

## **Mech Touch 6461**

Chapter 6461 A Target On Her Back!

The master plan devised by the Evolution Witch and the Oblivion Empress was brilliant, but it was not perfect.

A perfect plan did not leave any room for failure.

Whatever the two women had in mind, their shameless exploitation of Ves' mech designer accomplishments actually put his living divine artifact in a lot of danger!

Here in the Red Ocean, the opposition against Carmine mechs was decisively muted because the war atmosphere suppressed a lot of infighting.

Few people wanted to tear down a solution that could potentially give red humans a better chance to survive the ongoing war.

Such circumstances did not exist in the old galaxy. The leaders over there were much more comfortable and secure in their positions. Many of them prized stability over disruptive innovation.

The policies and ideals of the MTA Preserving Order Faction and the MTA Guidance Faction happened to be very popular among the first-raters who resided in the galactic center!

Given their rejection towards radical changes that threatened to upend the status quo, there should be plenty of powerful people and groups that desired to put an end to the spread of Carmine mechs!

Destroying the P.P. and killing Veronica was the simplest and most direct way to solve the problem that threatened their interests!

In fact, Ves already figured out that the mechers were not his worst enemies. Carmine mechs still offered a lot of benefits to the MTA, the most important of which was to make mechs a lot more dominant in human society and culture than before!

The real enemy of Carmine mechs was the Common Fleet Alliance!

Unlike the smaller, weaker and much more desperate Red Fleet, the original CFA did not suffer the repeated setbacks and beatdowns that could force them to reevaluate their existing policies.

The original fleeters were probably several times more arrogant, and could not tolerate any new challenges to their precious warships!

Even if the CFA kept itself apart from the rest of human society, there was no way the original fleeters would want to see warships fade into complete irrelevance due to the rapid proliferation of Carmine mechs!

The Oblivion Gate Consortium therefore stood on the verge of provoking a powerful enemy in the Milky Way Galaxy.

If the Common Fleet Alliance decided to wipe out the P.P. as well as Veronica, then thousands of CFA battleships would descend upon the Nyxian Gap!

Ves did not have confidence that the hazardous environment of the Nyxian Gap would be enough to keep out those powerful warships. The fleeters might not have anything comparable to god pilots, but they mastered a lot of powerful technologies.

There was no way that the Evolution Witch could rely on her home ground advantage to keep out one of the two hegemons of the Milky Way!

While Ves was willing to believe that the Evolution Witch and his mother had thought about this consequence in advance and planned to gather enough allies to block the CFA somehow, that still did not remove the target on Veronica's back!

Losing Veronica might not kill Ves, but he would lose his only physical means of access to the Milky Way.

He would no longer be able to keep in touch with his mother, his father and his eldest sister in an intimate fashion.

Ves also feared that letting Veronica die might also inflict permanent damage to his Spirituality. She was literally a fragment of his Divine Core, so the connection between the two was stronger and deeper than that of a Blood Pact.

Suffice to say, Ves did not like it that the two powerful women had come up with a dangerous scheme and dragged him into it as if his opinion didn't matter.

Even if he was willing to accept the risks and volunteer his services to the Oblivion Gate Consortium, it galled him that they did not even bother to

ask for his consent!

"MOTHER!" Veronica transmitted over a communication channel as soon as her oversized form finally managed to approach the Black Oblivion Gate. Cynthia Larkinson continued to float besides the mysterious construct as if everything in this region of space was under her control.

Hovering further away was Master Moira Willix. She barely paid attention to Veronica's approach. No matter how much she wanted to study a phase lord in cat form, her current project was far too important for her to get distracted.

The Survivalist floated in front of a large and advanced workstation and processor module. She paid great attention to the diagnostics of not just the Black Oblivion Gate, but also the data produced by the Red Oblivion Gate located more than 50 million light-years away!

Since the Superior Mother was anchored in the Red Ocean, it was easy for the design spirit to transmit large amounts of data from the Red Oblivion Gate to the Oblivion Empress, who subsequently passed the data directly to the workstation.

This was extremely important for the success of the Oblivion Gate Project. As one of the key developers behind the radical tech of this project, it was vitally important that Master Willix expertly coordinated the settings of the

two gates.

It was impossible for the Dimensional Architect to operate the Red Oblivion Gate in isolation. The most the Star Designer could do was to ensure the

components of the gate functioned properly.

The real challenge had always been to connect two wormholes separated

by an immense distance from each other.

The two gates needed to be perfectly aligned with each other. Their settings had to match each other with the lowest possible margin for error.

The difficulty of doing this was as high as trying to align two toothpicks on a single invisible line when they were placed on the opposite sides of a

planet!

Even the slightest of deviations could completely ruin the alignment of the two Oblivion Gates!

In fact, Master Willix had no confidence that she could align and configure

the two gates perfectly, but the good news was that she was not alone. There was a significantly greater chance that her experiment would

succeed!

As long as the two Oblivion Gates successfully completed an exchange of goods across vast distances, Master Willix would finally be assured that she found a definite path to becoming a Star Designer.

While there was no guarantee that she could solve all of the subsequent technological problems and successfully break through, having a clear path to her end destination was still far better than working in the darkness like she did in the prior decades!

Finding a breakthrough opportunity was the entire reason why the Survivalist decisively abandoned the luxury and prosperity of the galactic center and moved all the way out to the galactic rim.

She was not a woman afraid of hardships and challenges. She had rationally

deduced long ago that coasting along would only ensure that she would

become a respected Master Mech Designer.

Star Designers existed on a completely higher level. Those that yearned to promote to this exalted rank needed to make sacrifices in their life and

have the courage to take considerable risks.

Now that she came close to reaching the beginning of the end, Master

Willix had set everything aside, including greeting the cat incarnation of the mech designer she once taught.

Veronica understood Master Willix's motivations pretty well, so she did not begrudge the Master's lack of reaction.

The Beast of Fear was different. The monstrous god biomech possessed an intimidating God Kingdom. Even if he had reduced its fear factor to a very low level, Veronica still became jolted as soon as she came close enough! The controversial god pilot obviously did not hold any malice towards Veronica, but simply getting stared at by the 17 creepy eyeballs embedded into the monstrously organic grand work raised her hackles! That did not stop her from confronting Cynthia Larkinson! YOU KEEP ME IN THE DARK?! YOUR DECISION TO USE CARMINE MECHS

AS A BARGAINING CHIP HAS TURNED ME INTO AN ARCHENEMY OF THE CFA! THE FLEETERS WILL OUT FOR BLOOD ONCE THEY HEAR WHAT HAS

HAPPENED!"

The Cyborg Cat's tirade did not elicit any reactions at all. The three collaborators paid no attention to Veronica and continued to hover around while fulfilling their own responsibilities.

It was only after Veronica was about to give her mother another piece of

her mind that the True God finally reacted!

"Silence, child."

Before Veronica knew it, her true body suddenly lost control of the surrounding space.

A firm and irresistible force pressed onto her cybernetic body from all sides, causing it to fold and shrink until Veronica regained her normal cat size!

The same omnidirectional force proceeded to shove Veronica over to Cynthia until the cat helplessly fell into her mother's embrace.

Veronica became trapped!

After trying and failing to squirm, phase or teleport her way out, she

eventually gave up her futile struggle and allowed herself to be carried like her mother as if she was a little baby.

"Mother." Veronica growled in both indignation and humiliation. "You owe me an explanation. You and the Evolution Witch."

"Be patient, my child. This experiment is too important for us. This is not the time for you to hold a temper tantrum. You shall have your answers, but now."

A temper tantrum?! Was that how her mother regarded Veronica's completely justified outrage?!

Though the Cyborg Cat wanted to lash out so badly, she kept her mother's words in mind and forcibly held in her anger.

No matter what, the Oblivion Gate Project had to succeed. Far too much precious resources had been invested in its development and construction.

Any failure could have unpredictable and potentially catastrophic consequences.

The timing of the activation of the two gates drew close. This became evident as Cynthia began to accumulate power while at the

same time commanding the Nyxian Gap to channel energy into the Black Oblivion Gate!

The specter of chained souls vaguely became visible as they diverted from the constant rotation in the Nyxian Gap and flew into the gate instead!

The specters did not do so willingly. Many of the more lively and cognizant ones tried to divert their course, but the Beast of Fear slightly strengthened his hold on reality and forced the forgotten souls to serve their destiny as

fuel!

The Beast of Fear was able to exert absolute control over the souls that had little left but fear and other negative energies!

As the captive specters burned themselves up by the thousands if not more,

the chilling runes carved on the surface of the Black Oblivion Gate started to light up and exert their influence on the immediate environment. Veronica looked horrified. She had the illusion that the Black Oblivion Gate was literally being powered by the eons-old remnant souls that had gotten

trapped inside the hazardous region. The entire notion of it freaked her out so much that she did not dare to utter a word about what she was

witnessing.

Fortunately, the Red Oblivion Gate was nowhere near as perverse. The medium-energy environment of the Red Ocean provided it with a much cleaner source of E energy to power its mystical components.

A powerful energy vortex formed with the gate at the center. The high concentration of hyper materials along with the additional assistance of the Evolution Witch's God Kingdom made it so that the many runes of the Red Oblivion Gate began to glow and thrum with power!

As the gates on both sides began to charge up in preparation to form wormholes at the same time, the Evolution Witch no longer kept the increasingly more impatient red humans waiting.

"I have shared enough information about the Oblivion Gate Project. Now

that both gates are fully charged, we shall soon begin our attempt to bridge the divide between our galaxies, if only briefly."

The two Oblivion Gates had become charged with multiple forms of

energy! Ves was able to gain a much better appreciation of what was happening because Veronica happened to be close to the Black Oblivion Gate! If not for the shielding and protection generated by the Oblivion Empress, Veronica would have become affected by the energetic manifestations! At this time, everyone involved truly could not spare their attention on

anything else. They all needed to work in perfect coordination in order to

make this attempt succeed! "It's about to begin!" "Please succeed!"

"Is it wise for us to make contact with the Milky Way again?"

"Let us hope that we do not make more enemies by opening up the



Oblivion Gates."

Chapter 6462 The Attempt

The Evolution Witch powered, protected and controlled the key operations of the Red Oblivion Gate.

The Dimensional Architect monitored the technical parameters of the glowing construct and continued to make minor corrections when

necessary.

The Oblivion Empress continued to leverage the Nyxian Gap, but also controlled the most important triggers of the Black Oblivion Gate.

The Beast of Fear kept the remnant souls in check while also remaining on guard against attacks.

Master Willix precisely timed and configured the two Oblivion Gates to make sure they could connect with each other.

Each of them held important responsibilities. None of them could afford to make any egregious mistakes.

The messy and suboptimal combination of mysticism and cutting-edge high technologies had the potential to do the impossible, but only if every component did their jobs without complications.

It was impossible for faults and errors from occurring. The developers of the Oblivion Gates could only do so much when they were short on a lot of helpful resources and lacking empirical data.

Without conducting a live test, the veracity of their theories would always remain in doubt!

The Evolution Witch had invested much of her knowledge on how to create spatial portals with the power of heaven into the Oblivion Gate Project. If she needed to create a pair of gates that enabled quick passage from one star sector to a neighboring star sector, then she did not need to rely on technological assistance at all. It was completely within her power to physically bridge such a distance by relying on her own profound techniques and self-made artifacts.

Trying to do the same across a distance of more than 50 million light-years was a completely different challenge.

This was where Master Moira Willix came into the picture. Her original research had nothing to do with transporting goods across intergalactic distances, but her deep and profound attainments in gravitic systems and other sciences just happened to put her in a position to help with bridging the divide.

It was due to Cynthia's passing friendship and familiarity with the persistent Master Mech Designer that she saw the possibility of creating the Oblivion Gates!

