

## Crossing 221

### Chapter 221: Salute!

The major saw Ling Lan saunter out of the captain's room, while his own captain stood there staring blankly. Without a word, he walked over and nudged his old friend, "What are you zoning out for?"

Senior Colonel Tian Fang smiled wryly and said, "We did not lose randomly."

"Why do you say that?" asked the major curiously.

"Ling Lan is General Ling Xiao's son ..." mumbled Senior Colonel Tian Fang. Earlier, he had actually said he would go teach General Ling Xiao a lesson — this was absolutely a path towards death ...

The major was greatly shocked by the news. "What?!" However, he soon calmed down again. Thinking back on all Ling Lan had done over this period of time, as well as the ruthlessness and determination with which he threatened Tian Fang — this was definitely not something a normal student would be able to do ...

He sighed softly and said, "Only General Ling Xiao could raise such an aberrant child ... sure enough, a tiger would never father hounds <sup>1</sup>." That said, he shared a glance with Senior Colonel Tian Fang, each seeing the excitement and joy in the other's eyes. Knowing that the person they idolised had an inheritor made them extremely glad, and their initial sense of defeat was significantly reduced.

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By this time, Ling Lan had already arrived at the central control room. The central control room was presently under Han Jijyun's command. Seeing Ling Lan enter the room, Han Jijyun quickly rushed over to ask, "Boss Lan, any instructions?"

"If you all have had your fun, I hope that we'll be able to land properly on the landing frame the next time." Ling Lan's tone was light, as if just here to pass on a comment.

Ling Lan's words made Han Jijyun's face flush red, and he immediately responded, "Understood. Boss Lan, we'll definitely land successfully the next time!"

Just as Ling Lan said, the cadets here under Han Jijyun had indeed gotten caught up in playing. This was because piloting a ship to land accurately was an extremely rare practicum to encounter, so the cadets in the central control room had not wanted to end it so soon. Thus, this had resulted in the ship's multiple failures to land correctly, because the cadets still wanted to try one more time.

Ling Lan and Han Jijyun's conversation was not something Senior Colonel Tian Fang and the major could know of, because Little Four had long screened off this scene from the cameras. Frankly, in the captain's room, Ling Lan too had found the multiple failed attempts at landing objectionable. However, she could not scorn her followers in front of outsiders, which was why she had acted as if she was not at all bothered by it and fooled the other two in the room with her.

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Meanwhile, at this time, within the control tower of the fortress, the air control staff responsible for guiding the 7th Bugle Call could not help but shut off the communication device linked to the ship angrily and growl, “Godd\*mmit, what the hell is wrong with the 7th Bugle Call? Are the pilots all drunk off their asses?! Actually failing to land so many times ...” The 7th Bugle Call had never been this troublesome to handle before — one coordinate was all it took for them to land efficiently and end things. When had it ever been necessary for him to roar out coordinates again and again?

“Be a little more patient. Senior Colonel Tian Fang of the 7th Bugle Call is not someone you want to offend. He protects his own the most.” A friend beside him, who was also an air control staff, piped up with quiet words of caution.

“I know. Otherwise I wouldn’t have turned off the communicator and just scolded them outright already,” grumbled the air control staff.

“Alright, you see, the 7th Bugle Call seems to have found the correct position now ...” Another companion inadvertently saw the 7th Bugle Call move and immediately raised his voice to alert him.

“D\*mmit, finally! I really was about to be frustrated to death. I have never seen such an incompetent ship pilot — does he actually have a license?” Grumbling to himself, the air control staff once again turned on the communicator and issued the subsequent instructions. Of course, from the moment he turned on the mic, his voice became calm and patient, as if his earlier displeasure was just an illusion.

“Attention, a notification came from the surveillance station, another ship is coming ...” The staff receiving messages in the control tower alerted the free air control staff so that someone could step up to direct the new incoming ship.

“I’ll do it!” The first air control staff who had cautioned his companion accepted this assignment. He then connected to the other’s comms signal and said, “Hello, I am number 72, an air control staff at Fort Genesis ...”

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This time, the 7th Bugle Call cleanly and efficiently alighted on the landing frame of the fortress dock. Han Jijyun had directly passed on Ling Lan’s original words to caution the overly excited cadets, bringing them to heel instantly to obediently listen to Han Jijyun’s orders, no longer daring to fool around.

This caused the spectating flight crew enjoying the show to be a little disappointed, but they were silently impressed at the esteem Ling Lan held among the cadets. Of course, they were also very admiring of the way Han Jijyun had used Ling Lan’s authority to swiftly take control of the central control room.

Meanwhile, landing alongside the 7th Bugle Call was another spaceship slightly smaller than the 7th Bugle Call. It landed to park at the dock neighbouring theirs. Perhaps the cadets on that ship were fewer, for the ship doors opened a little earlier than that of the 7th Bugle Call, and ten or so students disembarked one after another from the ship.

Just as with the previous ships, these new cadets had their heads bowed in timid silence, walking hesitantly onto the platform. Then, under the instructions of the fortress guides, they swiftly departed

to wherever they needed to go. The speed with which they moved was as if they were running away from some dragon's lair or tiger's den — footsteps in clear disarray.

The soldiers on duty at the platform looked on expressionlessly as these dejected and skittish youths emerged and ran away. Only those with a keen eye could see the trace of contempt in their eyes — they did not like this cowardly manner of the youths, believing that this was a disgrace to soldiers.

However, they were already used to this. Almost no cadet would behave differently — even those rare few who had some fight on their faces would hold back and forcefully repress the indignation they felt, merely gritting their teeth to walk into the fortress. If any youth were to strut out proudly with their head held high from a ship, now *that* would be a shocking sight for these soldiers.

Initially, the soldiers had thought that this scene would never happen, but reality would soon prove that anything was possible.

The doors of the 7th Bugle Call finally swung open, and the new cadets, who had already gathered their belongings, stepped out of the ship with faces filled with excitement. Their eyes were brimming with curiosity, and some of the more daring ones were even asking those staff on duty in low whispers what the weapons they were carrying were. This sort of unusual behaviour made all the staff on duty share baffled looks with one another, beginning to doubt whether the people from this ship were truly new cadets for this year? Or were they a group of tourists here to sightsee at the fortress?

Of course, the latter possibility was impossible — Fort Genesis was a secret fortress of the Federation, and so was not open to the public. Thus, there would naturally be no such thing as tourists here to sightsee. The reason why the soldiers on duty would have this mistaken impression was entirely because these new cadets had no fear in their eyes, no trepidation, no shame, and no rage or indignation. All there was was excitement, curiosity, as well as that conspicuous confidence and haughtiness.

After the cadets disembarked, they did not move according to the instructions of the fortress guides. They remained standing on the platform, patiently waiting for the students after them to disembark as well. This made the guides rather annoyed, beginning to blame the comrades on the ship for not doing their part and educating these new cadets well.

Once everyone had gotten off the ship, Ling Lan threw a look at Qi Long.

Qi Long immediately raised his voice and shouted, "To thank all the staff of the 7th Bugle Call, salute!"

All the cadets from the ship were seen to stand at attention, and facing the crew of the 7th Bugle Call who remained on the ship, they collectively executed their scout's salute! This was something they had decided even before they had left the ship. Over the course of this one day and night, the staff members of the 7th Bugle Call had helped them all immensely — every student had learned a little of whatever they had wanted to learn to some extent. This made the students all extremely grateful.

"Salute!" Inside the ship, Senior Colonel Tian Fang's booming voice rang out. At that, the soldiers at the entrance of the ship, as well as those in places the cadets could not see, who were looking at the cadets saluting them with serious faces on various screens, responded primly in kind with the exclusive military salute of the Federation soldiers!

"Thank you!"

This solemn and grateful reciprocal military salute caused everyone present at the scene to be stupefied!

Several new cadets from the other ship who had yet to leave also revealed flabbergasted expressions at this scene. However, very quickly, their faces darkened — they were all new cadets of the military academy, why was the other party treated so differently?

“Where are those new cadets from?” One of the more daring new cadets asked a guide beside him.

“They’re from Doha.” This was not a secret to begin with, so the guide responded without any reservations.

“Doha? That place which is the so-called gathering grounds of the prodigies of the Federation?” said the new cadet through clenched teeth. Just because their talent was better, they deserved this preferential treatment? Their eyes filled with envy and dislike ...

At this moment, Ling Lan and the others of her party did not know that their actions had drawn the envy and disgruntlement of the cadets from the other various planets. Those cadets were all secretly plotting how they would show these elites a thing or two at the military academy ...

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At the command centre of Fort Genesis, the supreme commander of the base, Major General Jing Ren, was seated as he watched all that was happening after the 7th Bugle Call parked at the dock. He could not help but mutter to himself, “How strange, that fellow Tian Fang is not someone that nice ...”

Right at this moment, the main door to the room was shoved open roughly, and a hulking figure walked in unceremoniously to slump into the large sofa before the Major General’s desk, hiking up a leg to rest his ankle on the other leg’s knee without any concern for decorum.

Major General Jing Ren could not help but shake his head and say, “Tian Fang, could you please maintain some decorum? No matter what, you’re still one of the poster children for the Federation soldiers.”

“It’s not like I want to be one!” Senior Colonel Tian Fang said dismissively, with no sign that he was planning to change.

Major General Jing Ren knew the temperament of his old friend well, and so did not continue to harp on the topic. He pointed at the screen in front of him, which was still playing the scene where the two sides had saluted one another, and asked, “What exactly was this about? Could it be that you had a sudden fit of kindness?”

Tian Fang looked at the image and instantly grimaced. “Don’t bring that up anymore, otherwise I’ll be frustrated to death.”

