by the Glory Seekers pitched in as well! While they did not commit to a charge, their constant harassment from the side was very hard to deal with. The Silent Swords did not possess any powerful ranged solutions while the Valkyrie mechs were all armed with at least a pulse submachine gun.

The marauder mechs were much more flexible than the rigid Silent Swords who were only good up close. While the ranged attacks of the Valkyrie mechs weren't all that strong, as long as hundreds of them focused their fire onto the rears or sides of the enemy swordsman mechs, the damage they were able to inflict over time was quite significant!

The Fridaymen tried to adjust to the changing circumstances as best as possible. The enemy leader suddenly ordered the Silent Swords to break up into individual squads that all spread out across the battle line.

Breaking up the hundreds of Silent Swords deprived the Fridaymen of a powerful shock formation, but also deprived the Flagrant Vandals and the Hexers of an easy target!

The Fridaymen adjusted their formations so that the Bloody Herons, Holvein Grenadiers and Silent Swords all integrated into a combination that allowed them to cover for each other's weaknesses to a far better degree than before!

Whenever the Valkyrie mechs attempted to make another firing run, the enemy space knights moved to shield any targets that were receiving the bulk of the enemy attacks.

Enemy ranged mechs all retaliated against the Valkyrie mechs, making it too costly for them to buzz around the sides.

Even Venerable Orfan endured great opposition again. After trying out various solutions to destroy or repel the Bright Spear Prime, the Fridaymen eventually hit the jackpot when they discovered that the prime mech wasn't able to cope with excess heat!

Laser rifles fired unceasingly at the Bright Spear Prime. Whenever Venerable Orfan drove her mech close, the surviving Holvein Grenadier mechs flung any grenades in its direction that unleashed a lot of heat. Incendiary grenades, plasma grenades, thermal grenades and a couple more exotic grenade types rapidly heated up the spear-wielding prime mech until Venerable Orfan helplessly withdrew.

Her actions were not in vain. The Bright Spear Prime had exerted so much pressure onto the Fridaymen that they felt compelled to spend a considerable amount of battle resources to keep the prime mech at bay.

In fact, the Corundian Giants were supposed to suppress the Venerable Orfan's machine, yet their cannons had ceased firing at the prime mech a short time earlier.

The problem was that a single nimble prime mech was disrupting everything!

If the thickened glow of the Bright Spear Prime was already bad enough to be around, then the Ferocious Piranha was even worse!

The entire area around the mech turned into a zone where any other human aside from expert pilots and maybe expert candidates were able to remain in control.

Every other human including the mech pilots hailing from the Coalition Reserve Corps were unable to think clearly as they came under the suppression of two different effects.

First, like any Ferocious Piranha mech, the Piranha Prime embodied the conflicting glows of Lufa, Zeigra and Qilanxo.

Second, with thousands of Ves worth of spiritual energy pumped into its Unending alloy frame, just the pressure alone was unbearable to be around.

Venerable Tusa was actually surprised at how effectively his mech disabled nearby mech pilots to the point where he was always able to attack the weak points of the enemy mechs without facing any opposition!

It was as if the enemies he targeted proactively lined up their mechs in space to get stabbed!

"This is absurd! This mech is a monster!"

A vicious grin appeared on his face.

"But I like this mech."

Venerable Tusa initially intended to harass the enemy combination mechs in order to distract them from bombarding his buddies. However, seeing how he was able to make the Corundian Giants so flustered, he immediately switched to a more aggressive plan and openly dove into the middle of the enemy formation!

Even though it sounded incredibly dangerous, the prime mech enjoyed numerous advantages by doing so. Its incredibly perverse glow allowed it to discount most forms of retaliation against nearby mechs.

The Corundian Giant mechs that were a bit further away did not dare to go all out. They were more liable to hit their own comrades than a very elusive enemy light mech!

Of course, the Corundian Giants were not completely unable to defend against the Piranha Prime.

Some of the combination mechs broke up into separate space knights and cannoner mechs. The space knights formed together and projected a shared energy shield that formed a physical barrier against the Ferocious Prime that still remained active even if the mech pilots blacked out for a time.

The cannoner mechs sheltering behind the energy shields all adjusted their weapons and began to fire dispersed laser beams that denied an entire area at close range or shot strange nets that Venerable Tusa avoided like the plague.

"These Corundian Giants are trickier than I thought!" Tusa cursed.

Even though he wasn't able to sink his daggers into the backs or joints of the enemy mechs, his presence alone still exerted a significant threat to them. The high mobility of the Ferocious Prime along with the piloting skill and instincts of an expert pilot meant that Venerable Tusa was virtually untouchable!

The more time and resources the Corundian Giants wasted on the lone prime mech, the less damage they were able to inflict onto the rest of the Larkinson mechs.

It was a completely worthwhile exchange!

"Watch out Venerable Tusa!" A communications officer warned him. "The Fridaymen are reinforcing the Corundian Giants with striker mechs. We have confirmed that all of them are armed with flamethrowers."

"Roger that." Tusa replied as his good mood faded. "I'll be pulling back."

"That won't be necessary."

When a mech company's worth of striker mechs reached the halfway point, they came under sudden bombardment!

In a brief amount of the time, the exposed striker mechs were struck by thousands of heavy beams and rounds, peeling away their heavy armor and destroying their internals batch by batch!

The rest quickly huddled behind the space knights escorting the reinforcements. Their shields held out quite a long time, but wore away eventually under sustained bombardment.

While the number of intact Transcendent Punishers had dropped due to suffering from renewed counter battery fire, plenty of them were still left to put pressure on any enemy element!

The Corundian Giants were already moving towards the striker mechs. Venerable Tusa intuitively sensed they were able to link up in time, thereby ending most of his opportunities to distract the powerful cannonneer mechs.

"Damn. It looks like the party is over."

"Not yet!" Another young voice shouted.

Another unit charged the reinforcements! The Valkyrie Prime and the Valkyrie Redeemers piloted by the Penitent Sisters had finally joined the fray!

Around 200 Valkyrie mechs charged into the enemy reinforcements while activating their Marked For Death abilities. With multiple pale white beams shining onto each mech, the elite Fridaymen mechs abruptly froze before switching to AI operation.

It was useless!

The inflexible computer-operated mechs could not fend off the spears of multiple Valkyrie mechs at the same time!

Though flames and other weapons met the incoming charge, the armor of the Valkyrie Redeemer were more than capable of enduring the damage for a time.

None of the Fridayman space knights and striker mechs survived the charge!

Chapter 2664: Low Blow

Ves smiled as he leaned back on his observer's seat on the bridge of his flagship.

He even had time to pet Lucky's back, though the experience wasn't all that pleasant for the cat.

Ves was still wearing his full Unending Regalia while Lucky was clad in his Misfortune Harness.

"Meow!"

"Hey, it's just a habit."

That wasn't an acceptable answer to Lucky. The cat slipped out of Ves' lap and began to fly around instead.

Ves shrugged and turned his attention back to the unfolding battle.

The two pincers of the enemy fleet had been fully contained.

Neither the Fridaymen nor the Praetors and Planats were able to get any closer to the expeditionary fleet.

Of course, the cost of doing so was considerable. Mechs blew up, cut apart, fell silent or melted into slag at a very worrying rate. All of the mechs that the Larkinson Clan had produced or procured were being reduced at rapid tempo.

The loss in value was already enormous, and would become even greater over time!

It would cost the Larkinson Clan at least hundreds of billions to replenish all of the battle losses after today.

What worried Ves and the clan even more was the loss in life. Not all of the crews of the various downed warships had managed to evacuate successfully. Mech pilots were dying at a steady rate as powerful attacks were easily capable of penetrating through their cockpits. Sometimes, the vindictive enemies purposefully shot down the cockpits ejected from fallen mechs.

The hatred boiling within their enemies ran deep! It became even more severe as the losses among the attackers mounted as well.

The right flank was fairly calm at the moment. The regular mech units of the two sides grinded against each other as if they were trying to mill wheat. The boring stalemate that had formed between the expeditionary forces and the traitor clan forces stood in stark contrast to the exciting spectacle that took place above their heads.

Three powerful expert mechs combined forces to fight against other three powerful expert mechs!

Ves had learned so many new insights about expert mechs and expert pilots. The duel between high-tier expert mechs taught him so much about their capabilities and how difficult it was to oppose them without a machine that could match them in single combat.

What Ves found very intriguing was that the expensive expert mechs were anything but one-dimensional. Even though they abided by a clear specialty, the more effective mechs seemed to incorporate a wealth of additional modules that granted additional options to the expert pilot.

The relative superiority of versatile mechs was exemplified by the limited effectiveness of the Imperial Verdict.

The trident-wielding melee mech was almost just as good as the Erin Tear in melee combat despite being of a lower tier. It possessed high mobility that allowed it to catch up with any mech that attempted to avoid getting locked in a close-ranged exchange of blows.

Yet for all of its melee prowess, the knowing Crosser expert pilots all toyed with the Imperial Verdict by keeping it at bay.

The Bolvos Rage was able to output considerable damage onto the melee mech. The Amphis was able to block and stall its attacks. The Conavis Mer was able to stay outside of the reach of the trident mech.

While Ves was sure the Imperial Verdict was able to excel against other opponents, this time the poor mech happened to be constrained by all three of its opposing expert mechs!

Personally, he favored the design of the Erin Tear more. Even if it was piloted by an opponent, the mech designer in Ves couldn't help but admire its logical design.

The Erin Tear piloted by Venerable Damira Planat excelled in melee combat, but possessed plenty of tricks that allowed her to threaten enemies out of reach. The Erin Tear's astonishing transforming weapon could be thrown and retrieved without problem. It could also form a bow and fire a powerful resonance-empowered arrow at more distant targets.

