

Wow 581

Chapter 581: Frenzy!_2

However, now...

Gliding through like a specter, each strike of the blue-and-white phantom inflicts tons of damage; such tactics from the past are no longer effective.

Bai E even uses these Bug Race nests' guards, mindlessly blocking damage for the Overlord, borrowing their cumbersome bodies, always dodging the Supreme Blade Edge of the Overlord.

No matter how powerful a weapon is, if it doesn't hit its target, it is utterly useless.

Facing the elusive edge of Bai E, the four behemoths hinder each other, and for a moment, they can't seem to do anything to Bai E.

There are only repeated, relentless slashes tearing flesh and slowly eating away at the lives of the three Bug Race nest guards.

"The Mech Soul can actually do this?"

The elite Mech Pilot of the Mechanical Court, lying seriously injured on the ground, widened his eyes, utterly baffled by the scene unfolding before him.

"Having a Mech Soul means you can do whatever you want." The Mech Pilot next to him was greatly comforted, looking at the blue-and-white Mecha threading through the beasts, its appearance made crude by repair marks yet unexpectedly exuding a sense of reliability. Envy filled his gaze.

The birth of a Mech Soul within their own Mecha and achieving communication with it was almost a superstitious belief among every Mech Pilot of the Mechanical Court.

These elites, born of humanity's cutting-edge urban technology, were all in pursuit of the unpredictable magic.

"A gun with ten bullets can shoot twenty, that's Mech Soul! Do you understand the value of a Mech Soul?"

...

"Good! Good!"

In the command vehicle, filled with despair, the flower of hope bloomed once again.

Watching the blue-and-white Mecha on the monitor, "surrounding" and battling the four giant beasts all by itself, Hamilton clapped his hands in satisfaction, "My decision was indeed correct."

If they hadn't brought Bai E along, they would've been packing up to escape by now.

"So what? Hasn't even killed one, has it?"

Not all gazes were focused on the Overlord-related battlefield.

In important positions within the main battle formation, like the tank and armored vehicle operators wearing Spiritual Energy helmets, they could quickly awaken from the Overlord's psychic domain, but it was always the tens of thousands of ordinary soldiers on the frontline who truly bore the brunt.

They were the ones whose ability to rapidly free themselves from the influence of the Overlord's psychic domain mattered for the victory or defeat at the front lines.

And clearly, these ordinary soldiers could not live up to the profound expectations of their superiors.

The lower-tier Bug Race, no longer suppressed by the Overlord, advanced slowly like a carpet in motion, bloodthirsty insects devouring everything fleshy in their path, swallowing it whole.

The sound of chewing filled the entire frontline, and occasional artillery and gunfire would only provoke a momentary counterattack by a swarm of insects; human bones, at their toughest, were the greatest contributors in resisting the spread of the Bug Race tide.

With an indifferent gaze, the Overlord lifted its suppression, but the "reminders" sent time and again seemingly failed to teach these humans a lesson. Perhaps only a thorough annihilation would make them truly realize the disparity in strength!

As for now... what difference would one more slightly more powerful human make?

The Overlord is indestructible!

The strength of the adversary would only serve as another opportunity for their kind to evolve once more; defeat was also the beginning of plunder!

["Lucky Strike" Charge +47.]

"Eat!"

The incomprehensible voice of chaos echoed once again in the deepest recesses of his heart, from which Bai E felt that raw and blazing desire.

Bai E was certainly aware of the main battle line's dismal failure behind him.

Currently, he only wished he could split himself in two to manage both sides.

From the moment the Overlord appeared, this battle had fallen into a pure race between life and death.

It's a race to see whether human Mechas can behead the Overlord on the high-end battlefield first, or whether the Bug Race's tide will devour every living human soldier.

The battlefield collapsed on both sides without Bai E.

And even when Bai E joined the fight, he could only stabilize one side.

Each slash could inflict tons of damage on the Bug Race's guards, yet even as each cut pained them to the bone, their hefty 20,000 hit points kept them upright.

He could land each strike in the same spot on the giant beasts, but he couldn't hit the same beast with every swing.

Not to mention that each strike required 100 points of Spiritual Energy for the instant kill of a hundred heads, along with the continuous drain from various sustained abilities. This insane consumption, spread across three guardian beasts, left Bai E wondering if he could actually get past their defense and kill the true determiner of the battle's outcome—the Bug Race Overlord—before his rapidly replenishing Spiritual Energy ran dry.

Anxiousness transformed into the fiercest combat intent; Bai E knew he had to race against time, hurriedly taking down the four giant beasts in front of him to break the encirclement on the battlefield.

In a roll, while dodging the Overlord's charge, the mecha Bai E piloted discarded its left-hand shield and picked up another unbroken alloy combat sword.

With blades in both hands, the increasingly heated Spiritual Energy surged out wildly, and both magic blades activated "instant kill a hundred heads," with the mech's surface Spiritual Light shining a blinding crimson.

"Kill!!"

"Hum~"

In the moment the battle sword struck, Bai E suddenly felt as if the world of reality had distanced itself from him for an instant.

All sounds and images were momentarily isolated, and only after a few breaths in consciousness did these separated elements fill back into Bai E's awareness seamlessly.

The highly reactive Bai E immediately shook off the discomfort from this interruption in consciousness, and the next moment he realized one of the four giant beasts had an astonishing appeal to his "temptation."

His mind was clear of distractions, focused only on taking down that one target.

The misty red light almost materialized in the cockpit, syncing with the high-dimensional space where countless shadowy phantoms danced wildly at the edge of the hot light sphere.

They sensed the "scent of war" from this light of Spiritual Energy mirrored from the "lower world" creatures.

There was no absolute reverence for Order in the high-dimensional world; these demons born from extreme desires would stop at nothing for the "strength" they instinctively sought.

Such a rich soul would surely taste delicious.

In the space illuminated by the light sphere, countless demons, like sharks that smell blood in the sea, converged from all directions.

Rose, who was lying seriously injured not far from Bai E, weakly watched the violently trembling transparent light screen, her stomach churning with nausea amidst the endless turmoil.

However, at the moment when Bai E madly charged at the Overlord, Rose's eyes subconsciously drifted towards a spot in the void.

A twisted, tentacle-like limb suddenly grew from the deck on the ground; Rose instinctively squeezed her hand, and with an inaudible scream, the twisted tentacle shattered to dust.

With a frown, Rose came back to reality, curiously examining her palm, but found no trace of anything else ever having been there.

Like an invisible, immaterial "black hole" loyally guarding the edge of the vast light sphere, any demon daring to invade was instantaneously absorbed by this "black hole," ground up as if by a millstone, eventually becoming a wisp of high-dimensional essence in the high-dimensional space.

They were then absorbed by a strange suction, merging into the gradually expanding light sphere.

[Your "Skill - Soul Black Hole" has digested a wisp of alien Spiritual Energy, and converted it into your power, Spiritual Energy +2/2.]

...

[...Spiritual Energy +3/3.]

...

[...Spiritual Energy +5/5.]

The sporadic support was like streams flowing into the sea, but Bai E's progress in this special state was far from just that—

[Your will is burning passionately, the tumult of Spiritual Energy is unprecedented, all high-dimensional gazes shattered, you are the only true master here! Spiritual Energy +100/100.]

"Boom!"

The aura of Spiritual Energy surged again, the magical coating on the dual blades shining with astonishing Magic Power.

[The bloodthirsty magic blades have absorbed a great deal of the target's flesh and blood, creating a special attack effect in progress 100/1000.] (Stacking)

Chapter 582: Awe

Fervor surged!

Bai E knew clearly the state he had entered; in his eyes, the crimson behemoth with four blade arms was his only target.

Beyond that, the three Bug Race guardians, also impressive in their offensive capabilities, were not on his kill list at this moment.