With a powerful collaborator and helper in the Red Ocean in the form of the Evolution Witch, what appeared to be impossible suddenly became a little less unthinkable!

When Master Willix deeply conferred with the Oblivion Empress and calculated that there was a modest chance that the groundbreaking project might succeed, she dropped all of her previous research and commitments and devoted all of her effort into developing the Oblivion Gates!

What was amazing was that the Survivalist did so without informing or asking for permission from the MTA.

As an old insider, Willix knew that the huge political implications of reopening trade with red humanity would cause the Oblivion Gate Project to become mired in controversy. The forces acting against it were far too strong, making it unlikely to succeed.

This was why Master Willix resolutely kept her contacts and colleagues in the dark. It was also the reason why the Evolution Witch carefully chose to collaborate with the Beast of Fear, whose goals greatly diverged from the current policies of the Mech Trade Association.

The rest of the mechers would find out eventually what they had done. The Oblivion Gate Consortium only hoped that it would be better to ask for forgiveness than permission.

It would be much easier to negotiate a settlement with a large batch of trade goods unique to the Red Ocean.

As Master Willix carefully monitored and adjusted the settings of both Oblivion Gates, she patiently waited until the time was right to trigger the activation of both portals.

greatest as there were too many ways for her to fail and botch the attempt! Despite her enormous burdens, Master Willix maintained her composure despite her proximity to the Black Oblivion Gate.

It was not good for the gates to remain at their full charge for too long. Master Willix needed to pull the trigger in a short amount of time, or else important components would begin to break, making it impossible for the experiment to proceed!

Even as everyone grew impatient due to her inaction, neither the Oblivion Empress nor the Beast of Fear urged her into action.

Both of them were True Gods and existed on a higher level compared to the Master Mech Designer, but Master Moira Willix was the main contributor to the tech that enabled the gates to span such an enormous distance.

Everyone grew tense.

The people of the Red Ocean had little idea that so much hinged on the judgment and timing of a Master Mech Designer.

Veronica made sure to remain completely still. She still harbored a lot of goodwill towards Master Willix and regretted the fact that she had cut ties with her. When her main self entered the Red Ocean, she had neglected many of the old friendships that she once had with the people that she left behind.

Not everyone in the Milky Way was useless to Ves. Master Willix's involvement in this massive project was proof that the old galaxy could still affect the new frontier!

As people from both galaxies waited for the big moment to arrive, Master Willix finally took action!

"NOW!"

Even before she uttered a word, she already transmitted a signal through

her cranial implant.

The Evolution Witch and the Oblivion Empress took action at the same time.

The two gates were substantially different from each other, so they did not complete the exact same steps.

Nonetheless, by the time the Oblivion Gates became fully active, both of them formed wormholes at almost the exact same time!

It was fortunate that completely perfect timing was not an essential requirement. The real concern was that the more the timing was off, the harder it was to establish a connection between the two wormholes! Right now, the two portals both depicted a completely dark void where no light passed through.

Veronica immediately felt a huge threat from the Black Oblivion Gate. She actually wanted to move as far away as possible, but her mother kept such a tight hold over her body that she couldn't move from her grasp! Shortly after the dark portals formed, they began to wobble and grow unstable. No sign of a connection had formed as of yet, but this was an expected outcome. It took a lot more effort to connect two extremely distant portals together.

While the Evolution Witch and the Oblivion Empress kept the portals on their respective gates active, Master Willix continued to change the settings and manipulate the controls.

Several agonizing seconds went by until the portals finally started to change!

The black briefly got replaced by light, until a bright flash suddenly erupted from the nearby sphere-shaped cargo container!

The Oblivion Gates abruptly shut down!

Large amounts of coolant hissed from the various openings of the Oblivion

Gates as the internals rapidly tried to vent the excess heat buildup. Master Willix continued to operate the two gates in order to ensure that

they remained stable and intact after pulling off an attempt that briefly

exerted a huge amount of stress to their systems.

When Veronica recovered from the flash, she eagerly tried to observe whether the swap took place.

Her electronic eyes glowed brighter as she gazed upon a nearly identical

spherical container.

She had taken a very good look at the big metal ball that was originally parked before the Black Oblivion Gate.

The Cyborg Cat did not recognize the sturdy alloy, but she was able to

deduce that it was entirely made out of thick and sturdy first-class exotic

materials.

The key was that the sphere was not built with phasewater at all. This

resource which was not that difficult to obtain in the Red Ocean was countless times more scarce in the Milky Way!

The Beast of Fear was secretly able to smuggle a modest quantity of phasewater to the Nyxian Gap, but all of it had been used to construct the Black Oblivion Gate.

What was even more important was that the original cargo sphere did not incorporate any hyper materials either.

Veronica knew that Unending alloy and a number of other interesting

resources native to the Nyxian Gap actually turned out to be hyper

materials. However, the Nyxian Gap was not that energy-rich, and much of it actually consisted of the spiritual detritus of a lot of dead ancient life forms.

It was impossible for the Nyxian Gap to produce a lot of hyper materials.

His mother actually monopolized much of it to use in her own personal

projects. The cargo sphere may be important enough to employ some of those rare hyper materials, but there was no good reason to do so. The hyper materials native to the Nyxian Gap were very mediocre and did not possess any attributes that could help in this experiment. That was why Veronica could clearly tell that the cargo sphere that

appeared before the Black Obsidian Gate was not the original one.

The color was off. The density had changed. The production process was different. The sphere was made out of an alloy that was both transphasic and hyper!

The most important part was that Veronica clearly recognized that this was

the exact same cargo sphere that Ves observed on the live feed back in the

Red Ocean!

"This..." Veronica uttered but could not finish.

His mother looked as if everything was under her control. A smug and

supremely satisfied expression appeared on her face as she gently petted the Cyborg Cat's head.

"Do you see, my child? You are not the only person in the family that can produce a successful invention."

"This... changes everything..."

"The first attempt is the most difficult one by far because both Oblivion Gates are admittedly incomplete. It is only by incorporating the phasewater and hyper materials shipped from the Red Ocean that this Black Oblivion Gate will become much more reliable and affordable to operate."

Back in the Red Ocean, every red human remained silent for a few seconds until they began to cheer en masse!

Even though the cargo sphere from the Milky Way most definitely contained goods that would never end up in their hands, they still cheered because they understood what this meant!

The Evolution Witch as she hovered before the Red Oblivion Gate and the

distinctly different spherical container.

"The first experiment of the Oblivion Gate Project is a success. Now that we are not only armed with valuable data, but also exchanged rare materials that we sorely need to perfect the two Oblivion Gates, there is a much higher chance that the next activation will succeed as well. The cost of conducting a swap shall still remain high, but it will not be as ruinous as

before. If the upgrades to the Oblivion Gates proceed as planned, then our intergalactic consortium plans to conduct biannual cargo swaps every half year. Make no mistake. In exchange for phasewater and high-grade hyper materials that are not too challenging for us to obtain, we can trade them for generous quantities of super-class materials, unique technological products and priceless cultivation relics." The possibilities were endless! Red humanity may not be in a good shape when it comes to resources, but

the scarcity of phasewater and hyper materials in the Milky Way was so high that they were the equivalent of super-class materials to original humanity!

It was definitely possible to conduct trades that were insanely profitable to both sides! That was even after taking into account the large amount of phasewater that the Red Oblivion Gate needed to burn just to complete a single swap!

Red humanity celebrated yet again in a short span of time!

"We finally have hope!" "What is in those containers?"

"Please let us know what we have obtained from the Milky Way!"

As more and more people clamored to take a look at the trade goods sent

from the old galaxy, a sudden mutation occurred.

The cargo sphere transported to the Red Ocean suddenly began to exhibit

a breach!

The Evolution Witch frowned when a 'small' human-sized blade somehow thrust out from the alloy plating from the inside!

Chapter 6463 A Willful Sword

A sword pierced its way out of the cargo sphere transported into the Red Ocean.

Many people who previously cheered an experiment that would go down in history abruptly fell silent as they beheld the unexpected spectacle.

It did not take a genius to figure out that this was not supposed to happen.

The cargo sphere containing exceedingly rare and expensive super-class materials, data storage devices, sensitive technological equipment and ancient relics that may be of use in the new frontier were all well-stored and sealed.



That did not necessarily mean that they could be tossed around and subjected to the elevated levels of radiation that the Red Oblivion Gate still generated after it had started to cool down.

The sword briefly paused as it managed to pierce its way through the thick alloys that stood in its way, as if it was contemplating how to best extricate itself from its current home.

The weapon then proceeded to accelerate in an instant and blast its way out of the cargo sphere, uncaring for all of the damage it inflicted on its exterior!

After the strange sword finally managed to spring free into open space, it began to slow down and point its tip upwards as if it wanted to take a good look at his new environment.

The sword began to glow in white. Power began to emanate from its ornate white and silver construction.

As it did so, an energy vortex began to form.

It started out small, but ramped up quickly.

Soon enough, the energy vortex had grown so large that it rivaled the one generated by the Oblivion Gate!

The sword was sucking in E-energy as if it was a bedraggled man who had been crawling in the desert for several days before coming across an oasis.

The extraordinary relic glowed brighter and brighter as it did so. The lightshow steadily grew more complex as a rainbow corona started to mix in with all of the white.

The entire display vaguely reminded a lot of people of the Shrine of Light built in the center of the Astral Octagon.

It was like the weapon was unsheathed after an eternity of resting in storage.

The biggest difference between the two was age.

Whereas the Shrine of Light was brand-new and built to modern standards, the autonomous sword was clearly a relic from a time older than most people!

It was like the weapon was unsheathed after an eternity of resting in storage.

The eagerness in which the blade sucked up E energy radiation was obvious to people like Ves.

Compared to the barren environment like the Milky Way, the Red Ocean was obviously a lot more conducive to its systems!

"What is that sword?!"

"Is that one of the old cultivator relics that Her Divinity was speaking about?"

"Wait! I recognize that weapon! That is the Heavensword! It is the national relic of one of the second-rate states of the Majestic Teal Star Sector!"

"The sword... it's transforming!"

The more energy the weapon absorbed, the more it began to look more refined.

It was subtle and nearly undetectable, but Ves was still able to observe a lot of details thanks to the incredibly high-definition projection generated by the Tarrasque.

Ves and his fellow mech designers became more and more awed as they recognized what was happening.

"The Heavensword... is slowly shedding all of the metaphorical rust and tarnish that it had accumulated over so many years." Jovy guessed.

"It is an artifact of an exceedingly high level." Ves shared his own speculation. "It was built in a time when the Milky Way was still able to generate E energy. Whatever calamity took place that caused it to grow barren, the consequences were clearly devastating to all of the energy-hungry artifacts that were built at the time. Even grand works such as this priceless and exquisite weapon can degrade after losing the energy source that has kept it fully powered. From what I know about

the Heavensword, it only managed to hang on all of this time because it contains a pocket space that contains a self-sufficient E energy circulation system."

That was his theory, at least. It explained how the Heavensword was able to survive in a low-energy environment and maintain its most essential operations.

The energy vortex surrounding the Heavensword slowly began to shrink until it became invisible again.

The weapon looked as if it could absorb a lot more E energy, but at least it had managed to sate its immediate appetite. There was plenty of time for it to passively absorb more exotic radiation.

The sword spun around and gently began to fly towards the Evolution Witch.

It was very clear that the god pilot did nothing to control what was obviously a grand work, a masterful creation that exceeded a masterwork by such an astonishing degree that only Star Designers were able to build similar crafts.

This priceless sword approached the Evolution Witch in a surprisingly human manner, making it clear that it was controlled by a more lively intelligence than a rigid AI.

The glowing Heavensword stopped before the god pilot and dipped a few times before turning around to offer its hilt in a respectful manner.

It looked as if the two were communicating on another level

Lucie Miyazaki gazed at the Heavensword with a touch of intrigue for a few seconds before she reached out and grip the one-handed weapon.