Major General Jing Ren was taken aback and quickly asked, “What happened?”

Tian Fang could not help but lift a large hand to cover his face as he said, “This embarrassing thing, I really don’t feel like talking about it ...”

Right then, a clear voice rang out from the doorway, “Of course he doesn’t want to talk about it. This time, we were defeated soundly.” The major from the 7th Bugle Call had arrived.

“Luo Yang, you’ve come as well.” Major General Jing Ren’s expression was pleased as he quickly stood up in welcome.

Major Luo Yang shut the door as he came in and then walked forward with a smile. He bumped fists with Major General Jing Ren — this was their special way of greeting one another.

## **Chapter 222: What Right?**

Major General Jing Ren <sup>1</sup> said plaintively, “Every time you pass through here, you never come over to visit me.”

“You know that one of us, either I or Tian Fang, have to remain with the 7th Bugle Call,” said Luo Yang with a wry smile.

“I shouldn’t have let you go with Tian Fang from the start. If you had followed me, right now you too should already be a senior colonel.” Major General Jing Ren glanced coolly at Tian Fang, as if blaming Tian Fang for holding back Luo Yang’s progress.

Senior Colonel Tian Fang could only rub his nose and stay silent. At the beginning, it was indeed he that had clung to Luo Yang and begged him to help him, because he knew that it was impossible for him with his brash and forthright personality to handle all those miscellaneous trivial things associated with running a ship. Thus, he had to find a trustworthy friend to help him, and Luo Yang was his only choice.

“But, why could you both come down this time?” asked Jing Ren curiously.

“Because the 7th Bugle Call is currently undergoing a system reset, so there’s nothing I can do there anyway,” replied Luo Yang.

“Reset?” Jing Ren’s face paled slightly. “What in the world happened?” Unless something major occurred or the system became corrupted, there would be no need to reset the system — it looked like the 7th Bugle Call had indeed gone through some major incident.

Luo Yang and Tian Fang glanced at each other and smiled wryly. In the end, Luo Yang was the one who answered, “Honestly, this incident could be seen as major, but could also be seen as minor. Our ship was taken over by the new cadets from Doha.”

“Personnel control?” Jing Ren saw the wry smiles on their faces and his expression changed drastically, “Could it be that the administrative rights of the ship changed hands?”

Senior Colonel Tian Fang chuckled dryly and said, “Exactly!” If not for this reason, would anyone on board have been able to control a Domain master like himself?

It took a long while for Jing Ren’s fluctuating complexion to ease and recover. His expression was grim as he said, “This matter must not be discovered by military headquarters. Otherwise, both of you will be punished, perhaps even court-martialled if you’re unlucky.”

“With so many cadets involved, this matter may not be able to be contained,” said Luo Yang, “However, as long as one person is willing to help, we will be fine.”

Jing Ren's expression twitched, "What do you mean?"

"As long as General Ling Xiao is willing to bury this incident ..."

"General Ling Xiao!" shouted Jing Ren, "How would that be possible? For what reason would he move to help us?"

"Because, the head of the new cadets who successfully conquered the 7th Bugle Call was none other than General Ling Xiao's son. If we don't ask him to resolve this, who should we ask instead?" Senior Colonel Tian Fang threw down a bomb directly.

"What?! General Ling Xiao has a son?" Jing Ren was in disbelief. He covered his forehead with his left hand and waved his right hand at them, saying, "Hold on, let me organise my thoughts for a moment. This news is a bit too much, my brain's CPU can't process it so quickly."

Finally, Major General Jing Ren regained his composure. He thought for a moment — it was true that the only one who could intervene and would be willing to intervene was General Ling Xiao. However, Major General Jing Ren was still a little worried. "Will General Ling Xiao intervene just because his son was involved?"

Senior Colonel Tian Fang chuckled and said, "Before he left, Ling Lan hinted for me to go seek out General Ling Xiao!"

"This Ling Lan is General Ling Xiao's son then? Had he already considered the consequences?" If that was the case, this youth Ling Lan was really not simple. A brilliant gleam of light flashed across Jing Ren's eyes.

"Whether it was in terms of skill or strategy, he was very strong. His future achievements are very likely to be no less outstanding than General Ling Xiao's." Luo Yang greatly admired Ling Lan, believing that the other's future was immeasurable.

"That brat is as bold as brass, and his heart is strong enough to make hard decisions, no matter whether it's against himself or his companions. Even I am a little chilled by how ruthless he can be ..." said Senior Colonel Tian Fang with a solemn expression as he stroked his jaw, "I'm very worried he will go too far."

Senior Colonel Tian Fang had a different opinion than the major. He was afraid that after this triumph, Ling Lan would become even more uninhibited. If he encountered someone even more ruthless than himself, he might spiral awry terribly.

"He is only sixteen years old," Luo Yang reminded Tian Fang, "There are too many future possibilities, we cannot just come to a conclusion so soon!"

Tian Fang fell silent, but the worry in his heart was not completely quelled. Ling Lan was indeed abnormally exceptional on so many fronts, but the more aberrant one was, the more terrible the consequences if one ended up on the wrong path.

"Hey, what are you worrying for? Isn't he General Ling Xiao's son?" Jing Ren reminded Tian Fang. With the large tree Ling Xiao to provide shade, they should not be worrying over mere conjectures.

Tian Fang was enlightened and instantly broke out into laughter. In his mind, he felt somewhat awed at the fact that Ling Lan had left such a deep impression on him that it had made him forget about General

Ling Xiao. How fearsome was his force of presence that it could suppress the thought of his personal idol ...

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Meanwhile, at this moment, Ling Lan and company were making their glorious way to the venue prepared for the new cadets to eat and rest — the fortress cafeteria. They had already been notified by the guides that they would board a new spaceship at 5pm in the afternoon to begin the next leg of their journey.

“Boss Lan, it’s just as you predicted. This is a transfer station,” said Han Jijyun softly. Ever since Ling Lan had found out that their destination was here, she had predicted that this was very likely just a transit point, and it was now proven that Ling Lan’s prediction was right.

Such a large party suddenly entering the cafeteria, dressed in attire which was not Federation military uniform — it was obvious that these people were new cadets of the military academy. However, this batch of cadets all had smiles on their faces, easy and carefree, and when they entered the cafeteria, they were not as quiet as the other cadets before them. Quite a few of them were happily chatting with one another, the atmosphere of the group exceptionally lively.

The attention of all the other new cadets in the cafeteria was instantly drawn to the group, all of them trying to guess which planet these people were from.

At a round table in a corner, a group of about ten cadets was also looking at the party. One of the cadets, a youth with a cultured and refined air, had a contemplative expression on his face.

“Zhou Ya? What have you discovered?” A youth with a lazy expression by his side noticed his serious expression, and spoke up to ask.

The contemplative youth was jolted out of his thoughts. His brow furrowed and he said, “Wang Hui, this batch of people are not simple. We should not cross them for no reason.” Zhou Ya glanced at his companion beside him, and gave these words of caution.

“Oh?” Wang Hui did not seem to think much of his friend’s warning, and his expression reflected his nonchalance.

“The group is not divided. They all chose to sit together. This means that there must be a central figure among them, perhaps someone strong enough that everyone is willing to defer to ... we have just entered the military academy. Before we figure out the other’s strength, it is best we do not offend them simply.” Zhou Ya did not think that they could go up against these several hundred people with just the ten of them. Even if his group were all exceptionally capable, they could not hope to prevail against those many fists.

At this time, a youth who had been outside scouting for information returned and leaned over by Wang Hui’s ear to elaborate on the others’ background. Wang Hui’s expression, which had tightened up a little due to Zhou Ya’s words, became relaxed once more after hearing what the scout had to say. He said mockingly, “So they are from Doha. What use is there even if they have more people? Who have they produced over these past couple of years? Haven’t they still been pushed below our Wuji Galaxy<sup>2</sup> for three consecutive years, unable to do anything about it?”

“Although Doha has not produced anyone of note these last few years, it is still the gathering ground of the various notable prodigies of the Federation, after all. We cannot underestimate them.” Zhou Ya was undoubtedly cautious — before they found out more about the other, he did not approve of offending the other without good reason.

“Alright, I’m not going to argue with you. As long as they don’t bother us, I definitely won’t bother them first.” Wang Hui finally lifted his hands in surrender after Zhou Ya’s multiple warnings. He then changed the topic and said, “Zhou Ya, Do you get the feeling that their expressions are a little different from those of the other cadets from the other planets? It’s as if they did not receive much suffering. Could it be that they were not harassed by the crew of their ship at all?”

It should be known that along the way, they had been harassed endlessly by the crew on their ship. Although they had tried to resist at first, as they saw the numbers the other side had, as well as the other side’s strength, they had had no choice but to lower their heads in submission. However, perhaps because the ten of them had proved themselves stronger than the other cadets by a head, those crew members had seemed to go a little easier on them. The crew had not bullied them as harshly as they had with the other students, almost causing those other cadets to lose their confidence.

Zhou Ya too had this doubt in his mind. “This, is also something I would like to know.” Why could they still maintain the brimming confidence and haughtiness of their youth? After this journey, even the always cocky Wang Hui had become much more reserved, knowing how to take a step back and take others’ reactions into consideration.

Zhou Ya mumbled to himself, “We’ll be travelling with them later on. We’ll definitely be able to find out some answers to this mystery.”

There were not many people in the cafeteria; Ling Lan and the others very easily found a relatively spacious area to sit at. As usual, Ling Lan’s team, Wu Jiong’s team, and Li Yingjie’s team each took a round table, while the other teams spread out to settle around the tables circling these three teams. Ever since finding out that these teams before them had orchestrated the conquest of the ship, giving them the learning opportunities on the ship, those students who were not from the Central Scout Academy too did not want to get separated from these strong teams.