This power, which burst forth from that prince of the war demons, was used in actual combat for the first time by Bai E. It was similar to the rage-fueled ability unleashed from the Blood God—apparently, the special abilities of these war demons required a certain "emotion" to activate.

Only when Bai E cast aside all strategies, desiring nothing more than to defeat his target in pure combat, did this ability truly show its usefulness.

Wielding twin blades, the blue and white Mecha transformed into an undying warrior, indifferent to any impact from other entities.

In his eyes, he was single-mindedly focused on slaying the Overlord controlling everything!

The faithful guardians naturally wouldn't stand by and watch their duty to protect suffer any harm right before their eyes.

Facing the path Bai E charged down, all three Bug Race guardians prepared to attack.

The Diamond Ripping Claws beneath their heads were primed and thirsty for blood, a cold glint passing over the blades that had not yet had a chance to be used.

"He's gone mad!"

"Captain Bai is rushing it!"

The Mech Pilots of the Mechanical Court not far from the battlefield watched this mad move, anxious as if they wanted to rush forward and stop the Mecha charging headlong.

They knew that their main battlefield in the rear was collapsing, but how could they be careless in the face of the Overlord?

No matter how pressed they were, they couldn't abandon their tactics.

Captain Bai's attacks were clearly effective. If he had continued to grind down the enemy as before, the three guardians would have fallen to his blade sooner or later.

Once the guardians were down, with Captain Bai's strength, facing the Overlord directly might not be totally hopeless.

But now...

"Boom!"

With a deafening sound, the Diamond Ripping Claw struck the Mecha as if hitting an impenetrable barrier, the grating noise causing all nearby creatures with hearing to feel a tearing pain.

The scene unfolding was unbelievable; the Mecha, which didn't attempt any defensive maneuvers, was completely unaffected by the attack of the Bug Race guardians.

Instead, the behemoth, forced into a retreat by the incredible recoil and having exerted too much force, staggered backward.

But that wasn't all; a blade as fast as lightning almost followed the retreating figure of the guardian, slashing at it.

The flash of the blade passed by, nearly exceeding the dynamic visual limits of an ordinary person.

An unenhanced slash grazed the breastplate of the guardian, slightly weaker in defense, causing minor damage.

The guardians, with brains not capable of any intelligence, couldn't learn any lesson from the events unfolding before their eyes—the remaining two behemoth guardians had already raised their sharp claws, smashing at the incoming blue and white Mecha.

"Boom!"

"Boom!"

The flash of the blade passed by, the counterattack following the retreating figures of the behemoths closely.

With blades flashing almost too quickly to see, the blue and white Mecha cut through the defenders like they weren't there, making a beeline for the Overlord at the end.

The four-armed Overlord, wielding blades, had no fear of the human Mecha before it.

Underneath its unparalleled Biological Bone Spur Blades, no known material could withstand a single slash.

"Buzz!"

A dense aura of Spiritual Energy surged forward dramatically, and the coat of magic on the blade showed new changes.

Bai E had reached level 3 with the Fission Field Generator technology that burst forth from the original intelligent machine.

"Fission Field Generator: From now on, you can create core emitters that generate fission force fields and attach them to the surface of objects made of specific materials, maintaining a constant state for the field. Note: You must use this technology in conjunction with the core knowledge of Miniaturized Kinetic Theory."

To apply the magical enhancement to the blade, Bai E needed a clear understanding of the desired effect and the underlying principles; the clearer the understanding, the more likely the effect would activate with substantial power.

Bai E, now an expert in the technology, had the means to replicate the kinetic weapon he once observed on the original intelligent machine fully.

High-Frequency Cutting alone was no match for the Overlord's combined blades, but the essence of High-Frequency Cutting combined with the Fission Field of a kinetic weapon was something Bai E felt could clash with the Overlord.

With the idea of concealing his abilities, it wasn't until this final moment of engagement that Bai E used his Spiritual Energy to add a new layer to his blades.

Spiritual Energy transformed into mechanical force, materializing out of thin air.

A thin force field layer clung to the blade instantaneously, with Bai E's twin blades chopping toward the body of the Overlord.

The Mecha spun through the air, twin blades against the Overlord's four.

The existence of a mechanical mind allowed Bai E to multitask with ease; even wielding twin blades, each hand could fully utilize its blade, and with both blades striking together, it was almost as effective as two Bai Es collaborating to face the enemy.

And with the bonus from being a weapon master, his specialization in light weapons now showed the prowess of level 9, a high attack speed enhancement allowing Bai E, two against four, to barely keep up with the Overlord's attacking speed.

Chapter 583: Jingwei_2

The frequent clashing sounds almost merged into a continuous stream, and if Bai E hadn't just upgraded his light weapon proficiency to level 8, he would have had absolutely no room to fight back against Hamilton's four blade arms.

However, even so, Bai E still found it somewhat challenging to deal with Hamilton's close combat capability.

When Hamilton's multiple blade arms drew near, his powerfully enhanced Dissolution Stance was astonishingly potent, so Bai E dared not casually test their edge, only by using his own war blade to interweave with the opponent's single blade arm could he avoid having multiple blade arms chopping down on his war blade together.

Faced with Bai E's melee capabilities, Hamilton with his four blade arms was not at ease either.

Unable to combine his blade arms for strikes meant he lost that terrifyingly sharp lethality, forcing them together made it difficult to hit the extremely cunning human mech in front of him, and even risked exposing his own flaws, putting himself under the threat of attack.

When faced with an opponent who couldn't be quickly defeated, this Hamilton, who had never encountered a worthy opponent, experienced for the first time the emotion humans referred to as "fear."

Perhaps it was too early for 'fear,' but for the first time, it felt threatened.

This feeling was unprecedented...

Evolving was necessary!

This was an opportunity for another evolution!

The rapid blade battle between the blue-and-white mech and Hamilton wasn't isolated; the three massive guardians who were shaken off, after steadying their forms, immediately counterattacked toward the blue-and-white mech once more.

The guardians, having learned no lesson, raised their most powerful weapons again—Diamond Chitin claws whose might was formidable—and yet, when they struck the mech which had just entangled with Hamilton and couldn't dodge, they still had no effect at all.

"Boom!"

"Boom!"

"Boom!"

Almost invisible sword flashes passed in a blur, the mech barely paused before launching a counterattack, then swiftly leapt back into action, charging at Hamilton for a second time.

The chaotic shadow of the blade ceaselessly reflected sunlight, the blinding brilliance nearly dazzling the eyes of every onlooker.

"Amazing!"

"Amazing!"

"Amazing!"

The Mech Pilots of the Mechanical Court exclaimed in unison, their astonishment hard to fathom.

That the mech, operated by Captain Bai, could ignore the also powerful attacks of the insectoid guardians had already baffled them; yet, the speed of the counterattack displayed while facing four opponents was unbelievably fast.

This speed, which was nearly imperceptible to the naked eye, should not be occurring in a mech's frame—at its showing had utterly surpassed the theoretical limits of mechanical quality that were anticipated at the onset of military mech design.

Larger bodies move slower, an inviolable truth of this universe.

No object can have a perfectly rigid structure, where one end responds instantly to a command issued from the other end.

And even if such a structure did exist, the force required to move such a massive object from one end would be unimaginably colossal.

But now...

The speed demonstrated by Captain Bai's operated mech had reached levels that theoretically, only the smaller, special-type mechs in the court were supposed to achieve.

"Is the mech spirit really that fierce?"

"Are we sure it's the work of the mech spirit?"

Even those Mech Pilots from the Mechanical Court, who endlessly revered the mech spirit, began to question the exaggerated perspective that the higher-ups had of Bai E's performance.

"Maybe among mech spirits, there are disparities too,"

"A powerful mech spirit can indeed do whatever it wants!"

