

## Wow 871

### Chapter 871 Appears\_2

This guy, theoretically, is also within my attack range.

Although I didn't intend to cause any harm, the fact that he's completely unaffected caught me off guard.

'So... is he hiding something too?'

A glimmer of thought flashed deep within Catherine's pupils, but she decided not to delve into the reasons behind it.

As long as it has nothing to do with the "treasure" on her, it's fine. Secrets abound in this universe; they have nothing to do with her.

"Hey!" Catherine tilted her chin towards Bai E, taking the initiative, "If you can still move, then leave quickly. Once people show up, you won't be able to leave even if you want to."

Bai E stared at her with a curious look in his eyes, "Are they coming after you?"

From the conversation between the burly man he had restrained earlier and the small gangsters, Bai E had already figured out that the current debacle was all a misunderstanding.

And this woman cleared the battlefield upon arrival, likely because she was the actual target of this incident.

She managed to take down so many small gangsters with one move—her strength was definitely comparable to Nova's back in the day.

However, her ability to precisely avoid Bai E's position in the earlier broad impact showcased a level of control far above Nova's. But against these small gangsters, she didn't even need to use her full capability.

It's hard to tell the true extent of this woman's power and what level she stands at within this universe's civilized society.

"Of course." The woman's lips curled into a slight smirk, her smile carrying a hint of provocation, "What, are you thinking of getting involved too?"

Her affairs had been spread everywhere by those dogs, attracting some who initially had no interest but grew greedy upon encountering her. She had run into such situations countless times along the way, so they no longer surprised her.

Besides, this guy was clearly hiding his own strengths. If he felt he had a chance... it wouldn't be surprising either.

Realizing the sudden hint of vigilance from the woman, Bai E simply smiled gently, clasped his hands together, and said, "I have no such intentions. Just asked out of curiosity. Thanks for stepping in—may we meet again someday."

With that, he turned and left without an ounce of hesitation.

He had just arrived on an alien planet, unfamiliar with everything.

Blindly getting swept up in the vortex of power struggles wasn't a wise move. Gathering basic information and establishing a foothold was a necessary first step before planning further.

...

Lang picked up the communicator lying on the ground, its corner shattered from a fall, and cautiously dialed a number. "Hello? Boss? It's me, Lang. Earlier, I was trying to distract that woman..."

"Go \*\*\*\*\* yourself!"

"Beep~" Lang swiftly hung up the call, cutting off the aesthetically creative curses.

Looking at the scene already dominated by that woman, who effortlessly suppressed everything, Lang couldn't help but worry about his future.

He wanted to save his own skin and escape with this badass-looking woman, but she turned out to be even more badass than he imagined—she didn't intend to run at all.

And now, he had completely pissed off his former boss. What was he supposed to do?

As he stared blankly, his peripheral vision caught sight of a lone figure walking off into the distance...

Cautiously watching the woman's figure standing still as if resting her eyes, Lang noticed no one cared about him and, after glancing around nervously, started slithering carefully through the shadows.

Once he had left that suffocating area, he bolted, chasing after the stranger walking away.

"Brother! Wait! Wait for me!"

As Bai E strode toward the neon-lit area, his footsteps slowed, and he turned to look behind him.

Seeing the burly man who had attacked him earlier catching up, Bai E found it somewhat peculiar.  
"You..."

"Brother, don't go this way! Don't go this way!" Lang hurriedly called out, "Those Dagger Society thugs are about to sweep through this direction—if you bump into them, they might just kill you on the spot!"

"Oh?" Bai E raised an eyebrow, "That thrilling?"

Kill someone at first sight? These alien people—such poor manners.

But from what he had heard from the small gangsters earlier...

"Aren't you one of the Dagger Society thugs yourself?" Bai E asked curiously, "This..."

"I've just recognized their true colors and refuse to associate with them anymore!" Lang said, full of disdain, "Sir! If you can trust me, follow me out of here!"

Lang knew he had some skills; for his abilities to be put to use in this universe, he had to find someone powerful to rely on.

The Dagger Society had way too many people, and he hadn't managed to get any important tasks. Staying there wouldn't bear fruit anyway.

He had wanted to switch sides to that badass woman, but she was way too capable—planning to take on both the Dagger Society and Peak Alliance alone. Regardless of her outcome, Lang knew he'd never come out unscathed.

Glancing around, it seemed only this guy—who he'd had a fateful encounter with after their fight—might be his next target for allegiance.

Even if that woman hadn't intervened earlier, this fellow had single-handedly taken down dozens of idle wanderers. His skill level might not be unmatched, but it certainly surpassed Lang's, making him the perfect candidate for a leader!

"Brother! Over here."

Seeing the burly man beckoning him from a dark pipe opening, Bai E raised an eyebrow and followed behind him.

The Dagger Society was an unknown quantity, but they were definitely stronger than the gangsters.

Traveling solo, Bai E's power was limited—it wouldn't hurt to avoid a confrontation.

Inside the dark pipe, the sound of their footsteps was the only thing breaking the quiet.

Lang hesitantly brought up a topic to probe his newfound big brother's background, "Brother, where are you from?"

"Another planet," Bai E replied vaguely.

'This is just a Satellite City; who here isn't from another planet?' Lang mentally complained, realizing his new big brother still held some reservations about him.

This was normal, of course—trust takes time to build.

For now, their priority was to leave this godforsaken place.

After offending the Dagger Society, staying in Freeport was clearly no longer an option.

To thrive elsewhere, he'd need a strong figure to rely on.

Rule number one when navigating the cosmos: pick the right leader.

And first, he had to ensure his leader agreed to leave together.

"Brother, where are you planning to go next?"

"Next..."

Bai E's gaze became distant.

The next steps—there was plenty to do.

First, he needed to recover his strength.

Then, he'd have to find a way to return or locate his scattered main army in the universe.

The order didn't matter too much; it would depend on the circumstances.

But in any case, familiarizing himself with the rules of this universe's society was essential.

This was also one of the main reasons he chose to travel with this man called "Lang"—collecting information was always wise.

"I plan to wander around and see if I can find some old friends," Bai E replied, half-truthfully.

"You have old friends in Freeport?" Lang asked.

'This place is called Freeport?' Bai E pondered and casually replied, "Not sure. He's a drifter—who knows if he's still here or not?"

"If you're unsure, then you'd best leave quickly, sir!" Lang said earnestly.

"Hmm?"

"Sir, you might not realize—just now, that woman is the key target the Peak Alliance wants to capture. Since we've both interacted with her, suspicion will inevitably fall on us too. Now the Peak Alliance has spread throughout Freeport—while I still have some background ties with them, let me help you leave this place first!"

Chapter 872 Turmoil!

'Peak Alliance?'

Another unfamiliar term.

Bai E noted down these phrases but showed no intention of fully abiding by the other's advice.

The rest of this guy's words might have some credibility, but this part? It sounded like absolute nonsense.

During all the running around between the many cities on this planet, Bai E had interacted with all kinds of people, enough to recognize an excuse when he heard one—such as the things this person was saying now.

The other guy worked for the Dagger Society under the Peak Alliance, but at this moment, he wanted to flee together with Bai E to avoid the Dagger Society. Clearly, he had also managed to offend them.

It was him who needed to run, not Bai E.