Any student who could get into the First Men’s Military Academy was definitely intelligent; they knew which option was better for them. Thus, they too followed the example of the Central Scout Academy students, choosing seats alongside them to sit in. This conspicuous unity raised flags among the other groups of students.

Several youths who were rather close to Ling Lan’s end even left their original seats to choose somewhere farther away to sit.

Right then, Wu Jiong and Li Yingjie walked over to greet Ling Lan, saying, “Boss Lan, we have something to discuss with you.”

Ling Lan indicated for the two to sit down.

Li Yingjie peered at those other cadets who were side-eyeing them with vaguely palpable animosity, and scoffed, “Looks like they don’t welcome us here.”



Wu Jiong laughed and said, "Was our entrance too grand?"

Ling Lan thought for a moment and nodded. "Just a little! I think, as the number of cadets increase, there will only be more people who hate us."

Li Yingjie was just about to say something when he saw ten or so people giving trouble to the Doha cadets at the fringes of the circle. He frowned and said, "There's someone looking for trouble with us?"

Wu Jiong had also seen it. "It's not our Central Scout Academy. They're bothering the cadets from the other Doha scout academies."

"Should we help?" Qi Long looked towards Ling Lan. Even if those people were not from their Central Scout Academy, they were still from Doha, companions from the same planet. Qi Long did not want to see them being bullied.

"Let's leave this to Li Yingjie." Ling Lan's words made the small group turn to look at her in shock.

"Why?" asked Li Yingjie with a disgruntled expression. Hells, it wasn't like he was Ling Lan's follower ... what right did Ling Lan have to order him around?

### **Chapter 223: Natural Born Rogue!**

"In their eyes, we already are one group. Or, are you saying you want to be separate from us?" Ling Lan glanced at Li Yingjie coldly, her piercing and frosty gaze causing Li Yingjie's initial disgruntlement to disappear instantly. Still, he turned to look unhappily at Qi Long and said, "Qi Long is stronger than me. Wouldn't it be better for him to go?"

Ling Lan's slender fingers gripped Qi Long's lower jaw abruptly, pulling him forward to let Li Yingjie take a good look at that affable face with its honest grin. She asked calmly, "This face. Do you think it looks like a domineering and unreasonable, arrogant face which would bully others?"

Li Yingjie choked, and seeing Qi Long grinning guilelessly at him, his eyelid began twitching violently. This face of Qi Long's was the exemplar of 'I am an honest man; I am a good person'. If he stepped forward ... let alone suppressing the other party, he would most definitely end up raising the other party's morale. Even if they managed to defeat the other in the end, the other side would still have doubts whether the result was due to their own carelessness. It would have no deterrent effect whatsoever ...

Just as when he had first lost to Qi Long, that feeling of not being convinced, thinking that it was all his own carelessness ... No, even now, he still wasn't convinced by the other. Even though he knew very well that Qi Long was indeed stronger than him by a hair, he just could not muster up true deference for Qi Long.

Li Yingjie subconsciously peeked at Ling Lan, and then looked again at the silly grin on Qi Long's face. He suddenly understood why he could not defer to Qi Long — because Qi Long lacked the type of nature-defying domineering air that Ling Lan exuded! Although Boss Lan had tucked away that domineering air very cleanly at the moment, when he unleashed it during confrontations, that air was enough to make him quake in his boots. This fear had slowly seeped into his bones with the passage of time, causing him to no longer be able to even conceive the notion of resisting.

“Our group cannot only have one image to present to the public. Our amicable and reasonable side can be assigned to Qi Long.” Ling Lan released Qi Long’s jaw, retracting her right hand.

Seated beside Ling Lan, Luo Lang took a wet wipe out from his backpack with an expression of disgust. Lifting up Ling Lan’s right hand, he carefully and meticulously wiped Ling Lan’s slender jade fingers clean. Fine, he admits that he thinks Qi Long’s oily face would really sully Boss Lan’s graceful and beautiful fair hand — he needed to serve his boss well by cleaning his hand up.

This scene rendered Qi Long speechless. Hells, was he being viewed as a virus right now?

As one of the parties involved, green veins popped up on both of Ling Lan’s temples, twitching. However, seeing Luo Lang’s serious expression, Ling Lan decided to just ignore this and let him do what he wanted. After all, she was just temporarily giving up her right hand and there really wasn’t any harm in this. At the very least, it was hygienic — she would not have to go wash her hands specially after this.

Ling Lan studiously ignored the others’ side-eyes, and continued to say, “Being cocky is equally important — this can deter some minor villains from crossing us simply. We also need to be domineering sometimes. At times, acting right away is much more effective than arguing back and forth with people.” Ling Lan clearly stated her opinion. In order to thrive in the First Men’s Military Academy, constantly compromising and being accommodating was not the best plan.

Wu Jiong nodded thoughtfully while Han Jiyun stared blankly. Then, like a window had been opened, his gaze grew brighter and brighter — did Boss Lan mean to use both soft and hard tactics simultaneously? Being forceful on both fronts?

“But why do I have to act?” Li Yingjie still did not comprehend Ling Lan’s decision. Qi Long may be unsuitable, but wasn’t there still Wu Jiong?

Ling Lan cast a glance at him and her lips quirked up slightly, “An arrogant rich family’s son — isn’t that your original form?”

These words of Ling Lan made Wu Jiong, Qi Long, and the others burst out into laughter. Those team members sitting close enough to hear, including those from Li Yingjie’s team all laughed secretly as well — they were recalling Li Yingjie’s arrogant behaviour when he had first entered the scout academy. It was as Boss Lan said — Li Yingjie had truly been an annoying, wildly arrogant, and self-conceited descendant from an elite family.

Ling Lan’s words made Li Yingjie’s face darken completely, because he too had remembered his horrible manner back when he was young and ignorant. Ah, that would be an unshakeable stain for his whole life!

Ling Lan felt that she should not continue to bully this annoying-looking rich kid, who was really just a prideful tsundere little uke <sup>1</sup>, so she patted Li Yingjie lightly on the shoulder and said, “Frankly, we’re all not suited to do this. In terms of family standing, none of our backgrounds are deeper than yours (Ling Lan secretly crossed her fingers behind her back at this), so only you are suited for this task. You will pull it off the best.”

“Like Wu Jiong, his face is filled with righteousness. One look and you can tell he’s from a regimented military family. Can you really ask him to act as an arrogant and unreasonable 2nd-generation ancestor<sup>2</sup>?” asked Ling Lan in return, pointing at Wu Jiong.

“Yes, Li Yingjie, you naturally possess that arrogant air required. No one can beat you. You should just make the sacrifice for our party.” From Ling Lan’s words, Wu Jiong could tell what his future image would be, so he quickly rushed to coax Li Yingjie. As his classmate for 10 years, he naturally understood Li Yingjie’s weakness towards flattery.

Wu Jiong’s words undoubtedly cheered Li Yingjie up immensely. Seeing the pleading and expectant faces of Qi Long and the others around the table, he sniffed haughtily and said impulsively, “Since you all begged so earnestly, I’ll take one for the team and accept this responsibility then.”

Seeing this side of Li Yingjie, Ling Lan could not bear to look straight at him, immediately turning her head away. This little fellow had been sold off and still he stayed to help his traders count their money<sup>3</sup> — how was he so adorkable<sup>4</sup> ...

“Good luck!” Qi Long and the others all cheered energetically for Li Yingjie, which just made Li Yingjie even more eager to perform. “I’ll let you all see what a true arrogant 2nd-generation ancestor is like. Watch and learn!”

Li Yingjie rolled up his sleeves and said to his team members, “Follow me. Let us go teach them a good lesson.”

“Yeah!” shouted Li Yingjie’s team excitedly. Those hanging around with Li Yingjie were pretty much all cut from the same cloth.

Looking at the unimaginably arrogant Li Yingjie, Ling Lan and the others collectively sweatdropped. Dammit, this fellow was just naturally born to be a rogue.

“Leader, how should we do this?” On their way, a team member asked Li Yingjie.

“How? Just go right up to them and teach them a lesson! Hit them however we want as long as it’s not fatal. Remember, we are great arrogant rogues — anyone who rubs us the wrong way, we beat up!” said Li Yingjie with a fierce glare.

“What if someone stronger than us appears?” The team member was still uncertain. Mind you, the other side was also headed for the First Men’s Military Academy, all exceptional characters from the respective scout academies. What if by some chance they ended up kicking a hard plate and failed in beating up the other to be beaten up instead?

“Don’t you see that we have people behind us?” Li Yingjie pointed out the table behind them where Ling Lan was seated, “Do you think those new cadets will have someone stronger than Boss Lan?” Li Yingjie was currently extremely bold — if by any chance he could not handle things, wasn’t there still Ling Lan and the others behind him?

Subconsciously, Li Yingjie had already considered Ling Lan and the others as a sturdy shield at his back. To be honest, he was not resistant towards Ling Lan’s instructions; he was just a little displeased at Ling Lan’s casual way of ordering him around.

Ling Lan understood Li Yingjie very well. She knew the other was an egotistical show-off who loved to be in the spotlight — this sort of role, especially, where he had to exert his dominance over others, was as easy as breathing for him.

Meanwhile, at this time, at a table on the outermost edge of the circle, two parties were locked in an argument.

“Wu Yong, don’t you go too far.” One of the Doha cadets seemed to know the person who had come to provoke them.

“Wu Pei, I’m going too far? If you hadn’t set me up, would I have remained to study at a scout academy in planet Dorun?” said Wu Yong coldly, “Even so, I have still managed to enrol into the First Men’s Military Academy. You cannot destroy me.”