Yet in their voices, came the disheartening command, "All units, prepare to retreat."

Captain Bai's performance was indeed consistently stellar, facing four enemies and even managing to bypass the guardians' defense to pressure Hamilton gave everyone hope.

But the battle wasn't just happening at his location.

The insectoids' devouring ability had no limit, and as they consumed more biomass, the insectoid nest so close at hand could produce even more new insects.

Under the current unfavorable conditions, the frontline was verging on a total collapse; without regrouping soon, all the troops involved in this sortie might end up buried in the bellies of the beasts.

Watching the invincible War God in the monitor, slashing through enemies with a chill-inducing blade amidst a one-versus-four battle, every officer felt a profound sense of regret.

If only they had let Captain Bai charge at the forefront of the Mech Armored Corps from the start, how could things have devolved to this extent?

There was no point in sending so many mechas to the dominion's battlefield, where they were being dispatched as easily as slicing vegetables.

Had they known, it would have been better to have all the camp's mechas hold the front line to delay the swarm's advance, and then let Captain Bai rush into the fray alone, betting on when he could take down the four behemoths. The odds would have been much better than now.

"But it also looks like Captain Bai is having a tough time causing significant damage to the overseer," an officer observed attentively.

Despite Captain Bai controlling his mecha to engage energetically with the four giant beasts, the fact remained that none of the five participants in the battle had yet shown any sign of sustaining severe damage.

"Captain Bai might only be able to delay the four behemoths."

"If only we had another 95B27!"

Weslin cut off the officers' discussion agitatedly, "Enough talk, those elite pilots from the Mechanical Court aren't dead yet, we need to figure out how to rescue them!"

The military could afford their losses; at worst, they would simply recruit and enlist more soldiers upon their return.

There were plenty of lower-class citizens in the cities willing to join the military, and the production lines for artificial humans had never been operating at full capacity.

There were no shortages of expendable lower-class citizens, and for the city, deaths were not the biggest problem.

It's a pity to lose so much machinery, but it couldn't be helped.

The only thing that could be salvaged now was the relationship with the Mechanical Court.

The elite pilots who hadn't yet died on the battlefield absolutely couldn't be allowed to perish; their value was much greater than the lost mechas.

This mention of pilots filled some officers with irritation.

"Didn't they say that a few more pilots from the Mechanical Court could achieve similar battle records to Captain Bai? Where are those results?" Hamilton was utterly disappointed in the performance of the elite pilots from the Mechanical Court.

Look at Captain Bai, and then look at the Mechanical Court.

You boast that a few more would have the same effect, but what were you doing when Captain Bai faced four enemies alone?

Lying on the ground shouting your prowess?

If they had known these pilots were ineffective, it would have been better to let Bai E take the lead. How could the situation have developed into its current state?

"There's nothing we can do. Our Intelligence Machinery Group Army can't compare with the insect nest here; that battle clearly hadn't pushed Captain Bai to his limits. It's just that we all assumed that was the real extent of Captain Bai's strength," remarked another officer.

"After this battle, there should be no more excuses for downplaying and suppressing the rise of Captain Bai, right?" Carlos said cautiously, glancing at Weslin. Perhaps this piece of news might be the only good news amidst the great defeat.

"I need solutions, not blame games," Weslin said, his expression cold as ink.

But obviously, this was asking the impossible.

In the current situation, besides Captain Bai, who dared to claim they could move freely through a sea of insects?

And if they ordered Captain Bai to rescue them... who would dare to distract him at this critical moment?

As they watched the lone figure battling against four, an invisible awe had surreptitiously seeped into the hearts of every officer present.

And orders?

Perhaps the word "command" had, from this moment forward, ceased to apply to Captain Bai.

Even if he was an artificial human, this artificial human's capabilities had completely shattered all of their former perceptions.

"I'll go."

From a corner, a black figure that had gone unnoticed suddenly stood up.

When she remained silent, the human officers subconsciously overlooked her presence. It was only when she volunteered to stand out that all the officers inside the command vehicle realized the presence of such a powerful entity among them.

This lady born of the Elf Race was, in their eyes, the true upper limit of single combat strength.

Weslin's face brightened, "Then I'll have to trouble Miss Yueying."

Chapter 584: slay the guards!

The shadowy figure in a black cloak walked gently down from the command vehicle, able to barely make out the general entanglement of the several behemoths from a distance far too remote from the battlefield.

Even Yue Ying did not dare to say that she could inflict enough damage when facing the Domineer and its three guards alone.

As long as the enemy's life force was stubborn enough, it would actually be she who ran out of Spiritual Energy first, placing her in danger.

In fact, she felt puzzled by Bai E's performance.

In terms of the intensity of perceived Spiritual Energy, Bai E had indeed improved rapidly, but it still fell far short of her own level.

Yet, in a battle where she herself was powerless to persist, he managed to withstand the siege of four giant beasts for so long without falling short, which was simply incredible in terms of Spiritual Energy's endurance.

Volunteering to rescue others, she also intended to get closer to observe Bai E.

The Longsword unsheathed, Yue Ying watched the surging Bug Race from afar, a sharp light flashing in her eyes.

The blade tore through everything, and Yue Ying's figure burst forth unhindered in an instant, shooting toward the battlefield above.

The sword light ripped open a chasm, and the world darkened for an instant.

The Bug Race along a line was instantly shattered, with limbs flying everywhere.

The figure in the black cloak did not stop for a moment, as an individual's power was always limited in the face of such a vast battlefield.

Even using up all her Spiritual Energy would only delay the Bug Race's advance for a short time.

Her body, protected by the light of the sword, smashed everything, almost like a black hole devouring everything in its path, the cloaked figure charged through the rift directly towards the rear of the battlefield—

That is, near the site where the five behemoths were engaged in combat.

Initially, Yue Ying did not rush to rescue the Mech Pilots of the Mechanical Court. There were only five giants currently in battle at the rear, with no other low-level bugs present. Unless accidentally affected by the aftermath, the scattered Mech Pilots did not have any immediate life-threatening concerns.

What she cared about more was Bai E's current state... Amidst the explosive and violent outbreak of Spiritual Energy, she sensed an ominous scent.

"You are using War-type abilities," Yue Ying transmitted her voice secretly, the Spiritual Energy wrap allowed her voice to directly reach Bai E's mind.

"I know."

The ability that surged with fervor was being triggered for the first time.

Only an absolute Believer in war could use such abilities. Even if he could use them, it certainly meant on some level that he met the necessary requirements.

But that didn't matter, as he knew his own will.

Walking the path to the summit inevitably required endless battles. As long as he constantly examined his own heart, the capabilities of the high-dimensional space and divine domain might not necessarily be a bad thing.

Ability does not concern good or evil.

"It's good that you know," Yue Ying just gave a kind reminder, believing in Bai E's ability to judge for himself.

"They are preparing to order a retreat. Do you have the confidence to take down the Domineer?"

"..." Bai E hesitated slightly, dodging a combined slash from the Domineer, before finally responding with Spiritual Energy, "... I'll do my best."

"There isn't much time, take care of yourself." With one last glance at the Mecha, which was amidst the siege of four behemoths yet danced with blade light, Yue Ying, who found no clue as to why Bai E's Spiritual Energy never seemed to run dry, began to fulfill the responsibilities entrusted to her.

She used Spiritual Energy to lift up the bodies of various Mech Pilots of the Mechanical Court, the journey home was far from as smooth as the arrival had been.

However, Yue Ying, who was single-handedly lifting several living Mech Pilots with Spiritual Energy, still made her way slaughtering through the Bug Race, as if entering a realm devoid of others.

Upon learning of the retreat ordered by the commanders behind him, Bai E no longer hesitated to unleash his full strength, learning from the Domineer's panel that it possessed the ability for Adaptive Evolution and even the capability to automatically adjust its Chitin Bone Armor properties depending on the type of attack it received.

