

The Mech 4757

Chapter 4757 Olena Volkova School Of Genetics And Exobiology

Right now, Reina Kernsk was no longer conscious and aware of what took place. Her mind had completely shut off in order to allow for another person to 'pilot' her body as if it was a biomech!

Saint Yorvick Clive knew that the actual person in control of this body was Elder Yistrach Clive, a woman who held great authority over the Clive Consortium.

Not only that, Yistrach Clive also happened to be the mother of Yenames Clive.

It was due to her love and desire for her son to do well in this important assignment that she had decided to intervene and trigger a highly consequential action that was years in the planning!

"My son isn't ruthless enough." The elder expressed her disapproval as her actions triggered a series of events that were bound to drastically change the trajectory of Davute from this day onward!

Elder Yistrach Clive did not maintain the tenuous connection to her current meat avatar for too long.

Since she resided all the way in the old galaxy, she was only able to maintain this extremely intimate connection over the galactic net.

No matter how well she and her trusted subordinates encrypted this data transmission, the chances of getting caught rose exponentially the longer she maintained it. This was especially the case when she connected to the cranial implant of a crucial figure in President Yenames Clive's administration!

As such, she did not linger any further and decisively shut down the connection.

The chief of staff's body slumped for a few seconds as her cranial implant exhibited dramatically less activity.

Once the woman straightened her back and restored her old posture, the original personality and consciousness of the body was back in charge!

What was odd about her return was that she did not exhibit any awareness that she had blanked out or that a completely different individual hijacked her body for a brief moment!

As far as Reina Kernsk was concerned, she had just concluded a fruitful meeting with her boss. She did not notice the unexplainable passage of time as her brain literally could not process this specific thought.

Madame Kernsk turned towards the direction of the Indormeon and made a respectful bow.

"I shall be making my way to the primary control room in order to supervise the sound engineers and the producers in person."

"You may proceed." Saint Yorvick Clive transmitted as if he had checked her intentions and found nothing untoward.

As the woman moved away, the ace knight mech that was hovering behind the grand stage remained mostly still.

Its pilot understood quite well the events that would take place after the elder had intervened.

Saint Yorvick even participated in the planning of the secret plan as it involved many moving parts that had to go exactly right in order to make it possible.

Did he feel guilty for playing a key enabling role in a violent disruption of the founding ceremony?

He did not. Though Yorvick ostensibly pledged his service to the colonial government and its prospective president, he always remained loyal to the Clive Consortium.

In any cases where these two loyalties conflicted, he was commanded to prioritize the interests of the colonial state over the interests of any individual stakeholder.

At least that was supposed to happen.

The reality was that the Clive Consortium tampered with the procedures and created a deliberate loophole that ensured that his original employer could still count on his assistance in certain matters!

As far as Saint Yorvick was concerned, his continued loyalty to the Clive Consortium superseded every other promise and commitment he made.

He even received express permission from the Clives to lie or misrepresent his position if that was necessary for him to perform his missions!

Although this was not an act that was becoming of an honorable ace pilot, Saint Yorvick had never been raised to respect notions such as honor and fairness.

He just presented everyone with the illusion that he was honorable and that he never spoke any falsehoods. This was what he had been trained to do since before he graduated from the mech academy.

Not many individuals knew his true guise. Only certain elders and senior leadership figures of the Clive Consortium understood his true nature.

This was also the main reason why he had been chosen to accompany his cousin Yenames Clive to the new frontier. The elders of the consortium would always be able to count on Saint Yorvick to assist with any corrective actions that they wanted to make.

The ace pilot silently prepared to defend his principal against the attack that he knew was coming.

Though the deaths that would surely fall already weighed on his consciousness, the mission always came first.

Having accompanied and guarded Yenames for several years, Yorvick personally agreed with Yistrach's judgment that the prospective president had been too soft in his decisions and compromised more often than he needed.

Since Saint Yorvick Clive roughly knew what was coming, he could already sense the air growing more and more tense.

While he waited for the action to start, the secret commands transmitted by the elder controlling Reina Kernsk's body were starting to do their work.

They made use of cleverly hidden backdoors that had been integrated in the software and hardware of many of the sophisticated control systems utilized by the colonial government.

Some of the commands did nothing more than temporarily deactivate a safety setting.

This allowed specific individuals, from systems engineers to military personnel, to secretly alter the settings of their areas of responsibility.

For example, the security personnel in charge of controlling the powerful energy shields that protected the VIPs of Block E, Block M and Block Y surreptitiously abused their access authority and weakened the protection to those seating blocks.

They did not directly reduce the power levels of the crucial energy shields. That would be too obvious and definitely make people suspicious.

Instead, they accomplished their goals by secretly sabotaging the settings of the power generators and energy transmission systems responsible for enabling the power-hungry shield generators to do their jobs.

If the shield generators could not draw nearly enough energy to resist an overwhelming attack, then the seemingly powerful energy shields were liable to collapse in an instant!

Another group of personnel committed a more obvious and blatant act of sabotage.