If merely meeting someone would get you caught, that trench coat woman had encountered countless people on her way here—what, was she supposed to capture the entirety of Freeport?

These words were, fundamentally, just a way to convince him to join in on the escape.

In other words, to some extent... he needed Bai E's help.

With this realization, Bai E chuckled softly and, in a tone that made it clear he had completely seen through the other's intentions, said, "Why would I want to escape with you?"

When you need someone's help, shouldn't you at least show a bit of sincerity?

Realizing he couldn't fool Bai E, the Wild Wolf adopted a straightforward approach.

He clasped his hands together, suddenly bowed at the waist, and shouted, "If you don't reject me, sir, the Wolf is willing to call you Big Brother! Sir, I can be useful! If you take me in, you won't regret it!"

"Oh?" Bai E raised an eyebrow, glancing at him in the dim surroundings.

Although the light was poor, the other's breathing and every movement seemed to form a vivid image in Bai E's mind, just like the "blind dueling" technique he had once perfected...

Including earlier during the fight...

The battle against those punks had felt increasingly effortless for him.

The longer it went on, the faster his reactions, the stronger and more enduring his attacks became.

It felt as though his strength and skills were rapidly recovering to their former peak through combat.

Yet, without the game-like stat interface he once had, Bai E couldn't gauge his exact power level anymore.

Was his recovery so fast because he'd previously reached such heights?

Or... was there some other reason?

Still, this discovery was perhaps the biggest contribution the other guy had made to him thus far.

Through this unexpected fight, Bai E had found a way to quickly regain his former strength—combat, or rather, training.

Wherever he went, the first lesson he learned in this world kept echoing: training! Pushing past the physical limit and taking one more step forward—that was the only shortcut to progress!

Yet, this self-discovery wasn't the other's true value.

"If I bring you in, what good will you do for me?" Bai E asked in a low voice.

In the darkness, meeting Bai E's gaze head-on, Wild Wolf felt as if his entire being was laid bare under the other's scrutiny, without a shred of secrecy left.

"I... I can guide you out of Freeport."

"Clearly, I'm not in a rush to leave—much less through some shady backdoor route."

Wild Wolf's gaze darted around. "I can gather intelligence for you. You're a strong Ranger in the galaxy, aren't you? No matter what, while traveling out in the world, I can reduce your troubles a little. Anything you're not convenient dealing with yourself, I can handle for you. When you're exploring, I can guard your private spaceship. All I want in return is a small slice of the wealth you gain during your adventures... that's my entire request."

"Now that sounds a bit more honest." Bai E nodded, neither agreeing nor refusing as he continued walking forward.

Feeling anxious from a lack of a definitive answer, Wild Wolf hurried after him. Rangers with such strength were either already members of major factions or had a team of followers—strong, solitary Rangers like this were nearly extinct.

Without the "fight and meet" coincidence from earlier, Wild Wolf probably would never have had such an opportunity to connect with someone like him.

He had to seize the chance if it was there.

Catching up to Bai E's pace, Wild Wolf asked, "Sir, you still haven't said... will you accept me or not?"

"I need to check out that area first." Bai E didn't answer directly, instead slipping through the narrow outlet of the piping and glancing toward the brilliantly lit shopping district nearby.

The bustling crowds and its prosperity were comparable to the core imperial districts he'd seen before leaving the primitive star.

On the streets, countless "humans" with vastly differing builds strode along the tidy pathways.

While overall belonging to the category of 'humankind,' some had iron-grey skin and towering physiques, while others were so pale their skin seemed to reflect light.

Mixed in the crowd were individuals clearly not human—striking alien beings that would have fit right into the fantasy films Bai E had seen before, figures like elves and dwarves.

He had seen elves on this planet before, but these interstellar elves exuded an even chillier and detached demeanor—though their gaze swept across each individual, it felt like they truly noticed no one.

As for the dwarves, whom Bai E had never encountered before, they carried a heavy scent from their sweat glands, with coarse and rigid hair, short stature, but sturdy and packed with strength.

The universe was vast and full of wonders.

The shops lining the streets displayed items Bai E had never seen before.

Some mechanical constructs whose purposes couldn't be discerned based just on appearance.

Chapter 873 Riot!\_2

Bai E did not put on the air of a country bumpkin visiting the city, curiously looking around at everything.

Being from a remote planet with no prior contact with Interstellar Society wasn't necessarily good or bad; before truly understanding the foundational rules of the cosmic system, he needed to remain cautious.

But the Wild Wolf beside him, eager to prove his worth—or perhaps show off his knowledge to make this esteemed figure see his usefulness—kept following Bai E's gaze, chattering incessantly: "That's the new Cloud-Steel Framework from Yuntu Technology. It can replace the bones and neural structure throughout the entire body, offering incredible improvements to strength and adaptability!"

"And this? This is Stardream Company's simulation doll. Their latest combat model—it fights during the day, and at night... heh heh heh~"

"..."

Bai E said nothing throughout the journey, letting Wild Wolf guide him as he quickly familiarized himself with some of the basic trends in this vast universe.

Judging by the popular products alone, at least one thing was clear...

Humans in the universe did not face apocalyptic threats hanging directly overhead.

So insects, beastmen, and high-dimensional demons—these things, to them, aren't that big of a danger... are they?

Bai E mulled these thoughts over quietly, unknowingly slowing his steps.

Thinking he had spotted something he wanted, Wild Wolf leaned in closer to Bai E's ear and whispered, "Master... it's better not to deal with this crowd."

"Hmm?" Bai E took two more steps forward, slightly intrigued by the words he had just seen.

'Refined Bai E.'

What the hell is that?

A lump of ashen gray material, neither too soft nor too hard, shaped into rectangular blocks.

"Master, if you don't frequent places like ours, you might not know the true owner behind this shop... It's a gang of lawless interstellar pirates! Not only do they pillage passenger and merchant ships amidst the currently chaotic environment in our Stellar District, but they've also taken over three mining planets as their foundational industry. I've heard that many missing martial artists nearby... were captured by them to work as enslaved miners on their planets!

You might see their construction materials are priced slightly cheaper than other places, but there have been cases in which both the money and goods go missing in transactions. Unless you've got a reliable faction to back you up, I'd recommend steering clear of them."

The Wild Wolf's eyes glimmered with a sly yet cautious light.

Seeing Bai E focus a little more on the shop, of course, he had to explain the history and background thoroughly.

One, to demonstrate his value; and two, to gauge the depths of his master by leveraging such a force.

If the master shrinks back instantly, it would naturally indicate fear.

If the master remains intrigued, then the person he has chosen is indeed interesting.

And clearly, his judgment was quite accurate.

Instead of showing fear, the master's eyes lit up at hearing this, revealing even greater interest.

'The volunteer player Kuang Xin mentioned seems to be working as an enslaved miner under a pirate organization.'

And I was originally following the signal of that volunteer player here. Although I didn't reach the exact location, having to drop out of high-dimensional space due to a high-dimensional storm, the mapping relationship between high-dimensional space and material space is generally positively correlated on a large scale.

It seems that I should be fairly close to where that volunteer player is located.

And for a pirate group of this scale, there can't be too many within one region, right?

Perhaps, through these people, I can find the pirate organization behind them and figure out a way to contact that player.

But... not now.

Considering my current limited strength, and without knowing the upper-tier combat levels of this galaxy, I certainly can't go head-to-head with an entire pirate organization roaming the Star Sea.