These implementations opened his eyes to how he could expand the functionality and versatility of narrowly-specialized mechs. While it was not possible to add these options in cheaper and more limited mechs, he definitely intended to try when it was time for him to design his own expert mechs!

As the battle between the six expert mechs raged on, they began to inflict serious damage to each other. Ves knew that the three-on-three death match was not going to last forever.

Regardless of what happened on the right side, Ves was more hopeful about the left side.

The various advantages brought by the Larkinson Clan confounded the Friday Coalition. While they made some on-the-fly adaptations to prevent the prime mechs from running roughshod over their forces, it was undeniable that the Bright Spear Prime, the Piranha Prime and now the Valkyrie Prime each altered the course of the battle in a significant way!

Their influence was comparable to expert mechs, if only a lot more subdued.

"I have to say that your prime mechs are wondrous mechs." Major Verle's projection remarked to Ves. "Don't get me wrong. They are not as strong as I wish to be. If Venerable Tusa piloted a real expert mech, he would have been able to break the Corundian Giants apart by now. Still, the result he has currently achieved is already good enough."

The Corundian Giants truly weren't easy to take down. Whether their mechs formed into combination mechs or merely adopted a different defensive formation, their tough space knights and powerful cannoner mechs were always able to hang on and retaliate in some way.

Ves briefly considered whether the Living Sentinels should adopt this model. The Corundian Giants weren't mobile, but that wasn't really needed for a defensive mech troop.

At this time, Venerable Joshua and the Penitent Sisters had finished chewing through the reinforcements that attempted to relieve the Corundian Giants.

Venerable Joshua briefly hesitated whether he should bring his Valkyrie unit to assault them, but Major Verle quickly issued a different instruction.

"Your Valkyrie mechs don't have the power to punch through the defenses of the Corundian Giant space knights. You are much more useful attacking the main body of the Fridaymen forces. You need to defeat the Bloody Herons as soon as possible. They have gained the upper hand and are tearing through depleting lines."

"Understood, sir! We're on our way!"

Glows and prime mechs may have been able to frustrate the initial advances of the Fridayman elites, but that was only temporary. The adaptation speed of the excellently-trained mech pilots was very quick. They not only formed a bunch of responses against the surprises of the Larkinson Clan, but also became better at mowing down the backbone of the Glory Seeker and Cross Clan!

The military mechs of the latter were not doing so well! The grenades of the Holvein Grenadiers, the inhuman coordination between the Bloody Herons along with the powerful close-combat prowess of the Silent Swords all allowed them to defeat three mechs for every two they lost.

This was a very concerning ratio!

With the pace of the battle picking up, this meant that the Friday Coalition was rapidly gaining an advantage on this side of the battlefield!

Joshua and the Penitent Sisters couldn't afford to act conservatively anymore. Even the Valkyrie mechs piloted by the Glory Seekers charged forward and suffered continuous casualties after they impaled the prepared Fridayman mechs!

While the 200 Valkyrie Redeemers followed the Valkyrie Prime into action, a bit further ahead, the battle against the eight Fridayman expert mechs had reached its most intense moment!

The Glory Seekers and the Cross Clan not only committed to expert mechs, but more than 4000 mechs standard mechs.

Over 2000 of them had already fallen at this time!

The enemy expert mechs forcibly converged together and fought as a single unit in order to resist the flood. Even though the foreign expert pilots hardly shared anything together, the intense pressure forced all of them to develop their teamwork while under heavy fire.

Resonance shields broke. Armor plating wore down. Weapons became exhausted.

Yet despite needing to fight against thousands more standard mechs, the foreign expert pilots fighting on behalf of the Friday Coalition did not give in to the pressure!

"The Vesia Kingdom cannot survive under the heel of the Hegemony boot!" Venerable Foster snarled as her Jeanne D'Arc continued to absorb hits that were aimed at the Charlemagne. "Our mission must succeed!"

Her mech fought wilder and wilder as time went on. The mech began to wield a pair of swords and dove into the midst of the Glory Seeker and Crosser mechs in order to slice them apart without worrying about incurring any damage.

Even though the Jeanne D'Arc bore a lot of new scars, the mech steadily regenerated the damage as the Rorach's Bone integrated into it performed its function after being fed a lot of energy.

The Jeanne D'Arc was single-handedly disrupting the precise lineup of its opposition!

"Foster! Where the hell are you going?!" Venerable Ghanso questioned as his Charlemagne lost a bodyguard.

His expert mech and his diminishing number of Scarra struggled considerably against the Star Dancer.

Even though Ghanso managed to land numerous hits on the Hexer expert mech, causing it to lose its left arm as well as the legs below its knees, it still retained much of its mobility, allowing it to remain very elusive when met with Ghanso's array attacks.

Only 15 Scarra were left!

The rest had succumbed when the Star Dancer and the Leskin piloted by Banner Cross took potshots at the quasi-expert mechs whenever they had an opportunity.

The Jeanne D'Arc and the other 6 friendly expert mechs only managed to slow down the attrition. They were so busy with defending themselves that they couldn't spare enough attention to preserve the Scarra.

With each quasi-expert mech that fell, Venerable Ghanso felt as if another burden had been lifted.

His marksmanship grew sharper and his acuity in battle grew better. Even though the Star Dancer was a good expert mech piloted by a more skilled expert pilot, it had incurred too much damage!

Venerable Ghanso's grudge against Venerable Brutus and the Star Dancer continually accumulated as he concentrated most of his efforts on keeping his remaining Scarra alive.

At a certain moment of time, Ghanso's eyes shone as the Scarra mechs shone brighter than ever before.

"I've caught you!"

The powerful rifles wielded by the Scarra mech simultaneously fired a salvo enhanced positron beams that were more powerful and more accurate than ever before!

It turned out that Venerable Ghanso had been holding back his strength throughout the battle! He deliberately hid the capacity he gained after losing more and more of his accompanying quasi-expert mechs.

Only at this time did he employ all of his freed up will, concentration and skill against the Hexer expert mech he bore a grudge against.

At this time, there were too few spare Glory Seeker mechs to intercept the incoming attacks. Venerable Ghanso had already taken down hundreds of them. Sixteen powerful beams almost instantly reached the Star Dancer!

Just before Venerable Ghanso pulled the trigger, Venerable Brutus already sensed he was in the most intense crisis of his life.

Though he had dedicated his life to protecting his sister and those he loved dearly, he knew that his family would be sad if he died at this moment.

"Sometimes... I need to protect myself!"

Just before attacks landed, the Star Dancer rapidly maneuvered its frame so that its ruined legs faced the attacks head-on. This minimized its profile towards the attackers to the smallest extent possible.

Unfortunately, while fifteen of the powerful beams were destined to miss the expert rifleman mech, one of them was bound to hit right through the crotch of the Star Dancer!

An explosion of light and energy erupted from the mech as a searing white beam of antiparticles struck it from below!

"BRUTUS!" A wailing voice screamed on the bridge of the Spirit of Bentheim!

Chapter 2665: Calculating Expert Pilots

Venerable Brutus Wodin only had a very brief window of time to prepare his response against the incoming salvo of empowered positron beams.

Having held back for quite some time, Venerable Ghanso pumped more resonance in the wave of attacks than usual, giving them a destructive edge that allowed them to penetrate tougher mechs with greater ease than before.

Though the cost was significant, Ghanso knew he absolutely had to get rid of the Star Dancer before he could proceed with his mission.

"You only have yourself to blame for getting in the way of my mission to save the Larkinson Family!" He uttered with hatred.

The glow surrounding Charlemagne along with his Scarra seemed to fade as Venerable Ghanso struggled to channel his will after unleashing his powerful attack.

Sixteen beams of destructive positrons accelerated forward at relativistic speeds! While they weren't as fast as true lasers, at these ranges they pretty much reach their targets at an instant!

It was already too late for Venerable Brutus to dodge or evade the attacks if he responded after his opponent pulled the trigger.

However, expert pilots possessed considerable intuition. Their danger sense was constantly honed through battle, practice and even meditation.

This was one of the qualities that made them so difficult to kill.

Expert pilots also possessed a superhuman insight into the fighting style and reactions of their opponents.

Venerable Brutus had already sparred against Venerable Ghanso for a considerable amount of time! As a rifleman mech specialist himself, he rapidly gained a thorough understanding Venerable Ghanso's skills, personality, the strengths and limitations of his expert mech, the properties of his Scarra mechs and other crucial information.

The mind and brain structure of an expert pilot developed in a different direction from normal people. Even without implants, they gained the capability to process a lot of data and derive useful conclusions even without needing to go over every individual detail.

When their minds melded with the formidable processing power of a mech, this capability became supercharged to a degree that often made expert pilots seem as if they could read a few seconds in the future!

However, just like how the Hexer expert pilot was able to read his opponent, the reverse also applied!

Venerable Ghanso had tussled against many Hexer expert pilots over the course of the Komodo War. He squared off against many different expert mechs as well as a considerable amount of expert rifleman mechs.

He rapidly made up for his lack of foundation in second-class expert mech warfare by learning on the battlefield.

The Star Dancer was pretty typical for Hexer expert rifleman mechs. It featured excellent mobility, even for its mech type, but the rifleman mech's armor was not as

great. While the armor system was tough enough to withstand a few full-powered attacks, they weren't meant to get hit in the first place.

From the beginning of their confrontation, Venerable Ghanso already formed a methodical plan to take down the annoying Hexer expert mech.

First, he purposefully targeted the Star Dancer's limbs. Everytime he and the mechs under his thrall fired a salvo of shots, he did not launch his attack with the expectation of taking out the Star Dancer in a single blow.

The mech was too darned agile and its expert pilot was too skilled in evasion to score a solid hit!

Instead, Venerable Ghanso went for the second-best outcome, which was to eliminate the Star Dancer's limbs.