The god pilot exuded a sense of power as she tried to grasp and control the awesome power of the Heavensword.

While the weapon did not resist the grip, it obviously did not allow itself to surrender to god pilot either.

A silent struggle ensued as the Evolution Witch failed to tame or harmonize with the weapon.

This was a remarkable display. The Human Biodisaster may be one of the younger god pilots of the Red Ocean, but her willpower was still powerful without a doubt!

Yet her potent willpower only encountered resistance as it tried and failed to impose itself onto the grand work.

The Heavensword was too powerful for the Evolution Witch to control by force.

The struggle lasted for a minute or so before the god pilot decisively ceased her attempt.

Although Divine Lucie Miyazaki clearly could have employed a lot more force if she wished, she declined to dishonor herself in this manner.

The Heavensword clearly possessed a mind of its own. Whatever it saw in the Evolution Witch, the extraordinary artifact clearly disapproved of its would-be wielder.

Considering that it allowed itself to be wielded by much weaker individuals such as the swordmasters of the Heavensword Association as well as Ketis Larkinson in the past, it was not an intolerant weapon.

It was merely a picky and demanding artifact. This was clearly a weapon that possessed the might and the intelligence to pick its own wielder.

"It longs to be wielded by a true swordsman or swordswoman." Ves pointed out the obvious. "Back in the Milky Way, it continued to stick with the Heavensword Association because it is the only state that is filled with people who respect traditional swordsmanship. The Evolution Witch may be far stronger than any of the Heavensword Saints, but she is no sword wielder."

It was not in her nature to dedicate herself to the blade like some other high-level mech pilots.

Her history and biography painted a picture of a desperate woman who was always trying to stay one step ahead of her incurable affiliations.

Speed was of the essence.

She did not enjoy the luxury of time.

She clearly judged that training too hard in the use of a single weapon type was an unproductive use of her time.

She could spend all of those precious hours into mastering more fundamental piloting skills or increasing her familiarity with other useful weapon systems.

While Ves had no doubt that a god pilot like the Evolution Witch could wield a sword with greater effectiveness than Venerable Dise, there would still be a fundamental difference in heart and intention.

True sword wielders regarded their weapons as more than tools. They treated their sword styles as if they were artforms, and they regarded every battle as a ritual dance.

Seeing that the Evolution Witch clearly could not bring herself to appreciate the heart and soul of swordsmanship, the Heavensword wrenched itself out of her grasp.

The god pilot did not try to keep it in her possession.

The Heavensword began to orient itself in this new and exciting dwarf galaxy. Once it had chosen a precise direction, it quickly began to accelerate, distancing itself from the bemused-looking god pilot and the Red Oblivion Gate.

The bladed artifact continued to accelerate. Its speed increased at a decent rate, but it would still take a long time before it reached any distant destination.

That was until it actually began to form a warp bubble around itself!

Ves widened his eyes. He recalled that the Heavensword, or at least an incarnation of it, had once showed up in Davute and allowed itself to be wielded by Ketis for a time.

He distinctly remembered that near the end of the strange alien kidnapping attempt, the Heavensword had probably swallowed the dormant and captive phase whale in the center of the alien prison complex whole!

Ves had no idea how the Heavensword could even do this when it had mysteriously projected itself into the Red Ocean.

Perhaps the only reason why this scenario was plausible was that it happened before the Great Severing.

Only hundreds of thousands of light-years separated the Red Ocean from the Milky Way.

In any case, the Heavensword obviously managed to master at least a part of the power of a phase whale!

The warp bubble quickly grew stronger, causing the fabric of space around the weapon to distort even more.

This enabled the Heavensword to accelerate much faster. It quickly flew so far away that the projection screen was no longer able to display the bright streak of light anymore!

Many red humans remained confused and bewildered by this entire sequence.

It was clear that none of it was a planned event.

Despite this little surprise, the Evolution Witch maintained her composure.

She did not look bothered at all that a small 'accident' had occurred.

"The experiment is a success." She confirmed as she seamlessly moved on from what had happened. "Both Oblivion Gates shall undergo extensive upgrades and repairs. If no significant setbacks occur, we will commence the second experiment roughly half a year later. I cannot promise you a precise date, partially to prevent our enemies from trying to sabotage the next event. I will not necessarily open the Red Oblivion Gate in Yernstall either. This concludes my announcement. The Oblivion Gate Consortium will soon contact numerous parties to jointly plan and coordinate our

next material swap with our partners in the Milky Way. We must do everything in our power to build the most powerful machines of tomorrow."

The Evolution Witch disappeared, and so did the Red Oblivion Gate.

It was clear that she had no trouble with stowing away the priceless gate construct in her own pocket space or whatever.

The Dimensional Architect that silently provided technical support in this dwarf galaxy wordlessly teleported away.

The show was over.

Red humans began to share their thoughts and speculations with each other again.

Vector Loban rose from his couch. "It is time, Ves."

Ves nodded. Now that the Evolution Witch had concluded her big show, he finally got to meet her in person again.

He had been waiting for this audience for a long time.

Even as the Transhumanist liaison led Ves away, he began to shift much of his focus to the Milky Way.

The Evolution Witch was not the only individual he could squeeze for answers.

His mother should also be able to answer his questions!

Right now, Veronica was not exactly pleased with the Oblivion Empress.

The Lady of the Night had purposefully avoided Veronica in the past half year.

The Cyborg Cat initially did not think much of it, but in hindsight it was clear that Cynthia Larkinson deliberately tried to keep her own child in the dark!

This was unacceptable!

Chapter 6464 Obedience Is Mandatory

The event had concluded.

The Evolution Witch's announcement had shocked red humanity, but only for a time.

The Oblivion Gates did not directly affect their lives and livelihoods. Not yet. There was no way that ordinary citizens could gain access to the strategically valuable goods sent from the Milky Way.

Much of the goods obtained through this intergalactic exchange would benefit the people at the top.

These improvements would subsequently help red humanity put up a better fight against the native aliens, but that was not entirely certain.

These reasons and more caused the enthusiasm towards the Oblivion Gates to die down pretty quickly.

A lot of individuals quickly shifted their focus back on the Red Collective and the Yellow Jacket models.

Unlike those gates that weren't even developed enough to transport living people between the two galaxies, people could easily experience the benefits brought by systematic cultivation and Carmine mechs!

Ves was one of the few people who could not afford to move past the Oblivion Gates and the many implications of their existence.

Before he was able to meet with the Evolution Witch in person, his incarnation over in the Milky Way had already begun to talk with his mother.

The Oblivion Empress and the Beast of Fear saw no need to relocate to a more comfortable location.



The entire site was under the Beast of Fear's control. His God Kingdom monitored everything that took place within its reach, and it was trivially easy for him to prevent others from eavesdropping on their conversation.

Meanwhile, Master Willix continued to remain engrossed by the data stored by her elaborate workstation.

It was an eclectic gathering of people, especially with Veronica in the mix.

Unfortunately for the Cyborg Cat, she was by far the most junior and least informed among the four!

Veronica directed her artificial eyes towards the Beast of Fear.

The god biomech presented an intimidating sight. The poor incarnation felt she was still at the mercy of an apex predator beyond comparison.

"Can we speak in private?" Veronica meekly asked.

A feminine hand gently caressed the Cyborg Cat's back plating. "There is no need for that. This conversation will be more illuminating for you if he is present to provide clarification. Now that we have successfully completed this phase, you are now permitted to learn a glimpse of our grand design."

"You already dragged me into this dangerous mess to begin with!" Veronica angrily shouted as she tried and failed to squirm out of her mother's iron grip! "Since my Carmine mechs play such an important role in your plan, why didn't you inform me before you tried to bridge the gap between the two galaxies?! It would have been handy for you to give me advanced warning that I am about to become the number one enemy of the Common Fleet Alliance!"

Her mother imperiously looked down on her. As much as Veronica 'loved' her mother, she still couldn't get accustomed to her more... cold and inhuman traits.

She was not as human as the mother that raised her in her early childhood. That Cynthia Larkinson was gone forever.

After dying and ascending back to life and straight into godhood, the woman behaved much more like a True God and less like a mortal mother.

Veronica had tried her best to ignore the times when she felt alienated from her own mother, but she could not do so anymore.

There was a fundamental disconnect between mother and child.

They were much more different than the Cyborg Cat thought.

As much as they were bound by blood, they were way too far apart in everything else.

Her mother was older than the Age of Mechs. She had already lived under three radically different identities that she knew of. She still had no idea about her current goals and ambitions!

All of this caused Veronica to become more and more fearful towards her own mother.

If the two weren't mother and child, Veronica instinctively felt that the Oblivion Empress would have been nowhere near as gentle as now!

The Lady of the Night was a frightening woman! Her ultimate plan ran so deep that she even agreed to cooperate with one of the most deviant and shunned god pilots of the MTA!

She—

"Ehem." Cynthia coughed.

The True God released a small pulse of power that shook Veronica's Spirituality.

The interruption jarred the Cyborg Cat's mind, but also dragged her out of her negative spiral.

The mother pointedly gazed at the tentacled monstrosity.

"I would appreciate it if you refrained from stimulating my offspring's fear reactions."

The vaguely giant canine beast responded with a predatory grin. "That cat of yours is filled with fear. I may even go as far as to say that he, or she I suppose, is ruled by it. So much of it haunts her mind that she is entirely driven towards getting rid of the source of her distress. Her fear is... delectable."

"And you shall in no way feed off her fear."

"I would not dream of it, my partner. Let us proceed with this necessary discussion. Your offspring's desire for answers is just as strong as 'her' fears."

Veronica really did not like to be in the presence of two True Gods. They ascended so much that there was a fundamental disconnect between them and the mortals that surrounded them. Their dismissive attitude towards lesser beings grated the Cyborg Cat a lot!

"Mother." She said in an attempt to bring this conversation back on track. "Please explain to me why you did not see fit to inform me of your plan ahead of time."

"It was unnecessary." Cynthia Larkinson dismissively said as she continued to strike Veronica's head and back. "I am certain you are familiar with the need to know principle. Secrets must only be shared to others when necessary. Since you are no use to us in the prior phase of our plan, there is no positive benefit to informing you ahead of time."

"That is not true, mother! I could have made preparations to defend myself against the assassination attempts I know are coming. I also could have begun work on a Carmine mech that is completely adapted to the Milky Way. If you wanted to present the people of this galaxy with a Carmine mech, then I cannot blindly publish the Yellow Jacket designs. They cannot be made here! My design team and I have made extensive use of hyper materials that are nonexistent here. The Yellow Jackets also rely on exotics that also can't be found in the Milky Way. The fastest way to present a working Carmine mech design to the locals is to design a new Carmine mech from the ground up that copies much of the Yellow Jacket mech's homework, and that will take months of dedicated design work!"

Translating a Red Ocean mech into a Milky Way mech was not as simple as it sounded. From design philosophies to substantially different material availability and properties, there was no way Veronica could make do by designing a hasty variant of the Yellow Jacket.

Too much needed to be changed in order to complete the conversion. The workload was so great that Veronica might as well start over with a blank slate and design a proper Milky Way-adapted Carmine mech from the very beginning.

While it may be true that she did not have time in the past 6 months to work on other mech designs aside from the ones of the Swarm Project, she still could have made plenty of preparations in advance!

Now, Veronica unwillingly had to devote a few months of her time on designing a new Carmine mech that she never thought was necessary.

This was all because her mother kept him in the dark!

"Your points are valid, yet irrelevant. A delay of a few months is inconsequential. It takes time to open up a formal dialogue with the Mech Trade Association. We can present the designs of your Yellow Jackets as a temporary solution. If you knew how much peril you will face after we reveal the existence of your Carmine mechs to the Milky Way, would you have been able to work on your Swarm Project as comfortably as you did in the last half year?"