Mentally noting this lead, Bai E resumed his stride. Under Wild Wolf's continued introduction, he walked through this bustling alien commercial district, working quickly to acclimate himself to the basic environment of this universe.

...

Walking past what seemed like an illicit flesh business storefront, Wild Wolf's eyes unmistakably gleamed with longing, "Master, Yu's tenderness truly is one of a kind..."

Before Bai E could shoot him a look, the lower layer of the commercial hub suddenly shook violently.

Some pedestrians on the street stumbled unsteadily, nearly falling over.

From the flesh business establishment burst a crowd of gaudily dressed men and women. The most flamboyantly dressed woman screamed shrill curses as she emerged, "Who is it? Who the hell dares cause trouble in Freeport!?!"

But louder and sharper than her voice was the blaring warning siren echoing across Freeport.

"Warning! Warning! Cease armed conflict immediately and await Law Enforcement Team intervention!"

"Warning! Warning! Cease armed conflict immediately and await Law Enforcement Team intervention!"

The broadcast repeated again and again.

But it was clear that the combatants paid no heed to such threats.

"Boom!"

"Boom!"

Intermittent tremors rippled through the structural floor beneath everyone's feet, sending visceral vibrations to all.

Some were subtle, some pronounced—but Bai E had felt these tremors, originating from the substructure zone, much earlier.

It must be... the organization called the "Dagger Society" clashing head-on with that mysterious woman, right?

As someone privy to the situation, Wild Wolf stared blankly toward the direction they had come from, mumbling to himself, "They... they actually dared use thermal weaponry in such a place..."

Not just thermal weaponry—but large-scale, high-energy thermal weaponry!

When his boss had asked over the phone whether those rogue wanderers had used thermal weapons, it had already sent a chill through his spine.

But he never imagined that with the entire Dagger Society regrouped, those bastards would actually dare to disregard Freeport's basic safety and unleash high-energy thermal weaponry within the structural layers!

It was a blatant disregard for the life and safety of everyone present on Freeport!

"Crazy! They're all crazy!" Wild Wolf looked at Bai E urgently, "Master, we really need to leave."

If those lunatics, driven by Peak Alliance's bounty, blew apart Freeport's structural layers, the entire hub could end up as debris floating in space.

For most who couldn't traverse the vast universe with their physical bodies, this could mean becoming little more than frozen corpses drifting in the void... Wild Wolf included.

Bai E furrowed his brows and jerked his chin at Wild Wolf, "Lead the way."

No running wasn't an option.

Right now, his strength levels were uncertain, but definitely not enough to physically survive free-floating through the cosmos.

Not to mention, without the fourth-tier Spiritual Energy powers he previously possessed, he couldn't even summon the mecha sealed within his Psychic Storage Space.

If Freeport were truly obliterated, he could honestly end up dead.

This is the universe, huh?

Damn exhilarating!

The crowd erupted in chaos.

It wasn't just the two of them who realized the imminent danger.

Amid the frantic stampede toward the port where countless ships were docked, Bai E and Wild Wolf were no more than a tiny snapshot within the surging tide of terrified people.

But thanks to their superior physical abilities and reflexes, the two managed to shove their way to the front ranks closest to the port.

At times like this, who cares about buying tickets for proper boarding?

Getting on the ship first and paying later—that's the real survival logic.

While traditional passenger and merchant ships held off the crowd, attempting to maintain Order, two entirely black ships swung their massive doors open, welcoming all aboard.

"Welcome aboard the Black Pearl! In critical times like these, mutual aid and solidarity should guide us through difficulties!" A seemingly magnanimous cowboy stood at the boarding gate, shouting into a megaphone while taking potshots at competitors, "We firmly oppose unscrupulous merchants trying to gouge desperate passengers in situations like this!"

But Wild Wolf pulled Bai E directly toward the unscrupulous merchants, "Master, don't go there—those are the pirate ships! Board those ships, and they'll drag you off to be enslaved miners!"

Chapter 874 crash!

"Boom!"

"Boom!"

"Boom boom boom!"

The massive tremors were especially pronounced at the epicenter.

Even though the steel framework forming the foundational structural layer of the entire Satellite City was the sturdiest construction in the city, under the relentless assault of military-grade weaponry, it still showed signs of gradual collapse.

Massive metal plates hung crookedly as several support pillars had already been damaged or twisted. With every impact, they emitted a grating "creak, creak," as if they could topple at any moment.

Smashing yet another small metallic security Mecha across the room, Catherine glared murderously at the uniquely colored captain-class armored security Mecha.

"To stall me, you'd go to such insane lengths?!"

Deploying this level of firepower within the structural layer of the Satellite City completely disregarded the safety of everyone in the city.

If the structural layer fully collapsed, who knows how many people in the city would die instantly.

This floating fortress adrift in space was the stronghold of the Dagger Society. Lose Freeport, and the Dagger Society would fall as well. Don't they... understand that logic?

Not to mention, as long as even one person survived today's events, the Dagger Society would have an impossible time recovering from this afterward.

Such reckless, terroristic violence wouldn't be condoned anywhere.

Or perhaps...

"What did the Peak Alliance promise you in exchange?!"

The other party sneered derisively, a metallic voice emanating from the audio unit of the security Mecha. "Hmph! Since you know it's dangerous, why not surrender earlier? Remember, if this place falls, everyone in Freeport will have died because of your Bauhinia Republic!"

"Fine." Catherine laughed in anger. "You're just as shameless as those dogs from the Peak Alliance. No wonder you get along so well. I finally understand why I was chosen to execute this mission..."

As she spoke, Catherine gathered her strength and erupted with a bang. "Because I refuse to listen to your nonsense!"

Almost simultaneously with her outburst, a deafening explosion burst forth from the distance.

Before Catherine's voice could echo, an irregular, gaping hole the size of a cauldron ripped open in the chest of the captain-class security Mecha.

The hole pierced clean through. Startled, Catherine abruptly halted her strike. As she stared at the gaping void in the Mecha's chest, she could see through it to a trembling, cowering Dagger Society grunt hiding in the corner behind it!

Among the exposed mechanical cables in the shattered structure, blood trickled out in streams, following the jagged edges of crushed metal.

Small Mechas were practically oversized human replicas and bore some resemblance, in certain respects, to Storm Combat Armors.

As such, the chest of a Mecha often served as the equivalent of a human's vital chest area.

With its severe damage, the security Mecha automatically disengaged its fully enclosed helmet, revealing a pale-faced Dagger Society boss beneath it.

His gaze locked onto the shadowy origin of the explosion, filled with resentful disbelief. "You... have an accomplice?!"

They had cornered her here after relentless pursuit by the Peak Alliance, forcing her to flee blindly.

They had turned this location into an airtight trap. No matter where Catherine tried to escape, she would remain under their control. Even the so-called private escape boats were decoys they had planted.

Not even many senior members in the organization were privy to such details.

The Peak Alliance, a powerful outsider, had teamed up with the local stronghold of the Dagger Society to craft a perfect cage. From the moment Catherine stepped inside, escape was impossible.

But unexpectedly, this final, inescapable net they painstakingly wove had already been pre-infiltrated by her mysterious helper?!

'It's impossible there's a helper!'

Even Catherine herself looked back in shock.