While the mech's highly-advanced flight system was responsible for most of its mobility, the Star Dancer integrated many miniature thrusters and boosters throughout its frame.

Putting them out of action by destroying the limbs they were installed in was the best way to impair the Hexer expert mech's evasion ability!

Ghanso focused on taking out the legs first. The underside of the Star Dancer's feet incorporated powerful boosters that allowed the mech to make flexible course changes depending on how the mech orientated its legs. The other parts of the legs also incorporated several mini-boosters that added a bit of extra fine control for any complicated movements in space.

Once the Charlemagne and its Scarra took out the lower legs, Venerable Ghanso focused on eliminating at least one of the arms of his opponent.

This was much harder to do as rifleman mech pilots were trained to keep the arms of their machines out of harm's way. Without arms, how were they supposed to fire their rifles?

Even so, after removing the feet of the Star Dancer, the mech was less able to dodge incoming attacks than before!

One the arm got sheared off, the balance as well as the defensive capabilities of the mech had dropped. The Star Dancer had only one arm left to hold its rifle. It was unable to pull out any possible gadgets or sacrifice the limb as a makeshift shield. The loss of the limb also deprived the expert mech of even more mini-boosters.

It took a lot of effort to reduce the Hexer expert rifleman mech to this point.

During all of this time, Venerable Ghanso not only had to fend off attacks from the Star Dancer, but also had to keep his Scarra safe against the opportunistic attacks of the Leskin piloted by Venerable Banner Cross. He also had to preserve his Scarra against the multitude of other attacks launched by thousands of Glory Seeker and Crosser mechs!

Fortunately, he had 7 other expert mechs to cover for him. Even though he disliked his Vesian companion intensely, Venerable Foster had done a good job blocking attacks directed against his Charlemagne while distracting both the Leskin and any small fry.

Even so, his Scarra had shrunk by more than half at this point!

In an open space battle where there was no cover or terrain to shelter behind, the pseudo-expert mechs were too vulnerable to attacks!

No matter how much Ghanso tried to keep them moving in random evasive patterns, the load on his mind was too much and their specs weren't as good as his own machine.

He already accepted the fact that he would be losing his Scarra in this battle. He allowed Venerable Brutus and his other opponents to pick off the Scarra mechs one by one, adopting the mindset of trading them for other benefits.

After all, compared to trying to take down the much trickier and better-defended Charlemagne, it was much easier to go after the Scarra.

Once the Charlemagne lost its retinue, its threat was no longer as oppressive!

That was what its opponents thought, but what Brutus and the others didn't realize was that each Scarra mech they took down only liberated Venerable Ghanso's strength.

He was forced to deploy a huge amount of concentration, willpower and other mental resources to control all of the Scarra mechs through the asymmetrical neural network.

It was incredibly burdensome to keep those slaves in line.

Now that his opponents were sacrificing valuable resources to rid him of his burden, Venerable Ghanso felt more liberated than ever before.

He hardly piloted his Charlemagne without the need to drag his entire entourage along. His Fridayman superiors forbid him from piloting his expert mech by itself. As far as they were concerned, Ghanso constantly had to train his ability to control multiple mechs as much as possible. It took a lot of active training to become a proficient master over so many slave machines.

"I am no master." Venerable Ghanso contemptuously muttered. "I am a soldier. I am a savior. I am willing to give up everything as long as I can restore the Larkinson Family!"

The ideal he was chasing after centered his mind constantly kept him focused. His Scarra, his expert mech and his life didn't matter. As long as he was able to kill his cousin Ves, Ghanso was assured that the Larkinson Clan would collapse!

Thus, when Venerable Ghanso launched his killer attack on the Star Dancer, he drew strength from his desire to kill Ves, remove his poisonous influence on the Larkinson Family and collapse everything that the aberrant Larkinson had built over the course of his career!

The clan, the LMC and everything Ves had introduced to the Larkinsons would crumble as long as the ringleader was dead!

Just the thought of crushing Ves with his own hands sent Ghanso into an ecstatic frenzy!

"No one will get in the way of my goal of killing Ves!" He crowed. "No one!"

After being targeted by Venerable Ghanso's unexpectedly strong blow, Venerable Brutus knew that he was in a difficult spot.

If his Star Dancer was still fresh and intact, it shouldn't have been a problem for it to weave its way out of the cage of 16 resonance-empowered positron beams.

Unfortunately, it was far from its peak condition! Not only had it lost a considerable amount of thrusters and boosters, the fuel and energy reserves of the mech was also nearing depletion!

Even though Venerable Brutus managed to fell over a dozen Scarra mechs over the course of the battle, his mech had to expend a lot of effort in trying to keep itself safe against such a powerful opponent.

In fact, if not for the sacrifices of his fellow Glory Seekers, the Star Dancer would have long turned into another accomplishment on Venerable Ghanso's record!

When Brutus faced the incoming salvo, he knew his time was finally up. He had done the best he could to restrain the killer of over 10 Hexer expert pilots.

He didn't have the luxury to think about anything else. He needed to protect himself and do his best to preserve his own life! Only in this way would he be able to continue his mission of protecting his sister!

The instant before the positron beams came, Venerable Brutus rapidly formed a plan and immediately implemented it without any second thoughts!

First, he tilted his mech over. This not only minimized the target he presented to his opponent, but also allowed him to evade the positron beam fired by the Charlemagne.

The Charlemagne's rifle was stronger and more potent than the rifles wielded by the Scarra mechs. Its positron beam was not only more powerful on a technical level, but was also amplified to a greater degree by true resonance!

This unavoidably put the flipped expert mech straight on a collision course of another positron beam fired by a Scarra mech.

Even though the beam was less powerful and destructure, it was still capable of ripping straight through the relatively unprotected underside of the waist of the Star Dancer! Once the attack pierced through the crotch of the mech, the beam would definitely have enough energy left to do ruinous damage to the internals. Even the cockpit stood a high chance of getting affected!

This was why Venerable Brutus already activated the eject command. His cockpit was already starting to begin the ejection procedures even before the Star Dancer had moved.

Unfortunately, there was a small but significant delay before the cockpit fully detached itself and the flight system blasted apart to make room for the cockpit to launch out the rear!

The Hexer expert pilot knew he had to weaken or hinder the incoming beam even further to give him a shot at survival.

He had an idea.

At the same time the Star Dancer maneuvered so that its crippled legs met the incoming attack, the mech also fired a very quick attack of its own!

The rifle had already charged up for its next attack, but Venerable Brutus was unable to charge it with resonance due to lack of time!

As a result, a much-weaker positron beam spat out of the rifle and instantly collided with the beam fired by one of the Scarra mechs just in front of the Star Dancer!

Since the former was fired at a slight angle onto the incoming beam, the weak attack slightly managed to cancel out the resonance amplification of Ghanso's fatal attack as well as negating some of its other energy in a particular direction.

When the affected beam finally struck the Star Dancer, it pierced straight through the obstruction of the legs, punched through the waist before washing over the mech engine and many other nearby components, destroying them in an instant!

Yet by the time the remainder of the beam and its potent energies was able to reach the internals buried inside the upper chest, it had weakened to the point where the cockpit was able complete its launching procedures and eject out of the back of the doomed Star Dancer!

A scorched and partially-melted cockpit succeeded in launching away at high acceleration!

As the lives of expert pilots were very valuable, their cockpits were of high quality.

"HE LIVES!" Gloriana happily cried out as she noticed the cockpit zipping away! "Wait, he's still vulnerable!"

Though Venerable Ghanso had expended a lot to launch his latest attack, he was not content with the result. Venerable Brutus had hindered him from completing his mission far too much!

"You'll pay for delaying me." He vowed.

The Charlemagne adjusted the aim of its rifle and fired a quick shot at the cockpit! Venerable Ghanso didn't want to give anyone any time to rescue the fleeing escape device and its precious occupant!

"Die, Hexer!"

Chapter 2666: Precise Attack

When Gloriana dutifully performed her job and identified the weak points of the opposing mechs before inputting her findings in the fleet's network, she always kept an eye on her brother.

She knew that Brutus was in the fight of his life. She didn't want her brother to square off against the infamous Unit L, yet there was no other alternative.

The Charlemagne and its Scarra had proven their capacity for slaughter many times over the course of the Komodo War.

Unless they were constrained by an enemy expert mech, the numerous ranged mechs empowered by Venerable Ghanso could easily tear through entire formations of Hexer mechs with ease!

Venerable Brutus did what was necessary to constrain the Friday Coalition's experimental unit. His Star Dancer, the mech and partner that had served him well over several years, turned into a wreck because of his sacrifice.

The loss of an expert mech was a traumatic loss to any expert pilot. If not for the acute threat he was subjected to, the Hexer expert pilot would have mourned for the loss by now. As it was, his life was anything but guaranteed at this time!

Venerable Ghanso already had a history of shooting down enemy cockpits. The Fridaymen put bounties on the heads of every Hexer expert pilot. The Coalition deliberately encouraged its mech pilots to shoot down the ejected cockpits whenever they could in order to weaken the power of the Hex Army.

An expert pilot that fled from the battlefield intact was one that would doubtlessly show up in a new mech at least half a year later!

Since Ghanso had dozens of powerful rifleman mechs at his disposal, he had become very proficient at shooting down cockpits, even the higher-performing ones that were utilized in Hexer mechs.

The ejected cockpit of an expert mech was highly resilient. Some of the same high-quality armor that clad the exterior of an expert mech also encased the cockpit in order to preserve the life of the pilot as much as possible.

Expert pilots were just as valuable as their expert mechs, if not more! They were scarce resources to a state, so they enjoyed the protection that was commensurate to their degree of preciousness.

Since the Star Dancer was an expert mech commissioned by the Wodin Dynasty, the protective capabilities of the cockpit was a bit better than a machine of its tier was accustomed to. It was no problem for the cockpit's armor to fend off a multitude of attacks from standard mechs, especially with the help of a one-use shield generator!