These compromised individuals similarly abused their access to highly sensitive systems to produce a small number of alterations that seemed completely innocuous and harmless on the surface.

While this may be true of these changes took place in isolation, when they all interacted with each other at the same time, they happened to produce a rare cascade of glitches that ultimately caused the power supply of multiple spatial interdiction field generators to become increasingly more unstable!

Just as any other advanced technological device, the power requirements were extremely harsh. The advanced field generators may be a product of high technology, but they were only ever designed to operate with an abundant supply of energy within reach!

As these ominous changes were taking place throughout the Government District of Kotor City, an entirely different set of events had been set into motion in a different location.

Even though the colony of Davute established the Academic District shortly after landfall, it was situated considerably further away from the Government District than the other starting city districts.

This was because the founders of Davute already envisioned the need to build a large and extensive academic sector to accelerate the research and development of their colonial state.

The first and most impressive academic institution was the Davute University of Technology.

The colonial state invested a lot of funding and resources to enable the DUT to output a lot of research and excellent graduates. Davute needed both of them to gain an edge in the upcoming war against Karlach!

However, the plan initiated by Elder Yistrach Clive did not concern the Davute University of Technology.

Instead, the focus lay on the institution that sat adjacent to the campus of the DUT.

The Davute Biotechnology University was almost just as old. Throughout its young history, it has quickly risen and secured its place as the region's most premier academic institution in the field of biotechnology and biosciences!

The government may not invest as much money into the DBU, but the level of funding was sufficient to fund a number of massive research initiatives.

The directors of the biotechnology institutions had chosen to pursue a strategy of specialization. By concentrating a large share of resources into specific departments and research projects, the DBU would quickly be able to stand out and become a famed and prestigious biotechnology university in Krakatoa and the neighboring middle zones.

One of the departments of the Davute Biotechnology University that had been selected for this strategy was the Olena Volkova School of Genetics and Exobiology, or OVS for short.

As a university department that was specifically set up to study the wonderful diversity of alien organisms of a brand-new galaxy, the OVS played a crucial role in figuring out how alien exobeasts and exoplants worked.

By understanding the unique and wonderful products of nature in the Red Ocean, biotech researchers could subsequently use this knowledge to develop many difficult applications.

While this kind of work was most often used to develop powerful new genetic modification templates for the purpose of human augmentation, the goals were different in the new frontier.

Institutions such as the OVS primarily studied and experimented with the organic systems of native exobeasts to decipher and make use of their biological relationship with phasewater!

As phasewater was an exotic that was prevalent on many different planets, including lifebearing ones, it was rare but not completely unheard of for organisms to evolve that somehow incorporated phasewater into their bodies without getting torn apart.

This was extremely special as there were many intelligent species in the Red Ocean that tried and failed to accomplish the same result through artificial means.

A small proportion of rare phasewater exobeasts even grew so formidable that they had become absolute apex predators that could demolish plenty of mechs with the help of their remarkable abilities!

The existence of these creatures spurred frantic research projects throughout the Red Ocean.

Davute did not want to be left out of the party, so it invested a lot of resources and other forms of support to get the Olena Volkova School of Genetics and Exobiology off the ground as soon as possible.

Right now, many schools in the Academic District closed their doors due to the start of the founding ceremony.

Many students either traveled to one of the more central and dynamic city districts or chose to gather and celebrate at the few local establishments that continued to operate on this important day.

Only a small number of guards and caretakers could still be found inside the nearly emptied school buildings.

Although many scientists preferred to witness the founding ceremony in downtown Kotor City, a lot of sensitive, dangerous and complicated laboratories needed more than a bunch of uneducated guards to control the situation.

Only the scientists who worked in these facilities themselves possessed the deep knowledge and expertise to respond to any accidents and prevent ongoing experiments from escalating into calamities.

By far, most of the scientists and researchers would rather be elsewhere than remaining stuck in their labs. They would rather join the soirées organized by their distinguished colleagues or gather with a number of other professors and industry magnates in order to expand their networks and secure additional funding for their pet projects.

Since a few of the scientists absolutely had to be left behind, the universities and schools all employed lotteries to decide who had to undertake this undesirable duty.

In rare cases, a few of the researchers chose to volunteer for this duty, either because they could gain a valuable favor which they could cash in at a later date, or because they wanted to grant their other colleagues the time of their life.

Professor Murmillian Granse of the Olena Volkova School of Genetics and Exobiology happened to be among the volunteers.

The only difference was that he had no use of favors and he did not accept this boring assignment because he wanted to sacrifice himself for his fellow researchers.

His motivations were entirely different from everyone else, because he did not possess much of an attachment towards Davute at all. He could care less about attending the founding ceremony.

The truth was that Professor Murmillian Granse was a traitor all along.

Chapter 4758 Professor Murmillian Granse

One of the more notable aspects about the OVS was that it featured an expansive 'zoo' of hundreds of different organisms, both natural and artificial.

Many of these beasts were relatively harmless, but there was a small proportion of native exobeasts and artificially cultivated designer beasts that were monsters in their own right!