Her operation was extraordinarily secretive. Fully aware of the existence of internal traitors, Catherine wouldn't trust any outsider, let alone team up with them.

This mission was vital to Bauhinia's resurgence. Only by personally delivering what she carried to the hands of the lead scientist at the research lab would she find peace of mind.

Beyond the frontline forces of the Peak Alliance closely chasing her, even her own nation's people barely knew her real-time whereabouts.

If no one else knew her location, how could she have a helper? Much less one planted beforehand.

Whatever weapon was capable of punching clean through the armored chest plate of that security Mecha undoubtedly fell under the category of absolute contraband.

So who, exactly, was this sudden ally?

A medium-built man in a baseball cap emerged from the shadows, carrying a weapon taller than he was.

Removing his cap revealed a rugged, stubbled yet charismatic middle-aged face.

He smiled faintly at Catherine. "Don't misunderstand, I didn't want to get involved. I just didn't fancy dying alongside you all because the Satellite City disintegrated."

But the moment Catherine saw him, her eyes narrowed. "Star Alliance?"

Her hand, which had been pressed against the black box slung over her shoulder, instinctively shifted her body to shield it from view. "You're after this as well?"

"No, no, no!" The man waved his hands repeatedly. "Just investigating! Only investigating. The organization is curious why the Peak Alliance would go to such drastic lengths over one item, so I was sent to look into it, nothing more."

"So it was you tailing me in the dark all along?" Catherine's gaze turned steely. "Internal regional affairs shouldn't concern the Star Alliance, right? No matter how far your reach extends, it shouldn't overstep into someone else's domain."

Chapter 875 crash!\_2

The man could only offer a bitter smile upon hearing her words. "The initial purpose of establishing the Star Alliance was to mediate injustices and conflicts occurring in every corner of the universe. Miss Catherine, your statement is truly biased against our Star Alliance."

"Hmph! Then vanish from here!" Catherine sneered coldly, driving him away. "The internal affairs of our Stellar District are none of your Star Alliance's business!"

The man sighed again, silently hoisting the long gun he carried. "That's why I said it from the start... Don't get me wrong, I just don't want to die a humiliating death during the collapse of Satellite City!"

"Bang!"

Another deafening explosion rang out, and yet another guard mecha's core was pierced by a single shot.

"Let's take care of these real threats first, and then we can discuss my mission, shall we?" The whirlwind created by the bullet ruffled the man's coat as he flashed what he thought was a dashing smile, glancing sideways at Catherine in an ostentatious manner.

Catherine raised the single-edged sword in her hand, unleashing another surge of energy.

While jointly slaughtering the members of the Dagger Society, she did not forget to mock the man with biting sarcasm. "Dream on! With these people, I don't need your help at all."

Despite her words, neither held back in their assaults.

Dozens of guard mechas and hundreds of Dagger Society members were mowed down like grass under their hands.

In moments of life and death like this, no one present was a saint who cherished life.

Eventually, the two of them arrived in front of the Dagger Society leader, who was barely alive and only managing to stay upright by leaning against his failing mecha.

The man from the so-called Star Alliance asked curiously, "What's the deal with their Peak Alliance? Why would they associate with garbage like you? Without even a single 'planetary-level' expert in your ranks, you still dared to mess with Miss Catherine?"

Even among planetary-level experts, Catherine was considered to be among the top tier.

Otherwise, how else would the Bauhinia Republic entrust such an important artifact—something the Peak Alliance valued so highly—to her, alone?

In front of a planetary-level expert, conventional firepower and combat strength would have to reach an extraordinarily abnormal level to pose a threat at all.

Without experts of comparable rank to tie her down, these Dagger Society goons stood no chance of trapping someone as fierce as Catherine.

Yet, the questioned Dagger Society leader, his face filled with ashen deathly pallor, still sneered arrogantly. His milky white eyes, like those of a dead fish, stared fixedly at the pair before him. Scarlet bloody foam gurgled and poured continuously from his mouth. "You're all going to die... You will all die."

Catherine frowned slightly. "What do you mean?"

"The real killings... it was never meant to come from us..." The Dagger Society leader tried to laugh but was unable to make a sound and could only force a dry grin.

Before he died, he had to see the despair on their faces that would satisfy him. To drag two planetary-level experts to the grave alongside himself—this would be his life's one accomplishment!

"You all know we're trash, so wouldn't the Peak Alliance know that too? Just wait! Haha, just wait! Hahaha!"

"Quit acting mysterious!" A sharp glint flashed in the Star Alliance man's eyes; he was too lazy to waste words on the leader anymore.

"Screeeech... screeeech..."

The massive steel platform, which had its supports destroyed, creaked as it dangerously swayed.

The eerie sound in the stillness caught Catherine's attention.

"Screeeech... screeeech..."

Staring at the slowly collapsing steel structure in the darkness, Catherine's gaze turned swiftly icy.

"Their target is the entire Freeport!"

The man glanced around indifferently. "It can't collapse, right? While the structural layers of Freeport are important, with the minor level of damage they've caused, at most, only some areas would be affected. It shouldn't be enough to threaten the entire Freeport."

"The real killing move isn't in their hands!"

"There's no explosive pre-installed across the entire structural layer either, is there?" The man scratched his head, puzzled.

As someone being hunted, Catherine naturally hadn't had the luxury to investigate the concealed intricacies of Freeport in detail.

But standing as a distant observer, a lurking predator trailing the Peak Alliance's pursuit of Catherine, gave him a broader picture to assess the scene.

It was quite evident that he hadn't spotted any additional plans or traps orchestrated by the collaboration of the Peak Alliance with the Dagger Society.

Even during this ambush, none of the Peak Alliance's own elite experts had shown their faces.

"No! It's not explosives!" Catherine closed her eyes. Every critical moment during the Peak Alliance's pursuit flashed vividly through her mind, aligning into a crisp timeline.

"It's Freeport itself! They deliberately steered me toward Freeport! Here, there has to be a setup—something they're confident can trap me!"

Post-event analysis would be pointless now.

If the Dagger Society leader could reveal at this juncture that they had other measures, it could only mean... those measures were already inevitable.

...

"Boom!"

In the dark, hollow expanse of space, a blinding burst of fire erupted, not far from the Freeport space station, shattering the void.

Every ship, whether already fully boarded or in the process of boarding, and even those just leaving the port, seemed to freeze mid-motion—like they had been struck by a Paralysis Skill and forcibly halted in place.

Everyone!

Whether crowded in the boarding corridors, sitting in the cabin waiting to escape, or stuck at the fringes of the docking platforms unable to move forward—all stared blankly at the black void before them.

The firework-like explosion was the most glaring spark in that endless darkness.

"Were they attacked?"

"An ambush?"

"Is someone stopping us from leaving?!"

"Maybe it's a problem with their own ship?"

Countless speculations surged through everyone's minds at once.

Before these thoughts could spread into rumor, yet another departing spaceship exploded violently at a safe distance from Freeport, bursting into another brilliant firelight in space.

Wild Wolf, who had squeezed onto the "Black Pearl" with Bai E, stared in horror at the second explosion's site.

His expression turned dazed. "Another one blew up!"

If the first ship's explosion could be chalked up to coincidence or an internal issue, the second consecutive destruction could no longer be dismissed as such.

Someone was covertly preventing everyone from leaving Freeport.