Yet the attack that the Charlemagne snapped off with as little delay as possible was still powerful enough to crush the cockpit!

The power output of an expert mech was not comparable to that of a standard mech. Not even premier mechs such as the Valkyrie Brunhild could come close to matching the power of just a casual attack from the Charlemagne.

They were basically two different species of mechs!

The only upside was that Venerable Ghanso didn't bother to coordinate with his Scarra to launch this next attack.

First, it wasn't needed. The maneuverability and evasion ability of the cockpit was really incomparable to that of a true mech. While it was a lot smaller and more compact than a multi-ton mech, the cockpit's capacity was tiny as well. Its designers opted to load it with a one-use shield generator in order to protect it better against attacks from regular mechs as opposed to adding more movement capabilities.

This meant that Venerable Ghanso hardly had to employ any effort to land a solid hit on the fleeing vehicle!

He did not grow complacent and assume that killing Venerable Brutus was already a done deal. He already spotted nearby Hexer mechs changing their course to put their frames in the way of his shots.

While there were too few Glory Seeker mechs left to be sacrificed like this, the remaining ones knew it was incredibly crucial to preserve the life of an expert pilot.

Even if Venerable Brutus was a boy, he was still a treasure to the Wodin Dynasty!

Every Glory Seeker was a diehard loyalist to the dynasty that nurtured them and still took care of their families. They were trained to accept death as long as it advanced the cause of the Wodins.

Besides, even if they used their own mechs as shields, there was no guarantee that they would die for certain. As long as their cockpits were intact, they could make it out alive as well!

Yet even as the nearby Glory Seeker mechs moved to support and cover for the Star Dancer's cockpit, Venerable Ghanso wasn't willing to give his opponents any time to mount a rescue.

The snap shot the Charlemagne unleashed almost instantly reached the vulnerable cockpit. Its cockpit desperately activated its side boosters in order to get out of the way of the incoming attack, but the range was too short and the beam arrived too quickly for it to work!

As the occupant of the cockpit was already smelling death, another beam struck the Charlemagne's attack!

A searing, hellfire-red laser beam fired from far away had intercepted Venerable Ghanso's latest attack!

What was surprising about the intercepting beam was that it managed to overpower the attack launched by an expert mech!

Venerable Ghanso looked shocked as his seemingly surefire kill was pulled out of his grasp.

Gloriana froze as she looked at the projection depicting the flight of her brother's cockpit.

Ves and many others who paid attention to this side of the battle were flabbergasted as well.

Who managed to rescue Brutus' cockpit?

"It's Venerable Davia Stark!" Ves quickly realized as he used his implant to access the relevant data in an instant. "My Bright Beam Prime managed to intercept the Charlemagne's attack!"

Far behind the main lines of the battle, a number of Larkinson mechs stuck close to the expeditionary fleet. The mechs stayed behind in order to act as both a reserve and a final line of defense against any attackers that were determined to reach the heart of the Golden Skull Alliance.

Among the mechs that hung back were the Shield of Samar and the Bright Beam Prime.

Although the mechs weren't designed to mate together in a combination mech like the specially-designed machines of the Corundian Giants, the two mechs had already adopted a similar approach.

The Bright Beam Prime stuck behind the Shield of Samar as best as possible. This was not that difficult due to the relative differences in their sizes.

The Shield of Samar was considerably bigger than a typical medium space knight. Even if it wasn't able to cover the prime rifleman mech fully, it was still capable of projecting both a resonance shield and an energy shield to cover any gaps in its coverage.

From the start of the battle, the Shield of Samar did nothing but hold position and block the handful of incidental attacks that were aimed in its direction.

While Venerable Jannzi Larkinson wanted to advance her mech forward, her mech was too slow to keep up with all of the maneuvers.

The only way she could contribute to the battle at this point was to lend as much cover to the Bright Beam Prime as possible. This way, Venerable Davia Stark would be able to launch her attacks without any other concerns.

The older woman never did anything, though.

The Bright Beam Prime remained still as its mech pilot constantly kept a vigilant eye on the battle.

"Why aren't you doing anything?" Jannzi eventually lost her patience with her current partner.

"I am biding my time." Venerable Davia calmly replied. "My prime mech can only fire three full-powered attacks according to its maker. I cannot waste these opportunities."

"That.. sounds ridiculous. Who would cobble together a rifleman mech that can only fire three times in total?"

"Hehehe.. don't underestimate the Bright Beam Prime, young woman." Davia smirked even as she kept observing both the left and right sides of the unfolding engagement. "To be honest, my new mech can also fire regular laser beams, but they're not that powerful and won't make that much of a difference. I would rather lay low and avoid drawing attention to us. A battle of this scale never ends quickly, so don't be concerned."

Her time had eventually come. She had kept track of the Star Dancer all this time. Even though she harbored no good thoughts for the Hexers, Venerable Brutus had sincerely taken care of her for many months.

Even though she despised his pathetic Hexer personality and pathological deference towards women, he was not an awful human being.

The time she spent under his care and attention may not have changed her awful impression towards the Hexer people, but it at least caused her to develop a soft spot for the young and horribly misguided Hexer expert pilot.

Davia briefly shook her head. "You're a brainwashed fool of an expert pilot, Brutus, but you're probably one of the better humans in the galaxy. I will try and save you this one to repay all you have done for me. Decency must always be rewarded."

Once she realized that Venerable Brutus was in trouble, Venerable Davia became serious and resonated with her new mech.

The P-stones embedded in the mech reacted to her aggressive force of will. The entire mech became surrounded by a dark red glow that stood in stark contrast to the Shield of Samar's gold-coated frame.

The rifle of the prime mech began to glow brighter than the rest of the mech when Venerable Davia pooled as much power as possible into her weapon.

She held her fire when Venerable Ghanso unleashed a salvo that resulted in the elimination of the Star Dancer!

Davia intuitively judged that the Bright Beam Prime was too weak to affect Venerable Ghanso's fully-charged attack.

Besides, as a bystander and a rifleman mech specialist herself, she already guessed that Brutus was able to save himself.

He did not disappoint her expectations. His cockpit managed to escape intact.

It was unfortunate that Venerable Ghanso did not leave it at that! As soon as the Charlemagne adjusted its aim, Venerable Davia already deduced what the enemy expert pilot had in mind!

A lot of calculations went through her mind and her mech as her fully-charged rifle minutely turned.

The Bright Beam Prime unleashed its beam just before the Charlemagne executed Venerable Ghanso's command.

A powerful dark red beam that made anyone who observed its passage feel threatened down to their souls traversed all the way from the rear of the expeditionary forces to the front!

The prime mech's attack was just powerful enough to do its job. Venerable Davia and her new mech managed to precisely cancel out an attack that was incredibly challenging to intercept by any normal human mech pilot!

Venerable Davia had done her utmost to accomplish this high-impossible feat!

If her aim was even a centimeter off, then a part of the Charlemagne's attack might still go on to strike the vulnerable cockpit!

If her timing was off by a second, then much of the power of her attack would go to waste, thereby giving the Charlemagne's strike enough uninterrupted time to end Venerable Brutus' life!

"He's safe now." Venerable Davia wearily said as she tried to recover from her arduous exertion.

On the other side of the battlefield, Venerable Ghanso was furious! His attempt to finish off the opponent who annoyed him so much had been ruined by some random marksman mech who fired an odd attack!

His Charlemagne was about to fire again, only for him to widen his eyes before attempting to dodge his mech to the side!

A rain of beams and explosions impacted the Charlemagne's resonance shield!

Ves had personally commanded the surviving Transcendent Punishers to set aside their current actions and hinder Venerable Ghanso's mech as best as possible!

Even though none of the attacks launched by the artillery mechs posed a serious threat to the Charlemagne in the short term, they still caused Venerable Ghanso enough trouble to force him to abandon his earlier intentions.

The Scarra mechs also came under bombardment!

"Blast you, Ves!"

Chapter 2667: Vengeful Eye

Venerable Brutus was safe for the moment.

The Bright Beam Prime expended a precious full-powered shot in order to preserve the life of an expert pilot that had already served his usefulness on the battlefield.

With the destruction of the Star Dancer, Venerable Brutus was no longer a valuable asset as far as Ves was concerned.

A part of him even felt it was a waste for the Bright Beam Prime to intervene in saving the Hexer expert pilot's life.

The intervening attack not only wasted one of the three powerful chances of the Bright Beam Prime, but also exposed its existence to the enemy!

However, when Ves glanced at Gloriana looking incredibly relieved after she thought that her brother was about to die, his discontent faded.

He did not want his wife to suffer the pain of losing a loved one. He had lost his mother early on in his life, so he knew how much it hurt to live through this kind of experience.

Besides, on a pragmatic level, Venerable Brutus was still a bona fide expert pilot who would continue to add to the strength of the expeditionary fleet for many years in the future.

Ves wouldn't care too much about Brutus if he was as old and feeble as Venerable O'Callahan, but he was barely older than Gloriana. This meant that he was able to provide a lot of value to Ves over many decades and perhaps even centuries.

There was no way that Ves wanted to lose such a long-lasting asset when it was still in the early stages of its product life cycle.

This was why he commanded the Transcendent Punishers to redirect their firepower to smash the Charlemagne and the Scarra to the point where they couldn't take anymore potshots at the escaping cockpit.

That, and it just felt good to smack Venerable Ghanso around.

A couple of other Fridaymen mechs attacked the cockpit as well, but its sturdy construction was no joke. The cockpit only suffered a bit after it was grazed by a gauss

round, but numerous Glory Seeker mechs quickly arrived and escorted it until it was safely able to reach the Indigo Tremor's hangar bay.