In fact, one of the secret research projects was explicitly set up to develop dangerous artificial warbeasts that could play a useful role in the upcoming war.

It was not common to deploy giant warbeasts into battle. They were expensive and difficult to develop, grow and maintain.

Transportation was another nightmare as beasts designed to destroy mechs could easily destroy cargo vessels from the inside!

Nonetheless, warbeasts could play a useful role on certain planets with rough terrain and adverse conditions.

Aside from that, designer beasts with powerful strengths and capabilities could also contribute a lot to different research projects.

Here in one of the underground laboratories of the Olena Volkova School of Genetics and Exobiology, Professor Murmillian Granse led an entire research group that attempted to develop artificial phasewater beasts for various purposes.

If successful, Davute hoped to make use of these powerful beasts as an alternative and more disposable form of shield breakers or base raiders.

Although the secret research group already produced a couple of initial successes, they were far from developing warbeasts that could be deployed in battle.

The success of the researchers still earned them a lot of follow-up grants and support, allowing them to expand their personnel as well as the amount of beasts under cultivation.

Right now, the entire lab dedicated to the development of phasewater warbeasts was almost devoid of human presence.

Only automated systems along with a small number of humans supervised the expensive chambers where the artificial warbeasts were being incubated or held captive.

Professor Murmillian Granse sedately made the rounds, as he knew this would be the last time he would ever be able to grace his eyes on the artificial warbeasts that he had brought into life.

Each of them were designed and bred to be as violent and hostile as possible. They possessed a keen sense for humans and had been bioprogrammed to hunt down the largest concentrations of people that they could find!

Most of the monstrous creatures that looked like variations of natural exobeasts did not have a clue that a human had been walking by their holding pens.

Only a few sensitive beasts possessed keener senses than normal. They lifted their heads and sniffed in the direction of Professor Granse as he passed by their holding pens.

The man knew the details of each of the warbeasts. Even though he lived for over 230 years, his advanced implants and augmentations had elevated his memory and mental processing power to an unheard of level.

He even took part in the development of some of his own bioaugmentations!

What excited him more was that the Red Ocean introduced a host of new biological systems that the biotech industry at large had never come in touch with before. The ways in which exceptional organisms were able to merge a small amount of phasewater into their bodies was especially fascinating.

An intact and preferably living phase whale specimen was the holy grail for every biotech researcher!

As the most powerful and iconic phasewater organism of the Red Ocean, the phase whale species possessed unparalleled genetic compatibility with this precious substance.

The theory that phase whales originally produced this incredibly versatile liquid exotic in the first place didn't sound so far-fetched!

Humanity's obsession with phasewater enabled Professor Murmillian Granse and his many fellow biotech researchers to completely reinvigorate their studies.

They had barely explored the tip of the iceberg as far as phasewater organisms were concerned!

Yet instead of following the latest trends and try to become the first biotech researcher to discovering working formulas that combined biology with phasewater, he was on the cusp of performing an action that would permanently burn his reputation, discredit his name in the biotech community and force him to give up on all of his interesting research projects.

Oh, he would lose his life in the process as well.

Professor Granse did not expect any of his current colleagues and friends to understand why he was willing to betray their trust and implement a plan that favored Karlach at Davute's expense.

His face drooped in a complex expression as he briefly stood in front of one of the holding cells.

Nine strange creatures that looked like a mix between a polychromic worm and a dragon lazily napped or burrowed around without much aim.

These happened to be the latest results of his ongoing research. Each of these creatures managed to integrate a greater amount of phasewater than any of his other artificial warbeasts.

Not only that, they also incorporated a few of his best solutions, some of which were so potent that he had to argue with the dean of the school for a long time in order to secure additional funding and resources to create these expensive beasts.

A smirk gradually appeared on his face. "To think they still haven't understood the true depth of my masterpiece for so long. Do they really think that this is the extent of what I can produce after so many years?"

He shook his head. The Davutans were all fools. He no longer studied his most proud warbeasts and slowly ended his tour.

Once he returned where he started, he moved to the side and entered a number of checkpoints and security gates before he entered the central control room that supervised the condition of all of the holding cells.

"Professor." A research assistant respectfully greeted as he turned his attention away from the projection that showed the ongoing parade. "Why are you here? My shift is not yet supposed to end in another two hours."

Professor Granse casually waved his arm and seated himself behind a nearby console.

"I have already inspected the specimens for the day. All of them remain stable. There is little point in doing any research. I may as well sit back and read my backlog of academic journals. I can do that anywhere, so I may as well do it here and relieve you of your duties early."

"You... you will let me go sooner? Is that allowed?" The man who was over two centuries younger than the professor asked.

"I am old, Stevenson. Events like these no longer hold any interest to me anymore." Professor Granse said in an uncommonly weary voice. "Let me enjoy my time in peace. As for you, this may be your only chance to experience a day such as this to the fullest."

"Thank... thank you, professor!"

The two chatted a little longer before the eager and excited research assistant raced off so that he could head to the Commercial District in time.