But he didn't understand the limits and the rate of such adaptation and adjustments. Finally, after several successful breaches of the Domineer's four-blade defense to reach the inner circle, Bai E saw the Domineer's true stats—

[Domineer (Bug Race): Health Points 99,180/100,000; Defensive Power: 800...]

The health points massive to the point of despair, but the good news was that the so-called active Chitin Bone Armor did not seem to be able to fortify to the strength of the Vajra Chitin Bone Armor of the Bug Race's guards, and the efficiency of the Adaptive Evolution wasn't so fast as to take immediate effect; the Domineer's defensive power remained at only 800.

That meant, as long as he could hit the target, each of his blades could break through the defense and cause effective damage.

That also meant that he did not need to combine all nine blades into one against the Domineer, as he did against the guards, but could use each blade separately.

The difficulty with the behemoth template lies in this: small-scale damage, no matter how strong, is naturally limited when inflicted upon such gigantic creatures.

Against the defense of the Bug Race's guards, Bai E could not choose to increase the area of impact; if he didn't use the nine-blade technique, each hit from the Instant-Kill Hundred Heads could only deal about twenty points of damage, making it far too inefficient.

But now, facing the Domineer's 800 points of defense, the Instant-Kill Hundred Heads could truly showcase its other aspect of lethality.

Determined, Bai E burst forth in an instant.

Having decided to use Instant-Kill Hundred Heads, he no longer had to consider whether his fighting blade would be blocked by the Domineer's Biological Bone Spur Blades.

Even if his blade was blocked, the other eight shadows of the blade that were launched at the same time could land in dispersed areas around the target.

Blades chopped in quick succession, speed maximized.

For a moment, endless shadows of blades almost enveloped the Domineer entirely, and its health points, exceeding 100,000, were reduced by the thousands under such terrifying blows.

Chapter 585: slay the guards!_2

The only thing that constrained Bai E was the speed of the virtual world's recovery of Spiritual Energy.

The cost of 100 points of Spiritual Energy to instantly kill a hundred beasts with replenishing wasn't keeping up with Bai E's current attack speed. The flesh of the dominating beast sprayed blood as it plummeted, and the drastic rise and fall of Spiritual Energy inside Bai E gave him the strange sensation of being alternately drained and filled.

With a total of 100,000 hit points, was his Spiritual Energy replenishment enough to deplete the overlord's health bar?

Judging by the experience of the previous two intense uses of Spiritual Energy, his limit was about thirty cycles of depletion and replenishment.

Apart from other miscellaneous expenses, at his current Spiritual Energy cap of 470 points, each full replenishment in reality could only allow for three strikes capable of the instant kill.

Totaling ninety strikes, each hit about a thousand in damage.

By all accounts, it was nearly enough, but the Spiritual Energy consumed earlier on the guardians of the Bug Race's nest meant that after a simple calculation... the final result was actually not very optimistic.

99,000...

98,000...

95,000...

89,000...

The overlord couldn't see its own health plummeting madly, but it could feel that it was undergoing a terrifying assault.

Even its loyal guardians couldn't stop the human's steel machine of war.

True fear began to echo in the consciousness of the creature with self-awareness, and then the terrifying voice rang out again in Bai E's consciousness.

All the lower-ranking swarm heading towards the human army suddenly halted, then surged backward towards the rear in great numbers.

A singular beast struggled to endure the multitude of human low-caliber gunfire, so how could the human Mechas withstand a mass attack by countless bugs?

The sudden turn of events brought joy to the officers inside the rear command vehicle, who promptly ordered all capable soldiers to try to bring back every frontline fighter still alive.

This time there was no Bai E, but there were more fighters with a clear mind.

"Let Bai attract some fire, cover our retreat!"

"Understood!"

"Bai, we have suffered severe losses in the rear. Please hold on for a bit longer."

"Copy that," Bai E immediately responded.

Come on!

Come on!

The final form of the magical blade required an infusion of copious amounts of blood. The flesh and blood of low-level bugs, too, belonged to the Bug Race!

[The bloodthirsty magical blade has absorbed a substantial amount of blood and flesh from the target. The special attack effect is in the process of building, 200/1000.](Stacking)

"The overlord... is retreating," an officer inside the command vehicle at the rear of the battlefield muttered in awe as he watched footage captured by a drone.

The artificial human warrior called Bai E had created a myth that no one had foreseen.

The overlord's power had been a source of fear to humans, yet the strength of their Captain Bai seemed even more astonishing.

Despite being entangled by three Bug Race guardians, he managed to beat the previously invincible overlord so badly that it had to recall the bug swarm for protection and flee in disgrace!

Witnessing the blue and white Mecha unleashing full firepower amidst the bug swarm, for a moment they couldn't tell who the real Demon God was.

[The bloodthirsty magical blade has absorbed a substantial amount of blood and flesh from the target. The special attack effect is in the process of building, 300/1000.](Stacking)

...

[The bloodthirsty magical blade has absorbed a substantial amount of blood and flesh from the target. The special attack effect is in the process of building, 500/1000.](Stacking)

The supplemented special attack from the blood of the colossal beast was slow, whereas the relentless deaths of the lower-class bug hordes allowed the war blade to absorb more experience in delivering devastating effects to the Bug Race.

[...600/1000.]

[...700/1000.]

[...800/1000.]

"Captain Bai, we have basically completed the evacuation. You can look for an opportunity to break away," the officer in charge of communications respectfully conveyed the command, accompanied by a notification on the dashboard—

["Lucky Strike" energy charge +50.]

Bai E pointed his blade toward the direction of the Bug nest, his gaze sharp as a dagger.

Through calculations, he knew that he most likely couldn't annihilate the Dominator before his Spiritual Energy was exhausted. Moreover, having attempted to charge his weapon by drawing life from the lesser Bug swarms, he had automatically exited the "Frenzy Emergence" state.

But what of it? Now that he had recognized his own limits and those of the Dominator, what would you do when he returned, stronger than before?

This time he was merely a hair's breadth away. Next time, his Spiritual Energy might be even further enhanced, and how would the Dominator withstand him then, with his Demon Blade fully formed?

Before departing, it was time to collect some interest.

With blades dancing, Bai E twirled and charged at one of the three guards.

In the successive chaotic battles, the health of one guard had been whittled down to a mere 5,000 points.

Even if the defensive power of the Bug nest's guards was astonishing, such a health level no longer inspired despair.

"Swoosh, swoosh, swoosh!"

Under the disorderly light of his blades, fresh, blood-visible cracks were added to the behemoth's body.

[Activate "Lucky Strike".]

Without any hesitation, Bai E relied on the skill's tenfold critical hit damage for the first time, in pursuit of certainty.

Instant kill plus Lucky Strike.

A terrifying slash bisected the Dominator at the waist, clearing the remaining 3,000 points of health in a single stroke!

[Your skilled use of the basic model Titan-class armed Mecha weapon to hit the target has earned you "Expertise—Mechanical Rhythm" experience +427.] (Stacked)

[You inflicted 3,080 points of execution damage on the target!]

[Loot acquired: Bug Tribe Essence Extract *5000, 30,000 points of combat experience, Technology: "Vajra" structure.]

[The Bloodthirsty Demon Blade has absorbed a significant amount of the target's essence; its special attack effect has reached 1300/1000, successfully activating Phase One of the Demon Blade *Solidification.]

On the right hand of Bai E's Mecha, the combat blade that had dealt the final blow to the Bug nest guard shimmered with a rainbow luster, signifying the last step in its evolution. Even without Bai E's control, the blade now permanently possessed the properties Bai E had imbued in it.

