

## Wow 791

### Chapter 791: Military Region and New Products

It has been several days since the great victory at the Blackrock District Hive, and Weslin, having returned, is rapidly familiarizing himself with all the changes that have occurred in the military camp during his slumber.

He is pleasantly surprised to find that the camp has become much more docile upon his awakening, no longer as wild and intractable as before.

No matter what orders he issues, they are executed immediately and without question.

It seems that his father's decision was indeed correct. When he has sufficient prestige in front of everyone, even those thorns that never followed his will in the past must completely submit to his authority!

In the end, it's all thanks to Bai E!

Weslin looks at the figure standing quietly before him, ready to take orders, with nothing but satisfaction in his eyes.

After another one of his strategic decisions for the development of the camp is smoothly implemented, Weslin waves his hand at all the gathered officers and says, "That will be all for today's meeting, gentlemen... Although we have achieved a stage victory in our strategy to pioneer this world, I hope no one becomes blinded by this temporary success. Our Military Department is the city's sword, and there are many more challenges ahead of us, so please, remain vigilant."

"With that, meeting is adjourned! General Bai E, stay back, I have other matters to discuss with you."

"Yes, Marshal!" Bai E replies succinctly, while quietly signaling with his hand to the other officers, indicating that they should leave as ordered.

The many generals, walking away from the conference room in groups of twos and threes, stop and a disgruntled voice arises from one small group, "Damn, this is suffocating! We had to play along with that fool before, and now we have to play along with this fool, when will these shitty days end?"

"He should've just stayed comatose, now that he's awake, what's the deal? Under General Bai E's leadership, our military sector was doing just fine. What's he doing sticking his fingers into our business?"

No matter what partisan thoughts these officers harbor, at their core, they are still a group of warriors who believe most in the supremacy of strength.

Bai E has already conquered everyone with his power, and their eyes can no longer tolerate anyone else standing above General Bai E and giving orders.

"I don't know when General Bai E will be willing to make a move. I've had it with the lord of this city and his family!"

As a seditious voice appears, the others quickly cover his mouth, "Shh!"

Carefully looking around, especially at another group of gathered officers, they lower their voices, "Have you gone mad? How dare you say such a thing!"

Undeterred, the person replies, "What's there to fear? General Bai E is now the strongest in this city, and if he wishes, he could overturn the old lord's rule at any time! I think, for the new lord, it should be our General Bai E. And as you all have seen, General Bai E obviously does not want to submit to the lord's command. Confrontation is simply a matter of time."

"That might be true, but you can't just say it out in the open!" the objector says, glancing cautiously at another group of officers, "Now that Weslin's back, even though everyone is following his directives under General Bai E's orders, who knows if someone might play the part so well they actually defect in secret. We have to be wary of them!"

Coincidentally, an officer from the opposite group also looks over at this moment. They make eye contact, share an awkward smile, and then both look away.

Within that group, the officer who looked away quietly reminds his comrades, "We are certainly loyal supporters of General Bai E, but who knows what others truly think. We must beware of them!"

...

Bai E, left behind in the conference room, watches as Weslin steps down from the main seat and approaches him.

He gently places his hand on Bai E's shoulder, speaking with sincere reassurance, "General Bai, don't take to heart what happened on the day of our triumphal return. My father has always been overbearing; he feels uncomfortable if people don't kneel to him. You don't need to dwell on this, just avoid meeting him in the future. Rest assured, from now on in this city, you only need to follow my orders. As for what others say, you can ignore them entirely!"

"I don't know, Marshal." Bai E looked up blankly, meeting Weslin's gaze, "Was the city lord asking me to kneel to him?"

"..." Weslin paused, then laughed heartily as he patted Bai E's shoulder, "Ah haha! Not knowing is even better! Anyway, you did very well, just follow me with peace of mind, and you will have everything in the future!"

"Yes, my lord!" Bai E stood up respectfully, "If my lord doesn't have any other matters, I would like to go watch the new soldiers' training."

"Then go take care of your business." Weslin said with a smile and a wave of his hand, "But don't overwork yourself. Leave the tasks that others can do to them. As you will be in charge of more and more people in the future, it is not practical to attend to every single matter personally."

"Understood."

Leaving, Bai E didn't head for the new recruits' training ground; instead, he left the barracks and walked toward the wilderness.

Helen had returned!

With her brand-new creation.

...

"This is the brand new armor I have developed with the help of those death warriors in Grey Iron City!"

Helen, returning from the Intelligent Mechanism Base, didn't rush into the city but rather parked her product in the deserted wilderness.

The perimeter was guarded by modified death warriors from Grey Iron City, absolutely safe and confidential.

At this moment, upon Bai E's arrival, she simply pointed at a dark blue wearable armor beside her and explained with a smile.

Bai E first smiled at the Grey Iron City scientist who had come with Helen, then turned to take a careful look at the dark blue new model armor before him.

The nearly twice human-size mech still retained human limb features, with heavy-looking armor completely covering the body, although the silver armors at the joints were clearly designed for mobility, which seemed to be the only weak points on the mech.

"Want to try it out?" Helen asked Bai E with an odd smile on her face, sounding almost like a challenge.

"Try?" Bai E was a bit puzzled, "Am I to operate it?"

"Of course not." Helen said with a smile as she tapped on the fully enclosed metal armor, then took two steps back.

Realizing what she was implying, Bai E roughly guessed the meaning of "trying it out."

And as this thought flashed through his mind, the silent, dark blue armor vanished from its spot in an instant.

A blurry shadow rushed towards Bai E, and the huge metallic fist smashed down fiercely towards his face!

"Boom!"

The dark blue silhouette drew a graceful arc, crashing high into the distance...

Chapter 792: First Conversation

"Kicked... Kicked away?"

Watching the shadow flung far away, the doctor swallowed hard.

The brand new arms system was a monster he developed together with Helen of Blackwater City.

Only the modified warriors of his Grey Iron City were qualified to operate such a weapon, and its greatness as a war machine could be imagined; even he felt a certain fear for the potential of ordinary humans in warfare upon its emergence.

But he had never expected that this extraordinary weapon, piloted by his strongest modified warrior, wouldn't withstand even a single move against General Bai E, before being entirely smashed away.

This General Bai E... was he still human?

The doctor's gaze turned feverishly towards Bai E. If such a physique could undergo his modification, wouldn't its combat power break through the heavens?!

Bai E, who had retracted his kick, looked at the disappearing parabola with a somewhat satisfied expression, "Quite a respectable attack intensity and speed. Is this the model you've decided to mass-produce?"

Helen also withdrew her gaze from the parabolic path, "It is the model for mass production, but given the physical condition of the current pilot, it hasn't even exhibited a third of the weapon's maximum capability. In extreme conditions, the burst speed could have surpassed the speed of sound."

"Wow!" Bai E exclaimed, "That powerful?!"

The recent burst from the weapon demonstrated considerable impact and speed in just a fist; if one were to also use the Dynamic Source Sword or energy-pulse rifles that came with the weapon, it would undoubtedly become the most terrifying killing machine on the battlefield.

"The mechanical quality is achievable, but the human body inside cannot handle such extreme changes in speed and direction. This achievement was made possible only with the top-tier modified fighters of Grey Iron City. If it were up to Rose, perhaps she wouldn't have achieved this level."

Bai E frowned, "Is there a solution?"

