

A Bunch 46

A Main Character's Fate Is Always Filled With Disasters...

"They were sold out?" On a top-notch administrative planet that was covered in fantasy crystals in the distant Eastern Star System, an extremely beautiful elf sat gracefully on a crystal throne. She casually held onto a glass of wine that was emitting blue starlight while looking at her subordinate who was reporting to her through the big virtual screen.

If Xiye was around, he'd definitely have realized that the subordinate in question was the young bashful flower spirit from earlier.

Right now, the flower spirit had changed her clothes. Although it was the same face as earlier, her disposition was completely different. Through the screen, one could sense the disposition of a great master. A pair of eyes gleaming with starlight seemed to reach this place despite being separated by several millions and millions of stars. It was clearly a prowess that only a rare few immortal lifeforms could have!

"Madam, they had been sold out earlier," reported the flower spirit while smiling.

"There's no problem with his background, right?" The elf who was addressed as the overlord squinted her pair of starry eyes.

"There's no problem!" the flower spirit said solemnly. "He's a small overlord from the Aldia Clan. He was lucky and found an eighth-grade planet with energy ore mines. Countless small fry like this would disappear in the universe every day. No one will notice anything."

BoxNovel.com

"Are you sure it's him in person?"

"I'm certain!" The flower spirit nodded and said, "Even a star-grade form-changer won't be able to perfectly disguise as a mere fifth-grade overlord in front of me!"

"Then that's good!" The spirit overlord nodded in satisfaction. "After this batch of goods is gone, wipe off all the traces. Don't let that darn Cangyue find any excuses. Our power has never done any experiments relating to the abyss!!" At the mention of Cangyue, a hint of terror flashed on that flower spirit's face. She quickly nodded. "Yes, we... have no relations to the abyss at all!"

"It's a little much..." Xiye pressed down his helmet. There were over 100,000 of them. How many players would he have to recruit to get 100,000 flower spirits?

He was really too impulsive with his spending, but... he'd get a 50% discount if he were to buy 100,000 of them... It'd end up to cost 50 dollars each. If he were to think of things this way, it was quite a good deal...

"Cough... Don't be calling it mixed breed, mixed breed, when you go back!"

Dabao said, "But native dogs are called mixed breeds from where I came from!"

“That’s where you came from!” Xiye glared at the pandarian who wasn’t good at assessing the situation. “These are native dogs from Overlord Isana’s main governing planet. Even the feces of ordinary lifeforms on that planet would be high-grade energy material. Even if the natives were to call them mixed breed or native dogs, can you, someone from another planet, call them in the same manner?”

“Then what do I call them?” Dabao rubbed his fat head and asked in a forthright manner.

“Cough... I’ve already thought of a name for it. We’ll call them the Star-Devouring Dogs! No objections allowed! We’ll call them that in the future, get it?”

Dabao replied, “Yes, Master!”

“En...” Xiye nodded in satisfaction. Although this guy was a little forthright, he seemed quite obedient.

“Master, where are we going now?”

“To buy mechas...” Xiye said casually, but he suddenly felt that something was wrong. He turned and assessed Dabao, feeling a little stunned as he said, “How long have we been walking for? Why are you covered in sweat?”

Dabao said, “I’m tired. This is how we pandarians are. We usually roll to travel, but I can’t roll here. If I were to accidentally smash the things other stores placed outside, you won’t be able to compensate even if you were to sell me off, isn’t it?”

“En, that makes sense. No, that’s not right!” Xiye shook his head. “That’s not the main point. You’re a blacksmith. How can you be panting so much from walking like this? Do you usually have enough stamina when you perform blacksmithing?”

“I don’t...” Dabao said honestly. “So I can only forge a fine sword every five days!”

“Five days for one?” Hearing that, Xiye almost bit his own tongue. He instantly felt that something wasn’t right and quickly asked, “But... that goblin said that you have mastered authentic skills of the Bronze Race...”

“That’s right!” Dabao said honestly. “Didn’t Master see that? I can activate pill fire. It’s an authentic skill of the Bronze Race’s secret blacksmithing technique!”

“But... If you can only forge one fine sword every five days, then how long will you have to take to forge a graded-weaponry?”

Dabao was stunned for a moment. “Oh, that might have to take years.”

“Pffft!!” Xiye almost spurted out blood. He forcibly held it back and then spoke in a hoarse voice, “A counterfeit like you dares to charge five million?”

Dabao nodded curiously. “Dabao is a pandarian. I’m a counterfeit to begin with. Master, you can’t possibly be thinking that you can buy a healthy pureblood Bronze Race blacksmith for five million?”

As he said that, his eyes opened wide. His expression seemed to be saying that Xiye couldn’t possibly be this foolish, right?

Xiye: “...”

Was he the first person amongst the heavenly deity race to be looked down by a pandarian?

Damn it! He should have expected this. How could he have gotten such a good deal from a goblin?

What should he do now? How was he going to explain things to the A.I. when he got back?

Was he going to say that he had spent ten millions on procuring a bunch of rural dog spawns as well as a panda who can only forge a weapon once every five days?

He'd definitely be trampled on by the A.I..

"Dear overlord, the mecha warrior you've made a reservation with has arrived. Please attend the meeting through the network as soon as possible. Friendly reminder: Good punctuality will let the candidate have greater trust in your character."

"Is it this afternoon?" Xiye frowned slightly, feeling that things were a little messy. Should he purchase another A.I.? The base's development was very rapid right now, and it was a must to keep things up using A.I..

Right now, he was in the center of the Federation, and in order not to expose his location, he didn't dare to connect to his base's network either. This was common sense. Even ordinary employees who worked for other planets would be forbidden to connect to the planet's network when they were given leave or going home. This was to prevent the exposure of the planet's location.

The dark rules of the forest were understood by all overlords. Other than their main governing planet and trading planets, most of the star systems with life as well as mineral planets would be kept highly classified. After all, a slightly bigger power would need to take several billion light-years to establish. Once some planets were exposed to hostile parties, your reinforcements might not arrive in time before your planet was wiped out.

However, something slightly better was very expensive. If he were to spend money on procuring a slightly better A.I., he'd need to spend one billion or higher. He was at a phase where his base would need a lot of money. Thus, it was too extravagant to purchase an A.I. as a portable butler to manage his daily schedule...

Xiye sighed. He looked at the meeting time sent by the talent network and knew that it was too late for him to head back to the hotel. He could only bring Dabao with him, randomly found a small eatery to get a seat, and then connected to the network.

However, a few hours later, he'd realize how foolish it was to leave a pandarian in an eatery on such an expensive trading planet!