[Alloy Combat Blade (Demon Blade): Blessed by the true lord, this once ordinary alloy combat blade now permanently possesses all the blessed attributes—High-Frequency Cutting, Disintegration Field, +20% Attack Power against the Bug Race, Ignore Bug Race's Armor by 20%. You can name this combat blade, and only those who have your permission and praise its true name can wield its full power.]

[Your skill—Reinforced *Demon Blade has successfully registered a new racial special attack attribute: +20% Attack Power against the Bug Race, Ignore Bug Race's Armor by 20%. From now on, whenever you

use any enchanted weapon, you can add this special attack attribute to it. However, if you wish to further enhance this effect, you must use the "Prime Blade" that was the first to achieve the leap. Current secondary special attack effect progress: 300/3000]

Name it?

Then let it be called... the Star Devourer Blade.

In official records, the Bug Race is known as Planet Devourers, and their strength is not limited to just this one nest.

Star Devourer?

A blade that devours Planet Devourers, destined to end all of the Bug Race!

Bai E swung his combat blade, the endless shadow of the blade instantly overturning the land before him.

Beneath the upturned earth, the chasing swarm of Bugs was utterly annihilated.

Following the retreating main forces, the blue and white Mecha stood alone at the rear, yet not a single creature dared cross the boundary cut by the Mecha's blade...

A battle that immortalized him as a legendary warrior!

On the road back, the remnants of the army, now merely a thousand or so in number, would occasionally glance back at the tall mechanical figure at the end of their ranks.

When the whole army was on the brink of collapse, it was that legendary warrior, well-known in the camp, who single-handedly overturned the doomed situation.

"Once we're back, what kind of reward could possibly befit Captain Bai's performance this time?"

While the defeat was regrettable, Captain Bai's performance momentarily alleviated the sting of failure.

With such a War God among them, a counterattack against the Bug Race seemed to be only a matter of time.

If not for the army holding him back, Captain Bai could probably have singlehandedly overturned all the high-level forces of the Bug Race.

"I have a rough idea..." Weslin said thoughtfully, eyeing all the officers present and slowly unveiling his plans.

Chapter 586: volumes of imperial editions

Urban warfare initiated by the city wasn't always smooth sailing, for the lack of information made it difficult to accurately assess the enemy's combat strength; many outcomes could only be known after the battle had been fought.

There was nothing that could be done about the gap in strength, and the city's upper echelons would not be unaware of this.

But understanding was one thing; policymaking was another.

Not to mention that in this defeat, many high-ranking military officers had inescapable responsibilities.

Bai's instabilities only emerged when facing humans outside the city, as he might make choices against the city's interests for the greater human good. But facing the Bug Race, what problems could there be?

In such situations, Bai had never caused any problems, even when he had defied military orders, it later proved that Bai's choices were correct and brought significant merits.

The unwillingness to let Bai join the battle was purely based on the hope that during his observation period, it could be seen whether the military high command's legacies could firmly keep control of the Spiritual Energy in their own hands.

This was the common opinion of many high-ranking military officers, although Weslin was actually reluctant.

Bai E was someone he had personally nurtured, a confidant. The direct lines of other officers were their little schemes, and they were of no benefit to Weslin.

But what say could a semi-powerless marshal have? With the collective stance of the officers, he could only comply.

And inevitably, when it came time to assign blame, he couldn't escape his share.

Now that a battle had been lost, as the marshal of the military district, how could he be unaffected?

Weslin needed to consider the possibility of his own dismissal...

Thus, the most pressing matter was to find anything advantageous to himself amidst this negative impact.

As the key figure in this battle—Bai's performance was remarkable.

His outstanding actions directly repelled the Dominator, and he even slew one of the Bug Race's nest guards; no doubt, he must now have sufficient understanding of the nests.

Whether in terms of grasping the battle situation or from a standpoint of strength, Bai E now surely had the opportunity to step onto a larger stage; the future military district would undoubtedly have a place for Bai.

This defeat had nothing to do with Bai; one might even say that Bai single-handedly averted a complete military collapse, minimizing the losses to the barracks. Whoever was in charge afterward would surely reuse this perfect soldier.

If he could ally with this rising star, perhaps he could secure a sliver of capital to be re-elected.

"This time our attack on the nests was just one step short; with one of the three nest guards slain and the Dominator driven back in disarray, as long as we prepare well for next time, letting Bai lead the vanguard, our hope of eradicating the Bug Race's nests is substantial!"

Listening to Weslin's words, the assembled officers remained expressionless, but a hint of disdain flickered in their eyes.

It was all hindsight.

Had they not suppressed Bai and prevented him from entering the battle promptly, would the situation have reached its current state?

However, many of the officers present were the instigators of Bai's suppression; even if they were keenly aware of the core issue this time, they had no room to talk.

"And to continue our attack on the nests next time, we'll need to rebuild our forces. Conscription from the civilian population is too broad—I propose we massively increase the production of artificial humans."

A standard response, and through this war, everyone had seen the truth.

When the Dominator unleashed its power, ordinary soldiers were just fodder.

In a situation where lives were merely used to fill gaps, using civilians as cannon fodder truly seemed extravagant.

Even the least privileged civilians have one or two friends. After their death, bereavement payments must be issued—it's the foundation of the city's conscription.

Much better to fill the ranks with cheap and serviceable artificial humans, and after a campaign against the Bug Race's nests, conveniently reduce the barracks' numbers.

Business as usual, even without Weslin's proposal, this would probably be the course of action.

"But artificial human troops have always been dispersed among various units within the barracks, and vaguely defined roles often lead to disputes... So, I've decided to appoint Bai E, Bai, to become the supreme commander of all the artificial humans in the barracks. From now on, all matters related to the artificial humans' organization will be under Bai E... oh no, Bai's unified command. Other officers will

henceforth only have temporary wartime command over designated artificial humans, and at critical moments, Bai can override rank to command any low-ranking soldier to support his actions!"

"Weslin!" An officer burst out in anger instantly.

Weslin's eyes, faintly glowing, fixed on the other person, "Hmm?"

He had never truly been angry in the barracks; perhaps these officers really thought he could be bullied?

Realizing his mistake, the officer immediately lowered his head, not daring to meet Weslin's gaze.

In fact, Weslin himself was a powerful Spiritual Energy user, but there had never been any situation that required him, the marshal, to face a threat personally.

"Marshal, isn't your decision somewhat hasty?" Another officer stood up, speaking in a gentle tone to dissuade him.

At the same time, more officers showed signs of unrest, as if to support each other.

Weslin's decision was undoubtedly parachuting a "deputy" marshal on everyone's head.

Currently, the barracks had about a thousand people, many of whom were artificial humans.

And in the future expansion plans, artificial humans were the main focus of recruitment—this effectively meant that the future composition of the barracks might consist of over 90% artificial human soldiers.

Chapter 587: volumes of imperial editions_2

What else could there be that commands over 90% of the military camp's establishment, besides a marshal?

Weslin himself was the marshal and, of course, he did not care if a man-made person threatened his own position.

But what about the others?

The military district was the place where man-made people were used the most and where attitudes towards them were the most intense. Allowing a man-made person to suddenly rise and stand above everyone, to defecate and urinate on their heads, how could they accept this?

Even the moderates who had always supported reasonable treatment for man-made people dared not show support for Weslin at this moment.

They indeed wanted man-made people to shine in some important positions, but they did not mean a status where one stood above tens of thousands...

Except for Carlos...

"I think the marshal's words make sense! Bai's strength and achievements are there for all to see. I have no objections to him leading all man-made people!"

Weslin looked at Carlos with appreciation, 'Young man, you're on the right path.'

But it might also be the narrow path.

He knew that there was a great possibility he would be removed from his position, so he had to bet all his chips on Bai E, hoping the city's upper echelons would value Bai's strength enough to keep his own marshal's position.

