

A Bunch 50

Damn, Why Am I So Beautiful?

“Damn, what situation is this exactly?” An elf player that had just completed his transformation spent an entire afternoon staring in the mirror. He still hadn’t woken up from looking at his good-looks yet.

The crucial point was that the reflection in the mirror was so beautiful and perfect, but there wasn’t a complete change. He could still vaguely see his own features. It was like his features had undergone the most micro-adjustments and now displayed the beauty hidden within him.

All transformed players had the same thought when they saw themselves.

(This daddy(mummy), is actually so good-looking ah!)

(As expected, those mediocre make-up techniques in the real world have actually blemished this daddy(mummy)’s good looks. This caused me to struggle in the mortal world for so many years. To think that the art designer in the gaming world knows me the best!)

“I say... how long do you guys... wanna look at your reflection for?” The instructor helplessly glanced at the players who had spent half a day sitting before the mirror.

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One of the players clasped her face that was as delicate as a flower and as refined as a precious jade. “Instructor, please just ignore us. We have been deceived for too long. Only until now did we discover the true us, so just let us look at ourselves a while more. If not, we will soon have to return to that illusory world...”

“...”

(Ai... this bunch of crazy kids. Let’s hope that everything would return to normal after the overlord returns.) Wilin helplessly shook her head and slowly walked out of the room.

She opened up her record book and wrote in some information about the players who had transformed.

The first batch of transformed players amounted to 34, with a total of 20 walkers. The majority of workers, about 11 of them, could focus their elf energy in their upper limbs, 6 could focus their energy on their minds, and the remaining 4 could focus on their lower limbs.

When looking at the data, Wilin felt a little worried. Two days ago, the overlord had clearly stated that he wished to nurture a batch of rangers. But from the current situation, this didn’t look too optimistic. Walkers, who could focus their energy on their lower limbs, were suitable to develop into rangers, but they might not succeed in becoming one. Everything still depended on professional ranger instructors to provide testing on all aspects. This included their body attributes, expressive power, and growth capability after training. In addition, one’s psychological strength also occupied a part. Considering all of this, there might not even be a single ranger out of the first batch of transformed elves...

This was her first mission, but it ended up like that. She also didn’t know if she would lose her rice bowl...

Wilin expressed worry. In truth, she was very satisfied with her current job. Her position in the base also wasn't bad. She had a few thousand elves under her command, and even the chief instructor would politely greet her when he saw her. The quality of the elves was high, and their development potential was strong. Right now, her salary wasn't low either. If she lost this job, she wasn't confident that she could find another job with such good conditions.

The remaining 14 players belonged to the elf monster categories after their transformation. There were a total of three wind demons, six flower spirits, one stone spirit, one wood spirit, two druids, and a watchman.

This was considerably more balanced. Because these elves were too immersed in admiring their own appearances, they were very uncooperative now when it came to basic training, and this caused Wilin to feel extremely annoyed. However, she didn't panic with regards to this. She observed the luster of the wind demons' feathers and could see that although they weren't considered stunning, they contained a glow within. It was evident that their quality was extremely high. Although she hadn't tested them yet, from her judgment, these second-grade lifeforms that just evolved had the same quality as third-grade lifeforms.

After having this thought, Wilin realized that it was impossible for the compatibility rate of these elves to be only 20%!

It was as though...the quality of these elves was roughly the same as the pureblood elves of her clan!

This was merely a feeling. Those of direct descent of her clan were considered a peak noble race in the universe. Her feelings should be wrong...

Wilin consoled herself silently.

On the other side, Xiye managed to employ the person he wanted. Other than the old mecha instructor, Old Luo, who was missing an arm and leg, he also managed to employ a ranger instructor.

However, this ranger wasn't an orthodox walker elf but a wind demon instead. Wind demon rangers were very rare because usually rangers would choose to use bows and arrows. But because the majority of the muscles of the wind demons were more developed at their back and wings, this caused their arm strength and pulling strength to be relatively weaker. It was basically impossible for them to become extremely good at archery.

However, it didn't mean that there wasn't a way to substitute it. Wind demon rangers mainly would make use of their feathers that were as sharp as the edge of blades as hidden weapons. Their training would focus on their wrist-flicking strength and when compared to traditional rangers who used the bow, wind demon rangers would be much more agile. Naturally, this type of rangers also had flaws, which was their ordinary range. If one compared the two types of rangers at the same level, the wind demon rangers could only fight at a closer range; thus, the risk they had to bear would be higher.

However, Xiye didn't care about this. Given the quality of his subjects in the base, there would definitely be many paths of development for them in the future. An army of a mixture of races would have more variety in battle tactics and higher competitiveness compared to an army that was made up of a single

race. For this point, the battle god Cang Yue of the Federation had proved it through completely annihilating Hanjue.

Hanjue's titan army was unrivaled throughout the world, but even so, his army failed to break through Cangyue's army that consisted of a mixture of different races. That war that had lasted almost ten thousand years—all the minor military campaigns designed by Cangyue then were now used in military academies as teaching materials. Even the Deity Universe's military lessons were no exception.

The diversification of troops in one's army was now the rising general trend in the Federation.

Hence, it would be for the best if there were an extensive variety of races. Moreover, for the rescue mission this time around, wind demon rangers might not be any less effective compared to traditional rangers.

Other than the ranger instructor, he even employed a shadower and a druid instructor. Both of them had agreed that their yearly salary would be \$300,000. The backgrounds of these people weren't as legendary as that old man but could also be considered impressive. They had no bad records and were people from reputable clans. In addition, they also had close to a thousand years of teaching experience. Their resumes might seem ordinary but they suited the current situation of Xiye's base.

It was not too realistic if he wanted to hire those famous instructors given the fact that his established power was still in the development phase.

The remaining stuff was those basic things. The technicians promised by the Wine Immortal Overlord also arrived. There were a total of a hundred and fifty skilled workers, and their work experience was all over two hundred years. These people were the indigenous people of the planets conquered by the Wine Immortal Overlord in the past. Each of them was bound by a slave contract that was approved by the Federation's officials. Now that the contracts' ownership was temporarily transferred to Xiye, he didn't need to worry about any possible betrayal.

And not only so, but Xiye also recruited a number of professional people from the Federation through the talent network. Out of the professionals, there was an assistant blacksmith who was a darksteel dwarf, a tailor, a chef, a carpenter, and all sorts of other occupations needed to provide basic quality of life. He recruited a total of a hundred people from the various required professions.

They were all willing to sign a lifelong contract to be lower-class citizens. All of them had good records and clean backgrounds. For this point, Xiye could only choose to believe the reputation of the number one talent network of the Federation.

And with regards to mechas, he followed the advice of Old Luo and purchased a batch of basic mechas that had a good cost-performance ratio. A single basic mecha cost \$100,000. Although it wasn't branded, when it came to the cost-performance ratio, all its aspects didn't lose out to some branded products that were sold for millions of dollars!

After purchasing them, Xiye couldn't help but sigh. As expected, he still needed professionals to accompany him in shopping for him to get the best value out of the merchandise he wanted to buy!

What was needed should have been bought. After he returned, he would be able to establish a real city that belonged to him.

When he thought about it, he felt a little emotional!

Right now, the teaching resources, which were the instructors, were still quite a large problem. However, he had no solutions left. According to the staff of the talent network, the next earliest recruitment fair would be held two months later.

In that case, Xiye wanted to finish settling the virus incident and the inherent danger of building his base on Mars within that time frame...