And yet, no one had seen the form of attack, let alone figured out how to counter it.

"They're deliberately trying to kill us all!"

"What the hell did I do to deserve this?!"

"I've been saving money for ten years—ten years!—just to visit Freeport's famous Pleasure House, and now this happens before I even got to experience it!"

"What do we do, what do we do, what do we do?"

"Where's the governor of Freeport? Say something!"

"Who pissed off some big shot? Just own up already—don't drag us all to die with you!"

Chaos erupted among the crowd, voices spreading like wildfire.

The din became so loud that even people standing inches apart struggled to hear each other.

Bai E's gaze fell toward the direction of the second exploding ship, his expression blank.

For some reason, his perception seemed to momentarily return to the sharp insight he once had when his attributes were at their peak.

The first explosion had caught him off-guard, but during the second, Bai E had been prepared, allowing him to observe the entire process clearly.

To his eyes, the second ship hadn't suffered any external attack. Rather, it looked as though... it collided with some sort of invisible, transparent barrier.

The gradual structural deformation, spreading slowly from the front of the ship to its midsection, was short but unmistakably distinct to him.

It was as if... as if there was an invisible, impenetrable obstruction that neither the ship's sensors nor the human eye could detect.

Both of the ships had exploded after colliding with this utterly "indestructible" barrier!

Chapter 876: The Plan to Counterattack

The flare of the explosions, even separated by hundreds or thousands of kilometers, was vividly visible to the two Planetary-Level experts within Freeport's structural layers.

Seeing the two successive blasts ahead and behind, their faces stiffened. Only then did they truly realize the kind of desperate predicament they were in!

"Psychic Energy Canopy..." The man muttered these words softly, his face full of anguish.

Who could have thought that the Peak Alliance would go to such lengths for something this woman had in her possession?

The Psychic Energy Canopy, an absolute cage that prevented all physical and electromagnetic signals and even psionic methods from escaping outward.

This kind of technology was typically reserved for annihilation wars between nations, used only against critical planets or fortresses.

Its exorbitant cost meant that if the deployment failed to yield any return, it could somewhat destabilize a nation's economy.

Of course, targeting a small Freeport space city didn't require measures as heavy-handed as a planetary fortress blockade, but beyond this absolute cage lay the Peak Alliance's fully unhinged desperation.

The man's gaze turned complex as he looked toward the nearby woman. His eyes lingered particularly on the black box slung over her shoulder. In a hoarse voice, he asked, "What exactly is the thing in your hand?"

Until now, he still hadn't learned the answer to this classified secret.

'As I thought!' The woman withdrew her gaze from the dark starry sky. The reality before her eyes confirmed the possibility she had sensed in that fleeting moment earlier —

The Peak Alliance had indeed deliberately driven her toward Freeport.

The Psychic Energy Canopy required time to set up, and Freeport happened to have its own fixed floating trajectory.

They had long prepared for this moment, biding their time, waiting for Freeport to willingly plunge into their pre-arranged trap.

Ignoring the remarks of the spy from the Star Alliance beside her, Catherine merely strode toward the upper levels of the city.

"Let's go."

The man froze. "Go where?"

"To find weapons!" Catherine suddenly turned back, her alluring eyes locking onto him. "Or did you plan on sitting around waiting to die?"

The Psychic Energy Canopy was indeed an intractable cage. If it were the kind deployed to seal off a planetary fortress, no known human capability could violently break it.

But this was just a Freeport! Surely the Peak Alliance wouldn't waste resources recklessly without restraint to blockade such a small location.

If closing this area required only a hundred units of energy output, using a thousand units would be wasteful, and Catherine didn't believe the Peak Alliance was wealthy enough to act so extravagantly.

This potential "economical" behavior might be the very sliver of opportunity they could seize to break the cage.

The man quickly strode after her, still somewhat incredulous. "Has the Psychic Energy Canopy ever been breached before?"

Catherine hurried forward, casting a sidelong glance at him. "Has a Psychic Energy Canopy of this scale ever been deployed before?"

Stopped in his tracks, the man's footsteps faltered. Staring at Catherine's retreating figure, his gaze turned complex. "Such decisive initiative..."

Even with merely the faintest theoretical feasibility, upon recognizing the peril of their situation in the very next moment, this woman from the Bauhinia Republic had already put her plan into action.

Her delicate ears gently twitched, her keen hearing catching the man's murmured words. As Catherine moved ahead, her eyes drifted slightly. She asked softly, "If I'm not mistaken, you're from the Kang Sina Galaxy Third Empire, aren't you?"

"...Yes." The man quickened his pace, curiosity gleaming in his eyes as they fixed upon her exquisite profile. "Why do you ask?"

"I envy you all."

"?"

"You citizens of the Galaxy Third Empire never have to struggle for human rights in this cold universe. Wherever you go, you can proudly declare your origins."

Kang Sina marked the hallmark identity its rulers tried to distinguish themselves with.

But all anyone ever remembered was the name "Galaxy Third Empire."

As the third successor to the once-unified Galaxy Human Empire, that was Kang Sina Galaxy Third Empire's role.

Having inherited the major territories and bounty of that ancient empire, the Kang Sina Galaxy Third Empire was born standing center-stage on the cosmic platform.

Even the poorest citizens within its borders, traveling to war-torn regions most rife with chaos in the universe, only needed to declare their origins loudly to be escorted securely by all warring factions.

Yet...

Born in a far-flung corner at the edge of this galactic stage, Catherine had realized ever since childhood that her nation's rise and brilliance demanded relentless lifelong effort from every single one of its citizens.

At all times, seek solutions... not complaints.

This was the underlying ethos encoded into the DNA of every child of the Bauhinia Republic.

Even when faced with the Psychic Energy Canopy, undefeated in its history, they would never suspend their fight!

"..." The man stood rooted to the spot, his fists clenching.

It was only now, at this moment, that he truly understood why he was so deeply captivated by this woman the instant he first laid eyes on her.

Her indomitable resolve infused her every fiber with an aura utterly distinct from the women of the Kang Sina Empire.

Utterly enchanting...

"What... what kind of weapons do we need?"

"Fighters, or mechas." Catherine's gaze sharpened.

Only these space-combat-capable armaments could serve as the tools to help them potentially break the deadlock they faced.

Chapter 877: The Plan to Counterattack\_2

Planetary-level individuals can indeed withstand the harsh conditions of the cosmos with their physical bodies for short periods, but relying solely on human strength has proved inadequate against humanity's pinnacle creations.

Perhaps not every nation or major power possesses the capability to deploy a Psychic Energy Canopy, but the fundamental principles of this system are understood well enough by virtually anyone with a college education.

Though the Psychic Energy Canopy is founded on spiritual energy, it also requires technological constructs as support nodes.

These support nodes operate like swift autonomous drones, concealed behind the canopy to sustain its functionality.

Each autonomous drone is controlled by a human brain computational center that has been extracted and integrated for this purpose.

Countless human brain computational centers govern an extensive network of drones, forming the interactive foundation of the Psychic Energy Canopy.

This makes the canopy inherently "alive."

If any region faces an attack, support nodes from other parts can immediately converge upon it with lightning speed.

The structural integrity of every component of the canopy adapts dynamically based on the magnitude of attacks or impacts it faces, creating an almost impenetrable, self-restoring enclosure that resists large-scale force without delay.