"..."

She made a good point. Veronica knew that she wouldn't have a good time if she knew what was coming. The quality of her work might drop. Her progress might slow down, causing the project to be delayed.

"It's the principle of the matter that counts." Veronica weakly complained.

"Irrelevant." Cynthia shook her head. "The Oblivion Gate Project is too important for news of it to spread to the wrong groups. Maintaining secrecy is more important than satisfying your curiosity. You are not adequately able to protect your secrets. Your human self in the Red Ocean is being watched too closely by your protectors from the Red Association. It only takes a single slip of the tongue to prematurely expose our plan."

"Have you ever thought that I would refuse to cooperate with you guys?" Veronica growled, trying and failing to sound intimidating. "I am the only one who can design Carmine mechs, which according to you is pivotal to preventing a horde of god mechs and CFA battleships from obliterating the Black Oblivion Gate. That means that I am one of the failure points of your plan. I can simply refuse to design the MW version of a Carmine mech, you know."

"You have no choice." Cynthia said in a sterner voice. "From the moment we developed a pair of working Oblivion Gates, it is only a matter of time before the MTA and the CFA learn about the results. The Beast of Fear over here cannot do much to delay the arrival of a punitive force that will either steal or destroy the Black Oblivion Gate. We cannot resist them on a military front. Not only will we lose the gate, but my empire, as rudimentary as it is, will be crushed under their tyrannical heel. I will not be able to escape if they dispatch one or multiple hostile god pilots and will suffer yet another death. You and your father may be able to run and hide, but you will fail. The MTA or the CFA will catch the two of you sooner or later, and you will perish in their hands after they have absorbed as much information from you as possible. Only by making our situation public and using Carmine mechs as a means to win overwhelming public support will you be able to preserve your continued existence in this galaxy."

Her mother smiled at the cat. "You are bluffing. You would never deny your cooperation to us. You are not even as upset with us as you appear to be. Do you know why? I am your mother. You are expected to obey my commands. To even mention it is redundant."

"Mother..."

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Veronica grimaced. Her mother was right. The Cyborg Cat had no choice. There was no other viable way forward aside from conforming to her risky plan!

"I don't like it, mother. I need you to be more forthcoming to me. I don't want to be kept in the dark, especially now that my Carmine mechs may be the only reason that will keep us all alive in the next months."

"The kid deserves his due." The Beast of Fear unexpectedly voiced his support. "There is not much harm in revealing the next steps of our Oblivion Plan."

Veronica felt an undeniable sense of pleasure and eagerness when the god pilot mentioned the plan.

"What... is the Oblivion Plan?"

"The Oblivion Plan is an ambitious scheme to engineer the rise and expansion of the Oblivion Empire." Cynthia Larkinson finally gave a straightforward answer. "The goal is to expand the Nyxian Gap... by devouring the surrounding star sectors."

Veronica grew shocked and horrified after hearing this diabolical answer! "What?! Are you actually planning to expand the hazardous region?! Thousands of populated star systems will get engulfed! Trillions of people will lose their homes and workplaces! Entire states will fall!"

"That is true, but the Nyxian Gap is hungry, my child. It is too weak, and the activation of the Black Oblivion Gate has drained it of its souls. It needs to be replenished. Only by devouring the nutrients around it will I be able to command more power. Strength is vital to our continued survival. The stronger I become, the more I can keep us all secure in this hostile galaxy."

"That... the Big Two will never stand for this! How can you possibly stop the mechers and the fleeters from destroying the surrounding star sectors?!"

"The answer to that question is simple. We engineer the downfall of the Big Two." The Beast of Fear spoke with obvious pleasure and exhilaration!

"WHAAAAAAAT?!"

Chapter 6465 The Oblivion Plan

Veronica carefully looked up at her mother's expression before gazing back at the Beast of Fear.

The two True Gods were not joking around. They casually shared their intentions to make the Nyxian Gap devour the surrounding star sectors while at the same time engineering the downfall of the MTA and CFA!

How the hell was Veronica supposed to proceed after finding out that her mother and an actual god pilot had gone terrorist?!

No matter their intentions, what they had in mind was bound to destabilize the Milky Way and cause a lot of deaths!

The two True Gods undoubtedly understood the potential consequences of their nefarious plan.

They simply didn't care about the death and misery that would result from their current and future actions.

How could Veronica possibly tolerate them and their mad scheme?!

While Veronica grew increasingly more outraged, her mother only grew amused at her response.

"You asked for this, my child. If you insist on becoming involved, then you will need to hear the outline of our Oblivion Plan, I am aware that it may contain elements that you may find distasteful, but know that everything has a purpose. We are not doing this because we can, but because we must."

As the magnitude of the revelations dawned on the Cyborg Cat, she suddenly grew a lot more fearful than before.

Veronica needed to tread a lot more carefully around her mother and the Beast of Fear. While they may present a friendly posture to her at the moment, there was no telling whether they would show their ugly sides!

The cat tried her best to calm herself down and keep her emotions under control. She did not think it was wise to antagonize the two very powerful and morally deficient True Gods!

"Er... I have a question, Mr. Beast."

"Do not call me that."

"Oh, sorry, Your Divinity. Maybe this is stupid, but... aren't you supposed to protect the MTA since you are a mecher?"

The intimidating god biomech grinned with its sharp canine-like teeth.

"As the chief councilor of the 'Red Collective' over in the other galaxy, you should not be naive anymore. The Mech Trade Association is rotten and decayed. The Evolution Witch can tell you all about it. On the surface, the MTA looks pristine, but if you dive deep enough, you will realize that it has grown into a corrupt and bloated mess of an organization that is less about mechs than about protecting the privileges of the oldest and most established leaders. Latecomers such as myself have no chance of displacing the ones that came first."

Cynthia Larkinson nodded in agreement. "The MTA and the CFA have good intentions. They have done humanity much good by ending the infighting that almost threatened to topple human civilization. However, for all of the relative safety and stability their combined regime has provided, the humans under their reign have gradually been losing their vitality and drive over a long period of time. You can easily discern this yourself by comparing the humans of the Red Ocean to the humans of the Milky Way." Anyone who made this comparison could see how much more desperate, invested and passionate the red humans had become in recent years.

The humans who migrated to the Red Ocean were adventurous to begin with, and the threat of extinction had caused them to become a lot more proactive than before!

"What does that have to do with breaking up the Big Two?"

"I hate the Big Two. I despise the Common Fleet Alliance, and I despise the Mech Trade Association even more." The Beast of Fear growled. "Fear is my sustenance. If I wish to make further progress, I must absorb the fear generated by any organism that is capable of experiencing this emotion. The Milky Way is large, but far too many people have been lulled into complacency. The Big Two have become too powerful and have become adamant about coddling the human race. All they are doing is destroy any potential of greatness among our people. Their overly restrictive and cautious rules are holding us back. The absence of fear has stopped them from progressing. It has also stopped me from acquiring what I need to grow stronger."

Though Veronica did not like it, she happened to agree with this sentiment. There was no way she could hide this reaction from a god pilot.

"I do not necessarily disagree with you, Your Divinity, but just because the Big Two are... flawed... doesn't necessarily mean that you should directly plot their downfall! Don't you think that sounds extreme?"

Genuine fury started to rise from the Beast of Fear.



Veronica became so much fearful of the god biomech that she tried to cuddle even closer to her mother!

"NOTHING IS TOO EXTREME! I HATE WHAT HUMANITY HAS BECOME IN THE MILKY WAY! DID YOU KNOW THAT I REPEATEDLY APPLIED TO TRANSFER TO THE RED OCEAN? THE OBSTRUCTIONISTS FROM THE MTA REPEATEDLY DENIED MY REQUESTS! I COULD HAVE GAINED SO MUCH MORE OVER THERE! THERE ARE SO MANY NATIVE ALIENS OVER THERE THAT FEAR OUR MIGHT, AND THESE DAYS

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interested in strengthening yourselves at the expense of other humans. Noble intentions or not, the two of you are mainly trying to justify your planned acts of terrorism!"

The Beast of Fear ominously chuckled. "That is a brave accusation... but that does not necessarily mean you are wrong. Two things can be true at the same time, little feline. I do have ambitions of my own, but I think that every worthy human will stand to benefit from freeing themselves from the overbearing rule of the Big Two. I have never made my low regard for the current order a secret. Otherwise, I would not have found common cause with the Unbounders. We recognize the necessity of breaking apart the MTA and the CFA. Unless they fall apart or weaken to the point where they can no longer project their power across the entire galaxy, none of us will be able to escape their repression."

Veronica struggled to accept that this was even possible.

"You are speaking nonsense. There is no way that a single True God and an outcast god pilot can topple even just one of the Big Two. They are too powerful!" Cynthia agreed with Veronica.

"Nothing is impossible. The MTA and the CFA are too powerful, but that is where ingenuity comes into play. What we cannot accomplish through brute force, we can accomplish through strategy. That is part of what we are trying to achieve with our Oblivion Plan. Veronica, you shall be the catalyst that will hopefully engineer the largest and most destructive civil war among humans!"

"WHAT?! I can't do that! I am just a cat!"

"Oh, dear. Do not deny your capacity to trigger absolute chaos and destruction. You are a mech designer. More importantly than that, you are the 'Father of Carmine Mechs! Think about it, my child. What do you think will happen if we release the design of simplified, affordable and easily produced versions of Carmine mechs throughout every star sector of human civilization in the Milky Way? What if we did so without giving the public and the Big Two enough time to prepare for this epochal

product release?"

Veronica tried her best to imagine what would happen if there was no one exerting adequate control over the product rollout.

"It would go out of control pretty quickly. Too many norms are so obsessed with

mechs that they will do everything to pilot a mech of their own. It doesn't matter if the Carmine mechs I release are low-performance budget models. As long as they look and fight like a mech, every norm with enough money or connections will acquire them like there is nothing more important. Many mech manufacturers will try to meet the insane demand and churn out Carmine mechs like no tomorrow. They will flood the market in great quantities."

"The Mech Trade Association will not let this chaos spread. I can easily predict that the mechers shall attempt to crack down on Carmine mechs."

"As if that will work. Veronica dismissively said. "The MTA might attempt to block production, but it can never eliminate the demand. As long as that is the case, the black markets will be more than happy to supply the masses with what they want. Given the enormous population of original humanity, trillions of Carmine mechs will flood the Milky Way within a couple of years! As long as they are easy enough to operate and as long as their living mechs give them a lot of additional assistance, Carmine mech pilots will require as little as a year to gain enough combat proficiency

with them to fight on the battlefield."

"What will they do with their Carmine mechs? Will they be content to parade them around and occasionally spar against their friends?"

"No. Once a huge number of norms are suddenly in control of war-making potential, many of them cannot resist the urge to live out their fantasies and do something with their war machines. Since the people here are not facing any legitimate external threats like red humanity, they will naturally turn against each other. Conflicts and infighting will break out throughout our society. The MTA and CFA along with many states will desperately try to contain the outbreak of violence, but the sheer quantity of Carmine mechs will overwhelm them to exhaustion! This may even cause the Big Two to fray. The fleeters will become more and more aggravated as they try and fail to stamp out the damage. The mechers on the other hand will probably try to be more accommodating towards Carmine mechs. This may generate an increasing amount of friction between the two hegemonies. At one point, the CFA may actually turn against the MTA after deeming mechs an unacceptable threat to human civilization!"

If this actually came to pass, then the destructive civil war that the Oblivion Empress referred to may actually come to pass!

Chapter 6466 Serve Your People

Ice ran through Veronica's veins.

In the past few years, she had noticed that her mother had become increasingly more distracted.

When she was not spending her time on meditation, the Oblivion Empress conferred with her minions and made other preparations in secret.

Veronica had tried to poke around and discover what her mother was up to, but none of her attempts yielded any useful information.