"There's only one for now..." Helen spoke sternly, her gaze fixed on Bai E, "Body modification."

The doctor had already shared his concerns with her, and now she was aware of Bai E's reluctance towards such cybernetic technologies.

If Bai E firmly disapproved, it seemed they could only castrate the new weapon's capabilities.

But the thought of having to limit a system that could perform much stronger made Helen feel somewhat regretful.

In her view, technology was not evil. The future of humanity was far more important than a bit of respect for the sanctity of the human body.

At her words, Bai E glanced at the doctor, finally understanding why he had been so eager to follow.

Regarding body modification...

"What I despise is not body modification itself," Bai E's gaze swept across Helen to the doctor, "but the forced imposition on another's will."

The doctor laughed indifferently, remaining silent.

In this world, there was no such thing as having everything.

Technical breakthroughs inevitably required a wealth of data from experimental subjects.

The journey from an immature to a mature technology necessitates countless contributions from experimental bodies.

How could he possibly find so many "willing" subjects with the resources of a single city?

Only with sheer military power could he accomplish everything he wanted to, contributing to humanity's ascendance.

As long as he developed and propagated the technology, even if he were to vanish thereafter, it would be by willful choice.

Bai E was aware of all this.

And both publicly and privately, he had no ground to stand on in pointing fingers. He simply cautioned Helen, "Let the technology be guided by you. If you think it's fine, then it can be used. I only have one requirement: the soldiers undergoing modification must be informed of the pros and cons, and they must be willing!"

"Alright." Helen nodded seriously, stepping closer and whispering to Bai E, "This doctor from Grey Iron City says he has matters to discuss with you. Once you're done with him, I have things to say to you too."

With that, Helen left, chasing after the direction of the weapon that had been kicked away, leaving Bai E and the doctor alone at the now-empty scene.

The doctor took a step forward, breaking the silence, "General Bai, congratulations on your great victory."

The commotion created by Blackwater City's campaign against the Hive was so monumental that nearby Grey Iron City naturally wouldn't be ignorant of it.

Being the closest neighbor, the two cities kept a certain level of watchful eye on each other.

The doctor had learned of the Blackrock District Hive's annihilation at the hands of Blackwater City in less than a day.

Although he was genuinely astonished that Bai E could actually lead a successful assault on the Hive, upon hearing the news, the doctor roughly guessed the motivation behind Blackwater City's actions.

"You're planning to form an alliance, aren't you?"

Eradicating the Hive was Blackwater City's way of flexing its muscles; there was no other reason to justify launching a military operation at this particular moment.

Especially considering that from a temporal standpoint, there hadn't been much time since Blackwater City's last two sorties against the Hive.

Not only had Blackwater City suffered major losses, but the bugs hadn't had much time to recuperate either.

In such a short interval, the opponent was simply incapable of harassing the other forces in their vicinity.

Even if they wanted to strike, Blackwater City could have found a stronger window of opportunity before doing so.

The current rush seemed to have an air of desperation about it.

Nevertheless, the operation had been a success.

"Yes," Bai E didn't beat around the bush, and nodded in confirmation, "Our city's leadership is indeed considering accepting the Capitol's request for a union, but after we demonstrated the ability to eradicate a Hive, that delegation returned to the Capitol to report. We've yet to receive a reply."

Chapter 793: First Conversation\_2

The doctor furrowed his brow in thought for a moment before looking up at Bai E with a serious expression, "Is Blackwater City currently under your control?"

Bai E was slightly taken aback and slowly shook his head, "Not at the moment."

"When did this happen?"

"Why do you ask?"

"With your current strength, nothing in Blackwater City should proceed without considering your opinion. If they are still not considering it now..." the doctor fixed his gaze tightly on Bai E, "knowing you as I do, I believe Blackwater City is about to undergo a significant change very soon."

Bai E pondered briefly and nodded, "That is something I am also waiting for the right opportunity."

What he wanted was not destruction forced solely through violence, but comprehensive support from all aspects.

Even now, though he could pilot a mecha to single-handedly decimate a city, sweeping everything before him, he would not choose to do so.

What he wanted was not a broken ruin but a city united in casting off its burdens.

Every person in the city had to abandon their old and outworn ideas and join hands to strive for the future of humanity!

The chance Bai E sought was one with the least possible disturbance and loss.

"Good," the doctor nodded vigorously, "when you take power, Grey Iron City will become your vassal! Remember, your vassal, not Blackwater City's!"

The doctor was always decisive in his actions.

But the decision to become a vassal still somewhat surprised Bai E.

Helen, who had just returned, looked at the retreating tall figure of the old man with a gentle smile, "This doctor is actually a very pure technician, he has always been unwilling to engage in that dirty politics, it's just that to get things done he must have absolute strength of his own. I admire him a lot."

"You seem to know him very well... did you know each other before?"

"No," Helen shook her head, "I've only come to know him during our recent collaboration, and he too is for the rise of mankind."

While speaking, Helen's beautiful eyes looked at Bai E with admiration, "I never imagined that the once simple newborn would now have grown to the point where he can eradicate a nest of bugs on his own... You are the most perfect creation I have ever seen."

"?" Bai E didn't say anything, just quietly met Helen's gaze, knowing she had something to say.

"The new armaments have already started mass production in your small town, I need you to return to the barracks to issue the assessment for targets suitable for human augmentation, I will give you the specifics. So... can you open up and have a real talk with me just for once, right up till this moment?"

Bai E's eyes flickered, and he asked softly, "What do you want to ask?"

Helen's eyes were soft and peaceful as she gently parted her lips to ask softly, "Up to today, is everything you've done for yourself, or for humanity?"

The wind blew through Helen's hair, but her gaze remained steadfast on Bai E, waiting for an answer.

"..." Bai E smiled gently, a sight Helen had never seen before.

It was truly moving.

"Simple words are not enough to prove determination," Bai E's eyes were gentle as he looked into Helen's, "let me put it this way, I need you to build me a starship."

"Planets are too small."

"The universe is still vast."

"Humans shouldn't just cower in a corner of a planet, gasping for survival. Neither bugs nor beastmen should become obstacles to our exploration of the universe."

Bai E looked up at the sky, the stars in the distant horizon were not very noticeable in the daylight, but under the enhancement of Spiritual Energy, they twinkled in Bai E's eyes, "I want to explore the starry sky, to open up more habitats for humanity. This won't be long from now, and only you can help me with this."

Helen had never considered such a notion of exploring the stars, such a grand vision made her feel ethereal for a moment. Yet cold logic brought her back to reality, "But even if we at Blackwater City gave it our all, we wouldn't be able to build something that massive."

This was not a question of will or technology, it was simply a limitation of resources and production capacity.

Humanity couldn't even get manned ships to leave the solar system during the Golden Age, let alone in the cities amid these chaotic times.

Those lost technologies, although still recorded, are of no use to the cities struggling to survive in their corners.

"So I need you to retrieve those technologies as soon as possible and begin cultivating talent in the relevant fields. As for resources..." Bai E turned and looked towards the dark silhouette of Blackwater City, "Blackwater City is just the starting point. I will gradually resolve the various global disaster crises and strive to establish a unified Human Alliance. My task is to provide you with an environment rich in resources, but the burden you must carry... is far more important than the responsibility on my own shoulders!"

For the first time, the thoughts and aspirations in Bai E's heart were fully revealed in front of someone else.