Of course, the younger biotech researcher also signed off early, thereby passing off much of the responsibility for controlling the holding pens and underground laboratories to Professor Granse.

Once the younger researcher left, the mood in the control room became a lot more somber.

The professor first used his access authority to check the status and positions of all of the other individuals in this underground facility.

Aside from himself, Granse knew that two unlucky research assistants as well as a handful of security guards had been assigned to watch over the underground laboratory.

He confirmed that none of them could hinder his next actions.

Seeing that almost everything was in place, Granse was ready to reveal his true allegiance.

It would be from this moment on that he would truly betray the trust of his government, his employer and his passionate colleagues and his earnest students.

He could still reconsider. Up until now, he had yet to make any blatant actions that directly harmed the interests of Davute. He could still turn his back on the plan and keep living the life of a prestigious, government-supported star researcher and university professor.

However, only Murmillian Granse himself knew that there was no turning back since the time he initially infiltrated Davute.

To think that an award-winning geneticist and beast designer had fallen so low.

Professor Murmillian Granse didn't have to fall so low and besmirch his name forever.

He still had plenty of years to go before he would no longer be able to persist in his research anymore.

With the extensive list of scientific accomplishments in his name, he would be able to retire with great fanfare and continue to live off the profits of his patents, licenses and royalties for the rest of his life.

It was a pity that none of this interested him anymore. Professor Granse was not motivated by selfishness, but by kinship.

"My children..."

By ending his own future, he would be able to boost the lives of his descendants.

Thinking about his offspring made him feel frustrated and helpless.

Despite his best efforts, none of his children, his grandchildren, his great-grandchildren and so on amounted to anything decent, at least by his standards.

Sure, the expensive designer baby formulas and augmentations he provided to them lifted their intelligences to well above average.

However, they were nowhere close to reaching his level. All of the augmentations could not solve a lack of drive and passion for a productive pursuit.

At best, they could become junior research associates or middle-level managers at a company. Their chances of climbing any higher was exceedingly slim based on their projected growth trajectories.

There were still many ways to beat the most promising of his offspring into shape.

However, the most convenient and promising way to do so was to earn an entire planet for his dynasty.

Once his middling and incompetent descendants gained ownership over an entire planet, they could sit back for generations and live off the taxes for as long as Karlach existed.

The income they could derive from running an entire planet vastly exceeded the amount of profits that Professor Granse could make through his work!

"Who knows. Maybe a genius will finally be born among my useless descendants. My dynasty shall truly rise when that happens."

As Granse dreamt about securing a much better future for his bloodline, he finally hardened his resolve.

He waited until he received a hidden signal that informed him that the time had come for him to take action.

His fingers immediately started to input a long and complex series of commands into the central console. He was practically rewriting many different settings and deactivating a lot of security programs without tripping any obvious alarms.

Of course, he would have never been able to avoid the scrutiny of the security AIs that were supposed to watch for suspicious activities. He had already received a notification that this problem had already been taken care of, leaving him free to repurpose the underground laboratory.

"Done!"

After he submitted his final instruction, the facility underwent a complete change.

First, all of the holding pens that held the large and destructive organisms opened up their gates at once.

Many captured exobeasts and warbeasts couldn't believe that the exits became open all of a sudden.

Before the beasts could rampage, a strange influence settled over them, activating extremely well-hidden genetic programming that caused them to remain docile.

Each of the beasts moved out of their holding pens in an orderly fashion.

Apex predators that would have normally savaged each other upon sight remained completely docile as they moved towards a single specific holding pen.

The destination that they were moving towards happened to be the large chamber which held the nine beasts that Professor Granse considered to be his magnum opus.

It was only now that these organic products revealed their true shapes and potential.

After receiving a silent signal, the polychromic wormdragons no longer remained impassive, but instead began to merge together in groups of threes!

"HUFUFEHHAAAA!"

Strange noises escaped from the throats of the artificial warbeasts as their bodies spontaneously merged with each other!

The sight was both fascinating and disgusting. Entire organs and body parts melted into three identical monstrosities that looked greater than the sum of their parts!

Once the super wormdragons took shape, they towered over many of the exobeasts and warbeasts that had slowly entered the holding pen.

"WRRRRUUUOOOOOAAAAA!"

The three superwormdragons cried out once before they activated the brand-new phasewater organ that had spontaneously formed within the depths of their bodies.

The organ crudely imitated the structure and functions of a phase whale organ. Though Professor Granse never gained access to such a valuable high-end biotech design, Karlach somehow managed to obtain it and pass it onto him in total secrecy.

Now, the engineering put into these brand-new organs was put to the test. The hastily-shaped phasewater organ was already undergoing so much stress that they were already close to breaking apart!

This was one of the most sensitive parts of the operations. If the hastily-grown phasewater organs did not last long enough for them to do their only job, then this entire operation would fail!

Professor Granse clenched his fist as he tried to convince himself that his masterpiece was bound to succeed.