The incarnation eventually gave up. The disparity in knowledge and power was far too great. Veronica had no chance of prying her mother's secrets. This caused her to give up her search and simply trust that Cynthia Larkinson would not do anything to imperil everyone.

She had completely misjudged her mother!

Coming back alive was not enough for the Oblivion Empress!

Ascending to the rank of True God and taking over the Nyxian Gap did not sate her ambitions!

In order to pursue greater power, Cynthia not only colluded with the Evolution Witch and the Beast of Fear, but also plotted to unleash a storm that could break the Big Two!

The unprecedented turmoil that would erupt as a result of her devious scheme could truly cause every human state to descend into chaos!

As Veronica listened to the outline given by her mother, the Cyborg Cat grew more and more fearful of what she had gotten into. She never imaged that the invention of Carmine mechs could lead to such catastrophic consequences. How could the incarnation ever expect that she would revive such a monstrous woman?!

The Cyborg Cat's artificial eyes flitted back and forth between Cynthia and the Beast of Fear.

Neither of the two displayed any hint of reluctance or guilt towards the Oblivion Plan. They truly believed that they could achieve all of their goals, even the more unrealistic ones, by provoking the CFA into a civil war against the MTA!

Veronica glanced to the side and stared at Master Willix.

What did she think about this radical plot?

Did the Survivalist truly support this insane plan to break the Big Two?

Or was the Master just like Veronica, an innocent helper who became an unwitting accomplice to a conspiracy that may very well lead to mass slaughter and genocide

on a scale unseen since the Age of Conquest?

Whatever her thoughts and feelings about the issue, Master Willix did a good job at trying to blend into the background,

When two True Gods were speaking, a mortal like herself needed to tread carefully. No matter her importance to the Oblivion Gate Project, it was not wise for a mech designer without any significant combat power to contradict highly emotional and irrational True Gods that were clearly fixated on their obsessions.

This was especially the case when they were posturing or needed to show their faces in front of their allies or enemies!

High-ranking mech designers like Master Willix more often than not had a lot of practice with dealing with stubborn, mule-headed expert pilots or ace pilots. It was often impossible to persuade these powerful and strong-willed individuals with sound arguments, so mech designers simply learned not to bother anymore.

If they truly felt that changes needed to happen, then mech designers learned that it was better if they did so out of sight of the powerful mech pilots they ostensibly served.

Not that Veronica believed that Master Willix had much room for maneuver. The Oblivion Empress would never tolerate any missteps from the lead researcher and developer of the Oblivion Gate Project.

Veronica needed to have a good talk with Master Willix.

Even if there was no way for them to hold a private conversation when they were both under constant monitoring by the Oblivion Empress, the two still needed to hold a good reunion talk.

Although Master Willix did not say or make any gesture that she acknowledged Veronica's silent request, her complete lack of reaction was already a form of communication in itself.

The two were both mech designers who were familiar with each other. They already formed an implicit understanding with each other without resorting to any redundant signals.

Veronica liked working with smart and thoughtful people.

In any case, Master Willix may be content to bow her head and stay mum, but the Cyborg Cat was different!

She was still too shocked and outraged by the plan unveiled by her mother, and there was no way for her to hide her earnest reactions.

Since that was the case, Veronica may as well challenge the two True Gods, even if there was virtually no realistic chance for them to change their minds.

If that was not possible, then Veronica at least wanted to extract more information out of the two crazies!

"This Oblivion Plan... relies on too many requirements to produce the desired outcomes." The Cyborg Cat suppressed her anger and tried to adopt a more rational approach even as she continued to get petted by her mother. "The fleeters are not stupid. They know that if they want to preserve the current order, it is best to remove any variables that threaten it. How can you possibly defend against an overwhelming preemptive strike against the Nyxian Gap? Will you rely solely on the hazardous environment to keep away the CFA battleships? I don't think that will work. I am not too sure about this, but I bet that they can just stay outside and rely on advanced technology and overwhelming brute force to collapse the Nyxian Gap."

The Beast of Fear's monstrous visage actually nodded in acknowledgement at the arguments put forward by Veronica.

"No plan is perfect, and no enemy will obediently follow your arrangements. It is good that you remain critical. We are well aware of how much our Oblivion Plan relies on specific events falling into place, but do not underestimate us either. If one solution does not work, then we can resort to another solution, even if it is inferior. A single setback will not necessarily mean that our plan is doomed to fail. We can still proceed with destabilizing the Milky Way without your Carmine mechs, but it would be vastly more preferable if you can present them to the public in the short term."

It was too naive for Veronica to think that their Oblivion Plan was so easy to unravel. Still, there should be a huge difference between working under optimal and suboptimal conditions.

"Look, I don't know if you have forgotten about this, but I am a mech designer." The silvery cat stated. "I design mechs for the purpose of serving mech pilots as well as the rest of our society. My works are meant to improve people's lives and help them attain better futures for themselves. Unleashing Carmine mechs in a society that does not need it clearly goes against my purpose and mission. I cannot answer your demand to design a Milky Way-adapted Carmine mech for you guys. Your Oblivion Plan... is too

monstrous"

Veronica took a huge risk by expressing her objections to the powerful True Gods, but she figured that they already predicted her reactions. It was only natural for her to

speak her mind.

Fortunately, neither of the two became violent. Instead, Cynthia and the Beast of Fear continued to look at him as if he was an ignorant child.

"Refusal is not an option. You will design the necessary Carmine mechs for us." Cynthia spoke in a slightly firmer and more authoritative voice. Her fingers also started to press against Veronica's back with greater force. "You are my child, and it is your duty to serve your mother over that of strangers. While we may have prepared alternatives, your contribution is almost guaranteed to spread chaos and conflict in the Milky Way and trigger an irreconcilable contradiction between the MTA and the CFA. Unless the Big Two are sufficiently distracted and unable to act on their hostility towards us, we will never be safe. I will die. Your sister Helena will die. Your father Ryncol will die. Your cat incarnation will die. Are you truly willing to let all of us perish because of a sense of duty to a people that does not appreciate your work?"

"I am a mech designer!" Veronica exclaimed!

The Oblivion Empress smirked in an ominous fashion. "You are a mech designer of red humanity. As the chief councilor of the Red Association and the leader of a growing clan of Larkinsons, your responsibility lies with the humans of the Red Ocean. The original humans of the Milky Way are not your people anymore. Their leaders are hostile and pose a threat against our family. You have no obligation to serve them to the best of their ability. Tell me, if you can save red humanity by helping us destroy the current order in the Milky Way, will you agree to do so, or will you cling to your misguided principles and let the Big Two deprive us of our lives?"

The mention of family was a low blow. Veronica's expression grew ugly as she struggled to figure out the right response.

She could not deny the assumption that the Big Two would try to kill them all if they understood how much of a threat they posed.

Since MTA and the CFA were bound to become hostile, why should she stick up for them? She still cared about original humanity, but she cared about red humanity

more.

She had a family of her own in the Red Ocean! If Veronica failed to do her best to help



red humanity win the ongoing war, then Gloriana, Aurelia, Andraste and Marvaine may die!

This was an unforgivable outcome as far as she was concerned!

The Oblivion Empress was right. Family mattered before everything. "I'll see what I can do." Veronica offered a weak but ultimately compromising response. "However, there are still too many dubious parts about the Oblivion Plan. How certain are you that the release of Carmine mechs will lead to widespread breakdowns in the current order? The Big Two are pretty strong. Even if the mechers are mainly responsible for maintaining internal stability, their first-class multipurpose mechs are so strong that they can pacify any uprising or conflict."

"It will not work for long." Cynthia shook her head. "One of the reasons why the MTA is able to maintain its rule is because it has developed a benevolent reputation. The mechers are often seen as the 'good guys! What do you think will happen if their first-class multipurpose mechs indiscriminately cracks down on all of the battles between Carmine mechs? The mechers will turn from saviors into oppressors. Combined with imposing heavy restrictions and prohibitions against the use of Carmine mechs, the population will soon regard the MTA as a tyrannical organization that unfairly takes away people's right to pilot mechs."

That actually sounded very realistic, but there was an obvious loophole to this

argument.

"The mechers should be smart enough to realize this as well. They won't fall for this trap so easily." Veronica said.

"Ah, but that is the beauty of this plan. We do not intend to give the MTA another

choice. You see, it is not only the general population that will destabilize the current order. There are many other like-minded groups that share a common goal with us. Even if we do not formally meet with each other, it is certain that they will tacitly cooperate with us. They will eagerly fan the flames and exacerbate the problems within human civilization."

The Oblivion Empress and the Beast of Fear alone could never topple the Big Two by themselves, but if they could gather enough powerful allies, then their chances became a lot more realistic!

"Who will you cooperate with, mother?"

"We have already formed an extensive list of potential allies. The MTA and CFA have

made too many enemies. As long as they show weakness, their adversaries will not be able to resist the temptation to strike. Currently, we are planning to reach out to sympathizers within the MTA, the Greater Terran United Confederation, the New Rubarth Empire, many other first-rate states, the Cosmopolitan Movement and the Five Scrolls Compact. Forming this unholy alliance is one of the most helpful conditions to successfully tear down the Big Two and allow us to grow strong enough to defend our right to live!"

Chapter 6467 The Prodigal Daughter

Veronica already became shocked when she first learned about the Oblivion Plan, but she couldn't help but exhibit the same reaction when she heard about this 'unholy alliance!'

The groups that Cynthia mentioned had little in common with each other. Many of them possessed outright hostile and antagonistic relationships with all of the other groups!

Just the inclusion of the Cosmopolitan Movement and the Five Scrolls Compact was bound to tarnish this questionable alliance!

That was why it was an unholy alliance. None of its members banded together with each other because of shared ideals or principles. Only the most cold-hearted reasons could tentatively persuade them to temporarily shift their weapons away from each other and encourage them to unite against their common enemies!

The latter just happened to be the MTA and the CFA, who kept the Milky Way in a stranglehold for too long!

Although Veronica could understand the logic behind this unholy alliance, she still felt sick at the thought that her mother would actually ally with the likes of the cosmopolitans and Compact cultists.

The Cyborg Cat looked up at her mother with stupefaction.

"How... how can you possibly ally with them? I mean, I get why the first-rate superstates want to kick the Big Two when they are down and regain the sovereignty that they had lost, but that does not mean it is a good idea to work together with all of those terrorist organizations! The

cosmopolitans will never fight alone. They will collude with the aliens of the Milky Way and encourage them to invade our space, just like what happened in the Red Ocean!"

The cosmopolitan cells in the Red Ocean were no different from the ones in the Milky Way.

This meant that there was a large chance that these crazed fanatics would do everything in their power to help the aliens put up a better fight, even if that would cause the enemies of mankind to grow too powerful!

"The Cosmopolitan Movement and the aliens of the Milky Way are in a much worse state than their counterparts in the Red Ocean." Cynthia confidently reasoned back. "As distasteful as it is, we need to borrow their power to further destabilize human civilization as well as the Big Two. The MTA and the CFA are too dominant. Only by applying greater internal and external pressure do we stand a chance at breaking them into pieces."

"Then what about the Five Scrolls Compact?! Aren't you a traitor who has been

persecuted by them for centuries? Didn't the Holy Daughter of the Water Scroll attempt to invade the Nyxian Gap and take you out in one go, only for you to defeat her and steal her Golden Laurel Wreath Crown, which you still hold to this day? The Compact has tried to invade the Nyxian Gap multiple times for the express purpose of killing you and taking back the crown!"

The mention of the Compact did not elicit the expected reaction from the Oblivion Empress.