Helen had thought she had roughly grasped the thoughts of General Bai, but until this moment, she realized she had never kept pace with him.

At a time when the greatest outdoor crisis of Blackwater City had just been resolved, he had already taken his dreams to the sky.

The universe, the stars...

This is the direction every researcher aspires to for their whole life.

Flying into space is the greatest romance of every researcher's life.

But the harsh reality and its crises often leave people so overwhelmed that they can only focus on the trivial things in front of them, unable to freely unleash their souls.

But now...

Bai E said he wanted to see it.

He would create a unified human environment!

He wanted... to take humanity to the cosmic stars!

In that case, what did her previous small concerns amount to?

"I understand." Helen, clearing her mind of all ecstatic thoughts, seemed to instantly find a firm and spirited goal, "I will do my utmost. The starship you want... I'll give it to you!"

...

Everything seemed to be moving in a positive direction.

With the technical indicators provided by Helen, the entire military camp secretly selected 200 volunteers for body modification, all without Marshal Weslin's knowledge.

In fact, more people passed, but the first batch of modification was so critical that after selecting the best from the best, only 200 were chosen for the first phase of the modification process.

And these 200 people, without exception, were elite soldiers who had undergone genetic optimization.

The surgery was personally performed by the doctor, with many researchers from Blackwater City observing the whole process as learners.

Even though Helen had been completely engrossed in retrieving Golden Age technologies related to starships, she couldn't help but come to the underground laboratory of the military camp, like Bai E, to watch from behind the glass.

"The town has already mass-produced more than three hundred suits of mecha. If our modifications here are successful, then we'll have a force to rival the Mechanical Court." Helen was intimately familiar with all the information she handled, "Although you are very strong, to control such a large city instantly, you also need enough hands."

"Proceed as quickly as possible..." Bai E nodded, his expression solemn.

Ever since that city lord issued the "Pioneering Order," there had already been quite a bit of unrest among the residents in The Lower City.

Those players lurking in The Lower City acted as his eyes, constantly providing him with intelligence from The Lower City.

There, unrest had already begun to brew.

If his hunch was right, since that city lord issued the "Pioneering Order," there had already been quite a bit of unrest among the residents in The Lower City.

Those players lurking in The Lower City acted as his eyes, constantly providing him with intelligence from The Lower City.

There, unrest had already begun to brew.

If his hunch was right,

Chapter 794: Emergency dispatch order!

The power to rule requires stable suppression, not violent destruction.

Alone, I'm not capable of quelling the entire city; it is these cybernetic soldiers about to be produced who are the real reliable grassroots force.

Given the significance of the matter, even Bai E couldn't help feeling a bit nervous.

The bloody scene of transformation was full of primal impact, yet the expression of the doctor performing the operation remained utterly impassive.

The gore he had witnessed far surpassed that seen by any front-line elite soldier.

He, burdened with the future of humanity, had completely cast aside any pity for the individual, allowing his hands to be precise, never making mistakes.

Heart, lungs, stomach, blood, nerves, muscles, skeleton... Every aspect of the body could be reborn in the transformation surgery.

The soldiers in a coma theoretically shouldn't feel anything happening to their bodies, but the pain from the deep transformative surgeries still reached the dormant nerves, causing them to furrow their brows even in their deep unconsciousness.

Too much pain would lead these soldiers to entirely disconnect from their physical bonds; this was why the mortality rate during transformation surgeries in Grey Iron City was so high.

At this moment, only a body that had been tempered and refined could become the sole factor supporting the continuation of the surgery...

No!

Perhaps there was another factor—faith.

The doctor periodically glanced at the monitors beside him, displaying vitals that were eerily stable.

Performing multiple continuous surgeries was considered taboo on Grey Iron City's volunteer soldiers, but here... these soldiers clung to their last thread of life.

Even as their wills lay dormant, their subconscious strained their bodies to their limits, organizing every active cell to prevent total systemic collapse!

They didn't want to die! They refused to die!

They needed a stage to showcase themselves and didn't want to perish meekly on this cold operating table.

No amount of pain could crush their persistence.

This was something I had never encountered in my previous surgeries.

These Blackwater City soldiers had a clear faith in their hearts!

One... two... three...

One operation after another proceeded non-stop until all seven foundational surgeries were completed, at which point the doctor voluntarily ended the transformation process.

Seven surgeries were already the limit for most people he had worked on in Grey Iron City.

Among his current subordinates, very few could reach eight surgeries.

The doctor dared not gamble and risk the lives of these potential soldiers who could ascend to higher levels for his own impatience.

Not to mention, Bai E had given him specific instructions before the surgeries began—

These transformed soldiers needed to be ready for immediate heavy responsibilities. It was acceptable for their strength to be slightly lower, but their chances of success had to be ensured.

"Next."

Without even taking a sip of water after completing a surgery, the doctor immediately moved on to the next subject.

...

"Next."

...

"Next."

The astonishing success rate surprised even the Grey Iron City assistants who were merely helping.

"These Blackwater City people are fierce."

"So far, not a single failure, nor has there been anyone who hasn't reached seven surgeries."

"Won't these people be on the same level as us when they wake up?"

"No! They might even be stronger!"

After all, in addition to the transformation surgery itself, these individuals also had the advantage of genetic optimization.

Not to mention, when they had interacted privately with these selected Blackwater City soldiers, the level of martial skill displayed was also top-notch.

"It just goes to show, they truly are the elite selected from the entire city. Impressive indeed!"

...

Helen and Bai E, looking through the window glass, both let out a sigh of relief.

"It seems the soldiers are performing well."

"After all, they were handpicked by you~" Helen spoke, her gaze drifting to a corner where a flagpole emitted a faint glow.

The inspiring banner, made from the Eagle Flag, was also used on the soldiers undergoing surgery.

Whether it was useful or not remained to be seen, but it felt like adding an extra layer of insurance.

Bai E turned around with another request in mind.

If he remembered correctly, he was also entrusted with another task—

[You are participating in the creation of blueprints—Storm Armor, with a current progress of 0.001%. Upon completion, you will receive: blueprints—Storm Armor, and all the technological levels required; +50,000 Scientific Research Experience; \*3 Technology Points.]

Although the armor had already been cobbled together, he had not been involved from the start and didn't know if joining now would still count towards the progress.

While 50,000 Scientific Research Experience Points and 3 Technology Points weren't the most critical rewards, it was better than nothing, not to mention gaining all technological knowledge related to the "Storm Armor," which provided a baseline guarantee to have in hand.

"I'd like to understand some details about the armor..."

Hearing this, Helen readily agreed, "Sure, I also have some questions about this armor I'd like to discuss with you."

"In fact, even though we are now mass-producing the armor, its performance is still a castrated version. The core reason lies in the physiological issues of the soldiers operating the armor. This batch of soldiers can certainly use the armor in conjunction with it, but there is still considerable potential for optimization in theory."

Chapter 795: Emergency Dispatch Order! \_2

Meeting Helen's expectant gaze, Bai E softly asked, "But this optimization space actually originates from the enhancement of the driver's qualities, isn't that right?"

"Correct! So essentially, this armor still has considerable optimization space, but the driver's physical capabilities must first be improved. At present, only the doctor can accomplish this. However, considering his personnel and technology in Grey Iron City, they've actually already reached the theoretical limit. From what we can see, the potential of our gene-optimized warriors might be higher. Therefore, the next experiments... require the coordination with the Gene Optimization Solution."