“That matter back then is all just your imagination. I have nothing to do with it. Since we have both gotten into the First Men’s Military Academy, this is something worth celebrating. Why are you still here to seek trouble with me?” asked Wu Pei calmly.

“Because I have already wanted to beat you up 10 years ago. You just ran away too quickly, hurrying off to Doha, never returning in 10 years. Unexpectedly, I have finally bumped into you again today and can finally clear up our debt back then.” Wu Yong continued, “Should I break your right hand? Or both your legs? I’ll let you have a taste of my suffering back then.”

Wu Pei’s expression became frosty and he said warningly, “Wu Yong, you better not take things too far. These people here are all from Doha.”

“Haha, will they act on your behalf? Aren’t you the only one who was accepted into the First Men’s Military Academy from that scout academy of yours?” Wu Yong knew everything regarding Wu Pei like the back of his hand.

“Seize him!” Wu Yong said to the companions by his side.

Just as those people were planning to seize Wu Pei, a haughty voice rang out, “Ho, who permitted you to bully my people?”

At this moment, Li Yingjie had already led his team members to the scene. Li Yingjie raised his jaw high, looking down with disdain at the other side. This obviously contemptuous expression made the rage on the faces of Wu Yong’s party climb rapidly.

“He is not someone from your scout academy.” Wu Yong forcefully tamped down on his anger, coolly warning Li Yingjie not to interfere needlessly.

“Hmph! Hasn’t anyone told you that all of the people from Doha are under my protection?” These words of Li Yingjie were said with arrogance, but they received echoing support from the other academies from Doha, “Yes, we’re all under his protection.” Everyone knew that this was just Li Yingjie’s excuse for butting in to help, so they all spoke up to accommodate him.

“Are all people from your Central Scout Academy so arrogant?” A cold glint glimmered in Wu Yong’s eyes as he said sinisterly.

Li Yingjie did not respond, instead turning his head to ask the other students from the Central Scout Academy behind him, “Brothers, someone is saying that we’re arrogant. Should we not disappoint them then?”

“Yeah!” Quite a few of the Central Scout Academy students who were more combative all stood up and surrounded the group, seeming as if they were eager to begin fighting right now. This scene made Wu Yong hesitate, not daring to move recklessly, but he was unwilling to retreat just like that, so he asked curtly, “Can’t you all be reasonable?”

Li Yingjie snorted and said, “You already said we were arrogant, and still you ask us to be reasonable? Are you stupid?”

Wu Yong choked on a breath, finally only managing to bite out, “You watch your step.” This was a random threat issued out of helplessness, which was also meant to signify the end of this conflict. Any slightly reasonable person would not let the matter escalate further — the two sides involved would typically back off at this point and go their respective ways.

But who was Li Yingjie? He was an absolutely unreasonable and arrogant elite family princeling. The moment he heard the other’s words, he became unhappy.

“Watch my step?” Li Yingjie chuckled darkly, “I would really like to see how you will make me watch my step, you bastard. Beat him!”

#### **Chapter 224: The Deep Waters of the Military Academy!**

Following this cry, Li Yingjie’s team and those Central Scout Academy students whose fists were already itching for a fight leapt forwards, rounding up all ten or so students of the other group. The cafeteria became a complete mess, the group fight kicking off just like that.

Qi Long stared dumbfounded at the scene before him, mumbling to himself, “They really began fighting?” Truthfully, he had actually thought this conflict would be peacefully resolved.

Ling Lan rubbed her brow helplessly, her head beginning to ache slightly. This Li Yingjie was truly hard to control once his arrogance was in full swing ... Still, this was good too. At least some of the new cadets who had been thinking of trying something against them would now think twice before bothering them.

“Wu Jiong, go and check in on Li Yingjie. Don’t let him take things too far!” Ling Lan was worried that Li Yingjie would not be able to stop once his temper was running high, so she sent Wu Jiong off to wrap things up. Compared to Qi Long and the others, Wu Jiong had a better relationship with Li Yingjie.

Wu Jiong nodded to show he understood. However, what Ling Lan was worried about did not occur — Li Yingjie still remembered Ling Lan’s instructions and was careful not to inflict any life-threatening injuries. Even so, Wu Yong and his party of about ten people all received heavy internal injuries. In the end, they had to be carted up to the starship headed for the First Men’s Military Academy by the soldiers at the fortress, hence becoming one of the running jokes at the military academy.

This made those students bear a terrible grudge against the students from Doha. In the end, they even joined forces with those who opposed the Doha faction, adding a considerable amount of obstruction for Li Yingjie and the others. Of course, this would all take place in the future, so we won’t talk about it here for now.

This scene was taken in fully by the group that had been observing Ling Lan from a corner.

“Zhou Ya, looks like you were right. This year’s Doha is indeed not simple. We need to watch out for this person,” said Wang Hui grimly, pointing at the flamboyantly arrogant Li Yingjie at the centre of the chaos.

Zhou Ya nodded, but his gaze was directed at the table Ling Lan was at. He had seen Li Yingjie leaving from that table — then, what sort of characters were the people at the same table with him?

Zhou Ya believed that all these people were definitely not simple. He even suspected that the one who truly had the strength to rally the other talented students to his side was not actually that arrogant youth, but was likely one of the others laying low at that table ...

Zhou Ya swept his gaze across the group gathered there. He automatically skipped over Luo Lang and Ling Lan, the two weakest looking members, and his eyes landed squarely on that agreeable grinning face of Qi Long’s. Was he the one? Doesn’t seem like it ... or perhaps him? Xie Yi’s radiantly smiling face leapt into focus ... or perhaps him? Han Jijyun’s cold and stern face made Zhou Ya’s irises narrow abruptly — he had sensed an invisible pressure pressing down on him ...

“Zhou Ya, are you alright?” Wang Hui saw cold sweat appear abruptly on Zhou Ya’s forehead, and could not help but exclaim in surprise.

Zhou Ya closed his eyes, calming himself down quickly. As if replying to Wang Hui, but also as if he were just talking to himself, he muttered, “I may have met my rival.”

“What?” Zhou Ya had spoken so softly that Wang Hui had not heard him properly.

Zhou Ya smiled at Wang Hui and said, “It’s nothing. Maybe I’m just too tired.”

Zhou Ya’s words made Wang Hui relax. Indeed, Zhou Ya had spent too much mental effort on handling things with those crew members on the ship previously. This was something that could not be helped — when one’s strength was weaker than the opponent’s, one could only make up for it with wit and intelligence.

Zhou Ya glanced once more at Han Jijyun and thought to himself: *Is that person their strategist? He looks like a real impressive character.* Zhou Ya knew very well that since they belonged to two different power factions, there would come a day when they would clash ... he rallied his spirits and his eyes lit up — he, Zhou Ya, was not someone who was afraid of challenge!

As if sensing something, Han Jijyun swept his gaze around the cafeteria, but could not pin down that sense of being watched. He silently shook his head — could it be that he was being paranoid?

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After the fight, the cafeteria fell silent once more. As the Doha contingent was greater in number, they dominated almost a large half of the cafeteria, while the students from the other planets were spread out across the other half, staring warily at the Doha party. In the interim, several more ships had arrived one after another. Finally, when the cafeteria was almost fully packed, the students received the notification that they were about to board a new ship and begin the new leg of their journey.

Under the lead of the fortress staff, Ling Lan and the others came to the boarding point of the new spaceship. They were instantly struck dumb by the formidable appearance of this new ship. It turned out that the spaceship this time was not disguised as a commoner spacecraft, but was a genuine military vessel, a patrol ship marked by the Federation.

At the helm of the patrol ship was a powerful long-range energy cannon, laser cannons spread out threateningly all over both flanks of the ship and its stern. In addition, there were two long-range interstellar guided missiles clipped to the belly of the ship, ready to attack any enemy from afar.

The spaceship's hull was also not something those small spaceships impersonating as public spaceships could compare to. In its entirety, it was three times larger than the 7th Bugle Call. This massive military vessel lounged in the spaceport, and in comparison to all the other short and small ships around it, it seemed even more grand and majestic.

Ling Lan did not know what kind of existence an interstellar mothership was, which was larger than regular starships by tenfold, but right now, this starship before her in its full glory awed Ling Lan, who once again felt her blood boil with excitement within her.

All of the cadets boarded the ship with awe and reverence, and then received some rules they had to follow within the starship. Perhaps the new cadets had been stunned into meekness by the majesty of the military vessel, or perhaps they were still traumatised by their experiences on the previous ship, for they did not dare to irritate the soldiers on the ship, obediently waiting as instructed on the ship.

Ling Lan's party naturally did not want to cause any trouble this time; thus, the journey was smooth sailing all the way. Three days later, they successfully arrived at a mysterious and lovely planet.

Little Four had long contacted the mainframe on the military vessel in secret to find out the coordinates of their landing spot. He alerted Ling Lan to the fact that this place was yet another planet unmarked by the Federation. Ling Lan could not help but recall her first outing to planet Demonbeast and all its associated happenings. She shuddered in silence, plagued by the unshakeable feeling that something was going to happen here on this mysterious planet as well ... She could only hope her luck was better this time, allowing her to peacefully live through these six years of life at the military academy.

The starship naturally could not descend straight through the atmosphere of the planet. It hovered in the spaceport in the outer space of the planet, where the excited students then transferred to a shuttle train which brought them to their actual destination — Military Capital!

The screens on the train explained that this planet had only one human city, and that was Military Capital. There were only two kinds of inhabitants in Military Capital — one was military academy students, while the other was military men. That's right, the instructors of the First Men's Military Academy were actually soldiers and officers from various positions within the army.