"I'm not sure you should have done that." Major Verle's projection quietly spoke to Ves. "Our artillery were doing a fine job of pressuring the elite Fridayman mechs. Now that you have predicted our firepower away, the enemies they've previously suppressed are now unleashed."

Ves minutely shook his head. "If Venerable Brutus dies, the morale of the Glory Seekers will sink. Besides, now that the Star Dancer is no able to keep the Charlemagne and the Scarra occupied, my cousin Ghanso can reinforce the other expert pilots on his side. We can't allow him and his remaining Scarra mech to precipitate a collapse at his side of the battlefield."

The unfolding clashes were all locked in a very tenuous balance. If even one of them tipped over, a cascade of defeats might quickly ensue that would spell inevitable doom to Ves!

Major Verle quickly understood the logic. "You're right. While we have managed to eliminate a lot of Scarra mechs, enough of them remain to pose a great threat to the remainder of our forces, especially when they are exhausted to this extent."

The Glory Seekers and the Crosser mechs that had swarmed the Fridayman expert mechs had achieved considerable results at this time!

An expert space knight serving in the Oni Guard had succumbed from all of the attacks it attempted to block. It had done an admirable job in intercepting the flood of attacks directed to the more vulnerable expert mechs, but the machine had eventually collapsed due to the incredible amount of punishment it was forced to endure!

Another expert mech piloted by a foreigner hired by the Vanguard Group had succumbed as well. The expert striker mech was one of the most destructive mechs against masses of standard mechs.

The powerful striker mech had actually felled hundreds more Glory Seeker and Crosser mechs than the other Fridayman expert mechs!

Taking it down was a high priority to the expeditionary forces. After sacrificing a lot of mechs, the Hexers and Crossers managed to destroy the expert striker mech's flight system, thereby impairing mobility to the point where a lot of concentrated attacks managed to breach its thick shell and take out the flame-spewing monstrosity for good!

The two aforementioned expert mechs weren't the only ones that sustained significant damage. The other Fridayman expert mechs aside from the Charlemagne and the Jeanne D'Arc also suffered a lot of damage from getting hit at least a thousand times!

Although that sounded like an absurd amount of attacks, the armor systems of expert mechs were much better than any standard mechs. Combined with superior mobility and the uncanny skill and intuition of expert pilots, it was not a surprise the remaining expert mechs managed to hang on. Teamwork also played a role in preserving their strength.

Though the surviving expert mechs were unquestionably damaged and low on some of their reserves, it was too difficult to finish the job.

The Glory Seekers and Crossers had lost too many mechs to make it to this point!

They came in with over 4000 standard mechs as well as the Star Dancer and the Leskin. Now, the Star Dancer was drifting into space in the form of a half-complete husk while the wreckage and debris of 3000 other machines kept it company!

The loss of so many mechs significantly depleted the firepower and the morale of the remaining forces assigned to block the Fridayman expert mechs.

In fact, the original battle plan called for the thousands of mechs to crush the enemy expert mechs. It was too bad that the powerful enemy machines were just too good at eliminating swarms of weaker mechs!

The expert striker mech as well as occasional attacks from Venerable Ghanso had taken a huge toll on the brave Glory Seeker and Crosser mech pilots.

Due to the incredible lethality and penetrative power of expert mechs, much of the mechs they took out also killed the pilots. A significant portion of the wrecks also carried traces of human remains!

This was an especially major loss to the Cross Clan. Every mech pilot in the clan was not only a trueblood member of a much-diminished clan, but also a highly-trained veteran that had survived the calamitous flight from Vicious Mountain.

Such high-quality mech pilots were incredibly difficult to replace to the Cross Clan!

Unlike the abnormal Larkinson Clan that had opened its doors wide to any talented outsider, the Cross Clan wasn't able to rely on external recruitment to replenish its depleted manpower.

It was practically unheard of for a long-standing clan to open its doors. That would affect internal cohesion far too much while also allowing a lot of people with ulterior motives to corrupt the clan from within.

This was why organizations like the Cross Clan only sparingly recruiting outsiders. Their main source of manpower always relied on internal replenishment.

That took time. A lot of time. Far too much time considering their precarious strength.

Of course, these were later concerns for the Crossers. For now, Ves saw that the artillery support provided by the Transcendent Punishers offered the remaining Glory Seekers and Crossers crucial help in constraining the surviving expert mechs.

It became more important than ever to seek a quick advantage somewhere.

Ves turned his attention to the confrontation against the elite Fridaymen mech troops not too far away.

His greatest hope for victory lied here.

While a lot of mechs had already fallen in this grueling slugfest, there were plenty of mechs left on both sides to make it relatively even.

No. That wasn't quite true. Ves recognized that the Fridaymen had started off with a slight advantage and were quickly in the process of expanding their lead.

The reason for this was because the Transcendent Punishers no longer forced their heads down!

"Gloriana!" Ves shouted from the rear of the bridge.

"What is it?" She asked as she slowly calmed down after seeing her brother make it back.

"If you want to keep your brother and the rest of us alive, you must rein yourself in and focus on what you can do to help. Pay attention to the observation data provided by the Valkyrie Prime. I recently installed a very good sensor on it that can make detailed scans on any mech within its range. Take a look at it and take your revenge on the Fridaymen in your own way!"

Tears stopped flowing from her eyes as determination welled from her heart. Her fear turned into anger as she thought of how close she was to losing the relative who had accompanied her throughout her life!

"These Fridaymen will pay..."

Her purple-armored form sat back onto the chair. She accessed the data supplied by the Valkyrie Prime and became surprised at the breadth and depth of information she received.

"This is ridiculous! No sensor is that good, especially in a battle!"

She quickly set aside her amazement as her fury took over again. She could not allow those who threatened her and her family to get away with their actions!

She soon immersed herself in the detailed data. As a consummate mech designer who constantly strove for perfection, she was extremely familiar in all of the ways that made mechs flawed.

The varied mechs of the Holvein Grenadiers, the Bloody Herons, the Silent Swords and some other troops became an open book to her determined gaze.

The designs themselves didn't contain any major flaws. The Fridayman Mech Designers weren't that sloppy most of the time. Even if she identified a number of design vulnerabilities, they weren't really weak enough to change the equation.

What truly stood out to her was the flaws that emerged when the mechs sustained battle damage. As long as the mech in question bore at least some holes, their frame gained at least a dozen additional weak points aside from the obvious holes!

Anyone could tell that a breach in the armor represented a major vulnerability. The mech pilot who piloted a damaged mech would always do their utmost to prevent their enemies from targeting those holes.

Yet what about the weak points that weren't visible? Sometimes, the mech's operating system identified some of these vulnerabilities and helpfully conveyed them to their pilot.

They weren't perfect however. Some weak points were not as obvious. It took a mech designer of Gloriana's caliber to determine how certain changes opened up new opportunities.

She analyzed the observation data of a single Holvein Grenadier mech that suffered a breach in the lower waist area. She did not even lift her finger to manipulate any projection. In the interest of efficiency, she utilized her implant to point out a dozen new vulnerabilities.

She identified that the armor plate on the side of the mech had loosened a bit. It could probably be dislodged if it was attacked with physical force coming from a specific direction.

Within a second, she rapidly conveyed a lot of other exploitable vulnerabilities to the Spirit of Bentheim. After the ship's systems inspected the data, they uploaded it to the communication network that constantly supplied relevant data to all friendly mechs.

An Avatar mech pilot that confronted the Holvein Grenadier mech became surprised as his view of the enemy mech had changed. The overlay highlighted the additional vulnerabilities.

In fact, ever since the Valkyrie Prime had entered the fray, the surrounding mechs already received some additional information. The Odineye was already capable of interpreting and identifying the most obvious vulnerabilities by itself!

Now that its power was combined with a mech designer that could make much better use of the data, the battle gradually swung back in the favor of the expeditionary forces!

It wasn't just Gloriana who was supplying the mechs at the frontline with crucial information. Ves and the rest of the Design Department were hard at work as well.

The more data they supplied, the faster the Fridaymen lost their mechs!

Chapter 2668: Resilient Fridaymen

Over 16,000 mechs entered the battlefield.

Now, many of them were lost!

Many blew up into fragments that flung in every direction. Others suffered fatal hits to their chests that caused them to lose power. A few of the luckier ones managed to retreat and return to their motherships before they completely collapsed.

No matter what, the survival rate of mechs constantly plummeted as if it was the Starlight Megalodon about to crash on the surface of Aeon Corona VII!

As Ves briefly took a pause from trying to analyze the flaws of individual enemy mechs, he became captivated by the immense amount of violence taking place.

He had seen larger and grander battles, of course.

He could always access the battle footage sent by the Hexers if he ever wanted to forget about everything and just surround himself with as much mechs as possible.

The scale of the Komodo War was immense. The amount of mechs that clashed against each other in a given star system numbered in the hundreds of thousands as entire mech army groups struggled for supremacy.

Yet Ves had little part in it other than designing some of the mechs involved. These battles took place many light-years away from his current location. He did not personally feel awed when the Hexers moved entire mech divisions forward and he did not feel frightened down to his bones when the Fridaymen launched an ambush involving more than 100,000 mechs.

While he always felt gratified to see his products serve their use to his clients, he did not feel as excited as he was at this moment.

Yes, he felt excited.

Despite the threat of facing 11—, no 9 expert mechs now, Ves felt alive in a way he never did when he was living a placid life on Cinach.

The greater the danger, the greater the risks, the more his life became meaningful to him. As a Larkinson, he lived for battle, so moments like these captivated him in a way that stimulated his design seed beyond reason!

As Ves observed his prime mechs and Valkyrie mechs in action, he gained many small but novel insights about his mechs. He recognized what worked, what didn't work as well and what needed to be corrected right away.

The performance of his prototype mechs were especially illuminating. One mech that stood out in particular was the prototype of the Ferocious Piranha Version B.