The Gene Optimization Solution in the city is strictly controlled as a resource, and opportunities like last time, where the solution could be freely used by the military, existed only once.

With the fall of the insect hive, such opportunities will never occur again.

If the doctor needs experimental subjects, the Gene Optimization Solution remains another restricted resource.

"That shouldn't be a problem." Bai E nodded slightly.

As expected, large-scale conflicts within the city will erupt in the next few days.

As long as his plans succeed, the distribution of the Gene Optimization Solution will be entirely up to him.

And if his plans fail... worst comes to worst, he could relinquish resources and move to Dawn Town or even to the doctor's Grey Iron City to develop.

Bai E wanted to seize the city, not destroy it.

Should some unavoidable and catastrophic situation arise, abandoning Blackwater City would be his only option.

"Hmm." Helen nodded, and brought up another matter, "Additionally, regarding the name for this brand-new armament, we're still waiting for you to decide."

Bai E decisively said, "Let's call it 'Storm Armor.'"

[You are creating designs for—Storm Armor. Current progress: 5%...]

"..."

"Alright." Helen hesitated briefly, but quickly accepted the name, "Sounds good, I have no objections."

"I have concerns..."

[You are creating designs for—Storm Armor. Current progress: 10%...]

...

[You are creating designs for—Storm Armor. Current progress: 50%...]

...

[You are creating designs for—Storm Armor. Current progress: 100%...]

Existing technologies need no reiteration; Bai E only needed to grasp the bulk of innovative technological details developed during the creation of the armor to complete the process.

[You have fully participated in the design and development of—Storm Armor. Rewards granted: Blueprints—Storm Armor, and the requisite technological standards for the armor; Research experience +50,000 points; Technology points \*3, issued.]

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Five days of non-stop, sleepless work.

For the doctor, whose body had undergone modifications as well, enduring this near-unimaginable torment for regular people was relatively easy.

Until the very last soldier safely stepped off the operating table before him, only then did the doctor finally relax.

Approaching Bai E, the doctor, now with slightly aged features, smiled wearily yet brightly, "Two hundred, all survived."

He knew that survival was the first piece of news Bai E wanted to hear, and the completion level was secondary.

"That's good." Bai E's face showed a hint of delight, "How soon before they regain combat effectiveness?"

The city's internal unrest had already begun, and the security team led by Caesar was swamped over the last two days.

Before the emperor's envoy returned, the nobles in the city needed to see a resolution.

Time would likely not wait for Bai E to make complete preparations.

The doctor nodded cautiously, "The surgical trauma can be rapidly healed with medication and medical equipment, but when it comes to adapting to their own bodies... that relies solely on them. No one can assist with that."

"I see." Bai E contemplated slightly.

Just then, piercing alarms erupted across various loudspeakers within the military camp.

Broadcast orders from the city were immediately looped across the entire military district: "Orders from the city issued, General Bai E is commanded to lead troops into the city immediately to suppress the rebellion!"

"Orders from the city issued, General Bai E is commanded to lead troops into the city immediately to suppress the rebellion!"

The harsh sounds filled his eardrums, and Bai E's gaze sharpened in an instant, "There's no time. Let them adapt to their new bodies in combat!"

"Doctor, please ensure they awaken and equip the Storm Armor as quickly as possible. I'll take the lead and move ahead!" Saying this, Bai E turned and left decisively.

On the military camp parade grounds, all soldiers swiftly assembled upon hearing the emergency orders.

Within no more than three minutes of Bai E reaching the Point Soldier Platform, the entire camp's tens of thousands of troops had gathered here.

Under the beams of the night floodlights, every soldier's face was calm as they focused on Bai E on the platform, awaiting his imminent orders.

Alone, Weslin trotted over while adjusting his clothes, "What happened?"

Weslin asked curiously.

He had long known the city hadn't been peaceful recently, but after that underground fortress was wiped out, he hadn't been in the mood to find entertainment within the city. Ever since waking up, he hadn't left the camp.

But now... the unrest within the city had already spread to the military camp under his control?

Although it was an emergency order, such a significant matter couldn't have been decided on a whim, right?

Had no one informed him beforehand?

Bai E glanced at him, and in this critical moment, couldn't be bothered to pretend.

Without answering Weslin's question, Bai E coldly waved his hand at the entire military, "Troops, mobilize! Enter the city immediately! Maintain order! Suppress the rebellion!"

"Yes, General!" The resounding voices of tens of thousands of troops shook the heavens and the earth.

This was a military spectacle Weslin had never seen before.

In that instant, he birthed a faintly subtle illusion.

That this massive military camp didn't belong to him, but instead belonged to this man-made general who could mobilize an entire army with a single command.

'What nonsense is that?'

Shaking his head to dismiss the strange illusion, Weslin reached out, attempting to tug on Bai E's sleeve, "General Bai E, are you heading out as well?"

Bai E evaded his tug with a swift move, mounted his own motorcycle, and sped away, leaving behind a trail of light.

"Military urgency, forgive me for not being able to delay!"

"..."

Weslin's hand hovered in the empty air, slightly grasping at nothing, feeling a bit awkward.

"Is it really that urgent?"

Watching the departing silhouettes of the troops, Weslin hesitated, wondering if he, as the district marshal, should also follow to take a look.

But if the conflict within the city was too chaotic, and these assigned soldiers were too busy to protect him, wouldn't that entail taking a massive risk?

Since the battle at the fortress had left him corroded by demonic aura, despite regaining physical capability after waking up, his former Spiritual Energy levels and strength hadn't completely returned.

If he truly encountered a crazed battle gang member...

The thought of that scene made Weslin involuntarily shiver.

'Better not take the risk...'

"But I need to be the first one there when merit is rewarded..."

Thinking this through, Weslin turned and sought the remaining troops in the camp.

Yet after circling around, he didn't see a single familiar commander, let alone any rank-and-file soldiers other than a few gateguards.

The entire camp was desolate...

Oh wait!

What were these people in deep blue armor doing?

Had the technology department installed new tech in the camp while he wasn't paying attention?

Weslin strode hurriedly forward, deliberately showing off the marshal insignia on his shoulder to the leading officer of the group.

"I..."

"Urgent orders, please..."

Before Weslin could finish his sentence, the temporary captain of the Storm Battalion spotted this odd man blocking the way. With a simple push, Weslin was sent flying far away...

"..."

"Boss, you're so rough."

"Is your control really that unrefined?"

Listening to the teasing voices of his teammates through the communication system, the temporary captain blushed under his visor and growled, "Full squad charge! The last one entering the city, I'll hang them from the city gate for three days as a warning!"

Chapter 796: forcing the palace

The Lower City of Blackwater City was in utter chaos.

Screams and flames were everywhere.

The nobles had issued their final death orders, and the war gang members had gone all out in their last frenzy of madness.

After all, the insect nests in the wild had been completely eradicated by the Military Department. With the bugs—their greatest and most insurmountable enemy—gone, most humans had found the courage to venture out into the wilderness.

So why not indulge in one last debauchery within the city?

If they succeeded, they could seize a large cache of supplies and escape into the wild, living the free life of a warlord in the wastelands.

If they failed, they could still flee with some of their resources intact; starting anew in the wilderness was far better than remaining in the city, caught and crushed between two opposing forces.

Well, except for the unfortunates who died outright or were arrested in the chaos.

