

A Bunch 55

Bro, Can I Have One of That...

“What a nostalgic warrior course!” When Xiye heard the sound of the players bawling, his eyes squinted as he recalled the scene of his clan instructor training him back when he was young.

Of course... It hadn't been as crazy as how things were right now, firing bullets at students in order to train their muscles' sensory abilities. Sniper rifle, Thompson, M4A1, AK-47... In order to let the students' muscles be accustomed to the power of different gun types, Zanda had almost let them try all the different types, causing the students to be covered in wounds and start howling away. After one afternoon, they almost had no area on their bodies that weren't hurt. Even Xiye, who was born from a warrior clan, was in jitters at the sight of this. He thought to himself, (As expected of an experienced warrior who had come from the battle arena. He's really vicious!)

In comparison, the instructors in the other training rooms were a lot more gentle. For example, the instructor for bow and arrows was teaching how to assess a sniper's location and how to make the fastest reaction. The instructor that specialized in spear and broadsword taught his students how to make use of battle techniques to break through a wave of gunshots. The instructor who had the berserker specialization taught them how to quickly cause armored cars, tanks, and other heavy weapons to lose their battle abilities.

Although their training was also very harsh, it wasn't as bloody as Zanda's. However, what surprised Xiye more was these players' attitudes.

Although they were cursing at how perverse this game was, they were still able to keep on persisting even when their bodies were tormented by Zanda. At the sight of the last few men's bloody state after finally completing the training and then hugging each other, Xiye couldn't help but think, (They are really a bunch of terrifying natives!)

Therefore, he was increasingly perplexed by the occurrence of this plague.

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Based on the conclusion that the A.I. had gotten after analyzing the news from various places, this unknown virus clearly showed signs of being caused by humans. The powers behind this were also complicated. Other than some ambitious people, massive firearms dealers were also pushing this matter. Their goal was to bring about chaos and thereby benefiting through selling their weapons.

After Xiye saw the report, he couldn't understand why these people were doing this. In his view, the people on this planet had such great potential. If they could gather their resources and focus on developing their technologies, they'd have long since walked out of the milky way galaxy by now.

Based on the A.I.'s investigations, this planet's technology had remained stagnant for over 300 years after the fourth industrial revolution. The development was extremely slow, and several billion people kept on fighting and scheming over the limited resources on a seventh-grade planet. They didn't care that they had destroyed their own place. To think that they even resorted to using a virus. This, to him, was what it meant to be forgetting what the most important thing was.

There was an endless world out there, with countless land and resources, yet they didn't go out to excavate them. Instead, they chose to fight amongst themselves for the smallest interests. Why did they have to do this?

This was what it meant to be restricted to their own small world!

He had no idea if he could stop those foolish people who lacked foresight in time!

He immediately asked the A.I. secretly, "How long can the situation hold up?"

The A.I. said, "Based on the estimation from various aspects of data, it can probably only hold on for around ten days. When the time comes, it'll likely break out into a full-fledged viral disaster. If you wish to stop this situation from occurring, then our team who will be carrying out the mission must set off in five days at the latest!"

"Five days..." Xiye murmured. He then asked, "Given the current training situation, would they be able to make it in five days? Would it be too forced?"

The A.I. said, "It's probably fine. Although the training time is a little short, they are second-grade lifeforms and should have an overwhelming advantage in terms of their life grade. As long as the plan is made carefully and the commands are given out smoothly, even if the players are lacking in experience, the chances of them being able to complete the mission would still be relatively high."

Hearing that, Xiye nodded. He then looked up in D-Planet's direction. As a deity, although he was only a fifth-grade lifeform at the moment, his powerful talent still caused his starry supremely purple eyes to be able to observe that blue planet from afar.

He hoped that...Those humans who were plagued by the virus could be stronger and hang on for a little longer. He hoped that they would be able to hold on until they sent the team over to help them out...

"Huh?"

"What's the matter?" Xiye was stunned for a moment to see that the A.I. could make such a questioning sound.

"Just now... I think... A player had touched the teleportation device..."

"Which teleportation device?" Xiye was stunned and he suddenly had an ominous feeling.

"That one that is to be used for the mission..."

"What?!"

Like what was reported on the media, that land was now encompassed by horror and despair. Most of the people kept themselves shut in the cities, and no one gathered around a campfire and danced anymore in the countryside.

Many people locked down their family at home in the cold dark night, using wary gazes to snoop at the situation outside from their windows.

Of course, some villages had sunk into even more horrifying despair. Having been infected by the virus, they had been locked down by the military, waiting quietly for death to arrive.

The more remote villages were receiving such treatment. A group of military soldiers armed with AK-47 surrounded these villages and stared at every corner warily, not allowing the people any chances to escape.

Despite facing the defenseless villagers, the soldiers still didn't let down their guards!

Not only did these villagers have to bear with the immense pain that the virus had brought to their bodies, but they still had to accept this helpless situation. Under this extremely despairing atmosphere, people could do extremely vile things, things worse than what normal human beings could have imagined!

This wasn't an exaggeration. Before they were locked down inside, there had been many military soldiers who had died in the hands of the despairing villagers who had risen in a riot. It was merely because the soldiers had been soft-hearted.

The guards were on a rotational duty basis, and this was the time for them to switch over. A burly dark-skinned man who held onto a weapon walked up to a lean-looking soldier who was close to a village's west exit.

"Hey, Prado, how's the situation going?" The man greeted the lean-looking soldier, appearing to be very familiar with him.

"It's still alright for now. Their emotions seemed to have settled down..." The man called Prado looked very skinny. His body didn't match his name, which sounds like a Japanese land cruiser...

The lean-looking man appeared a little tired. "But we still have to be careful. The calmer things are, the more likely there'd be an eruption... Oh, right, where's the thing I want? Did you manage to get it?"

"Oh, you're referring to that?" Hearing that, the strong man smiled, revealing his white teeth. He dug out an exquisite-looking box that had the English words 'Marvel' on it!

"Why didn't I know that you have such a girly side to you to be a fan of Iron Man?"

Prado rolled his eyes at him and snatched the box over, taking a look at the Iron Man figurine inside the box. He then carefully held it in his arms. His younger sister Nisanna had been wanting this for almost half a year. He hoped that this toy, which had come so late, would make her feel more spirited.

Looking at how Prado was so careful with the item, as if scared that he would crease the wrapping, the strong man sighed, not knowing what to say. "A gift for a child?"

"En..." Prado answered softly. He didn't like to share the story of his family with his comrades.

"All children like superheroes..." The strong man lit up a cigarette, his voice sounding a little melancholy. "But in this world, there are no heroes..."

Prado: "..."

“But we can’t tell this to the kids...” Seeing that Prado was silent, the strong man didn’t seem to mind. He continued to smoke and said, “In fact, I quite like superheroes myself. Sometimes, I would wonder how it’d be good if there were really a group of them.”

“You want Iron Man to come and save you?” It was rare that Prado responded to him.

“No!” The strong man grinned and said. “I want a Hulk to smash this whole place up! !”

“Haha...” Prado couldn’t help but laugh. However, at the next second, his smile stiffened up on his face!

It was because he saw a legendary green face appearing behind his comrade...

“Hey, bro, can I have one of those...”