In case the city's higher-ups didn't actually value Bai as much, he would still have to step down and return to the city to become a second-generation wastrel living off his family's legacy...

At that time, Carlos, who openly supported him, would be the one out of luck.

But what did that have to do with him?

He was not soliciting everyone's opinions.

"Pay attention, gentlemen. The outcome of this battle against the Bug Race and everyone present here are inseparable from responsibility. Who are the ones who insisted on holding Bai back from the battlefield, leading to this defeat? You all know in your hearts."

Weslin's sharp gaze swept across the face of each officer.

Being cordial on a day-to-day basis was one thing, but when it came to their careers, Weslin was not one to swallow his pride and concede defeat.

"You have all seen the process of the battle and the performance of some soldiers. I do not intend to settle scores after the fact, but you should pay a price."

There were systems upon systems at stake behind so many officers. Even if they were at fault, they wouldn't all be replaced upon returning to the city for an assessment.

But who should be replaced?

Weslin's words could in fact determine the fate of many.

And those who had done wrong should pay the price.

Balance is an elastic rope that, when pulled tight, requires as much force as it will exert when it snaps back.

They wrongly bet on the progeny of high officials, and reality had slapped them in the face; they should have foreseen the time to pay the price.

"..."

The scene fell silent.

Before the truly serious Weslin, the senior officers who had made mistakes first did not dare to confront him directly.

After a sweeping glance, Weslin confirmed with a stern face, "Since there is nothing much to be said, then this resolution is hereby officially passed and effective immediately!"

"Effective immediately!"

While piloting the mecha, Bai E suddenly heard a calm and forceful male voice in the mecha's audio channel, "Bai, this is Weslin."

"Marshal! What are your orders?"

"Your performance just now convinced every member of the Military Department, so we've decided to officially appoint you as a general in the Military Department. From now on, any soldier born of man-made origins will be under your command. Only when you are too overwhelmed will those man-made soldiers designated by you be commanded by specialist generals. Do you understand?"

Bai E was slightly startled; he hadn't expected to hear such unexpected news. After a moment, he fervently responded, "...Received!"

"Excellent! Your appointment letter and epaulettes are being made. Upon your return to the camp, we will hold a ceremony to present them!"

"Received."

When the resolute voice from the public announcement finally ceased, a sigh echoed in the command vehicle, and the atmosphere became somewhat eerie for a moment.

An artificial human had ascended to such a position overnight.

This was beyond everyone's expectations.

But for a warrior who displayed such terrifying combat power, it would seem odd not to let him rise through the ranks.

In the past, the relentless oppression of artificial humans was viable because there had never been a "War God" of this caliber among them.

Now... perhaps the military camp's landscape was truly about to change.

The news that the army had suffered another defeat, dwindling to merely a thousand remaining in a devastating loss, had spread through the city early in the morning.

As the army was returning to camp, several vehicles from different agencies had already been waiting at the entrance early on.

The first person Weslin saw when he got out of the car was a man with handsome features but a scruffy beard, giving off an unkempt appearance.

The man was leaning against a car door, smiling warmly at Weslin as if greeting a friend whom he hadn't seen in days.

"It's really you..." Weslin walked over lightly, and his voice turned cold by the man's ear, "So eager to take over my position, are you?"

The man raised an eyebrow and smiled, "Under your 'wise' leadership, the military sector fought against the Bug Race twice, suffering huge losses. Someone of suitable stature must take the fall for such losses, right? You could have enjoyed the good life as the city lord's second generation, indulging in luxuries

within the city. Why insist on coming to the military camp to meddle with knives, guns, and cannons? Do you really think you're cut out for that?"

"You're right..." Weslin nodded sincerely, "I hope you get your wish."

A group of elegantly dressed individuals who had been waiting in the conference room were growing impatient at the sight of the empty hall. An elderly man turned to a technician by the long table and asked softly, "Song, didn't you say people have returned? Where are they?"

"They have returned..." the technician immediately responded, then seemed to receive new information and quickly added, "They said they need to conduct a conferring ceremony first before they can come over."

Upon hearing this, the old man scoffed, "A conferring ceremony? What a time to be holding a conferring ceremony."

...

Under the spotlight on the vast training field, Weslin's voice, amplified by Spiritual Energy, spread throughout the audience as he looked upon the thousands of surviving soldiers.

"Gentlemen, we have just retreated from that horrific Bug Nest."

"Yes, we have failed once again."

"But our actions were not without meaning!"

"The invincible sovereign has shown its weak side in front of us. Through the united fight of all our warriors, we have found a path that can surely defeat it!"

"When we return to fight once more, it will be the final phase of annihilating the Bug Nest!"

"And here, I must first apologize to a great warrior."

"It was my lack of resolve; I did not insist on letting him join the battle as part of the main force from the start, only after we were defeated did I insist on letting him enter the fray, leading to such heavy losses for the entire unit!"

"This legendary warrior, I believe, should be known by every soldier present here! They all deserve to know!"

"He is our invincible Bai E, who single-handedly fought against the Bug Race behemoth, securing enough space and time for our remaining forces to retreat!"

"I also believe that when we venture once more to the Bug Nest, Bai E will lead us in thoroughly seizing that massive threat beside the city!"

"Starting from now! Bai E, will become the highest commander of all the artificial human soldiers in our military sector!"

"Now, please, Bai E, come up to the stage to be honored!"

The disheveled man following close behind, standing in a shadow untouched by the light, looked at the familiar figure under the spotlight with curiosity in his eyes—

'Has Weslin gone mad?'

Knowing he was about to be ousted, so he starts acting recklessly?

He had heard of Bai E's reputation, but it was just a fighter capable of communicating with the Mecha spirit, what of it?

Appointing an inconsequential general, could that stop his own downfall?

If he signed the appointment, he could undo it later, wouldn't it still be useless?

"Madness." The man's lips curled into a derisive smile.

Chapter 588: You are right...

Facing the delayed arrival of Weslin and a host of military officers, the city representatives who had been waiting for a while all looked somewhat displeased. Among them, an old man spoke bluntly, "You're about to step down, and you're still holding an award ceremony?"

The official of the former court is the target of the new.

Unless there's a grudge... but there's no need to settle scores at this time, right?

Weslin glanced at the old man who had spoken, said nothing, and steadily stepped onto the highest platform at the front of the meeting room in his metallic war boots.

As long as the dismissal order doesn't come down, he remains marshal of the military district.

"Does Marshal Weslin have anything to say about the failure of this operation?" another vigorous old man, sitting on the side, asked in a toneless, heavy voice.

This was his father's man.

Weslin glanced at the other party and knew his intentions. He feared that he himself was unaware of the situation he might face next and reminded him to produce something in his favor.

"Regarding the failed operation against the Blackrock District Hive, as the marshal of the military district, I cannot shirk the blame. We misjudged the combat capability of the targeted hive, resulting in incorrect personnel deployment. Although changes were promptly made at the critical moment, preventing the total annihilation of our forces, the loss inflicted upon our military's strength is not negligible! This mistake lies with our overall command and has nothing to do with the soldiers at the grassroots level!"

"..."

Several old men at the edge of the room looked at Weslin with strange eyes.

What did his words mean?

At this critical moment, instead of trying to shift the blame onto others, he was hurrying to take responsibility upon himself, as if to curry favor with the rank-and-file soldiers...

Right, wasn't it rumored that he directly promoted an infantry grunt to general of the military district because he knew what was coming and went mad?

An old man under the city lord, who couldn't bear to see Weslin act so carelessly, took the initiative to search for evidence, "At the moment, we only have the rough report of your losses from the expedition. The specifics are not very clear. Could we perhaps view the overall recording of the battle? After all, that hive is not just an enemy of the military district but the whole of Blackwater City. The decision to bring down that hive was made by the entire city."