In this grand banquet of destruction, everyone seemed to think of themselves as winners!

And so, amidst this upheaval, the war gang members, no longer bound by any restraints, pushed the chaos and plunder to an extreme level far beyond expectation.

This was something no one could have foreseen, not even the nobles orchestrating the uprising from behind the scenes.

Watching the rioters wreak havoc everywhere, even the intermediaries who had carried out the orders felt their eyelids twitching nervously. "Isn't this... a bit too much? The security team blocking their path has already been dealt with. Yet these bastards would rather loot, kill, and burn here than advance to finish the lords' mission."

Staring at the buildings engulfed in raging flames, the intermediary felt a pang of unease in his chest. "The lords want their profits... but if everything's destroyed, what good will that do?"

Yet in the face of the war gang members, now bloodlusted and consumed by madness, even he dared not show himself recklessly.

After all, in the current chaos, whether you were with the war gangs or the security team, just showing your face could get you shot dead in an instant.

Faced with the crazed war gang members, the outnumbered security team no longer approached law enforcement gently as they had before. As long as they felt even slightly threatened, it was reason enough to empty their magazines.

"Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!"

A barrage of grenade shells came screaming from afar, blasting violently into the streets of the Central City District.

A few security team members speeding in on motorbikes were instantly blown to pieces in the fiery explosions, while the intense shockwaves made the intermediary, hiding in a corner, instinctively duck his head.

"Holy shit! Where did they get this kind of heavy firepower?! Using this stuff inside a city—they've lost their goddamn minds?!"

The Lower City was deep underground; if the structure collapsed from all this, no one would be able to escape.

Granted, the core infrastructures were sturdy enough, but with such heavy bombardment, who could guarantee safety? That's why this level of firepower was strictly banned and heavily regulated!

The intermediary's assistant leaned towards his ear and whispered cautiously, "Viper-3 model—if I remember correctly... it was part of the supplies we provided them last month."

"..." The intermediary pursed his lips and swallowed hard. "Fuck! That wasn't supposed to be used \*here\*! These maniacs!"

Just as the words left his mouth, the roar of engines continued to grow louder from the direction of the Central City District.

Mixed within the noise was the unmistakable rumble of heavy military machinery!

The motorcycles were merely advance scouts for the security team—the real force tasked with quelling the insurrection was a newly deployed squadron.

The unique sound of tracks grinding against the steel roads immediately caught the ears of anyone sharp enough to listen. Like monstrous hearts, the thundering engines powered giant steel behemoths that could barely squeeze through the iron streets of the Lower City.

Massive shadows blocked the glow of distant streetlights, and the pounding rhythm of synchronized footsteps drummed relentlessly in the hearts of every rioter.

The moment he saw them, the intermediary's heart sank. "The army!"

"How did the army get here so quickly? Didn't some people say they'd delay their entry into the city as much as possible?"

The assistant, looking at the inferno engulfing the district in front of them, could only taste bitterness on his tongue. "Maybe they... got scared?"

After all, at the outset, no one expected these war gang members to go this completely insane.

Not just the intermediaries or undercover agents watching from the shadows—even the rioters themselves, in the midst of their frenzy, began to feel a deep-seated fear as they watched the steel giants roll in from the distance.

"The army's here!"

"The military is here!"

What could mere flesh and blood do against such fully equipped instruments of war?

The slow-advancing heavy tanks became the ultimate weapons, crushing every last spark of defiance and desire.

"Run!"

"Get the hell out of here!"

"Use those alleys—they can't bring their tanks in there!"

The tanks were unstoppable head-on, capable of flattening anything in their path.

However, not all of the city's roads were open enough to accommodate tanks. The multitude of narrow alleyways—those were the real arteries of the city.

If they could slip into those areas and rely on their familiarity with the terrain, they might still hold their ground and continue fulfilling the nobles' orders while evading the military's overwhelming force.

"Stomp! Stomp!"

Armored soldiers poured out from behind the tanks in tight formation.

"Pursue them! Leave no one alive!"

The cold command came from the mouths of the junior officers, and the frontliners—wielding blast shields—charged in with precision, advancing cautiously yet swiftly in coordinated squads as they entered the pitch-black alleyways.

Gunfire and explosions erupted in every darkened street corner, echoing through the labyrinth that was the city.

Chapter 797: forcing the palace\_2

In the countless surveillance screens monitoring the entire situation, towering flames raged everywhere. Occasionally, a screen would go blank in static and lose connection.

The frantic sound of gunfire mirrored the chaos in the city's meeting hall, where countless politicians from various factions were relentlessly attacking their political opponents.

"The security forces can't hold anymore! I've said it before, those useless fools can't be relied upon!"

"They're unreliable because you cut their funding! No money, no equipment—where are they supposed to get reinforcements or enhance their combat capabilities? Faced with so many warrior gangs rioting together, I'd like to see if \*you\* could manage to hold the line!"

"Failing to foresee the intentions of those rioting gangs and not preemptively taking targeted action to break them one by one—this is their negligence! What more justification do you need for such a major failure?!"

"Shut the f\*\*\* up! \*\*\*\*! I think you've all gone insane! After destroying the insect hive, with the Imperial Capital's unification imminent, our city has barely gotten to where it is now; do you really want to completely destroy it? All for your pathetic little interests?!"

"Bullshit! It's \*you\* who've destroyed this city! When the 'Castle' initiative was abolished, I already warned you—if the city doesn't have outlets, it'll end up with filth everywhere! These people, unable to vent their desires, have bottled up their frustrations until today, creating this mess!"

"Laughable! And yet it erupts at such a crucial moment? The city's expansion decree just issued, and the Imperial Capital's unification order hasn't even arrived yet... The timing couldn't be better, huh?"

"What could those ruffian warrior gang members from the Lower City even know? With the support of the expansion decree, once they finish their raid, they'll flee outside the city and never come back—who could even stop them?"

"Bullshit!"

"Bullshit!"

"Stop arguing! The military has already entered the city! Now we just have to see if they can hold the entrance to the Upper City."

Any unrest must not spill into the Upper City—such was the untouchable taboo of Blackwater City.

"How many troops does the military currently have?"

"About ten thousand."

"Good enough. As long as those tanks are stationed at the key passageways, those damned warrior gangs won't be able to reach the Upper City."

"But are we really just going to give up the entire Lower City and Middle City to them?" The speaker widened their eyes in disbelief. "That's madness!"

"What else can be done?! The Lower City and Middle City cover such a vast area—forget ten thousand troops, even twenty thousand thrown in wouldn't stir much of a defensive wave. Unless the soldiers in the military could somehow each be worth a hundred men, how could they possibly capture every rioting gang in one fell swoop? It's a matter of slowly grinding them down over time. Eventually, the negotiation experts will have to take the stage."

Some turned to the surveillance screens with puzzled expressions and said, "Do you see that? Those tall soldiers in dark blue armor in the army—how come we've never seen them before?"

Moments later, someone pointed at the screen with trembling fingers and exclaimed, "...Wait, they're really being deployed?!"

"Where are the Military Department personnel? Who's in charge there? Didn't we agree they'd just defend the Upper City?! Who gave the order for them to deploy outside?!"

"Where's Weslin? Has Weslin arrived yet?!"