The incomplete second-class version of the best-selling Ferocious Piranha showcased why the light mech had become such a popular seller on the market!

In the hands of Raella Larkinson, the Ferocious Piranha clearly showcased that she hadn't slacked off too much in her mech training despite her responsibilities.

The light skirmisher moved swiftly. Other friendly light mechs surrounded the mech like a protective guard. The moment the Ferocious Piranha approached the edge of an enemy formation, the opponents tried to make as much distance as possible. They were deeply apprehensive towards the light mechs.

There was a good reason for this. As soon as the Ferocious Piranha drew close, many of the enemy mechs moved stiffer than usual. Their reaction speeds slowed and they made plenty more errors.

The light mechs along with other nearby friendly Larkinson mechs pounced on the weakened Fridayman mechs and always managed to gain the upper hand in the ensuing clash!

The Ferocious Piranha achieved fantastic results the first couple of times it employed its glow, but once the enemy recognized its threat, Raella was forced to become a lot more constrained. She fought closer to existing friendlies and did not dare to make any attacks in person. Her mech received the same treatment as the Blessed Squire, being valued for nothing more than its glow.

"Ah, glows." He sighed.

This was a period of time when the Larkinson Clan happened to employ a huge amount of third-party products. A lot of Larkinsons fought without experiencing the myriad of benefits of melding their minds with an LMC mech.

Fortunately, the nature of glows meant that Ves didn't need to employ too many LMC mechs to spread his glows.

His mech forces cleverly employed the original Bright Warriors like Blessed Squires, bringing the warmth and light of the Golden Cat to the vast majority of Larkinsons who fought on behalf of the clan. Their morale remained strong and their willingness to fight with all never shook as they carried the hopes and dreams of every Larkinson!

Ves only dared to bring the obsolete Bright Warriors due to being clad in plenty of Breyer alloy. The Fridaymen weren't blind or stupid. Glows were force multipliers that amplified the performance of entire formations and units. They were as threatening as artillery mechs if not more, and that turned them into high-priority targets!

Even with space knights and other mechs keeping them safe, the Fridaymen mechs did not hesitate to employ suicidal charges in order to destroy the seemingly-crucial Bright Warriors!

Yet once their weapons struck their targets, the Bright Warriors didn't crumble. At most, they received a few dents and bounced away due to the force behind the blows.

While Breyer alloy wasn't indestructible to the Fridaymen, it was still challenging to pierce through their shells, as evidenced by the near-pristine prow of the Spirit of Bentheim!

As a symbol of the majesty of the Larkinson Clan, the majestic and overdramatized depiction of

The Golden Cat attracted plenty of attacks at first, especially when enemies attempted to take out the Bentheim's bunker mechs.

Not even a hundred attacks managed to do more than lightly scar the huge and solid prow!

In fact, Ves felt as if the battle scars added character to his flagship. It showed that the Larkinson Clan was not afraid to confront powerful enemies.

The continued existence of the golden prow seemed to instill the Larkinsons with even more confidence. Even though it didn't really possess a significant glow or anything due to his minimal involvement, Ves had an illusion that the totem was propping up the fighting spirit of the Larkinson Clan.

As long as it remained whole, the Larkinsons would never break in battle!

"The work that your mech designers are doing are all taking effect." Major Verle briefly pulled his attention away from his own responsibilities. "Look. Ever since your Valkyrie

Prime started to relay a lot of data to us, the Fridaymen are almost losing as much mechs as ours. This is a significantly better ratio than before."

"It's not enough." Ves grimaced inside his helmet. "We have already lost a lot more mechs at the start on this side of the battlefield, so we are still fighting at a disadvantage."

Despite all of the setbacks they suffered, the elite Fridayman mech units still put up a lot of fight. The Holvein Grenadiers, the Bloody Herons and the Silent Swords each showcased why they were considered to be the best of what the Friday Coalition had to offer!

The Transcendent Punishers heavily suppressed the Holvein Grenadiers in the earlier stages of the battle. Plenty of grenade-carrying mechs succumbed before they could even show their might. No matter how well they performed at close range, they were still as helpless as other mechs when faced with relentless bombardment!

Unfortunately, now that the Transcendent Punishers redirected their fire to suppress the Charlemagne, the Scarra and the other surviving Fridayman expert mechs, the Holvein Grenadiers fought back with a vengeance!

A string of powerful high explosive grenades enriched with volatile exotics blew up near a cluster of Crosser mechs, heavily damaging their sides and disrupting their rhythm enough for the Grenadier mechs to make a quick breakthrough.

It took twice as much mechs to stop the Grenadier mechs in their tracks and prevent the lines from becoming more disordered.

A handful of rifleman mechs safely floating at the rear of the formation fired a volley of grenades with their under-barrel grenade launchers. Once the grenades detonated, they spread out of a huge amount of dark foam that didn't do anything but dirty the mechs in the vicinity.

However, when this foam touched the flight systems of mechs, they suddenly fizzled out, causing the mechs to lose a lot of maneuverability for a time.

Without their flight systems, mechs weren't able to fight anymore! They had lost too much mobility and not even the secondary boosters and thrusters built inside the other parts of their frame was enough to compensate for the loss.

They turned into sitting ducks against the prepared Holvein Grenadier mechs at the front!

"These damn grenade-slinging mechs are too outrageous!" A Larkinson mech pilot complained. "I bet that some of these grenades cost as much as one of our mechs!"

The Holvein Grenadiers basically gained their advantages in battle by spending lots of money! The grenades they flung would never have as much potency against mechs as now if they didn't incorporate a lot of expensive exotics with a myriad of powerful and unusual effects. This was the only way to make a deadly package that was also compact and able to be carried by mechs.

Even though the Grenadiers had already expended most of their grenades by now, they still clung to at least one of them until the moment their mechs succumbed.

Explosions rippled through the frontline as Grenadier mech after Grenadier mech did not hesitate to take down their opponents with them. Often times, the diehard mech pilots actively overloaded the power reactors of their mechs in order to give their enemies an even bigger surprise!

The Silent Swords of the Konsu Clan fought in a completely different approach. Every mech pilot was a swordmaster and their mechs were completely tailored to the swordsmanship style that has been bestowed upon them. They all fought in the same way, but because of the exquisiteness of their technique, hardly any other melee mech was able to get the better of them in a one-on-one duel!

In some cases, the mech officers and mech champions of the Silent Swords were even able to fight two opposing melee mechs to a standstill!

As long as the circumstances were equal, the Silent Sword mechs were always able to carve their way through the ranks of their opponents and lay waste to any mech that entered their reach.

If not for the fact that they had no effective solutions against ranged attacks, the Silent Swords would have been enough to fight at least four times as many opponents!

The expeditionary forces had to reserve most of their rifleman mechs to put pressure on the Silent Swords. If their tricky wandering squads weren't put under fire as soon as they approached a contentious area, the elite Konsu mech pilots would have easily been able to harvest the enemies locked in battle against other Fridaymen mechs!

Yet what gave Ves the most dread was the Bloody Herons.

Even though the Herons lost a lot of mechs over the course of the engagement, the powerful mechs still punched above their weight due the impeccable teamwork they showed.

Only the prime mechs and the Valkyrie mechs piloted by the Glory Seekers and the Penitent Sisters were able to constrain them to an extent.

While Ves was previously fine with letting the battle play out against the Bloody Herons, he began to feel more concerned about what happened on the other parts of the battlefield.

The enemies here needed to be cleaned up as quickly as possible in order to free up a lot of friendly mechs that could be deployed to reinforce others.

Ves struggled a bit before he made a decision. He opened a private communication channel.

"Venerable Joshua."

"Yes, sir?" The expert pilot hurriedly spoke.

His Valkyrie Prime was currently in the heat of battle!

"Do it. Show them what the Superior Mother can truly do. Wipe out as many Fridayman mechs as possible."

"Isn't it too soon?! If we do this, our mech pilots will be..."

"I'm aware, but there is little point in delaying." Ves replied. "The elite Fridaymen mechs are no longer as numerous and oppressive as before, and their mech pilots have exerted heavily to the point where they are far from their peak. The timing is right. Delaying any further will just result in needless casualties. Just do it before anything changes."

"..Very well, sir."

Chapter 2669: Parting Mechs

Many of the expert pilots and expert candidates of the Larkinson Clan fought against the most challenging opponents they faced up to this point!

Unlike the pirates of the Nyxian Gap, the Friday Coalition fielded professional mech militaries that fought while drawing strength from every means within their reach!

None of their mech pilots were sloppy or complacent. Their elites were as tough as nails and their skill regularly overwhelmed the Larkinsons.

The Fridayman mechs fighting in this battle were all built better than normal military mech pilots due to the supreme status of their elite mech regiments.

Even after being subjected to numerous disadvantages, it became clear to Ves that wiping them all out would be slow, painful and costly.

This wasn't good. The attempt to demolish all of the Fridayman expert mechs didn't appear to be going as planned so Ves saw that his side needed to gain an advantage elsewhere.

The right side was also a persistent source of concern. The Vicious Mountain expert mechs clashed against each other with so much violence and animosity that Ves did not dare to predict the outcome.

If Patriarch Reginald Cross succeeded in taking revenge, then that would be great.

However, if the powerful Crosser expert pilots fumbled, then the entire expeditionary fleet would become horribly exposed against some of the most powerful enemy mechs on the battlefield!

Ves saw the need to accelerate the defeat of the Fridayman elites. After he instructed Venerable Joshua to make a move, he asked Major Verle to coordinate the upcoming action.

As his most trusted military advisor and leader, Major Verle was already aware of the basic properties of battle formations.

He frowned. "It would indeed be great if Venerable Joshua and the Penitent Sisters can shock the enemies through this fashion, but as far as I know, the attack they are capable of launching will never be able to cover all of the enemies."