Breaking through such a living system is akin to scaling the heavens in difficulty.

Moreover, because of the unique properties of the human brain computational centers, the system's computational capabilities and overall strength experience exponential growth as its component units reach specified thresholds.

This is the core reason why the larger the scale, the more invincible the system becomes.

When a massive Psychic Energy Canopy enveloping an entire planet is fully formed, all known human methods to penetrate this barrier are rendered utterly ineffective.

Its sole vulnerability lies only in the period before its formation is complete.

However, at present... only the canopy enclosing the small Satellite City lacks the scale necessary for such invulnerability.

This provides a sliver of possibility for breaching it through brute force.

Thus, the theory holds!

...

Whether under his identity within the Kang Sina Galaxy Third Empire or as a covert agent of the Star Alliance, the man moved unhindered through the city.

Yet when Catherine and the man arrived at Freeport's executive zone, they found chaos reigning here as well.

Leading the charge, the man grabbed the sleeve of a high-ranking Freeport official he recognized and demanded, "Where's your governor? Where is he?"

In such tumultuous circumstances, only someone wielding absolute authority could step forward to help them turn the tide!

"The governor is missing!" The apprehension was clear on the official's face, yet he managed to deliver this critical piece of information in a composed voice, "We started searching for the governor as soon as the upheaval began... but he's vanished."

"For something like this to happen in Freeport, there's no way he wouldn't know about it." Catherine's voice was cold as she cut in.

The Peak Alliance's actions were far too substantial to escape the notice of someone directly involved.

While Dagger Society acted as the visible muscle, even Freeport's governor had long been bought by the Peak Alliance.

No one had anticipated the Peak Alliance's willingness to expend such staggering resources for this operation.

Fortunately, Freeport wasn't a place where the governor held exclusive decision-making power; his interests didn't encompass those of all Freeport investors. Otherwise, their current predicament might have been even more dire.

"Who's calling the shots now? I need to meet them!" The man's voice was stern, instilling a sense of steadiness in the flustered official before him.

"I have some degree of authority myself," the official replied. "What do you need?"

"Fighter jets and mechas," the man declared, laying out the plan he and Catherine had devised, "We need as many fighter jets and mechas as possible, launching simultaneous bombardments from multiple directions to breach the Psychic Energy Canopy and lift the siege on Freeport. If their offensive weapons are fully deployed, we'll lose even the faintest glimmer of hope."

The canopy's enclosure merely served the function of "containment."

But to truly threaten and strike the contained area, offensive measures were indispensable.

The canopy currently was still incomplete. If its strike capabilities became operational as well, then everyone trapped inside would face absolute doom.

"Fighter jets... and mechas?" The Freeport official frowned deeply, troubled by the request. "We've got some jets, though their offensive power is limited. As for mechas... we only have police-type single-soldier mechas. Those machines can only operate within Freeport. They probably won't meet your requirements."

"Fighter jets will do!" Catherine interrupted urgently, unwilling to let go of any opportunity. "Time is running out—gather every available force immediately!"

"Understood!" The official seemed to find a semblance of clarity in the decisive tone, his previously panicked demeanor visibly easing.

In moments of grave crisis, those inclined to resist acted with unyielding fervor.

Shortly afterward, the group received a grim update from the Freeport executive team, "Sir! The fighter jets... have all been destroyed."

The official who had given the orders turned pale as rage darkened his expression. He gritted his teeth and growled, "The governor!"

"That scumbag!" The Star Alliance agent seethed with fury.

"Can they be repaired?" Only Catherine thought to strategize a solution immediately.

The executive personnel looked miserable as they met Catherine's gaze. "We're organizing engineers for repairs, but... efficiency doesn't look promising."

It seemed that in his haste to flee, the governor hadn't had much time to interfere, only damaging the most critical, most easily sabotaged propulsion systems of each jet.

Although there were some spare propulsion components in the warehouse, dismantling, rewiring, and installing them required significant time.

"Repair everything with full force!" Catherine bit her lip as her mind raced.

Soon, she turned to the Freeport official before her, who stood anxious yet utterly lost. "Send your people to search every corner of the port for fighter jets and mechas! If necessary, exert force."

In times like these, someone must emerge as the unshakable leader to galvanize every available resource—potentially saving Freeport from absolute destruction.

Facing this universal crisis, which threatened everyone equally, individuals could hardly ignore the consequences of inaction.

Most would likely cooperate.

"Understood, ma'am!" The official didn't have the luxury to question Catherine's legitimacy as a companion of the Star Alliance agent.

At such moments, any directive that suggested meaningful action brought him fleeting reassurance.

In the life-and-death crisis, Freeport's operational personnel exhibited unprecedented efficiency.

Numerous ships already airborne or preparing for departure were immobilized at the port... After the disastrous fate of the first two vessels, the remaining ships dared not attempt any reckless ventures.

The "Black Pearl," carrying Bai E and Wild Wolf, returned to the port for standby.

The man who had previously stood proudly at the ship's door now fully complied with the Freeport executive's requests.

"Support! We must offer support! Every fighter jet on our ship is available free of charge to you, sirs!"

From the two ships, a total of twelve Falcon-class fighter jets were handed over.

The level of cooperation left the Freeport executives casting meaningful glances at the man.

Freeport wasn't a military bastion—it was purely a haven of entertainment.

Its regulations allowed each vessel reaching a specific threshold to carry an additional escort jet, with an upper limit of five jets.

Clearly, these two "Black Pearl" ships had violated the rule.

But now, no one cared about the breach.

Chapter 878 Alienation

"Report, my lord, we've gathered a total of fifty-three Owl-class fighter jets, twenty-three Ying-class fighter jets. As for aerial mechas... we haven't found any yet."

As the situation intensified, more and more high-ranking leaders from Freeport gathered around the Star Alliance spy and Catherine.

After all, in a chaos like this, only they seemed like they were truly doing something productive.

Upon receiving news from their subordinates, some leaders turned pale, "Looks like our prohibition is really effective, isn't it?"

Freeport, as a floating commercial city, naturally wouldn't allow strong combat units to get too close.

Every spaceship docking at the port must undergo strict inspections.

Fighter jets were acceptable, but aerial mechas were absolutely prohibited. It was impossible for them to appear inside Freeport.

So even after scouring the entire port, the battle assets they could collect were extremely limited.

In the past, they would brag about their leadership skills and governance success.

But now...

They desperately wished there were more contraband and dangerous items!

Catherine, who heard the same report, wasn't surprised in the slightest. She merely furrowed her brows and murmured softly, "This is also one of the reasons they chose Freeport."

Even though those of them trapped here were trying to find ways to retaliate, there weren't many weapons to use.

Yet even so, they had to give it their best shot!

Fighter jets might not enhance personal combat power as effectively as mechas, but at this juncture, having something was better than nothing.

"Let's go." She murmured softly to the Star Alliance spy beside her, as she stretched her long legs and prepared to head out. However, a voice suddenly emerged from the narrow corridor and echoed directly into the star-dome grand hall.

"Report! Report!"

"What news now?" The first Freeport leader asked expectantly, his face alight with hope.

"We found them! We found two aerial mechas! They're part of Baron Norwitz's collection—antiques from Mech Battle Company's first generation! Not sure if you need them, my lord?"

Catherine sharply raised her brows and quickly asked, "What condition are they in? Are they operable?"