After a few more seconds of heavy exertion, the superwormdragon simultaneously let out another roar before they spatially displaced themselves along with every other beast in the vicinity to an entirely different location!

"It's done!" Professor Granse sighed in relief.

Now that he had done his job, he let out a deep breath and activated a few commands that completely scrambled the logs and made sure that the Davutans wouldn't be able to extract any useful information from the systems.

He then pulled out a small vial from his lab coat pocket and stared at its glowing blue contents for a second.

"For Karlach." He whispered and proceeded to swallow the contents of the vial at once.

His body began to melt over a span of a minute. His clothes increasingly drooped and engulfed his diminishing body as he was literally dying in a manner of his choosing!

The smile on his face remained as long as his face retained its shape. Soon, even that faded away as his flesh and bone decomposed into a formless puddle of organic liquids.

Thus the life of a 230-year old professor of genetics and inventor of many impressive warbeast had come to an abrupt and undignified end.

Chapter 4759 Monstrous Outbreak

Tristan Wesseling and Professor Zin Galbraith continued their leisurely discussion as the founding ceremony became dominated by the all-important speech.

Though a dazzling variety of mechs still marched through the streets, not even the mech designers paid that much attention to their designs anymore.

As new but committed citizens of the colonial state that President Yenames Clive sought to establish, it became extremely important to understand what kind of society they were trying to build!

Tristan and Galbraith approved of what they heard in the early parts of the president's speech.

"Fairly normal and predictable to those in the know, but we are not the target audience of this address." The Senior Mech Designer spoke as he picked up a bite from a plate of morsels that a bot had just delivered. "The large influx of immigrants has led to the rapid growth of our colony, but that has come at the expense of cohesion. Too many different cultures and groups have blended together, producing a great degree of friction and societal tension. It is truly right to start working on building more cohesion among the citizens of our colonial state."

Tristan looked thoughtful. "The president is still framing his speech as a business proposition. It sounds like he believes that everyone will go along with what he is saying because we can earn more money that way. I am not so sure that will work out as well as he hoped."

παῖδα nova| com "You are not sufficiently taking the cost of building a colony into consideration, Mr. Wesseling. Up until this point, the Davute Project is still operating at a substantial loss. While the initial investors have completed the construction of all of the essential infrastructure and colonial facilities, there is still a critical lack of depth that can only be compensated by continuing to build new settlements, develop larger colonies and foster more industries. Public spending can never shoulder this burden alone. Davute needs its citizens to contribute to its economic development."

"Everything revolves around money in the Red Ocean." Tristan frowned in disapproval.

"That is not a unique concept. Money motivates every human. Do you think that the humans of the Milky Way are less greedy than the people who have moved to the Red Ocean? That is not the case. The only reason why the latter are more restrained is because there is much less room for development in the old galaxy. All of the obvious opportunities have already been taken by the previous generations. Those who are born after can do little but submit themselves to these early winners. Out here in the new frontier, there are no established powers who are capable of choking out opportunists. There is boundless room for development here, and that has amplified the importance of capital."

In other words, the pursuit of wealth had become the dominant trend of the Red Ocean!

Davute, a rising colonial state that elevated commercialism to the highest degree, had the potential to become the largest and strongest political entity in the Krakatoa Middle Zone!

This approach was not without weaknesses, though.

When President Yenames Clive's speech took a more belligerent turn, both Tristan and Professor Galbraith disapproved for different reasons.

"War again." Tristan said in a voice that conveyed a strong sense of disgust. "I am not naive to think that peace can be maintained in the Red Ocean, but do we truly have to demonize Karlach to this extent? Both states are filled with humans, many of whom used to be citizens of many other states! This is driving us into another war of annihilation. There will be less room for reconciliation or compromise."

The Senior Mech Designer who munched on another bite-sized morsel was not as naive.

"Davute and Karlach cannot coexist with each other. So long as the founding groups want to turn their investments into the dominant states of Krakatoa, they will always target each other for as long as they exist. Rather than allow this divide to last for centuries as has been the case for the rival states in the Komodo Star Sector, the founders do not have the patience to learn whether they need to write off their efforts in this middle zone. A quick resolution will give more certainty to the winner and give the loser an early chance to suspend a failing project and start a new one in a different zone."

In other words, the fates of the two colonial states depended on the economic interests of the powers that founded them and still retained a lot of control. Tristan felt as if he was experiencing a rerun of his awful experiences back when he was still a Fridayman.

"I hope I won't get drafted into a war again. I have served enough in this capacity. Just let me do my real work for once."

Professor Galbraith keenly sensed the fluctuations in the younger mech designer's emotional state.

"You should not have any concern." Professor Galbraith said. "Davute's policies rely heavily on incentives to attract voluntary soldiers and fighting groups. The burden of fighting the war that is to come will solely fall onto the shoulders of professional soldiers. If it comes to a point where a draft is required to muster up more personnel to the front, Davute has already turned into a crashing starship. Those forced to risk their lives for a state that only existed for a short amount of time are more liable to defect to the enemy. After all, many people would rather side with the winner of a conflict."