The construction of Military Capital was very beautiful. The arrangement of its buildings was set according to the ancient Bagua<sup>1</sup> — without the relevant map, it would be very easy to get lost in the maze of buildings. The heart of Military Capital was a flower garden plaza, which took up a vast amount of land and was also extremely beautiful. To accommodate this location, there were no tall buildings around it, with only a few non-standard small buildings nestled among the trees.

You ask where the military academy was? In fact, the entire Military Capital was the military academy! Here, all the buildings were places where the students could study, rest, entertain themselves, or shop. The facilities of Military Capital were exhaustive — anything for eating, using, wearing, and even playing could be found here — never ever giving one the feeling that they were living in an enclosed world. Furthermore, the virtual world was openly accessible to the cadets at all times to log in and out as they liked.

When Ling Lan's year of cadets stepped into Military Capital, she instantly noticed some cadets dressed in standardised uniforms staring at them strangely. Quite a number of them had even opened their communicators, as if contacting someone about their arrival. This raised Ling Lan's guard — could it be that these senior cadets wanted to show the new cadets their place?

Thinking about it, Ling Lan felt that this was a likely possibility, so she warned Qi Long, Wu Jiong, Li Yingjie, and the others to be a little more careful to not get separated from the others and give the older cadets a chance to act.

It looked like the waters of the First Men's Military Academy were pretty deep ... Ling Lan notified Lin Zhong-qing and Xie Yi with a serious expression that they needed to swiftly find out more about the situation at the First Men's Military Academy, especially with regards to the various factions and their leaders.

Ling Lan thought silently: It looks like it wouldn't be as easy as she had thought to establish a foothold here in the First Men's Military Academy!

Of course, Ling Lan was not cowed by this — ever since she knew that Ling Xiao would be there behind her to support her and clean up any messes, Ling Lan had become much more daring than before.

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In the garden of a particular villa in the 4th year dormitory district, four young men were idly playing cards.

One of them was very well-built, his strong square face filled with a fierce coldness. Even when playing cards, his demeanour was extremely serious, just as if he was currently embroiled in a huge mecha fight, filled with concentration.

Across from the well-built youth was an extremely handsome young man. However, this handsomeness was filled with a sense of perversity. Slightly narrowed eyes and a constant half-smile naturally made him ooze deviousness in others' eyes.

On the right-hand side of the youth with the devious air was an extremely plain-looking youth. However, his simple attire and appearance did not make him pale in comparison to his uniquely striking companions. It was as though he were between two sparkling diamonds, but continued to emit his unique lustre as a luminous pearl, no weaker for the difference.

Meanwhile, across from the plain youth was a young man wearing a half-mask covering the top half of his face. His soft red lips always carried a beautiful curve, and the eyes behind his mask constantly emitted a warm sense of laughter. The aura around him was warm and welcoming, making others feel



like getting close involuntarily. It should be said that the one who gave others the first impression of being harmless and friendly was unquestionably this youth.

“I heard that, an aberrant talent is coming from the Central Scout Academy of Doha this year?” The devious youth flicked at the cards in his hands, sharing some rumours he had heard with an intrigued expression on his face.

“Where did you hear that from?” asked the plain youth with a quirk of his brow.

The devious youth smiled slightly, “Who else but our old rival, that Zhang Jing-an who came from the Central Scout Academy. Ever since he lost to us, he has mentioned that the strongest aberrant prodigy of the Central Scout Academy will be coming to our military academy this year. It is impossible to forget!”

The well-built youth acted as though he had heard nothing, pulling out one of the cards in his hands seriously to place it on the table, and called out, “Jack!” Then, he turned to look at the masked youth and said, “Lanfeng, it’s your turn now.” He was not interested in this sort of rumour — if a strong mecha fighter appeared, perhaps he might pay more attention.

The warm youth abruptly collapsed the cards in his hands, and then said with a smile, “Zhao Jun, don’t rush, the card will come out eventually.” He slowly pulled out a card from the closed deck in his hands, lightly placing it on the table as he asked, “Han Yu, do you know who that is?”

## **Chapter 225: The Various Factions!**

“I don’t know. Zhang Jing-an has not said anything more!” replied Han Yu, “However, according to my sources, he will go pay a personal visit to that person today.” He randomly drew a card from his hand and threw it onto the table, and then stroked his jaw and said, “I really want to know right now — if that aberrant prodigy really joins Zhang Jing-an’s faction, who will be the true leader of the Doha Central Scout Academy faction?”

The plain youth smirked and said, “Zhang Jing-an has made a wrong move! If that person is truly as aberrant as he said, he will definitely not be able to suppress the other.” That said he glanced at the cards on the table and said, “I pass on this round! Zhao Jun, it’s your turn.”

Zhao Jun looked at the cards and shook his head, signalling that he too could not play this hand, and gestured for the next player, Li Lanfeng, to play his card.

Li Lanfeng pulled out a card and placed it down, saying, “Well, you can’t really say that. Perhaps he is willing to become the other’s assistant ...”

The plain youth glanced at Li Lanfeng and asked, “You think Zhang Jing-an is that broad-minded?”

Li Lanfeng closed up his cards, thinking seriously for a moment before saying admiringly, “Wei Ji, looks like you are still the one who understands Zhang Jing-an better!”

Wei Ji smiled, as if basking in Li Lanfeng’s words. “I’ve been fighting him for 4 years. If I still don’t understand him, would I still have the right to sit by your sides?”

Han Yu chuckled. Although the four of them came from different planets, ever since they entered the military academy, they had been working with each other to fight against the Doha faction. The collaboration among the four of them was integral to the current situation of being able to easily keep the Doha faction in check beneath them.

“That’s why I say we still need to continue cooperating. We cannot let Zhang Jing-an find a chance to put on airs,” said Han Yu.

Zhao Jun shrugged and said, “Leave me out of all this plotting and scheming. If a fight breaks out, just let me know then.”

Wei Ji side-eyed him and said tonelessly, “We don’t expect you to come up with any strategies anyway. All you need to do is fight.”

Zhao Jun glared at him angrily, but just as he was about to say something, Li Lanfeng spoke up, “Zhao Jun is the best among us in terms of mecha piloting. If we don’t rely on him for fighting, who should we rely on?” That said, he threw an admiring gaze at Zhao Jun, snuffing out the rage in Zhao Jun’s heart instantly. He patted his chest firmly and said, “Don’t worry, leave the fighting to me!”

Han Yu and Wei Ji shared a glance subconsciously, a trace of apprehension in their eyes. However, they soon regained their composure, one resuming his airy manner, the other still smiling as deviously as ever.

Li Lanfeng did not seem to detect the swift change in the two youths’ eyes. He looked at Han Yu and Wei Ji with a warm smile and asked brightly, “Are we still playing?”

Han Yu threw the cards in his hands onto the table and stretched expansively. Only then did he stand up and say, “No, let’s stop. Before figuring out the situation on Zhang Jing-an’s side, I can’t rest easy sitting here.”

There were several cadets chatting not too far away. When one of them saw Han Yu stand up, he rushed over to say, “Leader?”

“Let’s go!” said Han Yu to his team member.

“Leaving so soon? Busy?” Wei Ji frowned lightly and stood up as well. He did not really have much desire to leave, but since Han Yu was about to go, there was not much point in him staying behind.

Han Yu smiled and said, “I have to go arrange some of my people to keep watch on Zhang Jing-an ... I have to find out how strong that aberrant even Zhang Jing-an respects is. I really do not want to let the Doha Central Scout Academy faction rise again!” It had taken them much effort to lead the planet Wuji factions to suppress the Doha factions — he had no intention to relinquish his position as the third in power.

Wei Ji nodded and said, “Then I’ll go with you!” At this time, Wei Ji’s team member had also run over, and the two youths left the villa with their respective team members.

Seeing their figures disappear from sight, Zhao Jun sniffed and threw down the cards in his hands. “D\*mn, really taking me as their hired thug now?”

Li Lanfeng also threw down the cards in his hands, a subtle smile on his face. “Since it’s a cooperation, some price must be paid. It’s fine as long as this price remains within our control.”

Zhao Jun turned his neck from side to side, relaxing his body that was somewhat stiff from sitting too long. In a somewhat disgruntled tone, he said, “I really don’t know why you chose to join them back at the start. Wouldn’t it have been better to join forces with the number one and number two factions?”

Li Lanfeng shook his head and said, “Joining the number one and number two factions, we would not have any speaking rights. That would truly make us hired help ... conversely, joining them — to protect their third position, they would definitely value us highly. We can only truly establish a foothold within the military academy with the speaking rights this affords us.”

Zhao Jun knew that what Li Lanfeng said was not wrong. He glanced at Li Lanfeng worriedly and said, “But, they have still begun to fear you.”

Li Lanfeng smiled and said, “It’s fine. A lone wolf like me, even if they fear me the fear won’t grow by much. It’ll be okay as long as you don’t act as if you’re too close to me.”

“You told me to pretend to be a simple-minded brawny character, while you’re the mediating character between me and them. If I’m not close to you, who am I close to?” Zhao Jun huffed coldly. If he was not close with Li Lanfeng, then that would truly be suspicious.

“It’s actually not a huge problem. As long as you act as impulsive and eager for a fight as usual, they will think it’s very easy to control you, and hence not worry about me too much,” said Li Lanfeng.

Zhao Jun harrumphed and said, “Right now in the military academy, who doesn’t think of me as the impulsive and eager to fight Tyrant Zhao?”

Li Lanfeng laughed at these words. “Isn’t that pretty good? Anyone who wishes to avoid trouble will certainly avoid disturbing you, right?”

Zhao Jun fell silent for a long moment before opening his mouth to say, “When will we be able to go up against that Thunder King?”