"Please wait for a moment, my lord..."

Time was tight. The executor who had found clues first came to relay the report and would later proceed to inspect the target.

Getting detailed information would require updates from personnel on-site.

The subordinate relaying the news paused fleetingly, then tilted his ear to listen before replying again: "My lord, they need repairs. Baron Norwitz actually valued the extensive scars on the two mechas, deeming them worthy of being collectible art pieces, so he never worked to fix or refurbish them."

"Ridiculous aristocratic quirks!" The Star Alliance spy cursed under his breath.

But Catherine shook her head and quickly strode out, "Without his collection, we wouldn't have found even these two antiques right now. Lead the way!"

Battle-damaged mechas still depended on the extent of their damage.

If minor repairs could restore them to use, they'd certainly be better than piloting limited-capability fighter jets.

...

In a spacious hall, numerous art collectibles of vastly different styles from all over the cosmos were displayed in varying sizes.

Among them, the largest and most striking figures were undoubtedly the two towering blue-gray mechanical bodies.

Blade I-series, that was the name of these two mechas back in their heyday.

Although the Blade series had expanded as Mech Battle Company grew larger and developed to its current thirty-seventh generation, the design of this original model remained the quintessential favorite in the minds of many mecha enthusiasts.

Its humanoid frame was designed with perfect Golden Ratio proportions, and its sleek, streamlined body retained sharp edges in its detailed contours.

This was the first groundbreaking product released after the major cosmic empires lifted their ban on assigning mechas as exclusive armaments for national military forces. Almost every mech pilot had once been associated with this classic model.

However... the two iconic units before them appeared rather pitiful from their current state.

Blue-gray bodies were covered in visible rust and scratch marks, with paint peeled off in large patches and dents scattered about.

The only fortunate aspect was that both mechas still retained complete structural integrity.

Despite the surface scars appearing extensive, none of them were significant penetrating damages or major structural issues.

Their owner, proud of his collection, began introducing it with enthusiasm, "Only warriors who have fought countless battles could carry such a full array of medals of valor, and it's their excellent

craftsmanship that allowed these veteran warriors to return successfully from the battlefield. Every scar on their bodies symbolizes a story of courage and exploration, a tribute to humanity's pioneering era. Their blemishes grant them unique, unparalleled identities!"

Baron Norwitz had soft golden hair and wore black-framed glasses.

He didn't present the demeanor of a noble steeped in hereditary grandeur; instead, he looked more like a historian with a fervent passion for artwork.

"If you intend to send these two veterans back to the battlefield, please ensure they can once again return victorious with glory!"

The Star Alliance spy clearly couldn't care less about his sentiments. He briskly followed Catherine, hurrying toward the two rusted mechas fastened to their bays with external supports. Glancing over his shoulder, he casually gestured dismissively, "To be honest, they might've just tripped over a vine in an ancient jungle."

"Cut the nonsense." Catherine's cold voice rang out from ahead, "This is your area of expertise now."

For a moment, the Star Alliance spy revealed a small, pleased expression, "How'd you know I studied mecha repair? Even earned a certified technician's credential?"

"If you weren't so eager to show off that fact to every pretty woman you meet, I wouldn't have known this 'secret' of yours." Catherine's icy tone remained unchanged, "Get moving. We don't have much time."

## Chapter 879 Alienation\_2

"Alright!" The spy wasn't one to waste words.

Understanding the urgency of the situation, he only occasionally muttered something to adjust his mindset, but his actions were never delayed by it.

"This is a repair station, right? If it works, turn on the power for me." The spy, climbing swiftly up the scaffolding, shouted at the baron below.

The baron remained where he was, staring at the spy with an odd expression. "It's just a support frame. I didn't even plan on repairing anything here. Why would there be two full repair stations installed here?"

"..." The spy's face darkened, his movements pausing for a moment.

After a brief silence, he burst out with a coarse curse, "Fuck!"

"Find people! Get someone immediately! Anyone with strength, lend a hand. If you can repair, get on it. And go grab a few cranes! Without professional repair stations, how the hell am I supposed to fix these beasts? And it's two of them!"

Catherine wasn't surprised at all. She had just received a message over her earpiece from Freeport's top leadership, and her expression relaxed a bit. "We've been searching for them... and they've already been found."

...

A motley group of individuals, escorted by a squad of Freeport guards, was moving quickly in a specific direction.

Among them, Wild Wolf, caught in the reverse-moving crowd, spoke with a curious tone to the leader he had just started following. "Boss, can you really repair mechas?"

"Repair mechas?" Bai E's eyes drifted into a trance, recalling a distant time. "I guess I can... although I haven't done it in ages. No idea if I'm out of practice."

According to that clown-like voice, all of his power had been stripped away. He wasn't even sure if his technological or academic skills had also been completely removed.

When he consciously tried to recall, fragments of theoretical knowledge and practical standards on mecha structures were still in his mind.

But when it came to actual hands-on work, who knew if it would be up to par?

Especially since higher-level skills were a bit mystical. Like "Rapid Mecha Repair," which had some connection to Spiritual Energy—those capabilities defied simple knowledge-based explanations.

What Bai E wanted to figure out most was whether he could still use these skills.

Even if he could, using planetary technology to repair interstellar mechas—Bai E wasn't sure if the two would be compatible.

If they were from entirely divergent technological systems, the skills might not be useful after all.

He didn't know.

So Bai E decided to just take a look at the situation. Maybe there'd be a gap where he could actually help.

Wild Wolf kept nervously glancing back at the silent ships docked at the port. His eyes were filled with reluctance. "But, Boss, does this mean we've totally lost our shot at getting on one of those ships?"

After all, boarding a ship was the only way to survive in this cold universe.

If they stayed on Freeport and it got attacked and dismantled, there'd be no chance of survival!

Right now, every ship had returned to dock due to the invisible barrier isolating them. But the moment there was a breakthrough in the situation, those same ships could launch again at any second. Staying aboard a ship clearly offered greater odds of survival!

Quickening his pace, Bai E shot Wild Wolf a sideways glance. "If you're scared, go back by yourself."

Wild Wolf shook his head vigorously, "No way! Since I decided to follow you, there's no way I'm leaving you behind!"

Bai E shook his head slightly and explained further: "The current situation is simple: either the unknown attackers intend to silence everyone on Freeport, or Freeport finds a way to fight back and escape the enclosure of that barrier. There's no third option."

Even if Bai E didn't fully grasp the basic rules of the universe, he believed that the essence of human nature should be the same everywhere.

Judging from people's reactions, this kind of method—sealing an entire space city—likely wasn't something common even in the universe.

The forces behind this extraordinary barrier obviously had no intention of letting anyone escape. Their goal was for Freeport's inhabitants to perish and become nothing more than a floating heap of cosmic debris.

In this kind of situation, being aboard a ship or staying in Freeport was essentially the same.

Now that they had no choice but to stay on Freeport, the only way to possibly survive was to do whatever they could to support Freeport. Only by doing so could those with real power stand a chance of carving a path out.

However, as the technician team was being escorted, a chilling voice rang out across Freeport through the public speakers—

"Attention, everyone on Freeport! The Psychic Energy Canopy has been deployed. You have one hour to hand over the traitor, Catherine! She has stolen critical data from our Peak Alliance. Surrender Catherine, and we will leave immediately! Otherwise, every single one of you on Freeport will pay for her crime with your lives!"