The shallow loyalties and the overly mercenary nature of many soldiers represented a huge hidden danger for Davute. That was also why President Yenames Clive spent so much time on building a national identity and painting Karlach as an evil aggressor.

"What do you think about what the president is attempting to accomplish, professor?"

"My opinion is irrelevant." The senior mech designer advised Tristan. "It is better to leave matters of policy to the politicians. Just as mech designers such as us prefer to work on our projects without interference from laymen, we should not presume to know better than the public officials who govern over people for a living. That said, what I have heard does not change my decision to bet on Davute. Karlach may be strong right out of the gate due to its more pronounced militaristic orientation, but we have our own advantages."

Just as Tristan wanted to ask why Professor Galbraith remained optimistic about Davute, the latter abruptly put down his wine glass and straightened his back.

"What is wrong, professor?"

"Wait. I have received a concerning notification from a friend. An unexpected development occurred. There are--"

Alarms suddenly rang throughout the nearby Government District!

Shortly after the piercing sounds spread throughout all of downtown Kotor City, the central and most important district began to produce noises and vibrations that reminded Tristan of his time in the Komodo War!

Both mech designers directed their gaze to the projection that currently displayed a president that was forced to interrupt his speech.

Professor Galbraith sent a command that changed the live feed to one that displayed the central area of the Government District.

Everything had erupted into chaos!

"Are those exobeasts?!" Tristan gasped. "How did they get here?! No wait, they're attacking the surrounding people!"

What they witnessed was an all-out attack on Davute! Its institutions as well as its upper society figures came under brazen attack by giant beasts that looked as if they could fight against mechs on an equal basis!

"It's not just the central plaza that is under attack!" Professor Galbraith exclaimed.

They both stared in the direction of the Government District. The rapidly increasing discharges of projectiles, energy beams and explosives within this sudden warzone made it clear that hostile elements had managed to bypass every guard and somehow appear in the midst of people on the streets!

Tristan's eyes shook as the events unfolding a district away overlapped with the memories that haunted him to this day.

He never thought that one of his nightmares would come true so close to his position. Davute was supposed to be one of the safest and well-protected star systems in Krakatoa!

"This is a slaughter." He spoke in a pained voice. "Over a million people have tried to cram their way into the Government District. The appearance of hundreds of murderous giant beasts will kill many thousands of them in a matter of minutes!"

Whoever was responsible for unleashing the bloodthirsty beasts upon the civilian population showed no regard for the deaths of innocents.

Professor Galbraith relaxed a bit as he received further news from an undisclosed information source. "That may be true, but the Government District is not without its defenders. Look. The parade mechs along with the patrol mechs have already started to take action."

Multiple projected live feeds came to life in the luxurious restaurant as many diners and guests demanded to know what happened in the other streets.

The reason why they hadn't left in panic was because the Commercial District was not under immediate attack.

The floating diamond no longer stupidly floated in the air but started to descend and float away from the Government District.

This was the greatest advantage to floating structures. They may be expensive to keep aloft, but their inherent mobility allowed them to move away from problematic areas.

Of course, the speed of traversal left much to be desired, but neither Tristan nor Professor Galbraith thought there was any need to evacuate from the facility on their own.

A strong energy shield also took shape around the floating diamond structure. Every construct of its kind had to possess one in order to guard against accidents, but it could also be used to resist deliberate attacks.

Many different shuttles and other vehicles already lifted off and brought their respective passengers away from downtown Davute as much as possible.

The sheer amount of traffic that appeared at once was wreaking havoc in the skies and making the lives of traffic controllers a lot harder.

More importantly to many people that had been caught on the streets, the entrances to underground shelters and tunnel complexes had opened up at once, giving a lot of concerned and panicking individuals a chance to escape the massacre!

"Get off the streets! It's not just the beasts that can kill us! The collateral damage produced by the mechs can be just as deadly!"

Collateral damage was always a concern with mechs, but the sudden outbreak of hostilities instantly amplified the magnitude of attacks landing onto packed civilian structures and streets filled with people!

The parade mechs that were mostly piloted by mercenaries or company employees all scrambled to respond to the biological monstrosities that had teleported onto nearby streets.

The worst of these mech pilots opened fire or maneuvered around the broad but still confining avenues without taking the crowds into account!

Combined with the out-of-control beasts that showed absolutely no qualms about slaughtering humans en masse, a lot of streets in the Government District became engulfed in blood!

Certain groups of parade mechs acquitted themselves worse than others.

One of the most notable ones were the dark gray mechs paraded by Rorsh & Rorsh.

Despite the fact that it was the largest mech manufacturer on the planet by production volume, the pilots it assigned to its amazing variety of mass production models fell into chaos as their complete lack of preparation produced a host of problems!

"What do we do, captain?!"

"How in the seven hells did these beasts appear on the streets?!"

"Ahhh, they're coming for us, open fire before it's too late!"

"Damnit, our rifles are locked! Why can't we fire our guns?!"

"Take flight, colleagues! We need time to reorganize and regroup!"