Li Lanfeng paused, his entire being suddenly turning extremely cold and forbidding. However, this shift in his aura only lasted for a split second. In the blink of an eye, he had recovered his usual warm aura, and he articulated his answer word by word, “There will be a chance.”

Zhao Jun peered intently at Li Lanfeng, and the bleak aggression about him grew thicker. “I’ll be waiting!”

Right then, a light breeze swept through the garden, ruffling the hair of both youths. Warm and gentle, bleak and forceful — the two distinctly different types of aura melded surprisingly well together, without any sense of irregularity.

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The first thing the cadets did upon entry to the military academy was to carry out all the registration procedures, collecting the uniforms prepared by the school and finding out where their dormitories were at the same time. The accommodation provided by the military academy were all stand-alone

villas. Each villa could hold six people; Ling Lan's team very coincidentally were all arranged to stay in one villa.

Qi Long and the others were naturally very surprised by this — only Ling Lan knew that this was definitely the work of her dad. In order to prevent his daughter's gender from being exposed, Ling Xiao had pulled all strings to arrange for Ling Lan to live together with these followers of hers, in hopes that they would be able to protect Ling Lan.

Of course, Ling Xiao had only done this after doing a lot of private investigation — he knew Qi Long and the others greatly admired Ling Lan, and were the type of sworn brothers that would give their lives for Ling Lan. This put a somewhat sour taste in Ling Xiao's mouth even as he was proud of his daughter. He just kept having the feeling that this bunch of brats were here to steal away his precious daughter ...

The students from Doha were pretty much distributed within the same district. During this registration period, Lin Zhong-qing and Xie Yi had used their own individual abilities to take the opportunity to understand some things within the military academy, such as the distribution of power among the factions as well as the ranking situation.

Students from Doha made up the majority, but they were split up into various factions of different sizes, each unwilling to defer to another. Of these, Zhang Jing-an's faction was the largest, and could be considered the representative of the Doha Central Scout Academy faction. But even so, his faction was still firmly pressed down by three other large factions, unable to budge.

They were respectively the number one faction, the Leiting faction <sup>1</sup>, the number two faction, the Tianji faction <sup>2</sup>, and the number three faction, the Wuji faction <sup>3</sup>.

When they passed on this information to Ling Lan and the others, Qi Long was infuriated, thinking that Zhang Jing-an had disgraced all of the Central Scout Academy. Mind you, every year, the Central Scout Academy was the school which supplied the most number of successful applicants to the First Men's Military Academy in the entire Federation.

Ling Lan and Han Jijyun shared a glance, a trace of understanding in their eyes. Han Jijyun voiced a reminder, "Looks like, Zhang Jing-an will soon be coming to find us." He turned to ask Ling Lan, "Boss Lan, what should we do?" Collaborate or refuse him?

"Let him come!" Ling Lan did not state her stance just yet.

Han Jijyun's eyes glinted, as if understanding something, and he said nothing further. Seeing this, Qi Long and the others cleverly asked no questions. They had long learned that when Boss Lan and Han Jijyun were speaking, they would need to go through several twists to fully understand what was going on, so it would be pointless even if they asked.

Sure enough, just as Ling Lan finished washing up and was lounging on the living room sofa to rest, Zhang Jing-an came to visit. Being able to source Ling Lan's address at such short notice, Zhang Jing-an was still rather capable.

Zhang Jing-an had brought his few team members along; Qi Long had already been instructed by Ling Lan to let them in without giving them any trouble.

Seeing Ling Lan sitting on the sofa, Zhang Jing-an said with a smile, "Ling Lan, seeing that you managed to enrol into our military academy, I am extremely glad!"

At this moment, Zhang Jing-an no longer had any of the dejected air he had had after his failure at the grand armed melee that year. Although his faction was currently being suppressed by the other three major factions, he was still the leader of the fourth ranking faction after all. He appeared spirited, and even with a smiling face and a friendly attitude, he still retained a trace of the prideful air of a superior.

Zhang Jing-an's words and his attitude made a trace of displeasure appear on the faces of Qi Long and the others. They would not allow anyone to disrespect their Boss Lan. Even if Zhang Jing-an was their senior back then, they would not condone it.

Ling Lan only quirked a brow at his words, before pointing at the sofa before her and saying calmly, "Senior Zhang, please sit!"

Since Zhang Jing-an was treating her with the air of a superior, Ling Lan naturally needed to strike back. She immediately treated Zhang Jing-an like a subordinate follower, casually instructing him to sit.

This breezy attitude made the expressions of the team members who had come along with Zhang Jing-an to change. One of them was about to bark out a warning at Ling Lan when Qi Long abruptly swept an icy glare at him, harrumphing loudly.

This loud harrumph reverberated by his ears, and that person felt a jolt in his chest, his blood and vital energies roiling. The cry he had been about to utter seemed to become lodged in his throat, no longer able to come out. His expression changed drastically, and he stared in vacant shock at Qi Long who was standing beside Ling Lan ...

Zhang Jing-an's expression changed as well, his initial haughty manner disappearing to be replaced by a share of grimness. He glanced at Qi Long with a complicated expression, and signalled for that team member to back down.

## **Chapter 226: New Cadet Regiment!**

Zhang Jing-an walked over to sit on the sofa Ling Lan had pointed out. He did not say anything to Ling Lan, instead turning to Qi Long beside her to say with an admiring expression, "Junior Qi Long, you are the valedictorian among the new cadets joining us this year, bringing such glory to our Doha Central Scout Academy! This strength of yours is notable even among the upper ranks of the entire military academy. In future, you will definitely become a central pillar for our Central Scout Academy faction!"

On the surface, Zhang Jing-an was praising Qi Long, but he was in fact trying to plant a thorn in Ling Lan's heart. He wanted her to grow wary of Qi Long and become unable to trust Qi Long fully. Moreover, he also believed that as long as Qi Long was given a chance, with his strong capabilities, he would certainly be unwilling to continue deferring to Ling Lan! Zhang Jing-an believed that, with his abilities, he could definitely convince the simple-minded little Qi Long to join his faction.

Just now, Ling Lan's cold indifference had caused Zhang Jing-an to make the decision to give up on Ling Lan and choose Qi Long. Of course, to get what he wanted, he would need to create trouble between the two to cause Qi Long and Ling Lan to split up. This was also why Zhang Jing-an had praised Qi Long

so highly — he was hoping to kindle Qi Long’s desire for recognition, thus making him dissatisfied with Ling Lan.

However, Zhang Jing-an’s idealistic calculations were destined to fail. As he lauded Qi Long, he carefully observed the changes in Qi Long’s expression, but found that Qi Long did not react at all to his words. This made Zhang Jing-an’s brow furrow, his heart becoming somewhat unsettled.

Ling Lan naturally knew what Zhang Jing-an was aiming for, but she was not at all concerned. She had already intended to push Qi Long up as a leader from the start — it was just that Qi Long was a battle maniac and had no interest whatsoever in this sort of things.

Zhang Jing-an saw the two of them ignoring his words, even sensing some mockery in Ling Lan’s gaze, and could only sulkily stop his attempts at provocation. With stilted laughter, he said, “And Junior Ling Lan, I haven’t seen you for a few years, but you’re still as spirited as ever.” The few years he had spent in the military academy had obviously made Zhang Jing-an more mature and tolerant than when he had been at the scout academy.

Since it looked like Qi Long was a dead end, he had no choice but to pick Ling Lan again. Zhang Jing-an’s intent shifted instantly, returning to his original target.

Ling Lan was expressionless, still retaining her slackface to say coldly, “Many thanks!”

This voice with no trace of warmth made Zhang Jing-an choke for a moment, only managing to squeeze out a smile after a long while. However, the smile still looked rather forced.

It should be said that Zhang Jing-an had not expected Ling Lan to be so discourteous to him, not even bothering with surface niceties. He had initially planned to use their relationship as senior and junior to close the distance between them and then suggest a partnership, but now it looked like this was impossible.

Thus, Zhang Jing-an went straight to the point. “New to the military academy, Junior Ling Lan, you likely still don’t know how the distribution of power is right now in our military academy, right? If you want to pass your days securely in the military academy till you graduate, it won’t do if you don’t understand this.”

Ling Lan quirked a brow and said, “Oh? There’s such a thing?” If there was someone willing to voluntarily explain it to her, she naturally would not reject them. It was never wrong to try and understand things a little better.

“There are many factions of varying sizes within the military academy. There are about ten or so that are strong enough to be ranked, but, there are four strongest factions that stand out from the rest. They are respectively the first faction, Leiting, the second faction, Tianji, the third faction, Wuji, and our Doha Central Academy faction.” At this point, a trace of regret appeared on Zhang Jing-an’s face. “If the people from the other scout academies in Doha were willing to join us, we would never have ended up as the fourth faction. Even if becoming the first or second may be a bit difficult, third place should have been in the bag. Last year when we had a ranking mecha fight with the Wuji faction, we only lost by about 10 points at the end. What a shame ...”

When Zhang Jing-an mentioned the third faction, his tone and demeanour were clearly disgruntled. He lifted his head to look at Ling Lan and said, "However, I believe this year will be different. We can definitely take back the third position. I know there are a full 300 or so new cadets from the Central Scout Academy this year. As long as we unite and work together, even the position of second faction is worth trying for."

At this point in his speech, Zhang Jing-an was overcome with excitement. He could already almost see the glorious scene of him leading the students of the Central Academy faction strutting around the military academy.

However, Ling Lan's response instantly smacked him back into reality. Ling Lan could be heard to say calmly, "Senior Zhang's thinking is very admirable, but I personally dislike fighting and don't want to take part in this sort of thing. As for the other new cadets, Senior Zhang can go and try inviting them personally."