Suddenly, the doors to the meeting hall swung wide open. A figure in military uniform strode inside with steady steps. Bai E's expression was calm as he announced to everyone in the room, "The Marshal has ordered to station himself at the military district and commanded me to lead the army into the city to suppress the rebellion."

As the man strode inside, peculiar expressions appeared on the faces of everyone present.

Some looked wary, others had sharp glints in their eyes.

Some were hopeful, others were fearful.

One voiced his objection, "The orders we issued to your Military Department were to defend the Upper City—didn't you hear them? Tell your soldiers to retreat immediately!"

Bai E turned his gaze toward him, his eyes coldly fixed on the man.

The silent stare was oppressive, and in the heavy silence that followed, beads of cold sweat began to trickle down the objector's neck.

Fortunately, before he could completely unravel, Bai E casually spoke again, providing an explanation, "The Marshal's orders to me were to suppress the rebellion as quickly as possible. Simply defending the city wouldn't resolve the unrest!"

Under this unsettling explanation, the objector recalled his near-suffocating panic a moment ago and dared not utter another word. Resentfully, he slumped back into his seat.

During this period of silence, the military had swiftly moved to clear out the rioters in the Lower City and Middle City.

Once the troops moved into action, those warriors clad in dark blue armor, who had been blending with the crowd, could no longer hide their presence.

Of course, they no longer needed to hide.

Suppressing the rebellion as quickly as possible was their unequivocal directive.

"Shhk! Shhk! Shhk! Shhk!"

Blue silhouettes sped like the wind. The moment one appeared in a rioting warrior's field of vision, that warrior found themselves suddenly soaring through the air.

Those who thought their hidden positions were impeccable and were preparing for covert attacks froze in their plots, completely motionless.

Moments later, a thin red line etched across their necks.

Heads slid down the slanted wounds under the weight of gravity, and blood spurted from the severed necks like fountains.

Witnessing the nearly imperceptible blue figures on the screens, every horrified eye turned toward the man who hadn't moved a single inch since entering the room.

Finally, an elder from the Elder Council swallowed nervously and spoke with difficulty, "General Bai... those soldiers in the dark blue armor... What are they?"

Bai E slowly turned his head, his indifferent eyes locking onto the speaker. After a brief pause, he replied softly, "Military District secret. No comment."

"Then you all must know something, right?" The speaker turned toward the representatives of the Scientific Research Institute. "The military's advanced equipment comes from your institute, doesn't it? Don't tell me you're completely in the dark! How could technology of this caliber be handed directly to the Military District for experimental use?!"

Prodded for answers, the bespectacled representative of the Scientific Research Institute also appeared equally bewildered. "I... I don't know either!"

"There's no need to ask." Bai E lowered his indifferent gaze. "I've already told you—it's a Military District secret."

"Hmph! How arrogant!" Suddenly, a commanding voice boomed from the podium. A figure, previously unnoticed, now stood upon it.

Clad in a golden cloak, the City Lord stared coldly at Bai E, who had just entered the room. "General Bai E? Is this how you choose to shirk accountability?!"

Bai E turned his gaze toward him, remaining silent.

The chill in the air spread, and the more perceptive individuals in the room began to discreetly move toward the edges of the hall.

Each person suspected on some level that, on this turbulent night, a storm might engulf Blackwater City, ushering in monumental change.

...

Meanwhile, the dark blue-armored soldiers clearing the Lower and Middle Cities simultaneously received orders through their armor's built-in communication systems: "All soldiers, listen up. Final clearance—one minute remaining. Then proceed to the inner city and execute the ultimate mission objective!"

"Acknowledged!"

"Acknowledged!"

...

Without haste, Bai E watched the scenes unfolding on the surveillance monitors.

The footage displayed here carried a slight delay; many events had, in fact, already occurred.

For instance... the 200 Storm Soldiers had already entered the inner city and completed their pre-determined mission objectives.

The suppression of the Lower and Middle Cities' unrest was something Bai E needed.

Gaining control of the Upper City's aristocratic strongholds was also something Bai E required.

This city—Bai E would allow no one to destroy it, nor would he let anyone take it from him.

Gazing at the City Lord, who still stood high above, Bai E smirked coldly and began walking toward the podium.

The City Lord frowned tightly, his aura erupting with authority. "What are you trying to do?!"

"Nothing." Bai E stepped onto the podium, now standing shoulder to shoulder with the City Lord, but maintaining a deliberate distance.

Turning to face the stunned crowd, Bai E sneered and declared loudly, "It's time for you all to make your choice!"

Chapter 798: Overwhelming!

"What choice are you going to make?"

"General Bai, what are you talking about?"

Perhaps due to sluggish reactions, or perhaps wanting to hear a definitive answer from Bai E's mouth, many attendees in the hall looked at Bai E, who stood near the City Lord, with alarm and confusion and asked.

"General Bai!" The City Lord, completely ignored by Bai E, glared with fury in his eyes as waves of Spiritual Energy burst out in agitation. His massive figure suddenly levitated into the air, forcibly flying away from Bai E's vicinity.

At the same time, his voice, filled with rage, thundered across the entire hall: "Take him down!"

Having been in a position of power for many years, though his own combat prowess hadn't severely waned, his noble station made even a trade of minor injury for victory an unacceptable cost.

More so, having refrained from direct combat for years, the City Lord wouldn't willingly grapple with the city's cutting-edge "War God," who was sharp and ruthless. He valued his safety too much to entangle himself with such an opponent.

The City Lord's value lay in the fact that he could wield the entire strength of the city as his own.

Why bother with a one-on-one duel when mobbing works?

Yet, despite the command, no one else in the hall took any decisive action.

Bai E, who rose from the ranks of ordinary artificial beings, achieved his current stature entirely through raw strength, earned with fists and kicks.

His reputation, both within the military and the city, was built over a mountain of opponents' blood, tears, and corpses.

Those who fell to him included beastmen, intelligent machines, and insectoids—all who had the foresight to avoid crossing him unless absolutely necessary. None wanted to be his enemy.

Moreover, most of those present were merely representatives of various factions. Even organizations focused on combat, like the Mechanical Court and the Arbitration Place, needed delegates to represent their views.

These were politicians, not warriors; they felt no obligation to follow such combat orders.

Even if the City Lord ultimately escaped and triumphed, there was no reason for them to be blamed for inaction.

Aside from some mechanically augmented warriors equipped with exoskeletons, who surged into the hall upon the City Lord's command.

These were standard Mechanical Court warriors; after all, mecha couldn't possibly be equipped all the time.

Roughly two squads of Mechanical Court warriors coordinated, combining close- and long-range tactics.

Some used the jet-powered boosters on their exoskeletons to leap high into the air, drawing sharp combat knives to strike down toward Bai E; others brandished specialized machine guns, sniper rifles, and even individual grenade launchers, aiming to shoot at Bai E.

The startled nobles preemptively evaded, retreating to corners to avoid the stray assault waves.

Some had already bet their chips on Bai E and yelled from the sidelines as they backed away: "Bai E, you damned rogue, don't get ahead of yourself! You'd better beat the City Lord's personal guard first! They're the most trusted fighting force under the City Lord, only by defeating them do you even have a chance at rebellion!"

These warriors, long selected from various sources into the Mechanical Court, not only served as mech pilots but had undergone body modifications and were equipped with the city's most advanced single-unit weaponry. They doubled as the City Lord's personal guard.

In fact, one could argue that this was the true purpose of the division.