"Are you crazy?! There are civilians on the streets! If we don't put our mechs in our way, those people will disappear into the bellies of those monsters!"

"We can't fight unless we receive the unlock codes of our rifles!"

Chapter 4760 Falling Blocks

Ves and many other people seated in Block L watched with increasing horror as the entire situation in the Government District deteriorated in a short amount of time.

They barely had any time to react to the abrupt arrival of a group of large and dangerous beasts in the middle of the central plaza.

The beasts barely took time to get their bearings before they immediately sought to attack the humans in the vicinity.

No one could figure out why the brutish monsters unanimously chose to go on the attack instead of trying to run away, but the fact of the matter was that every seating block turned into an eligible target at this point!

Ves scarcely managed to jump to his feet and unpack his Unending Regalia before three bright and hot energy beams exploded from the maws of the three largest and more remarkable beasts!

"AHHH! THEY'RE GONE! THEY'RE ALL GONE!"

In the places of the U-shaped formation where two seating blocks were previously hovering, nothing was left except for half-molten pieces of slag!

"What happened to their energy shields?! Attacks of this magnitude shouldn't be able to break the shields of our blocks so easily. It's impossible for them to be so weak!"

Ves hurriedly equipped his Unending Regalia while providing clarification based on what he managed to observe.

As a transcendent who evolved into something of a phase lord himself, he and Veronica could clearly sense that many of the organisms down below possessed extremely special properties that significantly elevated their threat level!

"These beasts are not normal creatures. They are phasewater beasts! Each of their attacks can bypass or overwhelm transphasic energy shields with greater ease!"

"I recognize some of these beasts." A hospital director working for Freewell Medical Services uttered. "If I am not mistaken, these are the captured exobeasts and experimental warbeasts that should have been locked away inside the holding pens underneath the campus of the Davute Biotech University. The former are already dangerous on their own, but the latter are even worse as they are specifically made to crush mechs!"

"Who brought them here?! Shouldn't they be locked in their cages?!"

Panic and incomprehension rapidly spread among the audience. If two of the seating blocks could be felled by the alien beasts, then so could all of the other ones!

All of their previous poise and confidence was nowhere to be seen as they fell under the sway of their own fears!

"GET US OUT OF HERE!"

"Where are our mech armies?!"

Many children began to cry and sought shelter from their parents, which didn't help all of that much because a lot of adults were barely able to maintain their wits in the face of all of this death and destruction!

Only the Larkinsons exhibited a lot more discipline and control. Though the children and the non-combatants among them did not react well to the outbreak of violence, almost all of them had been riding aboard the same starships that took part in multiple dangerous expeditions. Their tolerance towards life-threatening situations was remarkably better than normal!

Ves was most proud with the reactions of his soldiers.

The officers of the Larkinson Army did not possess any advance warning of what might happen today.

That did not stop them from rising to the occasion. They pressed their more vulnerable clansmen back and tried their best to meet any incoming threat, though there was not much they could do without access to arms.

Everyone implicitly knew that there was no way they could protect themselves against the scale of attacks launched by these mech-sized beasts.

Only mechs or heavier war platforms could adequately handle these cruel but surprisingly strong warbeasts!

Fortunately, the Government District was not short of mechs.

Compared to the streets and avenues that had descended into chaos, the central plaza area was much better protected and organized.

The first mechs to respond there were ace mechs as their pilots were much more powerful and much faster to respond.

Of the three ace mechs that were stationed in this crucial area, the Shotgun Shogun was the first to bear the brunt of alien firepower!

Even as Block E and Block Y vaporized and melted into unrecognizable ruins, Block M still managed to hold on for the time being despite the unexpected weakening of its energy shield!

"HAAAAAAAAA!"

As soon as one of the strange multi-colored dragon-like creatures spat out a transphasic heat beam of unsurpassed might and penetration power, the ace striker mech did its best to block and weaken the destructive energies that sought to kill off everyone sitting in Block M!

As soon as the incoming energy beam struck in the direction of this seating block, Master Benedict Cortez had already been prepared to activate his emergency single-use personal teleporter and disappear from the heart of this calamity zone.

It was only his great reluctance to use up a precious life-saving device that he had exchanged from the Association for a hefty amount of MTA merits that had stayed his hands.

Seeing that the Shotgun Shogun was holding on for now, Master Benedict held back from squandering one of his most valuable assets in vain and hovered in solidarity with his fellow Crossers.

The incredible output of the multi-colored warbeast completely washed the area directly in front of the Shotgun Shogun with heat and energy!

Even as the Davutan ace mech's Saint Kingdom constantly sapped the strength of the heat beam the further it proceeded, a small portion of the heat still bypassed the solid frame of the machine and passed through the other side!

The energy shield covering Block M slightly strained to resist the incoming remnant heat and energy.

It was a pity that the Shotgun Shogun was not a true defensive mech like the Indormeon!

Its relatively thick transphasic armor system more than satisfied its own defensive needs, but aside from its Saint Kingdom, the ace mech lacked any ability to mitigate damage across a wider area!