"However, the timing of the strike and the specific battle formation arrangements were decisions made by the military district on its own!" the first old man who had spoken in ridicule insisted on pinning the blame on Weslin's head.

"Let's watch and then talk," said another old man, clad in a purple, unusual overcoat, who spoke airily.

The overcoat, imbued with an air of mysteriousness, gave away the identity of its wearer — from the Spiritual Power Managers Center.

The city's core decision-making body is made up of representatives elected from various city institutions. However, these representatives naturally would not run around casually. They have their own small Elder Councils, which form trial committees to judge matters that are not of utmost importance but still significant.

Like the matter at hand... the replacement of a military district marshal.

"Yes!" The technician, following the order, began to selectively edit and display various angles and segments of the recorded battle.

Facing a massive swarm of low-level insects and some elite bugs, the human mechanized forces advanced triumphantly and steadily pushed forward.

This standard tactic, including the progress made, didn't have too many issues.

No one could find fault with it from this perspective.

It was just the constant emergence of sand worms from the underground behind and within the ranks that caused a significant impact and made the advance less than ideal, which was somewhat concerning.

But this was not a crime of war.

"In the future, we need to let the Scientific Research Institute pay attention to defenses and strikes against underground threats."

"Defense is easier said than done. We can lay defenses and monitoring equipment underground in advance, but fighting proactively on enemy territory, to have achieved this much is already quite good."

Among those who came from various city institutions were those who genuinely wanted to learn from this battle in hopes of one day completely annihilating the hive.

They watched the images projected on the white screen with rapt attention. The shaking footage recorded on the actual battlefield was unnerving, but it made the situation all the more gripping.

The arrival of seven Thunder Beasts instantly tensed up everyone present.

The emergence of these strategic behemoths often marked a turning point in the battle.

Even those from the city who hadn't participated in this battle knew that the true challenge of the expedition had begun from the moment the Thunder Beasts appeared.

Mecha deployment!

Yet half were stopped by the low-level swarm...

"The level is too poor..."

"The selection requirements for the Mech Armored Corps are not strict enough."

If all mech pilots had been blocked by the swarm, it could have been due to the mecha's incapability of breaking through. But clearly, some mecha were able to break through, so what about those mech pilots who didn't? How should they be explained?

Apart from "incompetent," there were no excuses.

And to relax the selection standards, allowing these technically insufficient pilots to drive Titan-class armed mecha which cost a fortune to produce, without demonstrating their proper capabilities, was undoubtedly a waste of resources.

Anyone involved in the selection and training process of mech pilots, at any point affected by this entire line, could not escape blame!

Chapter 589: You are right..._2

Many Observers silently made their notes, continuing to watch.

The gunfire from the Thunder Beasts brought significant damage to the army, but the speed with which the Mech Armored Corps, burdened with high hopes, cleared these behemoths was pitiful.

Only when one Mecha after another was sent out by a black maintenance vehicle from the sea of low-level Bugs did the situation slightly improve.

Looking at that unremarkable black maintenance vehicle in the footage, many Observers' eyes began to show doubt.

What is this thing?

A path that Mecha couldn't break open was cleared by a maintenance vehicle?

The crane on the maintenance vehicle was clearly visible, was this some new black technology from the Scientific Research Institute?

Their gaze swept over the silent conference hall where the footage was being viewed, and all Observers temporarily suppressed their impulse to ask Weslin, curious about another matter—

"Why didn't they let Mech Pilots from the Mechanical Court fight?"

After all, to review is to look for every detail that could be optimized throughout the process, to perform better next time.

No matter who is in power, the Bug Race's Hive is humanity's enemy, a target that must be eradicated.

Could the Thunder Beasts have wreaked such havoc on the human army if the Mech Pilots from Mechanical Court had taken action earlier?

They borrowed manpower but didn't know how to use it! The worst of the useless!

Fortunately, the Thunder Beasts barely had any means of resistance in close combat, and the only three Hive Guards were kept busy by a greater number of elite Mech Pilots, which allowed the ordinary-level Pilots to effortlessly take down seven Thunder Beasts that were quite far from the main battlefield.

"The losses are too great..."

"At least half of the people here are dead."

"Thunder Beasts are truly terrifying!"

Thick-skinned ultra-long-range artillery.

When they appeared as a group, the strike they could deliver was simply too dreadful; it required a team of elite Pilots to carry out a surgical strike to head off the danger the behemoths posed to the human army.

In the end, the Mech Armored Corps' selection criteria simply weren't strict enough.

Not to mention matching the standards of the Mech Pilots from the Mechanical Court, if they had even the level of the Pilot of W0721 Mecha, they wouldn't have suffered such heavy losses.

All of them are military Pilots, so why is the gap so big?

After this battle, if nothing else, the Mech Armored Corps' organization must undergo a complete and thorough reshuffling!

The video did not shift with people's will and continued to play.

Only when the Thunder Beasts were exterminated did the Dominator quietly appear.

An impact wave that the video could not convey instantly radiated across the field, and all soldiers were immediately frozen in place as if struck by a petrifying spell.

This scene had been showcased during the last expedition against the Bug Race, so it wasn't surprising this time.

But what no one had anticipated was that the low-level Bugs, who had been similarly immobile in the Dominator's Spiritual Energy field last time, seemed unaffected this time, as they launched their sharp claws and teeth at the immobilized bodies of flesh and blood.

The sounds of "krzz krzz" echoing through the recording filled the entire conference hall, as though gnawing at everyone's sanity, chilling to the bone.

"The Bugs can move!"

"The Dominator's Spiritual Energy field can be selective against enemies only!"

Upon seeing this scene, everyone felt a penetrating chill.

This completely different situation from last time instantly plunged everyone into confusion.

With the vast majority of their own forces unable to move, yet the enemy's Bug swarm was completely unaffected.

How was this battle to be fought?

Putting themselves in the shoes of those officers, they felt lost.

The deeper the empathy, the greater the panic.

Purely getting hit, any talk of tactics and strategy was in vain.

"Only by cutting down the Dominator, and quickly at that, can this situation be ended."

"Didn't they have the support of the Mechanical Court? They should have taken action by now."

Indeed, they took action.

The strikes launched against the Hive Guards were sharp and dazzling, showing a standard of operation entirely different from those military Pilots.

"As expected from someone of the Mechanical Court, that fluidity is much more comfortable to watch."

"With the Mechanical Court's people taking action, they should have been able to handle the Dominator, right? How did they end up in such a disastrous retreat?"

And so, the three Mechas from the Mechanical Court were each cut down by the Dominator with a single stroke...

"..."

"..."

"..."

Watching the colorful fragments dance across the screen, the faces of all the Observers in the audience displayed absolute stupefaction.

What had happened?

Was this the pilot from the Mechanical Court that everyone had placed their high hopes on?

You must know that the pilots of the Mechanical Court were the highest level of combat power their city could proudly boast of.

Indeed, high-end combat power institutions like the Spiritual Power Managers Center and the Heretical Arbitration House were formidable, but against a colossal individual like the Dominator, individual Spiritual Energy, no matter how powerful, could hardly cause sufficient damage.

Even if they could inflict injury, it would undoubtedly require the concerted efforts of numerous high-tier Spiritual Energy users.

Throwing all the rare high-tier Spiritual Energy users in the city into such a battlefield as expendable assets was a luxury the city had not yet afforded.

Even if they could successfully eradicate the Hive, the substantial loss of Spiritual Energy users would undoubtedly lead to weakness in other areas; if demons took advantage of that vulnerability, the city's fate was unimaginable.

The people from the Mechanical Court were also inadequate!

The scene fell into an absolute silence for a moment.

Many Observers in the audience began to feel sorry for the high-ranking military officers involved in the battle, especially Weslin...