The woman simply smirked at Veronica. "My child, you still have much to go before you become a qualified cultivator. Do you know how I have managed to rise to the upper ranks of the Wood Shrine all those years ago? Do you know why I have managed to survive the Great Betrayal where so many of my peers have perished? Do you know why the Five Scrolls Compact shall grit its teeth, accept my terms and join our unholy alliance? It is because I have understood and acted upon an important adage. There are no eternal allies, there are no perpetual enemies. Only our interests are eternal and perpetual."

"What... what do you mean by that? How does this apply to this context?"

"You should already know the answer, Veronica. You are just reluctant to admit it. It is true that I betrayed the Wood Shrine, the Metal Shrine and the Five Scrolls Compact as a whole. There are still old survivors in the modern cult that deeply despise my actions, past and current. However, as much as the Compact is hostile to me, it has always regarded the Big Two as their greater enemies. Now

that I am in a position to give the Compact an enormous advantage, the grudges and disputes between it and myself are not important anymore."

No matter how hard she tried, Veronica could not imagine that the Five Scrolls Compact could go from enemies to allies in a single leap. This transition was way too abrupt!

"Aren't you putting too much trust in those deranged cultists?" Veronica shakily asked. "They can stab us in the back at any moment once they have used us up. The Compact has no principles or honor. You can't trust this cult with anything."

"You do not need to lecture me about them. I used to be one of those 'deranged cultists, as you mistakenly call them. I thrived among them once before, and I can do it again. If the Compact desires to regain its prior strength and become relevant in the conflicts to come, its Water Shrine must have a leader. Since I have successfully withstood its challenges and retained possession of the Golden Laurel Wreath Crown, I have proved that I have a greater right to own it than others. If the Compact does not want to remain half-disabled, it has little choice but to anoint me as one of its Holy Daughters. The Water Scroll will likely remain stubborn, but I am confident that I can prove my right to hold the crown by defeating all challengers. This is the only course of action that will not only melt much of the hostility between us, but also put us in a better position to fight against the Big Two."

"WHAAAAAAAAAAT?!"

The Oblivion Plan ran so deep that Veronica did not even know how much more shocking surprises that she had yet to learn about!

It was one thing to form a temporary truce against the Five Scrolls Compact.

It was another thing for Cynthia to turn from a loathsome traitor into one of the two ultimate leaders of the current iteration of this notorious organization!

"Wait." The Cyborg Cat gasped in realization. "Does this mean that we will all become a part of the Five Scrolls Compact?!"

What madness was this?! How could his mother forget about all of the times the Compact cultists tried to kill her, both before and after her resurrection?!

To suddenly turn around and demand the Compact to anoint her as the Holy Daughter

of the Water Scroll was utterly ludicrous!

Would the Compact even agree to her outrageous proposal?!

Veronica's feline body shook.

The Compact cultists may just be insane and irrational enough to hold up their noses and 'reluctantly' agree to elevate the Oblivion Empress into one of their leaders! "This... this is too much. If you do this... there is no way we can reconcile with the MTA and the CFA anymore." Veronica haltingly said. "You will all lead us to damnation. We will become reprehensible criminals who can never become an upstanding member of human civilization anymore."

"Do you truly care about that, my child? The humans of the Milky Way are not your people. There is no need for you to integrate with them. We are already outcasts, and we are too weak to defend ourselves against the MTA or the CFA. If I become the Holy Daughter of the Water Scroll, I shall not only be able to command the Water Shrine, but gain the protection of the entire Five Scrolls Compact. If the MTA or CFA are so determined to eliminate us that they will do everything in their power to invade or destroy the Nyxian Gap, we can always evacuate to the Ruined Temple in the galactic center as a last resort."

Veronica shook again. She still couldn't wrap her mind around all of these outrageous

possibilities.

If the Oblivion Empress agreed to become the nominal Holy Daughter of the Water Scroll, yet did little else to engage with the Five Scrolls Compact, then Veronica could barely accept this new situation.

Her mother wouldn't really join the Compact in truth. At most, she gained limited access to the Water Scroll and may gain the right to issue orders to the low-ranking

troops of the cult.

However, if his mother truly wanted to become a genuine leader of the Water Shrine and establish her absolute authority over the Water Shrine, then there would be nothing false about her return to the embrace of the Five Scrolls Compact!

"If the Compact actually accepts your demands... what will happen to me?" Veronica asked an important question.

"You shall join me" Her mother said as if it was the most obvious outcome. "This will be good for you. The Ruined Temple may have lost its former glory, but there are still many surviving institutions that you can take advantage of. It still boasts the largest libraries of cultivation methods and techniques in this galaxy and the next. Once I have successfully arranged your new identity, you should easily be able to visit these precious libraries and read every tome that has caught your interest. You can even transcribe the contents of the most helpful and promising cultivation methods and donate them to the Red Collective to earn RC merits and increase your clout within

the superorganization."

This actually sounded like a fantastic way for Ves to increase his power and influence

within the RC.

The Repository had a promising future, but it was not actually that impressive at the moment. Much of the cultivation knowledge collected by the Red Collective was scattered and sometimes even fragmented. The theories and methods taught by these old scriptures were also relatively ordinary for the most part.

This made it many times harder for the researchers of the Cultivation Method Department to deduce the cultivation steps of more advanced phases!

If Veronica was able to gain access to the accumulated wisdom of the Five Scrolls

Compact, then she stood to learn a lot of advanced cultivation science knowledge. Some of it may even be helpful to himself and Vulcan!

Access to these precious tomes would also allow Veronica to transfer dozens of complete high-level cultivation methods to the Red Ocean, then she would not only earn a huge amount of rewards, but also make the human cultivators over there a lot

more powerful in the long run!

Veronica suddenly recalled the strange way her mother described his possible placement in the Five Scrolls Compact.

"Mother... the new identity you referred to..."

Cynthia's finger lovingly scratched Veronica's chin. "I shall do my best to convince the

Five Scrolls Compact to recognize your identity as the Holy Son, or more appropriately Holy Daughter of the Metal Scroll. You more than deserve this recognition for designing the poison chalice mechs that will lead the MTA and the CFA to ruin. The Metal Shrine has crumbled and the Metal Scroll has been shattered into pieces, but that does not change the fact that you have mastered a significant aspect of the Metal Scroll for two decades. I shall endure that no one shall deny your rightful place within the Compact. The surviving supplicants of the Metal Shrine may be nowhere near as powerful or numerous as the supplicants from the intact Water Shrine, but you will still be able to command a hidden force of notable power in this galaxy."

Veronica couldn't take it anymore. Something inside her broke when she heard that her own mother actually wanted to push her into becoming an officially recognized Holy 'Daughter' of the Metal Scroll.

She did not dare to converse with her mother any further. The Cyborg Cat missed the

days when Cynthia refused to give any answers and continually tried to keep her child

in the dark.

Ignorance was bliss!

Yet now that Veronica knew what terrible fates that the Oblivion Empress had in store

for everyone, it was too late to change her mind.

The Cyborg Cat shifted her gaze to the Beast of Fear.

"Your Divinity... are you okay with all of this? Are you really willing to let us enter the

Compact?" The Beast of Fear chuckled. "Hehehe. Why not? Your mother is completely correct.

There are no eternal enemies, there are only eternal interests. I may be a part of the Mech Trade Association, but can never free myself from its shackles and grow stronger unless it has lost its power. It is important to remain on guard against the Five Scrolls Compact, but it can become a powerful ally in our war against the Big Two. It would be even better if the two of you can join the leadership circle of the Compact. That way, you will be able to keep it in line and make the cultists more reliable. I would rather have the two of you in charge than the maddened slaves to power that those stupid Sacred Scrolls typically bless with their corrupting power." The god pilot was no help at all. Ves increasingly started to doubt where there was still a shred of humanity left in this god biomech!

Chapter 6468 That's Not Me

Veronica learned too much.

Her mother... was far more ambitious and extreme than she thought!

Certainly, Cynthia Larkinson had never come across as a gentle woman after she came back to life.

The ruthless methods she employed to convert her husband's followers into a fanatic empire that solely obeyed her command turned out to be the tip of the iceberg.

In order to grow more powerful and defend herself against her enemies, the Oblivion Empress was willing to plunge the entirety of human civilization in the Milky Way into an unprecedented time of war and turmoil.

The stabilizing influence of the Big Two would disappear.

Entire states might crumble.

Violent warlords would rise up and seize power by any means necessary, which may include bombing entire populated planets into ruin!



If the unholy alliance came into existence and exhibited even the slightest amount of coordination, then the haphazard collection of enemies of the Big Two would only aggravate the damage to society!

Veronica could not foresee the amount of innocent people that would lose their lives due to the conspiracy plotted by her mother, but the blood price may very well be triple or quadruple the amount of humans that perished during the dark days of the Age of Conquest!

Although her mother was reluctantly right that Veronica needed to put the interests of red humanity and her own family over the interests of original humanity, she still found the Oblivion Plan to be extremely unpleasant, especially after she learned about this latest scheme!

She still had trouble coming around the idea of becoming a leader of the Five Scrolls Compact!

She had even more trouble imagining her mother taking over the Water Shrine!

How the hell would the Compact cultists be able to stomach the return and ascension of one of their traitors and enemies?

Cynthia Larkinson had killed a lot of members of the Compact, either directly or indirectly after her actions triggered the incredibly damaging Crown Uprising!

More importantly than that, Cynthia had also killed off a lot of 'dark gods' and high-ranking cultivators of the Compact. Those figures had a lot of friends and allies among the other senior leaders of the cult.

Could they truly put down their hostility and refrain from attacking the woman that had stolen the chosen symbol of authority of a Sacred Scroll?

Her mother remained confident that her plan would work.

"Have you forgotten about the truth that I taught you in the past? Might makes right. True cultivators only believe in their own power." Cynthia Larkinson benevolently lectured to her child. "I know the Five Scrolls Compact all too well. Several centuries may have passed since I deserted from it, but its fundamentals should still remain the same. When I was still weak and without

enough leverage, the Compact looked down on me and treated me as a traitor, a thief and a murderer. Now that I have become stronger and gained leverage over them, the cult has little choice but to acquiesce to my possession of the crown and make the best out of a bad situation. It is precisely because the members of the Compact understand that might makes right that they will agree to elevate me to the Holy Daughter of the Water Scroll,"

Her ploy sounded overly optimistic to Veronica, but then again she did not know the Compact as well as her mother.

They were all crazy!

Veronica could not use her mindset that was largely shaped by living in civilized space to estimate the reactions of these crazy cultists. She was far too different from those that lived more like ancient cultivators.

The Cyborg Cat had lost interest in obtaining any further answers from her mother. Every answer provided clarification at a cost.

That cost being her sanity!

There were times when Veronica felt alienated from her mother, but this instance was by far the worst!

The divide in values and beliefs between the two had never been as great as now!

If Veronica was being truly honest with herself, she should have tried to make a getaway as soon as she delivered the bones of the primordial human that her mother used to come back to life.

The Cyborg Cat would have enjoyed a much more comfortable life if she wandered the Milky Way and collected a lot of inspiration which she could use to design interesting mechs.

Instead, she became an unwitting prisoner to her mother, who happened to be one of the craziest, ruthless and murderous individuals in her life!

It was too late for Veronica to escape from her crazy mother's clutches. Since that was the case, she may as well accept her new reality and remain compliant.

In the interest of suspending any further discussions with her mother, the external incarnation turned her attention to the nearby god pilot.

So far, the Beast of Fear had not entirely lived up to his terrible reputation.

Veronica knew that this was largely because she and her mother both played extremely vital roles in his quest to destroy the Big Two and turn the Milky Way into a much more conducive growth environment for himself.

If the Beast of Fear encountered random people, then he would definitely not present his more amiable side!

However, since Veronica was the only provider of Carmine mech designs, the Beast of Fear would naturally withhold his belligerence.

They were both on the same side, at least on a superficial level.

Whether the Beast of Fear could be counted on in the long term remained questionable.