The major was right. Distances were magnified in space. Mechs fought further apart from each other than they would have if they were deployed on land. Every formation was stretched at least four to ten times in order to cover more distance and to leave plenty of gaps in between.

Every spaceborn mech force always adopted dispersed formations because it was too easy to bombard them if they clumped up their units. Every ranged mech loved to fire upon a tight formation of mechs because it would always hit something even if its shot missed its original target.

For this reason, the battle against the Holvein Grenadiers stretched across several kilometers in both a horizontal and vertical direction.

That latter part was also troublesome right now. There was no solid surface in open space and no gravity pulling every mech down. Mechs formations in space were fully three-dimensional in order to prevent enemies from gaining an easy advantage by attacking from above or below.

To be honest, Ves didn't understand all of the intricacies of mech formations in space. He could see that Major Verle and many of the tactical officers were constantly thinking, issuing orders and making other adjustments as the battle unfolded.

Just as the expeditionary forces were constantly tweaking their mech formations to better cope against the opposition, their enemies were doing the same. Both sides constantly had to stay on their toes in order to keep up with this high-stakes game.

What Ves sought right now was to break the game. He didn't want it to play out any further because the end result would almost certainly leave the surviving Larkinson, Glory Seeker and Crosser mechs devastated at the end.

What he wanted was to free up some mechs that retained enough battle strength to reinforce other parts of the battlefield!

In order to do that, the battle formation that the Penitent Sisters were about to adopt had to sweep as many enemy mechs as possible.

The more, the better!

Major Verle critically analyzed the targets of this upcoming attack. "We don't have to affect the majority of our opponents to tip this battle over. As long as we can debilitate or take out at least 10 to 15 percent of our opponents, we will be able to achieve a small but decisive numerical advantage. The rest of our forces can capitalize on the sudden shock the surviving Fridaymen must be going through."

Ves could see that happening. Battle formations should still be a mystery to their current opponents, so they should definitely be stunned when they became the latest victim of one of his more secretive innovations.

He pointed at a specific section of the battlefield. "Let's focus on the Bloody Herons. They are the strongest and most comprehensive elite mech troop that are currently fighting against our forces. Due to their penchant for coordinated attack and maneuvers, their formations are tighter and more condensed than usual."

"Hmmm." Major Verle evaluated the proposed target. "It's a good target. If we can manage to take them out at once, the center of the enemy line will be blown wide open. However, are you sure your trick can work? As far as I know, our upcoming move directly attacks the mind of mech pilots. This is good against normal opponents, but how will it fare against the Bloody Herons?"

"I've tracked the performance of the Bloody Herons. Their performance against prime mechs and a couple of other glow mechs has shown me that they are not immune to glows. While their famed neural network connects their minds together in a strange way, Ves did not perceive their mental defenses had become too strong.

Sure, the fact that they were able to borrow strength from other mech pilots was fantastic, but all of the mech pilots were mortals at the end of the day. Even a thousand mortal minds did not come close to matching the mental strength of a single expert pilot!

After Ves made his decision, the Larkinsons and the other friendly forces quietly made their preparations.

The mechs clashing against the Bloody Herons did their best to compress their neural-networked opponents in a smaller space. This was difficult to accomplish because the Bloody Herons refused to back down.

Fortunately, the Fridaymen didn't seem to have caught on to what was happening. In fact, not even the Glory Seekers and the Cross Clan knew what the Larkinson Clan had in mind. The Glory Seeker and Crosser mechs still fought the Fridaymen as usual, which helped a lot in keeping their opponents from noticing that a plot was boiling.

When Venerable Joshua and the Penitent Sisters received the orders they were waiting for, they all became stoked.

Of all of the Valkyrie mechs on the battlefield, only the ones piloted by the Glory Seekers freely entered the fray. They hovered around the flanks while harassing their enemies with their pulse submachine guns. When they spotted an opportunity, they performed a high-risk charge that always set the Fridayman elites back, but not without suffering plenty of damage in return!

After performing several charges, of which the last ended in a near-disaster due to falling in a Silent Sword ambush, the Glory Seekers lost more than half of their Valkyrie Interceptors and Hurricanes.

They only retained a bit over 200 of their Valkyrie mechs. While that was still a force to be reckoned with after the Fridayman suffered a lot of losses, many of the surviving mechs sustained considerable damage as well, so they were far from their prime.

They had served their purpose. Without the disruption caused by their charging attacks, the elite Fridayman mech units would have been able to accumulate enough momentum to push through their opposition.

The Valkyrie Prime and the Valkyrie Redeemers piloted by the Penitent Sisters had not followed suit. From the beginning, they always hovered close but never fully committed to the battle.

They were ordered to preserve their strength until they were finally asked to employ their full strength.

Up until then, their unit mostly contributed to the battle by allowing the Valkyrie Prime to come within several kilometers of the entire enemy lineup.

Unknown to any Fridayman mech, the pupil of the third eye installed on the Valkyrie Prime's forehead quietly observed several layers deep into their mechs. The closer the mech, the more structural faults and other vulnerabilities the Odineye captured.

While Venerable Joshua felt very gratified to be able to give his comrades an edge against their opponents in this way, he was an expert pilot! He should be giving his all in this battle!

"I've been waiting for this moment for many minutes!" He grinned!

The Valkyrie mechs had already started to circle around in order to build up speed. They had already learned that their attack traversed faster as long as their mechs moved faster relative to their opponents.

"Don't give the Bloody Herons to evade our attack. We must catch as many of them as possible in a single blow!"

"Yes, sir!"

The Valkyrie Prime and its follower mechs followed a specific route that had been prepared for them by the tacticians stationed in the fleet. It was a rather clever route that kept the Valkyrie mechs behind friendly lines up until the final moments.

In fact, Joshua was briefly surprised at what he saw. "This is ingenious! It's dangerous as well."

He didn't care too much about the latter. Battle was fraught with risk and mech pilots like him were always trained to fulfill their mission regardless of the danger.

Time passed as the battle became more and more heated. Perhaps the Bloody Herons sensed something unusual from their opponents, but it was impossible for them to back off at this point. Their heated offensive was much of the reason why the elite Fridaymen mechs fought so well against their current opponents. Their crucial position at the center was like an immovable rock that supported the Holvein Grenadiers, the Silent Swords as well as the Corundian Giants that had slowly merged into the body!

At this time, the Valkyrie mechs had built up sufficient speed. They didn't necessarily have to reach blazing speeds. They also couldn't afford to spend too much time on accelerating their mechs forward because Ves wanted to make their move quickly.

When the Valkyrie Prime slowly curved the entire unit of around 180 surviving Valkyrie Redeemers onto the final approach.

They were well behind friendly lines at this point.

The Valkyrie Prime glowed bright green as Venerable Joshua prayed as sincerely as possible to the Superior Mother.

The Penitent Sisters also gave their all to connect to the Superior Mother!

Due to their rear position, they received few distractions, allowing them to connect to the Superior Mother's battle network without interruption.

As soon as they formed their desired connections, the Valkyrie mechs all changed their positions until they adopted a mysterious V formation with the prime mech at the very center.

The collective efforts of the mech pilots not only caused them to find their place in the new formation, but also called up a giant energy silhouette.

The Superior Mother had been waiting. The moment a giant apparition of the ancestral spirit manifested over the formation, not a lot of enemies captured it yet. The illusionary figure of the Supreme had shown up in the rear where it was only observable by the Fridayman staff officers who were on the lookout for anything strange.

It took time for these observers to relay their findings to their superiors and others.

While this was taking place, the projectors built into the Valkyrie mechs were already activated to fill in the details of the energy silhouette. The Superior Mother seemed to have truly descended at this moment!

This time, it attracted a lot more attention from the enemy, but it was already too late.

"Unleash death and give them the fate that they deserve!" Venerable Joshua roared as the prime resonance of his mech actively fed the energy silhouette.

The giant manifestation of the Superior Mother glowed with strength!

At this point, even the Bloody Herons noticed that something was wrong, but there wasn't enough time for them to disperse their formation.

Before their mech officers could issue any order, the opponents in front of them abruptly withdrew!

Every Glory Seeker, Crosser and Larkinson mech that had tangled with them suddenly withdrew a bit before abruptly parting to the sides.

It was as if a god had parted an ocean of mechs!

All of this took place in just a handful of seconds. Aside from broken wrecks and loose debris, not a single object blocked the Bloody Herons from advancing forward anymore!

However, the same corridor that allowed them pass unopposed also freed up enough space for over 180 Valkyrie mechs to launch their extraordinary attack!

The Bloody Heron mechs froze even further as the Valkyrie mechs all activated their Marked For Death abilities.

Beams of every white light shone on the elite Fridaymen mechs. They seemed to pierce straight into the souls of every neural-networked mech pilot.

While that wasn't enough to paralyze them completely, their reactions slowed down enough for the Valkyrie mechs to complete their attack run!

"FOR THE CLAN!"

The Superior Mother swept her hand forward at the same time the battle formation unleashed a powerful V-shaped wave of extraordinary energy!

The power of both life and death was infused in this powerful attack!

Chapter 2670: Life and Death

Whenever the Penitent Sisters engaged their battle network while piloting a Valkyrie Redeemer, they automatically defaulted to the battle formation associated with the death phase of existence.

It was the only battle formation that truly felt right for the Valkyrie product line.

During previous tests, Ves had gotten to know additional properties about this battle formation. The wave of energy it released was exceedingly deadly. While Ves had not dared to test it on any living humans, it was not that big of a deal to float some containers in space and fill them up with some inconsequential animals.

Suffice to say, none of the animals had a good time after they were swept by the energy wave.

What interested Ves more was how it changed when a prime mech entered the equation.

More specifically, he became very intrigued at what might happen if Venerable Joshua was the one that piloted the prime mech in question.