"We... we are saved!"

The people who had originally been marked for death managed to obtain a stay of execution when they saw that the Shotgun Shogun's early arrival had allowed them to escape the same fate that had befallen the victims assigned to Block E and Block Y!

The two ruined seating blocks had long lost all of their power and antigrav modules. With nothing able to keep them aloft, they rapidly lost altitude until the large and ruined constructs of metal crashed against the plaza surface as if they were pieces of discarded ship debris!

"NO BEAST IS ALLOWED TO RUN WILD UNDER MY WATCH!" Saint Antai Shogi roared as his fury amplified his true resonance and caused his ace striker mech's shotgun to charge up an attack of great power!

As the colorful wormdragon creature looked as if it had overdrawn half of its life to unleash such a ridiculously powerful heat beam attack, the creature hastily activated one of its phasewater organs to produce a wobbly spatial shield.

The other wormdragons that had succeeded in their initial strike noticed that threat posed by the Shotgun Shogun was considerable.

They simultaneously generated their own spatial shields, thereby causing three of them in total to cover their group!

Saint Antai Shogi didn't care. The beasts that had managed to kill off hundreds of important VIPs and almost managed to reap more lives with their powerful biological attacks had completely enraged him! The creatures needed to be dealt with before they could inflict any more damage!

"WIPE THE BOARD."

With a single pull of the trigger, the oversized transphasic shotgun held by the ace striker mech opened fire, producing a discharge that outputted both physical projectiles and lots of energy!

This time, not even Master Benedict Cortez could observe what happened! His augmented eyes strained with the excess of resonance-empowered energies that burst out of the powerful shotgun!

The effect was immediate.

The special ammunition utilized by the shotgun tore through the spatial shields as if they did not exist and slammed straight into the fleshy bodies of the three wormdragons!

The monstrous beasts did not die immediately, but they sustained serious injuries as their bioengineered bodies sustained massive injuries as the resonance-empowered projectiles tore through their flesh and bones.

The Shotgun Shogun charged up for another attack and opened fire again, unleashing an incendiary attack that made it seem as if the ace striker mech had breathed out a concentrated pulse of fire!

This time, the bodies of the wormdragons screamed to their deaths as their weakened and heavily injured bodies could not resist the resonance-empowered flames.

Their horrible flesh burned into ash while their bones crumbled as well.

All three warbeasts ultimately didn't stand a chance against a single ace mech!

It was unfortunate that the seating blocks were placed too far apart from each other and that the Shotgun Shogun could not save all of the seating blocks.

In fact, if an explosive assassination attack hadn't taken out the CEO of the Pennylane Planetary Shipping Company, Saint Antai would have never brought his ace mech to such a convenient position in advance.

Saint Antai wasn't stupid. He figured out that the two events were not only perpetrated by different actors, but that they also worked against each other!

However, this was not the time for him to conduct an investigation. The three wormdragons had been taken care of, but there were still plenty of other dangerous beasts that had managed to spread out since their appearance!

Fortunately, most of the seating blocks floated high enough in the air to prevent most of the hostile creatures from threatening the other VIPs.

Not all of the beasts were able to attack at a distance. Though a number of them could output weaker energy beams or spit out globs of corrosive acids, most creatures could only savage their prey with their limbs or their teeth.

Still, after finding out that they could not reach their desired targets, the bloodthirsty warbeasts were already starting to run towards the sides where dense crowds of people were hastily trying to fly away or evacuate to the nearest emergency shelters!

"STOP THEM ALL!"

Seeing that the threat targeted against Block M had passed, the Shotgun Shogun quickly flew away so that it could intercept the other beasts and blast them all to bits at more effective angles of fire.

The VIPs sheltering inside the fragile energy shield of Block M felt awfully exposed again.

"Get us out of here!"

"Let us leave this place at once!"

"Where are our mechs?!"

There was no justification to allow the seating blocks to hover conspicuously in the air. No matter how much the colonial government wanted to portray an image of absolute control, it was not acceptable to put the surviving VIPs at risk.

After a short delay, Block M along with all of the other surviving seating blocks began to split apart and followed several different evacuation routes that should eventually bring them to highly secure underground hangars.

A large number of military mechs belatedly arrived and escorted the vulnerable blocks to ensure that no beast could target them unopposed.

After the departure of the Shotgun Shogun, Master Benedict Cortez finally dared to think about the sequence of events that ultimately led to this situation.

He put his considerable analytical mind to use by processing Ves' cryptic warning, the assassination of Arthur Pennylane, the arrival of an ace striker mech and the sudden appearance and surprise attack from a cultivated warbeast.

The possible conclusions he drew from all of these clues did not sit well with him. Though his expression remained carefully neutral, internally he was seething with fury.

He only clenched his fist for a single second before he shifted his attention elsewhere.

He first needed to take care of his own survival before he could pursue other priorities.

"Where are our guards! Recall them to our positions and prepare to move out as soon as our mechs arrive. We will remain targets if we continue to stay on this faulty block!"