Ling Lan's words almost made Zhang Jing-an spew blood. He stared wide-eyed at Ling Lan, his face a picture of disbelief. What was he saying about disliking to fight ... wasn't this person before him now the one who instigated that horrific grand armed melee back then?

Zhang Jing-an was about to say something when Ling Lan abruptly stood up and said, "It's been a long day. I'm already very tired. Forgive me for not being able to accompany you any further. Please help yourself, Senior Zhang!"

That said, Ling Lan turned and left the dining hall immediately to return to her own room, not giving Zhang Jing-an any chance at all to continue speaking or to try asking her to stay.

Watching as Ling Lan's figure disappeared, Zhang Jing-an's expression shifted slightly. He repressed the rage in his heart, turning his head to look at Qi Long and invited, "Is Junior Qi Long interested to contribute your strength to our Central Academy faction?"

Qi Long yawned widely, and waved his hand in refusal, saying, "We follow Boss Lan. If he's not interested, then we're not interested. Sorry about that, Senior Zhang! It's really too tiring. I too need to rest now. Bye!" So saying, he too left the hall, returning to his own room to rest.

Being outright rejected by the two strongest people in this year's intake from the Central Scout Academy, Zhang Jing-an could not bear to stay any longer. He resentfully said goodbye to Han Jijun and the others and then swiftly made his way out of Ling Lan's villa.

"D\*mmmit, refusing a toast only to drink a forfeit <sup>1</sup> ... does he really think this is still the time for him to have the wind and storm at his beck and call?" The moment he got back to his own villa, Zhang Jing-an flung a teacup from the tea set in his living room savagely against the ground. All the humiliation he had bottled up at Ling Lan's place was finally unleashed at this moment.

"Leader, what do we do next? Do we teach them a lesson?" One of his team members walked close to ask quietly. This was Zhang Jing-an's typical way of handling things — anyone who was unwilling to submit would be harassed by teams till they were forced to submit and joined his faction.

Zhang Jing-an's gaze flashed, a reckless urge rising in his heart to send some people to teach those few damn brats a good lesson. However, he very quickly got a hold of himself, knowing that right now was

not the time. After all, the other new cadets had not joined his faction yet — if the others found out he had taught Ling Lan and his team a lesson just because they would not join him, those new cadets might grow wary and become unwilling to join.

Hmph! Wait till he got all of the new cadets into his fold, then he would most certainly teach them a lesson! Zhang Jing-an's gaze was venomous — till death he would not forget the humiliation he suffered in his final year at the scout academy. He would definitely take revenge for the grudge acquired back then.

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The upper ranks of the other factions soon got wind of the news of Zhang Jing-an's failure. Some of them reacted with contempt, while some reacted with schadenfreude. However, they did not think much of this so-called strongest aberrant of the Central Scout Academy — even though they knew the valedictorian of this year's batch was from the Central Scout Academy, they still were not concerned. This was because there was a valedictorian every year, but the one who could truly become the strongest of the year within the military academy was oftentimes not that valedictorian.

Everyone thought that the Central Scout Academy faction would soon be embroiled in a power struggle between the old and new internal factions, but things were unexpectedly peaceful. Zhang Jing-an did not take any measures, while Ling Lan's side seemed to be focused on their studies, showing no signs of wanting to take power. This made all the various factions somewhat bemused — could it be that Zhang Jing-an could really tolerate this batch of disobedient new cadets?

Meanwhile, it was not that Zhang Jing-an did not want to take action, he just could not. Because he had been continuously trying to invite the other new cadets to join his faction over this period of time, but all he received were rejections. Although Zhang Jing-an had considered trying to force things from the weakest of the new cadets, he found that the bonds among this batch of new cadets were extremely strong. It was all too easy to spark off some unintended effect if he was not careful. This made Zhang Jing-an have no choice but to give up on this avenue of action. He could only tolerate for now and try to think of another way.

Ling Lan was naturally aware of the fact that Zhang Jing-an had been smacking into walls with the new cadets, because Wu Jiong, Li Yingjie, and the other team leaders had discussed this matter with her before.

Ling Lan had stated her decision outright, which was to stay neutral and observe for a year first. After all, their first year was the gruelling physical conditioning; they would not have any energy to participate in this struggle among the factions. When they moved on to the second year and the timing was right, then they could decide whether to join some other faction or create an organization themselves.

Ling Lan's words seemed to give these people direction, so they all decided to temporarily not join any faction either, putting all their focus into completing their training tasks. To prevent Zhang Jing-an and his faction from taking out his anger and frustration on them for not getting what they wanted, they temporarily established a new cadet regiment, supporting each other in their daily movements.

They did not ask for Ling Lan's opinion, directly promoting her as the first regiment commander, with Qi Long as the second regiment commander, Wu Jiong as the third, and Li Yingjie as the fourth. The



position of fifth regiment commander would be filled by the other team leaders in turn to facilitate operations.

Ling Lan only found out about all this after the fact and was rendered extremely speechless! Mind you, she had told them to observe the situation for a year just so they would be able to establish their worth in the eyes of the other factions, and not so they could make their own organisation. Moreover, she did not want to be the first regiment commander of this new cadet regiment ... hells, she really did not want to take on any such responsibility, alright?!

However, Ling Lan's face was currently already at the extreme slackface level, all emotions almost indiscernible from her expression. Thus, no matter how dissatisfied she was with the situation, she could only emanate endless cold air to torment these idiot schoolmates who did not understand her true intentions.

Although Ling Lan's cold aura chilled these new cadets to the bone, every time they passed by Ling Lan and ended up shivering in their boots from this frigid air, they were ever more convinced in their decision: See, how formidable was their first regiment commander! With just one look, he could freeze them in their tracks. Under his lead, they would definitely be able to puff out their chests in pride within the military academy, holding their ground.

Heaven knows who revealed the establishment of the new cadet regiment to the other students from the other scout academies of Doha. These new cadets had experienced the great triumph of taking control of the spaceship under Ling Lan's leadership, and so were already fully convinced of Ling Lan's capabilities. As such, quite a significant number of Doha's new cadets also joined the regiment. Only an extremely small number of new cadets joined the other factions of Doha due to personal reasons.

With that, almost 500 new cadets joined the new cadet regiment. The decently sized organisation, not too big yet not too small, made the other factions step lightly in their oppression. If any major violence occurred, the military academy would step out to enforce punishment on all sides, so that would be disadvantageous to them too. Under these circumstances, the new cadets of the new cadet regiment temporarily obtained the space to exist freely ...

### **Chapter 227: New Cadet District!**

"Requesting login to the virtual world. Requestor: Ling Lan, age 16 years. Requirements for login fulfilled. Please wait a moment!" Logging into the great hall, Ling Lan finally saw this approval notification. This was because Ling Lan had not participated in the barrier-crossing mission when she had been 13 years old, so her true identity could only officially enter the real virtual world after she turned 16 years old.

Of course, Ling Lan was already long familiar with the real virtual world. The only reason she was using her real identity now to login was that Qi Long and the others wanted her to enter the virtual world and join the exciting world of mecha.

Ling Lan's login spot was the camping grounds of the First Men's Military Academy. However, this camping ground was only accessible to cadets; outsiders had no way of entering. There was a mecha

training hall inside the camping grounds itself — as long as one could graduate from the test there, they would be able to enter the mecha world.

The moment she stepped into the mecha training hall, she came to the hall where one chose their beginner mecha. The same handsome soldier stood there as before, along with those three basic mecha. She had just approached when the soldier spoke up to ask, “Recruit, do you want to first understand more about the combat styles of the three mecha, their controls, or do you just want to choose a mecha directly?”

This time, Ling Lan naturally chose to select her mecha immediately. Perhaps out of habit, she actually chose the option of bestial mecha. Before Ling Lan could regret her choice, the soldier waved expansively, and the large spin wheel which had snubbed Ling Lan once appeared before her once more.

Seeing this familiar large spin wheel, Ling Lan could not help but sweatdrop. Tenaciously, she asked, “Can’t I just choose directly?”

“A beginner’s mecha is gifted by the system. So, a beginner has no right to choose the mecha. Which mecha model they get will be determined randomly by this spin wheel. Luck, is also a form of strength. You should anticipate your luck and hope it brings you a strong and powerful mecha!” The soldier was still reciting the same script as before, each word exactly the same.

Ling Lan could not help but direct a middle finger at the sky, full of contempt for the system’s rigidity. Unexpectedly, this action of hers actually caused the soldier’s expression to turn stern and he issued a warning, “The recruit behaves disrespectfully to the soldier. Luck value deducted by 100!”

Ling Lan almost spewed blood — the system was truly brutal.

Eagerly, Little Four asked quietly within the mindscape, “Boss, do you want me to erase this punishment?”

Ling Lan immediately stopped Little Four. After all, she was using her true identity to login. Who knew whether this area was being monitored, or if there would be some record left behind of the proceedings? Besides, it was only her luck value that was being deducted. At most, when she was choosing a mecha, her luck would be bad enough to end up with a most terrible mecha. With her current abilities, even the worst mecha would not have its battle power reduced by much.

After consoling Little Four, Ling Lan resolutely spun the large spin wheel. In her mind, she was thinking — with such low luck value this time, she should not obtain a rabbit mecha again, right? It should be known that that rabbit was still one of the newer mecha developed by the Federation, so its combat power was actually above average.

So thinking, Ling Lan heard a ‘poof’. Colourful confetti swirled before her eyes, and an extremely adorable giant rabbit abruptly appeared before her ...