With such a gap in strength, being able to save back a thousand soldiers to ensure basic formation was already a stroke of luck amidst the misfortune.

However, after returning in defeat, they would still have to face the judgement against them...

"If the Dominator is this powerful, won't we be unable to clear out this Hive forever?"

The destruction of three Mechanical Court Mecha was not something the city could not accept; what they truly couldn't accept was that the Mecha from the Mechanical Court had been annihilated without even managing to probe the true strength of the Dominator.

What display of strength is a one-hit kill? Not seeing the limit of the Dominator only led them to endless speculation.

Many Observers began to ponder inwardly, secretly worrying about the future fate of the city.

With such a formidable enemy at their side, how could they sleep peacefully at night?

Following the military personnel into the conference hall, the man with the unkempt beard who was now leaning against the doorframe squeezed his chin, his sharp eyes fixed on the image of the Dominator displaying an absolutely invincible posture, and he began to think about how to defeat this unrivaled beast in the future.

After all, even if he took over the military district, the Blackrock District Hive was the greatest threat he was destined to face.

'What should I do?'

This thought rose in everyone's mind.

A calm voice suddenly resounded from the external speakers of the meeting hall—

"This is Bai E, I request to sortie in Mecha form!"

Bai E?

Such a familiar name.

"Permission to sortie granted!"

The voice of an unknown man surged instantly.

Consequently, in the footage captured by the unmanned drone, a Mecha that had previously fallen on the ground stood up once again.

It crossed the sea of bugs and picked up the fragmented shoulder badge that originally belonged to W0721.

Watching the blue and white Mecha standing alone on the ground, the memories of countless people were instantly activated.

"It's Bai E!"

"It's Captain Bai!"

"Wasn't he benched because he was prone to losing control?"

"You're right... but we still chose to bring him along," said Weslin for the first time after the playback of the recorded video.

"If the pilots of the Mechanical Court couldn't overcome the Dominator, what use would he be?"

"Yeah... With just him left, what could it change?"

The combat prowess Bai had shown during the clean sweep of the Intelligence Machinery Group Army, after thorough verification by the Mechanical Court, was deemed to be equivalent to the combined might of three to four groups of elite Mechanical Court pilots.

So with three groups of elite Mechanical Court pilots having been obliterated in a single strike, could he alone withstand the blade of the Dominator?

"Clang, clang, clang, clang!"

The sounds of dual blades clashing with four bone blades melded together.

Watching the blue and white Mecha in the video fighting alone against four giant Bug Race creatures, everyone's brains ceased to function...

Chapter 590: Establish diplomatic relations with?

Even the multitude of officers who had already witnessed this scene found it utterly incredible to behold once again.

Only they knew how awe-inspiring it was that such an absolute main force, on a battlefield filled with despair, could withstand the greatest pressure and miraculously turn the tide from certain annihilation.

However, the standoff was just beginning.

Neither the army nor the Mech Pilots of the Mechanical Court, even when united, could kill any of the behemoths; four of them together still couldn't do a thing to the solitary blue and white Mecha.

The blue and white Mecha became even more frenzied as it fought, chaotically hacking at the Dominator.

In the video recording, they couldn't see the flashes of the blades and swords emitted by the skill that instantly killed hundreds; they could only witness how the Dominator was forced into retreat under Bai E's relentless pressure.

It was only when the insectoids that had been feeding on humans suddenly turned around—a sign that the badly injured Dominator—together with its three loyal guards, began to retreat towards the hive and out of the battlefield, that everyone immersed in the footage realized what had happened—

The invincible Dominator had been repelled by the strikes from the Mecha piloted by Bai E alone!

The Dominator, who had been slaying Mech Pilots of the Mechanical Court with ease, found itself outmatched by a standard-issue Mecha from the army despite the protection of three equally formidable loyal guards.

The Mechanical Court had always been synonymous with high-end combat strength in the city.

Which made the disparity in strength all the more breathtaking when compared to the three Mechas of the Mechanical Court.

For a moment, many speculative glances were exchanged, all directed at a man in the adjudicating panel, clad in a grey iron-colored trench coat and donning a military cap.

Seeing the Mechanical Court relegated to a mere backdrop was indeed a fresh experience...

The watched man's face was ashen, and he remained silent.

There was no doubt about the Dominator's strength.

But being chopped up in one swift strike seemed far too exaggerated.

Even if one couldn't win, being cautious meant not being smashed to pieces by a single blow. It seemed the Mech Pilots who went out to support had become complacent. They needed a good reeducation upon their return—subject three required a retake!

With not a word spoken by the individuals of the Mechanical Court, naturally, no one actually provoked them.

But as they watched the Mecha that was gradually engulfed by the three hive guards and the swarming insectoid sea, concern appeared visibly in many eyes.

"He won't be in danger, will he?"

"The man's already back receiving his decoration, what danger could there possibly be?"

"Maybe it's an additional award? Have we seen him yet?"

Unaware of the outcome, they let their imaginations run wild.

But the Mecha stranded in the sea of insects was never a lamb to the slaughter. Besieged by the endless swarm and unable to escape the planet's grip, it still wielded its basic combat sword to cleave one of the thick-skinned hive guards—who had not shown any signs of damage before—in two.

Split apart!

Withdrew unscathed.

Before the boundary drawn by the sword, not a single creature dared cross the line.

The epitome of guarding a pass alone and challenging the world!

"Fuck!"

"Damn!"

"(A type of plant)!"

"Why do I feel like he could solo the hive..."

"Why bother sending so many others? Just let him wipe out the hive and we can clean up afterwards, right?"

"Is this the power of the Mech Soul? Why didn't those two old guys from the Mechanical Court act sooner? If they had wiped out this hive, wouldn't we have been safe long ago?"

"Truly fierce... With such a powerhouse, why didn't they let him act sooner?"

"I heard he's an artificial human with too much unpredictability. The city dares not grant him an important position."

"More than that... With such power in the hands of an artificial human, of course people are uneasy. They actually want to transfer that power into the hands of someone they can truly trust."

Such behavior was commonplace and understandable anywhere.

Not only in the army were artificial humans viewed as aberrant; other institutions in the city were similarly distrustful of them.

The decision-making issue regarding this was almost tacitly ignored by everyone.

But time and again, the fact demonstrated the sheer strength of this artificial human was absolutely undeniable.

Irreproachable and indelible.

No matter how lowly viewed one may be in the hierarchy of power, one's status based on strength was beyond question.

The rise of this artificial human was unstoppable!

Observing Weslin standing proudly and expressionless on the stage, a light of realization finally dawned in the eyes of the disheveled man.

No wonder...

No wonder they rushed to bestow honors as soon as he returned. The bet had been placed on this artificial human.

Being promoted to such a rank, this person named Bai E was bound to hold Weslin in high regard.

Even if he took over the Marshal post, using Bai E was expected; not using him... would only draw contempt.

Such formidable combat prowess could no longer be treated as a mere enforcer. All institutions in the city would undoubtedly vie for him.

Was this Weslin's way of self-preservation?

While people respected the owner for disciplining the dog, this fellow intended to discipline the owner by showcasing the dog's might...

As the recorded footage on the screen came to a close, Weslin once again took center stage at the conference hall podium, his voice calm.

"We failed in our recent campaign against the Black Rock District Hive, but having ascertained the hive's limit of strength, we are confident of victory in our next assault. Taking valuable lessons from this battle,

the Military Department has decided to appoint Bai E as our sector's new admiral, who will be responsible for the overall supervision of all artificial humans. Moreover, due to the underperformance of the Mech Armored Corps in this battle, we shall thoroughly reshuffle its ranks. The future Mech Armored Corps will also be under the command of Admiral Bai E, accountable for all affairs of training and combat! Now... I would like to invite our newly appointed Admiral Bai E to come to the podium and share a few words with us."