The god pilot's willingness to completely betray and plot the downfall of his own organization was a strong indicator of his trustworthiness, or complete lack of this

quality!

"Your Divinity, as one of the collaborators of the Oblivion Plan, I would like to ask whether you still take your duty to humanity seriously. Are you still sincere about protecting them, or will you do nothing if every human in the Milky Way perishes?" The Beast of Fear snarled. "Be careful, little kitty. Just because I am willing to answer you does not mean you can accuse me of betraying my oaths. I am not doing this solely for myself. I am doing this because the complacent cowards at the top are choking off all of the vitality of this galaxy. Humans have become more prosperous than ever, and many of them live completely peaceful lives. While that might sound great, it is terrible for us to cease any effort at strengthening our greatest warriors when we have confirmed the existence of aggressive alien God Kings. All of us will die or become enslaved if god pilots such as

myself continue to fool around like we have done in the past 4 centuries. Only by breaking the current power structure and igniting humanity's limitless drive for survival can the Milky Way finally be put back on the right track."

It was difficult to argue with the god pilot's logic, not because it was necessarily correct, but because these mule-headed True Gods lived in a reality of their own

imagination!

What they believed was true might not necessarily conform to reality.

This never really mattered to god pilots because their willpower was so damn strong that they had the power to substitute an undesirable reality with a more preferable

version!

This was how god pilots operated. No matter the adversities, they always overcome their challenges!

"What if your projections of the future are too optimistic? What if all the setbacks that

humanity suffers go too far? Not only will a lot of people kill each other in way too many needless conflicts, but the aliens on the other side of the galaxy may actually gain a realistic chance of exterminating the human race, or at least push it into a dark age where humans have only clung to a remnant of their former territories." "Good." The Beast of Fear unexpectedly said. "Just as what happened in the Red Ocean, the humans here need a good kick in the rear after basking in their superiority for so long. We cannot thrive unless we have strong threats to fight against. Humans can always fight against each other as we are often our greatest enemies, but it would be better if the aliens can assume their original roles."

"You... actually want to make the aliens of this galaxy as powerful and threatening as the ones in the Red Ocean?"

"Yes. How else will I and my fellow god pilots be able to find enough enemies to fight against? I am extremely envious of the Evolution Witch and my other peers in the Red Ocean. The crisis over there has sped up their growth like nothing else they have experienced in the Milky Way. They have already surpassed their previous levels and are continuing to make progress every day. Exotic

radiation is a large factor in their accelerated growth, but the constant fighting against genocidal aliens is also important. My friends and I can only replicate the latter in this sad excuse of a galaxy, but it is better than nothing. One way or another, the Milky Way shall become the

stage of my ascension to the rank of god king pilot."

How much suffering would it take to produce such an environment?

How much fear did the Beast needed to harvest in order to cultivate all the way to the

fourth major cultivation rank?

How likely was it that this chaos would cause the situation to grow out of everyone's control and cause a chain reaction that resulted in the extinction of original

humanity?

"No offense, but it sounds rather questionable that the Milky Way can realistically

supply you with the huge amount of energy needed to become a god king pilot."

"You make a valid point, but the Milky Way is not as barren as you think. Energy is everywhere. E energy radiation may be absent in this galaxy, but there is still comparable energy inside the brains and minds of every sentient organism. No matter whether they are human or alien, each of them have the capacity to produce fear, and

that is all I truly need to further my progress. If it turns out that you are correct, then I can always wait for the Oblivion Gates to improve to the point where living beings can travel through them. I am certain that red humanity will welcome my arrival. Once I have gained a level of power beyond the reach of others, I shall be able to offer protection to both original humanity and red humanity. This is how I shall uphold my

vows... not that it matters to me anymore." Veronica felt another chill through her body.

"Can you clarify that last part, Your Divinity?"

The fearsome and overly tentacled god biomech began to grin wider.

"I am the Beast of Fear. What do the oaths, vows, contracts and promises of the former

Saint known as Magnus Grgurevi? have to do with a god such as myself?"

The powerful being's words had multiple concerning implications! Magnus Grgurevi? was the Beast of Fear's mortal's name.

For the god pilot to completely renounce and sever himself from his former human identity implied that he no longer felt the need to abide by his former responsibilities

and duties!

His words also implied that he did not actually see himself as a god pilot at all. The Beast of Fear only retained one identity, and that was his god biomech!

If the power being truly believed in this version of the truth, then he may have actually succeeded in his attempt to weasel his way out of all of his old vows and contracts! This was an extremely dishonorable act, but that mattered little to a personality like

the Beast of Fear!

Veronica just realized that she had actually been conversing with a 'living mech' all this

time.

It was just that this one partially matched one of the worst case scenarios of what a living mech could become!

Chapter 6469 Reward for Good Service

After receiving so many revelations that her head was about to burst, Veronica finally concluded her conversation with the Oblivion Empress and the Beast of Fear.

Both True Gods had kicked off a plan that would soon detonate the peace of human civilization in the Milky Way.

The protectors of the current order would definitely grow extremely angry at the culprits behind the outbreak of violence.

There was no way the Oblivion Empire would be able to develop in peace in the near future!

The current Oblivion Gate Consortium was quite strong compared to almost any other organization in the two galaxies, but that meant nothing in the face of thousands of CFA battleships and dozens of angry god pilots!

In order to hold back the overwhelming might of the Big Two and prevent them from battering down the Nyxian Gap by relying on overwhelming force and numbers, it became crucial for the conspirators to drag other potential allies into this mess!

Only by forming the unholy alliance and borrowing the strength of all of the enemies of the Big Two would the Oblivion Empire have a chance to survive the coming chaos and turmoil!

Since time was of the essence, neither Cynthia nor the Unbounder god pilot spared any more of it to satisfy Veronica's curiosity. They had already been gracious enough to spend valuable minutes to outline and explain numerous key steps of their ambitious Oblivion Plan.

Veronica had little choice but to fly back to the Throne of Light. She wanted to wait for Master Willix to wrap up the experiment related to the Oblivion Gates and return to the flagship so that the two could have a good talk with each other.

In the meantime, she was able to shift most of her focus back to the Red Ocean.

After transferring to a shuttle and being brought to a classified location, Ves, Lucky and his Apocalypse Warden bodyguards ventured inside the halls of an unfamiliar space station.

The interior looked plain but was made out of high-quality alloys. Ves could clearly observe that it had been constructed relatively recently.

No guards barred their way, but there were lots of hidden sensors that constantly monitored his every move.

After descending down a few decks, Ves finally stopped in front of a blast door.

There, he waited for a few minutes before an invisible command opened up the door. "Meow"

Lucky grew more restless as he hovered besides Ves. The Evolution Witch resided in the chamber up ahead.

Compared to the previous times that Ves experienced her God Kingdom, he could now feel a palpable sense of excitement.

The successful experiment clearly advanced her agenda!

The god pilot felt no need to hide her reaction to this outcome. Now that the first trade between the galaxies had successfully unfolded, there would definitely be a lot more opportunities for red humanity and original humanity to trade lots of useful goods.

Ves took a deep breath. After not being able to get in touch with the Evolution Witch after half a year, he deeply wanted to get a few answers out of the god pilot.

His new bodyguards did not accompany him any further. They automatically assumed guard positions besides the blast doors and made it clear that they would remain on guard against intruders.

Not that it was necessary. No threat could possibly sneak close within the God Kingdom of a powerful god pilot.

Ves tried his best to shake off his discomfort of being at the mercy of a powerful individual and tried his best to maintain a respectful attitude.

He headed deeper into an empty storage hall that currently held the cargo sphere. Under the surprisingly gentle control of the God Kingdom, the cargo sphere slowly peeled apart before taking out container after container filled with valuable trade goods.



The Evolution Witch in her human guise did not leave anything to chance by conducting a cursory sweep.

Invisible hands lifted every container and brought it before her, allowing her to use all of her means to carefully inspect the contents.

There were good reasons to conduct a careful inspection. The transfer through the Oblivion Gate could have caused all manner of unpredictable consequences to the contents of the containers.

Who knew whether the goods had been exposed by deadly radiation, weird space bugs or became possessed by the spirits of dead gods?

This was the first time that the two branches of humanity had conducted a goods swap across 50 million light-years. The experimenters could never be too careful. Ves stopped at a respectful distance and patiently waited to be called upon.

Lucky on the other hand sniffed the air and gazed increasingly hungrily at all of the floating metal boxes and containers.

Many of the rare metallic alloys and other materials originally provided by the Beast of Fear possessed a lot of attraction towards the gem cat!

Just one of these super-class materials could already keep him sated for a long time, but the sheer amount and variety of the goods made it extremely difficult for Lucky to hold himself back!

Fortunately, the gluttonous cat knew better than to disregard everything and dive in. There was no way that the Evolution Witch would permit him to gorge until his

stomach could not fit any more rare and unique metals.

It was frustrating for Lucky to get into close proximity of so many top-quality metals, yet not be able to take a delectable bite out of any of these goods!

Neither Ves nor the Evolution Witch paid attention to the gem cat's distress.

The former continued to wait while the latter calmly inspected the contents of every container one by one.

The secure containers vastly differ in size. A few were as small as a jewelry box, while others were as large as a dining table.

The Evolution Witch effortlessly lifted each of them with her willpower alone, and thoroughly scanned the container as well as the goods stored inside with a diligent attitude.

It was not until the god pilot lifted up another small container that she finally broke from her routine.

Her willpower forcefully bypassed the extensive security measures and directly opened it up. A delicate-looking white bottle that was vaguely shaped like a beautiful white swan emerged from the secure container.

While the swan bottle held no attraction to Lucky, Ves suddenly felt an overwhelming urge to fly forward, snatch the bottle from the Evolution Witch's hands and smash it directly inside his mouth!

Ves snarled and shook his head in order to get rid of this irrational impulse. Whatever was contained in this bottle somehow generated an enormous attraction to him! He instinctively felt that if he was able to swallow the liquid stored inside this beautiful bottle, he might be able to fuel another minor sublimation!

Naturally, the Evolution Witch did not miss his reaction. Her lips curled in amusement

as she finally deigned to give him her attention.

"Ves Larkinson. Your performance has satisfied my expectations. You even exceeded them. Through your leadership and mech designs, you now hold the fate of two galaxies in your hands. Now that you have proven your ability to exercise heavy responsibilities, both your mother and I expect great results from you going forward." Anyone would be glad if they got complimented by a high-and-mighty god pilot, but

Ves merely grew tired.

He had already lost much of his mind after hearing so many crazy revelations through his external incarnation. He no longer had the mental endurance to handle too many surprises from the Transhumanist leader.

"I... appreciate your trust, but I hate it when you keep me in the dark." Ves honestly said. "I hate the ambiguity and I hate the lack of clear instructions. I am a busy mech designer. I never signed up to become the chief councilor of the Upper Council of the Red Collective. Don't get me wrong, I have come to enjoy the power and authority that I have amassed over the past half year. However, the responsibilities that come with becoming a leader of the RC have added a lot of unwanted burdens to my life. I am not entirely ready for this. I am too young. Couldn't you have selected another confidant to occupy this high position? An actual politician should be in charge." "No." The Evolution Witch made her stance clear. "You are applying thinking that is

better suited to the Age of Mechs. Now that we have entered the Age of Dawn, we can no longer rely on smooth talkers, rentseekers and parasites to hold all of the levers of power. Only those with superior strength and the willingness to employ it against our true enemies can be trusted with responsibility. You are not the most suitable individual to occupy this seat, but you are one of the individuals I trust the most to keep the Red Collective on the correct track."

Ves blinked after he heard that. He did not think that she trusted him so much. He did not really know her or trust her all that much.

Still, Ves did not look at a gift horse in the mouth. Since the Evolution Witch thought

so highly of her, then that was just fine.