The City Lord relied on the overwhelming power and command over this city's highest-grade combat organization to maintain his absolute dominance.

Before this, no one had dared to challenge the authority of the Mechanical Court warriors.

And now, Bai E had taken the first step nobody dared to tread.

He summoned his Longsword with a wave, enveloping his actions in the flow of his spirit.

He possessed no magical blade designed specifically to counter humans, but he didn't need one.

With only his own capabilities, the Longsword in his hand was already indestructible.

Infused with Spiritual Energy, the gleaming mystical weapon radiated an enchanting glow of enchantment.

In the next moment, faster than anyone's eyes could follow, Bai E unleashed his full strength, moving like a phantom as he wove through the incoming Mechanical Court warriors.

Thin red lines gradually appeared on the warriors' bodies, Bai E's figure only emerging behind all of them.

The ground and sky alike were littered with the scattered remains of two squads of warriors, collapsing one after another with dull thuds.

The bodies of mechanically modified soldiers, having little blood left in them, displayed only feeble oozes at their wounds, avoiding overly grisly scenes.

None paid attention to the field strewn with decaying corpses.

Yet in the next instant, a torrent of immense and untainted spiritual energy descended upon Bai E.

Though higher-level Spiritual Energy users from the Spiritual Power Managers Center didn't follow the City Lord closely at all times, they had already arrived from nearby moments after the City Lord gave his command.

On this turbulent night, they had been standing vigilant within a certain radius of the City Lord's location, fully prepared.

This was a habit, and also a display of authority.

None had ever imagined these individuals would truly act, but today that moment had arrived.

A tangible pressure bore down directly on Bai E, the sheer overwhelming force applied by several third-tier Spiritual Energy users working in unison threatened to crush him into pulp.

However, even more formidable was the mental confrontation—fatal illusions and psychic strikes caused Bai E to experience unfathomable psychic trauma in an instant.

But under the cleansing flow of his "spiritual stream," all these mental impacts transformed into nothing but accumulating flames in his core.

The clash with his fellow humans already filled Bai E with profound grief and rage, and the next instant, a retaliatory explosion blossomed from Bai E's center with a deafening roar.

Chapter 799: Overwhelming!"\_2

The explosive blast in the Spiritual Energy domain didn't just wreak havoc on the psychic users directly attacking Bai E—the shockwave rippling outward forced everyone present to instinctively crouch, sensing a terrifying aura of absolute oppression descending from the depths of their souls.

"Thwack thwack thwack thwack!"

The battle in the mental world was perilous and extreme.

The few Tier-3 psychic users who failed to strike Bai E instead exploded instantly in various corners of the hall, headless corpses standing briefly before collapsing to the ground in defeat.

Unstoppable!

Be it the Mechanical Court with the strongest physical combat capability, or the highly skilled advanced psychics, all became mere cannon fodder when faced with Bai E.

The city lord, not too far away, witnessed this scene and immediately panicked. He frantically activated his spiritual energy in a desperate attempt to escape.

"Bai E, the rebel mech squad from the Mechanical Court is almost here!" someone from the crowd near Bai E cautiously reminded.

Mecha suit amplifies power. Even an average mech pilot could unleash exponentially greater destruction through their mecha.

Military-grade mecha was already formidable, not to mention these custom-built ones from the Mechanical Court.

Each was a war machine that drained treasuries dry!

"..." Bai E turned and glanced at the speaker before shifting his gaze, indifferent.

His feet pressed against the ground as he launched himself into the air, flying after the fleeing city lord.

Bai E, who had just entered Tier-3, wasn't actually faster than the city lord. Yet, as he burst out of the hall into the night sky, a blue-and-white phantom figure manifested out of nowhere, centered on him.

The spectators who followed to watch widened their mouths in astonishment, "Me...mecha?"

"Where did Bai E summon a mecha from?!"

"It materialized out of thin air—clearly retrieved from a Psychic Storage Space."

"It even wrapped around him directly, most likely transporting him straight into the cockpit... such precision in manipulating spiritual energy is extraordinary."

"To summon a mecha of that size, Bai E's spiritual energy level..."

"Obviously! If Bai E's spiritual energy wasn't strong enough, would he have been able to instantly obliterate so many Tier-3 psychics earlier? Remember when he competed with the Elf Race before; we all should have realized then."

"Terrifying... Never have I seen a warrior rise so rapidly like Bai E. Tonight, if he survives..."

"Stop calling him General Bai! Call him City Lord Bai!"

As the blue-white mecha materialized midair and paused for two seconds, it surged upon activating its engine.

The mecha darted forward, slicing through the air in a graceful arc.

Though military-grade mecha generally lacked flight capabilities, Bai E's spiritual energy enhanced its performance, pushing its mobility beyond typical flying speed.

The fleeing city lord saw the Mechanical Court mecha approaching ahead. Yet, before he could reach safety, a massive steel hand suddenly descended from above.

The enormous shadow blotted out the starlight of the night. Despite unleashing all his spiritual energy, the panicked city lord couldn't escape the inescapable cage of doom.

"Smack!"

Like a fly swatted by a hand, the city lord's bulky frame was slapped to the ground by the mecha's large iron hand.

The intricately paved surface of the main city district was instantly caved in, spreading debris and dust across the area.

"City Lord!" The mech pilots in the Mechanical Court's receiving unit shouted frantically. Three smaller and nimbler custom mecha charged toward Bai E from three directions.

Before their assault, countless small missile clusters were fired in advance, saturating the airspace around Bai E's mecha with explosions in a relentless bombardment.

"Boom boom boom boom boom!"

The intense bursts of fire painted the night sky as if fireworks were unfolding, yet the blue-white mecha emerged unscathed from the inferno. It wielded a massive alloy battle blade, charging headlong at the three brightly colored mecha.

Under the clashing blades and flashing lights, three blinding mushroom clouds bloomed in the night sky above the city.

"Slice!" The battle blade easily plunged into the ground, its tip mere inches from the city lord's battered face.

The heavily wounded city lord, faced with his impending demise, felt the warrior's bloodline within him awaken furiously. Despite his crippling injuries, he instinctively tried to find a miraculous escape amidst the dust cloud.

Truthfully, he already felt despair the moment he heard the sounds above.

'Damn it! How can Bai E be this strong?! When has the world ever seen such an unparalleled individual combatant?'

'These Mechanical Court failures—I've sunk so much funding into them, yet even three units combined can't last a single round against him!'

'Still, it doesn't matter, as long as I escape! As long as I escape! Many families loyal to me remain in the city. If I survive tonight, I can still mount a counterattack someday!'

'Or let the city go—does it even matter? So long as he doesn't pursue me, I won't provoke him further. The insect hive is gone anyway; taking the supplies into the wastelands isn't necessarily the end. '

'Escape! Escape! All that matters is to escape! I must escape!'

"Slice!"

The shuddering battle blade stabbed into the ground before him.

The reflective, mirror-like surface of the blade showed his panic-stricken face.

Staring at his bloodied visage in the blade's reflection, the city lord froze slightly—

So, I've grown so old?

Old enough that I've lost the ability to fight. Old enough that I've lost the courage to face formidable foes.

Old enough that I can no longer protect my city.

"Enough." The blue-white mecha hovered above the fallen city lord, its voice broadcasting through a speaker-like amplifying mechanism. "I do not wish for unnecessary slaughter. If you surrender now, I won't take your life. Even your son could hold a peaceful position within the city. He'd have a bright future."