From a spiritual perspective, the Valkyrie Prime was a carrier of the Superior Mother's energy. The Unending alloy that made up its entire armor and much of its internal frame was all filled with the ancestral spirit's spiritual energy.

By itself, this 6300 Ves worth of spiritual energy was in its basic state. While the mech itself was slanted towards death, the Superior Mother was a spiritual entity that encompassed more than just the death phase of existence.

She was capable of embodying all six hexism phases.

It was just that she normally manifested just one of the phases at the same time. This was how Ves designed her and how she was meant to function.

He hadn't been imaginative enough to think whether he should give her the capability to channel multiple phases at the same time. That was an oversight that Ves slightly regretted. Creating new lifeforms wasn't easy. Any mistake he made could not be corrected as easily as he could do with mechs.

In any case, when Venerable Joshua resonated with his latest mech, the prime resonance he evoked reflected his life domain.

According to his studies, Ves determined that resonance always manifested in a form that highly suited the mech pilot. It was more of a human phenomenon than a mech phenomenon.

Of course, the mech also affected the character of the manifested resonance to a degree, but this was probably dependent on the strength of a mech.

Compared to true expert mechs, prime mechs were much more trivial. They also worked on different principles.

While the mech was technically themed around the death phase of existence, its spiritual foundation only measured up to around 110 Ves in strength, though it could be a little more now that an expert pilot had used it for a while.

What truly affected the form of resonance evoked by the Valkyrie Prime was both the pilot and the source of all of the spiritual energy dumped into the prime materials.

When Venerable Joshua, who possessed a strong and pure life domain, came into contact with the spiritual energy donated by the Superior Mother, what kind of resonance did they produce?

It was life. A mech designed to bring death became surrounded by a glow that exuded pure vitality. Didn't that sound ridiculous?

Yet it worked out fine. The Valkyrie mech line was originally designed to be a carrier of the Superior Mother, and life just happened to be one of her six domains.

In fact, the mutation that happened during her creation may have even strengthened this aspect of hers!

Cynthia Larkinson also possessed a life domain. Even if it had a different orientation than that of Ves and Joshua, it was undeniable that they shared a common root!

Therefore, when Venerable Joshua induced resonance in the Valkyrie Prime, he was evoking the Superior Mother's extraordinary attainments in life.

Ves found it rather coincidental that the life phase of existence also happened to be associated with boys. At least, that was what many Hexers thought.

While the Valkyrie Prime piloted by Joshua turned into a mass of contradictions, the mech in this state was anything but weak. The Valkyrie Prime was still able to channel the death-based abilities that it was meant to evoke.

Yet what happened if this same resonance spread onto the battle formation composed of lots of Valkyrie mechs?

Even Ves didn't know what might result from this combination.

He became even more excited than before. He always derived a lot of satisfaction when he was watching his creations work the way he designed them to, but he gained even more pleasure when he saw them being utilized to a greater degree than he initially envisioned.

This was a true creation!

This was what a true maker pursued!

An invention that only performed to their creator's expectations was a boring and predictable product. The lack of subsequent evolution, improvement or evolution signified that the creation was essentially dead and static.

Only an invention that could endlessly be improved after it was made was truly worthy to be called a living product!

All of these sudden realizations stimulated his design seed to an even higher state than before. The insights he derived from this battle would definitely benefit his work as long as he survived.

"It's time."

Ves and several other observers watched carefully as the sea of mechs parted aside in order to give the Penitent Sister battle formation an ample corridor to their intended targets.

The approaching mechs flew down the corridor as if they were akin to a kinetic shell being propelled forward by a railgun. The only difference was that the mechs all activated their Marked For Death ability when they came close, ensuring that the Bloody Herons would not be able escape the doom that was coming for them in the form of an extraordinary wave of energy!

To be honest, Ves had no idea what kind of energy the battle formation produced. The core of it seemed to be associated with death. This pure and intense death energy largely came from the Superior Mother, but was able to manifest into a coherent attack through the medium of a battle formation.

Yet what made this attack more remarkable than unusual was that it was surrounded by a glow of resonance that originated from the Valkyrie Prime!

It was as if a shell made of life enveloped a huge quantity of pure death energy. What amazed Ves was that the opposing energies didn't conflict or react adversely with each other.

Instead, they existed side by side, reflecting the fact that most of the energies came from the Superior Mother in the first place. It also proved that Joshua had become very compatible with the Hexer spirit.

When the V-shaped wave of death approached the Bloody Herons, the entire battlefield around this incident had slowed. The Holvein Grenadiers, the Silent Swords and the Corundian Giant mechs all seemed to pause in their attacks as their pilots became compelled to watch the results of the powerful attack.

Even the Larkinsons, Glory Seekers and Crossers slowed down a bit. The Larkinson mech pilots knew a bit more than most, but none of them aside from the veterans of the Battle of the Abyss knew what they were about to witness.

The shape and size of the energy attack was proportionate to the dimensions of the battle formation that originally launched it. The larger the battle formation, the more space it covered.

With around 180 mechs, the wave of energy just happened to encompass more than half of the Bloody Heron mechs that remained functional.

This was enough.

When the Bloody Heron mech pilots had become subjected to the suppressive glows of the Valkyrie Redeemers, they felt more than ever that their doom had come!

"No!"

The wave of pale white energy surrounded by green resonance passed through all of the mechs in its way without any obstruction.

It was as if some sort of ghost was merely passing through without taking the time to make any detours.

In just a short amount of time, the energy wave soundlessly passed through several hundred mechs. Not just the Bloody Herons, but also the other Fridayman elite mechs positioned behind them became affected.

Unfortunately, due to the dispersed formation adopted by the Fridaymen, only several mechs were affected in total. The only consolation to Ves was that the previous losses sustained by the elite mechs meant that this was definitely a high proportion!

The energy wave continued to fly forward past the formations of elite Fridaymen mechs, but no one was paying attention to it anymore.

Instead, every observer that was free enough to look was intently observing the mechs affected by the attack.

Around 240 mechs had been hit by the energy wave. Now, everyone waited to see what had happened to them. Had the mechs sustained damage? The attack didn't seem to have done anything to the machines. Was this some sort of failed EMP attack?

It wasn't until the Fridaymen attempted to contact the mech pilots residing in the mechs that they realized that something had gone horribly wrong.

According to the telemetry transmitted by the affected mechs, the mech pilots were still alive, at least on a physical level.

Yet their brain activity had gone completely silent!

In the ships of the Friday Coalition, the battlefield monitors and analysts had become completely stunned.

At one console in the command center of the Eager Condemnation, a certain Journeyman Mech Designer became increasingly more alarmed as she monitored the state of the neural network.

The neural network had become a lot more quiet. It abruptly exhibited only a fraction of its previous activity. What few Bloody Heron mech pilots were left alive were so shocked by what had occurred that the network automatically collapsed!

Fear had swept their minds, causing their thoughts to become too disordered to remain in sync with each other!

As realization spread throughout both friendly and enemy mechs, the Penitent Sister mechs did not bother to charge forward and impale their spears into the defenseless mechs.

Instead, they curved their path away so that they would not be colliding with any enemy mechs.

The battle formation quickly ended after the mechs had unleashed the combined attack.

The energy silhouette of the Superior Mother also faded.

The Valkyrie Prime appeared a bit less energetic than before.

Every action had a price.

An attack as powerful as the one they just unleashed took out a lot from them. Even with the assistance of Venerable Joshua, the Penitent Sister mech pilots all felt as if they had fought for an entire day! They could no longer concentrate as well as before.

It was enough.

When it became clear that the mech pilots affected by the attack were not about to recover anytime soon, the entire direction of the changed.

Commander Melkor quickly fired his weapon! His Vima Sun unleashed a bright laser beam that struck an exposed portion of a Silent Sword mech, inflicting heavy damage on the machine.

"What are you waiting for? Finish them off while they are still caught off-balance! Drive straight through the center and split them apart!"

The Larkinsons, Glory Seekers and Crossers quickly pounced on the enemy! Even though the surviving elite Fridayman mech pilots recovered fairly quickly, they had firmly lost the initiative! The absence of more than 250 mechs meant that they faced an insurmountable disparity in numbers.

There were too few of them left to fend off the remaining enemies, especially if the strange Valkyrie mechs were able to unleash a second energy wave!

However, as the increasingly less confident Fridayman mech pilots worried about a second possible attack, the first one had still not run its course!

When lots of Fridayman officers and analysts were focused on the changes to their mechs, a couple of officers aboard the Auralis suddenly sounded the alarm.

"INCOMING! The unknown attack is flying right in our direction!"

"Evade!"

"It's too late! Our fleet carrier won't be able to evade in time!"

The energy attack persisted far longer than anyone expected from something so weird and powerful. In fact, a normal attack from the death formation should have dispersed after traversing some distance, but this was not a normal energy attack.

As the death wave of energy continued to soar deeper into space, the life resonance surrounding it was slowly being consumed.

Life was sustaining death, allowing the energy wave to persist for a much longer time while retaining most of its potency!

The attack run performed by the Penitent Sisters was angled just right. It did not hit the Bloody Herons straight on but was instead angled just enough to allow the energy attack to reach the coordinates where the Auralis should have reached.

The timing was impeccable. The calculations were all on point. The only factor that potentially spoiled this second surprise was that the Auralis was slowly moving out of the way.

However, the Larkinsons deliberately targeted this fleet carrier in particular. It was the largest, heaviest and least maneuverable deep strike fleet carrier out of the five that the Friday Coalition had sent.

Even though a portion of the vessel had succeeded in moving out of the way of the impending wave of death, something else happened that confounded everyone.

The energy wave seemed to have gained some life of its own! Directed by a consciousness, the pale white wave surrounded by a dwindling corona of green resonance passed right through the length of the fleet carrier of the Gauge Dynasty.

Everyone had become speechless yet again.