"Attention, everyone on Freeport! The Psychic Energy Canopy has been deployed..."

"Quick, cut the signal!" At the sudden broadcast, the Freeport administrators gathered in the Dome Hall fell silent for a brief moment.

The announcement repeated once before one sharp-thinking staff member managed to hastily cut the feed.

The hall was blanketed in heavy silence.

Everyone exchanged glances, unease flickering in some of their eyes.

"They're lying!"

"Don't believe their bullshit!"

"There are infiltrators inside Freeport!"

Some of the leaders, clear-headed and quick to grasp the situation, spoke up immediately to stop anyone from being driven to rash, dangerous thoughts.

"Catch the infiltrators immediately! Don't interfere with the Star Alliance spy's mission!"

"Yes, yes! Also, calm the civilians! Don't let them disrupt the plan!"

On the surface, the voices of support seemed unanimous.

Even those harboring ulterior motives wouldn't openly rebel at a time like this.

But as the crowd began to disperse, certain individuals clearly carried entirely different intentions in their gazes.

Though the Freeport staff had reacted swiftly, the message in that chilling voice had already reached the ears of everyone on Freeport.

Hearing this sudden announcement from where he stood in the crowd, Bai E's expression darkened, realizing that the attack from the orchestrators of the so-called "Psychic Energy Canopy" had already begun.

This tactic? Classic divide and conquer.

Even time was no longer on their side.

Not far away, the sounds of unrest were already audible.

"Stop them! They're helping Catherine repair her mecha to escape!"

"Grab Catherine! We're not dying with her!"

"The mecha is in the C-Zone port warehouse! That bitch Catherine will be there! Let's grab her and prove our loyalty to the Peak Alliance!"

...

Inside the storage depot, a few people had also heard the commotion rippling through Freeport.

Even with the warehouse walls providing sound insulation, the utterances outside were perfectly clear amidst the warehouse's eerie quiet.

Catherine's gaze flickered, her eyes cold and piercing.

Noticing a chilling shift in the air, Baron Norwitz stepped back half a pace with a sheepish smile, raising his hands in a conciliatory gesture toward Catherine. "My lady, you know I'm not one of those fools. The Peak Alliance clearly doesn't intend to spare a single soul here. I'm completely and firmly on your side!"

Catherine glanced at him without a word before looking upward toward the Star Alliance spy working atop the scaffolding, running basic diagnostics. "Move faster!"

Chapter 880 Mecha Quick Repair

The trickiest part about sowing discord is that, with enough people, there's always an idiot among them.

The Psychic Energy Canopy is no ordinary means. The Peak Alliance has paid such a hefty price to seal off the entire cosmic space around Freeport, so they most certainly won't let word of what they're doing here get out.

Let alone the fact that the item in my possession is a treasure even those sons of the Galactic Empire would covet. Even the slightest risk would never be tolerated when it comes to the information about it leaking out.

If the news does get out, the Peak Alliance would have to worry about the old adage: "A man's wealth becomes his own undoing."

If they succeed, no one here will survive!

Yet not everyone fully understands this logic. Some, even if they do know, may still not be willing to take the fight head-on.

Even when there's a sliver of a chance, they'd rather attempt what looks like an easier option—like coming after me.

Now, they're not only faced with the ever-imminent readiness of the Psychic Energy Canopy assault base, but also with interference and hindrance from other factions within Freeport.

The Star Alliance operative was drenched in sweat. "I want it done faster too! Is the mechanic they called here yet? I can't handle such a massive mecha on my own!"

Having arrived ahead of time, all he could do was gradually eliminate some fundamental malfunctions. Without proper docking support, completing a thorough diagnostic was incredibly hard to manage.

Catherine's delicate ears twitched slightly as she caught the sound of numerous chaotic footsteps coming from afar.

Amidst the chaos, there was a faint sense of order. It didn't sound like those insurgents; in fact, even if they wanted to act, they couldn't have assembled something of this scale so quickly.

Reinforcements had arrived...

As the heavy steel doors of the artifact warehouse slowly opened, a mixed group of individuals, led by grassroots Freeport staff, entered the warehouse.

A cacophony of loud voices filled the vast, empty interior with a buzzing, incessant noise.

"Where is it? Where's the mecha?"

"Time is short, the mission urgent—let's move quickly, people!"

A dwarf even shoved through the crowd, hoisting an iron hammer high over his head. "I'm a professional! Just back me up, that'll do."

Under the swift guidance of the staff, two fixed "battle-damage" relics appeared before everyone's eyes.

"Hey! You up there, you moron! What are you fiddling with inside? We've got working docks—why aren't you using those instead of squeezing yourself in there to do repairs?"

The Star Alliance operative, only a leg still visible outside, flared up at the comment. He pulled himself out of the machinery and, not knowing who had spoken, pointed at everyone below and snapped, "If the docks were usable, do you think I'd need you guys here? Shut the hell up and get to work! Everyone take a bit of this mess—let's get it fixed together!"

Some of the less experienced mechanics, hoping the numbers alone could make the work lighter, froze up upon seeing the two rust-covered mechas before them.

"How the hell are we supposed to fix this?"

"Feels like everything needs replacing, doesn't it?"

"Honestly, it looks like the whole thing needs scrapping... Maybe we should just build a new one from scratch."

"If we had the parts to build a new one, do you think we'd still be messing around with this? The officials made it clear—there aren't any replacement parts. Whatever you need, you'll have to salvage it from facilities here in the port. Our job is to get these two relics back on their feet again, no matter what!"

An older man with an air of seasoned composure spoke up in a steady voice, "There's no time, and talking about this is pointless. Let's first divide up the responsibility. Forgive my bluntness, but if someone's lacking skills, just assist others where you can. When Freeport pulls through this, no one's

contribution here will go unnoticed. I'll take care of the cockpit area—those cable connections are the densest. Two apprentices can come help me."

After the elder, more voices took the initiative to assume various critical duties.

Above, the Star Alliance operative didn't forget to remind them, "I've roughly inspected both of these relics. The one I'm working on is in slightly better shape. Let's fix up one first and figure out the other afterward."

"Alright!"

Baron Norwitz, who had been standing to one side, gazing fondly at his two artifacts, pumped his fists enthusiastically. "Careful there! Don't harm my precious babies!"

"They're already so busted, they can hardly get any worse, my lord!"

The scene was abuzz with energy and activity.

Standing with arms crossed, merely observing, Catherine felt a faint flicker of hope ignite in her heart.

No matter how dire the circumstances, as long as those facing it head-on persevered, there was always hope.

However, her expression instantly darkened as a suspicious silhouette caught her peripheral vision. The words of discord she'd overheard earlier resurfaced in her mind—

'Someone's trying to sabotage us?'

Among the crowd of hastily-recruited mechanics, a particular figure quietly detached from the group, sneaking toward the untouched mecha nearby.

Under Catherine's discreet observation, so as not to alert others, the figure climbed swiftly up the rack holding one of the old relics.

Maintaining her calm exterior, Catherine gradually moved toward the man, closing in from the sidelines.

If this person truly intended to sabotage, she would silently neutralize him herself.

With so many passionate mechanics on-site, an incident like this would only dampen their morale—and there was no need to make a big commotion over it.