"Heh...heh..."

A low laugh emerged from the city lord's strained chest. Lying sprawled on the ground, he adjusted his position, facing the sky. "Enough."

"What?"

"This humiliation...it's enough." The city lord stared into the sky, spiritual flames igniting from within him bit by bit. "You've won; it's all yours now. For a failure like me, there's no need for pity. For neglecting to recruit someone as unique as you during my tenure as city ruler—that was my mistake. I should have made you my deputy, governing in my stead. After all, the title of city lord means little to me."

He coughed twice, spat out bloody residue, and gasped painfully before continuing slowly, "As for my son...I've given him everything I could. Whether he succeeds is up to him. Now that you've won, do with him as you wish—it's no concern of mine."

"Hoo~ hoo~" Spiritual energy heated the air escaping his nose, burning as if his very soul was ablaze. The city lord suddenly stopped feeling the pain of his injuries. Staggering to his feet, he gazed at the massive

blue-white mecha in the sky. "But at this final moment of life, I want to die as a warrior—fighting one last battle."

Spiritual energy lifted the city lord's battered body gradually off the ground.

Now at the same height as Bai E, he seemed to perceive the pilot cocooned inside the cockpit.

He spread his arms wide and shouted at Bai E, "Come! Let me see your true power—let me know if you can truly protect this city!"

"Slice!"

The blade cleaved through the night sky, leaving cracks in the dark space.

"Thud!"

The city lord's lifeless corpse was casually tossed onto the plaza before the hall. Having exited his mecha, Bai E descended slowly from the air, "Now, it's your turn."

Chapter 800: Main quest completed

When the body of the city lord was truly thrown before everyone's eyes, those who had been shouting "Mr. Bai" in the crowd moments ago fell silent instead.

Pairs of eyes quietly gazed at the emotionless figure floating in the sky, their gaze filled with doubt and a certain restless ambition.

They revered Bai E's military prowess, but had always harbored skepticism regarding this artificial general's ability to manage city affairs.

Politics is not an inherently evil concept; tending to the demands of as many people as possible in the city is never a simple task.

Among them, many had long grown dissatisfied with the neglectful governance of the previous city lord, especially when he replaced Bai E's meritorious service with his own son Weslin during a certain incident, which provoked genuine anger.

However, if this artificial general, devoid of human emotions and common sense, were to truly ascend to the position of city lord, it might very well lead the city from one extreme to another.

On this matter, their doubt remained.

The confrontation lingered in a state of stagnation, until the sharp "beep beep beep" sound almost simultaneously echoed from the communication devices of each faction's representative.

These representatives subconsciously glanced at the expressions of the others and then turned their eyes to Bai E floating in the sky.

Seeing Bai E show no intention of stopping them, they each connected to their factions' private communication channels.

And then...

"What? Our family's estate has been seized?"

"A single person? Wearing dark blue armor?"

"Useless! What are you even doing? So many people couldn't deal with one?"

"What now? How the hell should I know what to do? Listen to Bai E, that's what you do!"

The bald man, having hung up his call, leaped onto the ground beneath Bai E's feet and raised his hand, declaring passionately, "I am forever and unyieldingly faithful to City Lord Bai E!"

"..."

"..."

Upon receiving news that their family estates had already fallen, numerous faction representatives surged forward instantly. "I'm the firmest supporter of City Lord Bai E!"

"Bullshit, I am!"

"I'm City Lord Bai E's lapdog! Grr, ha, grr!"

To them, their families were everything. Regardless of their doubts about Bai E's capabilities, now that their estates had already fallen into the city lord's control, all the bargaining chips they depended on for negotiations became a joke.

Yet there were still those with principles who refused to follow the tide.

An elderly man of East Asian descent, with a gentle appearance, looked at Bai E with a sorrowful expression and asked, "General Bai E, was this truly necessary?"

"With your current prestige and power, the position of city lord is already uncontested. If you indeed possess the ability to lead Blackwater City to glory, then naturally no one would dare harbor any dissent. But if you... if you cannot elevate Blackwater City to new heights, how can sheer brute force alone make everyone truly accept you?"

With a serene expression, Bai E replied softly, "If your gaze is confined to the boundaries of Blackwater City alone, then frankly, I have no promises or explanations to offer you. Achieving the path to

prosperity has never been something that can be accomplished by clinging to just one city or one territory. I have no intention of explaining any further. All I demand now is absolute obedience."

Spiritual Energy spread across the scene, and everyone felt Bai E's gaze as though it were locking eyes with their own.

"Obey, or die. Those are your only two options. The sole assurance I can offer is that, before achieving the ultimate goal, no citizen of Blackwater City will die from unjust treatment."

"I hope Mr. Bai can truly stick to your word," the questioning elderly man said, deeply gazing at Bai E.

Though Bai E had said he had no intention of wasting words on them, his meaning was already unmistakably clear.

His ambition was not confined to the small corner that was Blackwater City; conquest of the world—or uniting humanity and reclaiming lost territories—was his true pursuit.

If Bai E could truly achieve such heights, then as Blackwater City—his place of origin—rose alongside him, it would naturally make sense.

Whether Bai E consciously intended to care for them or not, if he indeed accomplished something truly significant for humanity as a whole, then Blackwater City would naturally ascend to the glory they envisioned.

Led by the elderly man, representatives with similar thoughts joined Bai E's ranks, leaving only a handful of figures behind.

The representatives of key entities like the Arbitration Place, Scientific Research Institute, and Spiritual Power Managers Center all stared silently at Bai E.

Bai E didn't offer them any special explanations either.

Ultimately, it was Aglaya—who was most familiar with Bai E—who stepped forward, her long legs striding closer. Standing on the ground, she looked up at Bai E in the sky, a hint of a wry smile appearing on her assertive and commanding face. "General Bai E, I trust your character, and I trust those two children's judgment. Kiro Lan has been trying to persuade me about you for a while now; it seems she already knew about today's plan. Only I... was kept completely in the dark. From now on, our Spiritual Power Managers Center will fully obey your will, but I simply hope you won't betray the earnest trust those two children have in you."

The director of the Scientific Research Institute, so old he could barely walk, moved forward slightly in his electric wheelchair. "Helen has mentioned you to me a few times. I could tell she has quite the favorable impression of you. Helen is my chosen successor; since she endorses you, then our institute will also follow your will."

The modified Mech Pilot from the Mechanical Court finally stepped out as well, their gaze fervently fixed on Bai E in the sky. "Sir, from the moment you first demonstrated your machine soul, our Mechanical Court has never intended to oppose you. Our purpose from the beginning has always been to support the city lord... and now, you are the new city lord."

The chief judge of the Arbitration Place, Nolanitz, arrived after receiving the news and lightly stepped forward to nod toward Bai E. "Before I came, Franca was already yelling at me to trust you unconditionally. Now it seems there's no need for that. Mr. Bai, congratulations."

The connections and stories Bai E had cultivated with every individual in the past had led all the core leaders of these vital institutions to willingly accept his rule.

At this moment, the third stage of the main quest objectives had been fully achieved.

The task completion prompt echoed in Bai E's ear, and light blue text scrolled downward before his eyes—

[Main Quest—Absolute Domination, Completed.]

[Quest Rewards: 100,000 Universal Experience Points, Starship Construction Blueprint \*1 (details customizable), have been issued.]