"Thank you for your compliment. While I cannot devote all of my time on managing the Upper Council and all of the politicking that goes around it, I will try not to

disgrace the trust that you have put in me. My competent staff should be able to handle most routine issues, though feel free to send additional helpers."

The Evolution Witch nodded in satisfaction before she gestured with her arm. The white swan bottle began to descend towards Ves' position.

"The burdens on your shoulders have grown heavier, but the same can be said for your gains. Occupying the highest seat of the Upper Council is the first step towards acquiring a legitimate right to lead red humanity. It will also allow you to become aware and involved in the grand plans that other leaders are trying to enact ahead of time. Information is power. It is better to be informed than otherwise." Ves did not entirely agree with that adage, but he did not bother to object.

The delicate swan bottle finally floated down until it stopped in front of Ves.

"Take it. This is what you have been promised to receive."

Ves slowly raised his hand and took hold of the bottle.

It was finally here.

The Evolution Witch upheld her end of the bargain and supplied him with precisely

12.556 milligrams of Yondu Milk.

Ves resisted the urge to swallow up the contents of the bottle and resolutely submitted it to the Mech Designer System, not even bothering to hide his actions

within the God Kingdom of the Evolution Witch. [Congratulations for completing your third S-Rank Supply Mission. By fulfilling the requirements set by Material Supply 4, you have satisfied the conditions to initiate an upgrade to the Mech Designer System.]

[You have received 1 use of the Inventorize ability.]

[You have received 10 golden lottery tickets.]

A short moment later, the Mech Designer System began to shake and surge with

energy! [The Mech Designer System is in the process of undergoing a comprehensive upgrade.

It will remain inaccessible and unresponsive to its users for a duration of

approximately 30 days. Your patience is appreciated.]

Another burden had fallen off his shoulders!

Ves breathed a little easier now that he completed 3 of 5 Supply Missions. He only had

two more to go before he satisfied the System's hunger for specific super-class

materials. Although a part of him feared what might happen if he completed all 5 Supply Missions, that did not eliminate his determination to see this through. Whether the System posed a threat to him or not, Ves possessed enough confidence

in his ability to avert or weather another crisis, especially when he could contact numerous True Gods for assistance!

The Evolution Witch did not look surprised that Ves magically made the container

filled with precious Yondu Milk disappear.

"Curious."

Chapter 6470 Alien Wonder Materials

The acquisition of Yondu Milk fulfilled a major objective for Ves!

The only factor that did not meet his expectations was that the Evolution Witch did not use her own transcendent willpower to generate the desired quantity of Yondu Milk.

This was not a surprise. The Red Tide Offensive had broken out, forcing every god pilot to spend much of their time rotating through the border regions in order to squash as many alien assault fleets as possible.

All of this fighting and travel occupied the god pilots so much that they did not have much time and energy left to spare for priorities.

Ves could not ask the Evolution Witch to neglect her duty to defend the borders of human space just so that she could slowly generate Yondu Milk.

Fortunately, the successful operation of the Oblivion Gates neatly solved this problem. Ves guessed that the Evolution Witch requested the Beast of Fear to acquire Yondu Milk from the original source and place it into the cargo sphere in the hopes of transporting it to the Red Ocean.

There was a considerable chance that the experiment might fail.

If everyone was lucky, then the cargo spheres would just remain in their original places.

If they were not as lucky, the goods may have entered the wormholes, but somehow got lost or torn along the way, thereby making it impossible to transfer any of these precious goods to their destination intact!

Ves would have torn his hair out if that happened to his precious bottle of Yondu Milk!

Since that did not happen in the end, the mech designer put down his worries and considered his next steps.

He looked forward to seeing what would happen 30 days later. Once the System got back online, it would definitely offer him powerful and game changing upgrade tracks. None of the upgrades that took place after completing a Supply Mission was weak! Given that Yondu Milk possessed strong relations with life and vitality, he figured that the System would probably play into that aspect.

Perhaps the next upgrade might even be able to enhance his ability to design living mechs!

Ves grew increasingly more eager to complete the final 2 Supply Missions. He immediately turned his attention back to the Evolution Witch.

"I need 45.5343 grams Orphedeian Glow Glass and 2 complete pieces of Abalask Eyes."

He straightforwardly said. "I asked about them before, but it appears they can't be sourced from this dwarf galaxy. Can you arrange a trade of these goods?"

"The Oblivion Gate Consortium exists to provide the strong and the worthy with the rare and difficult-to-source resources they need to advance their evolution." The Evolution Witch explained to Ves. "Your request falls within the consortium's mandate. Considering your current and expected contributions, it is not unreasonable to investigate the materials that you have mentioned and arrange a transfer. Be aware that neither of these super-class resources are easy to obtain."

"Are you familiar with them? Can you tell me what they are? I have no information about them aside from their names."

The Evolution Witch paused for a moment. "I suppose I can indulge you considering how helpful you have been so far. Orphedeian Glow Glass is the human name for a rare material manufactured by the Fifth Apex Race. Anyone who learned about the Ocicyth race in school should know that this insectile race is divided into many subspecies. There is an extensive hierarchy between them. The Sovereign Ocicyth subrace comprises the kings and queens of this alien race. What you likely did not learn at school is their reproduction method."

Ves grew intrigued. "So Orphedeian Glow Glass is used in the reproduction process of the Fifth Apex Race?"

"Correct. When the Ocicyth desire to create a new Sovereign offspring, they reproduce by combining significant quantities of powerful exotics and other precious materials into an egg. They then proceed to place the egg into a tough and heat-resistant incubation chamber that orbits a large and powerful star in close proximity."

"That... sounds crazy!" Ves reacted. "How can a species evolve to develop such an insane reproduction method? Won't the egg get cooked until it reaches a hard-boiled state? The radiation produced by a large star at relatively close distances is enough to vaporize almost any organism!"

The Evolution Witch smiled. "That is what makes the Ocicyth so interesting and powerful. They have forced a qualitative evolution of one of their subspecies by attempting to harness the greater potential of a star. They do this by installing small amounts of Orphedeian Glow Glass onto the incubation chambers that resemble the appearance of portholes. This special glass is designed to filter the strong electromagnetic radiation emitted by the powerful star and convert the remaining energies into a special form of high-grade radiation. It is this extraordinary radiation that is responsible for transforming the egg and larva into a new King or Queen

Ocicyth."

Ves never knew that the Ocicyth race had to go through such a troublesome process in order to expand its leader caste.

"How easy is it for the aliens to produce Ornhideian Glow Glass?"

"It is difficult and costly. What is worse is that the incubation of a new Sovereign Ocicyth has a low success rate. This is because stars are inherently inconsistent and volatile. If a strong enough flare occurs that ejects excessive quantities of electromagnetic radiation or stellar particles in the direction of the incubation chamber, then the chamber and everything inside it will vaporize and disappear."

That would essentially invalidate all of the time, effort and resources the Ocicyth put into producing a new leader!

"Is it worth it for the Fifth Apex Race?" Ves questioned.

The god pilot smiled. "There is no definite answer. That is the beauty of evolution. Every species is free to develop any solution to make themselves stronger or more adaptable. The Ocicyth have artificially chosen to pursue strength over adaptability by developing this costly and convoluted reproduction method. As costly as this method of reproduction has turned out, the results are terrifying. A mature Sovereign Ocicyth is equivalent to an ace mech in power. If this alien King or Queen is able to develop much further, then it is even possible to pose a small challenge to a god pilot."

That sounded impressive!

Even if the Sovereign Ocicyth was ultimately unable to defeat a god pilot, just being able to get this close was already an impressive accomplishment!

"So that is why humanity was able to defeat the Ocicyth race so easily during the Age of Conquest." Ves deduced. "Since the reproduction process is so troublesome, it is very difficult to replenish them quickly. It should have been easy for humanity to destabilize the Ocicyth Empire by initiating lots of decapitation strikes on the alien Kings and Queens. How did our race manage to kill so many of them when ace mechs and god mechs were not even a thing during that period of the Age of Conquest?" "I only mentioned that the Sovereign Ocicyth are comparable to them in strength. They possess great individual power, but their defenses and mobility are not comparable to god mechs. They rely more on the other Ocicyth races to form armies that can shield them on the battlefield. The usual response of human fleets towards a King or Queen is to restrict its movement and



bombard its coordinates with as many warship gun batteries as possible. No matter how remarkable their bodies or how much cannon fodder they put forth, superior firepower will always prevail."

"I see."

While this made the Ocicyth sound weak, it was still impressive for them to develop a relatively standardized if costly means of reproduction of their strongest subspecies. Ves finally understood the significance of Orphedeian Glow Glass. The System likely wanted to use it in order to transform lower grades of energy into higher grades of

energy.

This was a fairly common requirement for high-level breakthroughs and transformations. The more powerful a cultivator or artifact, the more they relied on

high-grade energies

functions.

order to support their more powerful and reality-defying

"What about Abalask Eyes?" Ves inquired.

"They are the eyeballs grown by a relatively small but remarkable astral beast species called the Abalask. This species has only been encountered in the galactic center, most notably around stellar nurseries. The astral beasts feed off specific types of high-grade exotics generated and ejected by the process of star forms. Since these materials are very rare and difficult to find on planets let alone in the vastness of space, the Abalask have either evolved or been altered by another species to develop special eyes. These ocular organs possess remarkable abilities that no human has

managed to decipher."

"What can these eyes do that makes them worth all of the trouble?"

The Evolution Witch smiled. "Abalask Eyes have two distinct abilities that make them

highly coveted by many parties. First, they can seemingly pierce through space and observe extremely distant locations in real-time. These distances can span up to

dozens of light-years."

"What?! Does that actually mean you can directly observe a planet that is located on another star system?! In real-time without relying on the galactic net?!" "Correct. This is already enough to construct one of the best remote spying devices. Abalask Eyes possess a second function that makes them even more useful. The Abalask feed themselves by ingesting very rare and specific high-grade exotics. Finding them in the vastness of space is a billion times more difficult than finding a needle in a haystack. In order to prevent themselves from going extinct due to mass starvation, the eyes of an Abalask is able to track down and accurately determine the locations of the desired materials that match specific criteria through unknown

means."

That sounded even more ridiculous!

Ves could not imagine that the Abalask evolved this amazing function naturally! Their

eyes had to be artificially developed!

"I understand now why they are so powerful and difficult to obtain." The Evolution Witch responded to Ves in a surprising manner. Her eyeballs abruptly bulged and changed into a pair of glowing blue eyeballs that somehow appeared to pierce right through Ves' true body!

"It has taken me a great deal of effort and favors to acquire the eyes for myself. It was

worth it, as these are perhaps the most exquisite alien eyes that I have obtained so far. They remind me once again of the limitless potential of evolution."

Ves never expected that the Evolution Witch actually possessed a pair of Abalask Eyes!

For a very brief moment, he briefly thought about getting close so that he could rip out the Abalask Eyes from the Evolution Witch's eye sockets.

Then, he squashed this incredibly stupid impulse and tried to make sure that it would not be able to tempt him once again!

The god pilot most definitely managed to discern what Ves had been thinking about, but she merely smiled as if she was daring for him to make his move. Ves awkwardly coughed. "Ahem, those are a nice pair of eyes. I would like to obtain a

pair myself. How easy would it be for your friends and allies in the Milky Way to secure the Orphedeian Glow Glass and the pair of Abalask Eyes that I have requested?" "Neither materials are easy to obtain. They are almost never stockpiled. Hunting parties must be formed and sent into dangerous regions of space in order to acquire either of them. This can take months if not years depending on the strength and composition of the hunting parties."

That did not sound reliable at all. Ves had little choice but to remain patient until these groups successfully returned to civilized space and shipped the precious goods through the lesser beyonder gates. Then he needed to wait for the biannual activation of the Oblivion Gates to get his hands on what he needed. "I guess I have no other choice but to settle for a long wait."