D\*mmmit, why was it still a rabbit?! Wasn’t it said that the rabbit was one of the newer models to be developed by the Federation, only able to be drawn if one’s luck was great? Ling Lan still remembered what the soldier had said back when she had first drawn the rabbit — he had smiled and commended her for her luck. Today, her luck had dropped by 100, and she still drew the rabbit? What the hell was this?

The soldier saw the rabbit mecha appear, and his face revealed a smile filled with schadenfreude. “Congratulations, recruit, on obtaining our Federation’s newest rabbit mecha model.” He raised his hand to pass the remote control for the rabbit mecha to Ling Lan.

At this moment, Ling Lan really wanted to slap herself a few times — *why did you have to choose bestial mecha, why did you have to even think of rabbit, now reality has really conjured it up ...* with a bitter expression, she accepted the remote control. D\*mmmit, she really did not want to meet up with Qi Long and the others controlling a rabbit mecha!

Just imagine it ... a cold-faced unsmiling youth, operating an adorable rabbit mecha, and when the rabbit mecha paused, it would even nibble every once in a while on a carrot ... Oh my god! She felt completely unwell, almost being able to imagine how Qi Long and the others would be bowled over with laughter ...

But to change to a new mecha, one needed a massive amount of points. Moreover, the points of the mecha training hall were extremely difficult to accumulate — the points needed to switch to a new mecha required a long period of foundational control training to gather, and right now, what Ling Lan lacked most was time. Qi Long and the others were waiting for her in the mecha world — she needed to enter as soon as possible to meet up with them.

She might as well go to the mecha world and take part in the mecha arena fights. As long as she did not lose, it was relatively easy to collect points there to redeem a higher level mecha in the shortest period of time! Ling Lan decided that she would not contact Qi Long and the others right away after she entered the mecha world. Let her switch her mecha first.

Ling Lan boarded her rabbit mecha and immediately chose to take the assessment. With regards to mecha, the mecha she was most familiar with was most likely the rabbit mecha. The moment the controls were in hand, Ling Lan instantly found her groove, controlling the rabbit mecha just as if it were an extension of her limbs.

In order not to reveal too much, Ling Lan suppressed her hand speed, slowing things down by a full three brackets. Still, even so, her final results were good enough to place her within the top ten. Ling Lan decisively chose to remain anonymous; she did not want to be targeted by unknown enemies.

The assessment ended, and the same phrase popped up — do you want to graduate and leave — and this time, Ling Lan naturally chose yes.

The screen of her mecha turned white, and when the image stabilised once more, she was already in another world. Ling Lan knew that this was the mecha world. Ling Lan had been here before. However, at the time she had not taken a close look before logging off, in a hurry to return to the learning space to assimilate the insights she had gained during the assessment. After that, she had not used that fake identity to log in again, so she was unclear on the situation in the mecha world.

The scene depicted on the screen was that of a desolate wasteland, as if the world had been through armageddon. There were overturned buildings and crumbling walls — ruins everywhere without a person in sight.

At this time, a block of text emerged on the mecha’s screen. “Welcome to the mecha world. Your login number is SH291786907R9. We recommend you personalise your username.”

Heh, this number was really very long. It was clear to see just how many people there were in the mecha world. They could be professional mecha operators from the military, or they could be simple mecha enthusiasts, or perhaps mecha experts from the general public ...

Ling Lan knew that the serial number was not suitable for interaction. She needed to pick a name that would be easy to recall and easy for her companions to use in conversation. Of course, this name needed to carry the words 'Lingtian <sup>1</sup>', because Qi Long that punk had chosen to name their team as the Lingtian Battle Clan <sup>2</sup> ... this fearless fellow — naming the team so arrogantly, drawing hate.

Ling Lan randomly chose [ Lingtian First-String <sup>3</sup> ]. Surprisingly, it was accepted straightaway — this truly made her doubt whether her luck had truly been docked by 100 <sup>4</sup> ... Or maybe her luck was currently already nature-defying, so it would not matter no matter how much it was deducted?

Ling Lan shook her head uncomprehendingly and decisively threw aside her doubts. She began to browse through the indicated missions on her screen. Right now, she was standing in the wasteland area which all newbies needed to challenge. There would definitely be some hint here telling you where the nearest town where humans gathered was. You would be able to leave if you found the hint, but if you couldn't, you would be stuck here forever. Even if you died, you would still be revived here in this wasteland.

Many newbies would be stuck here for quite a long while. For one, it cultivated the observational skills of the newbies, and secondly, it would also polish the newbies' mecha control. Before they reached a certain standard, they would not be allowed to enter the true mecha world.

This was because even if they managed to enter the mecha world before their skills were up to snuff, they would still end up being bullied and kicked around, and not be able to improve. There were many newbies who used shortcuts to enter the mecha world, and then voluntarily withdrew due to being unable to progress further, losing the courage to operate mecha in the end.

Ling Lan randomly chose a direction and began walking. Here, it was wasteland on all four sides. The first direction chosen would obviously be just trying one's luck, so Ling Lan did not bother wasting brain cells over it.

After swiftly disposing of two waves of mutated rodents, Ling Lan found a hint. It looked like the path to the human town was underground, but it was unfortunately taken over by a large swarm of mutated rodents. To leave this place, she would need to clear out the entire batch of mutated rodents.

According to the average newbie's abilities, a newbie would have to wait until more people gathered here on this map to form teams and collaborate. But who was Ling Lan? Even if she had been given the rabbit mecha which was best at acting cute, this task posed no difficulty for her. She naturally would not choose to wait, immediately controlling her rabbit mecha to invade the underground tunnel.

Right at that moment, a humanoid mecha just happened to log onto this space. He had just appeared when he saw a large rabbit nibbling on a carrot hopping merrily into the underground tunnel. He was about to yell out for the other to stop, but found that the other had already disappeared ...

"That's just asking for it! The rabbit mecha is one of the mecha with the least fighting power. Can one person overcome the overwhelming swarm of mutated rodents?" The humanoid mecha operator shook

his head, prepared to wait for the other to revive and then get him to wait together for more teammates.

Three minutes went by, and the rabbit mecha still had not appeared at the revival area. The humanoid mecha exclaimed in surprise, “He’s unexpectedly capable, actually holding out for so long ...”

Five minutes went by, and still the revival area was still and silent. The humanoid mecha began to frown — could it be the other had become afraid and chosen not to revive?

Ten minutes went by, and still there was no sign of the rabbit mecha’s reviving figure. The humanoid mecha began to fidget — what in the world had happened?

When twenty minutes had passed and the rabbit mecha still had not revived. The humanoid mecha could hold back no longer, “If I die, I die. I need to see what has happened ...”

Decision made, the humanoid mecha moved to dash into the underground tunnel. The moment he entered, he saw the ground littered with the corpses of mutated rodents. Zooming in on the image of the dead rodents, he could immediately see that all the rodents had been killed with one strike, never requiring a second blow. Each strike had been clean and efficient, as if having been calculated by a computer. Not a share of energy wasted, not a share of energy less than what was needed.

“What amazing attack skills!” The humanoid mecha sped up, and the further in he went, the more corpses of mutated rodents he found. By the time he got to the centre point, the corpses of the mutated rodents were stacked in towering heaps. In these numbers, even though he knew they were just dead carcasses, the humanoid mecha could not help but feel mentally creeped out ...

### **Chapter 228: The Adorkable Rabbit Mecha!**

“This definitely isn’t something a newbie can do. Who the heck is he? Who exactly is the operator of that rabbit mecha?” The humanoid mecha was currently overcome with shock and awe, beginning to guess at the other’s background.

Right then, something stirred abruptly behind the humanoid mecha.

“Squeak squeak squeak ...” These sounds were transmitted from a distance. Although they were extremely soft, the powerful sound systems of the mecha had still captured them accurately.

These were the cries of the mutated rodents! The humanoid mecha operator’s face paled drastically, and he shouted, “Not good! It’s time for the mutated rodents to respawn ... run!”

The humanoid mecha knew without having to think about it that the road he had taken to come here was certainly already blocked off. His only option was to speed up and move forwards for any hope of survival. If he was luckier, he might even be able to break past the newbie area and enter the human town.

The humanoid mecha decisively revved his engines to the max, zooming forwards speedily ...

The sounds behind him were getting increasingly louder — the chaotic cacophony from behind him proved that there were countless mutated rodents on his tail. Sweat poured in a steady stream from the forehead of the humanoid mecha operator, flowing down into his eyes.

Real sweat carried the taste of salt, and the mecha world faithfully reflected this — the operator felt his eyes stinging from his sweat. However, he did not dare to wipe them away nor to even blink, afraid that any slight pause or hesitation would allow the endless swarm of mutated rodents behind him to chase up to him, making him end up as their gourmet meal ...

The mutated rodents in the wastelands were extremely powerful — their claws and teeth were their weapons, easily tearing through the metallic outer shells of mecha. Such a vast amount of mutated rodents behind him would be able to consume him entirely in an instant. Thus, the moment he was surrounded, there would be practically no hope of survival — death would be certain ...

The mecha's screen suddenly indicated that there was a signal coming from ahead, a distance of about 100 metres. Was it the exit? Hope flared in the humanoid mecha operator's eyes. He kicked his mecha's engines up another notch — in other words, the mecha's engines were currently operating beyond capacity. But for the sake of living on, this was a natural choice.

80 metres, 50 metres ... there was a turn up ahead — what was that flashing light? Could it be a portal?

The humanoid mecha operator's eyes were filled with hope. As long as he could charge through this portal, he would be able to enter the human town and leave this newbie wasteland behind. He must do his best now!

30 metres ... success was in sight! The humanoid mecha operator's face was filled with joy. He had never expected that he would be able to leave the newbie area so quickly. Perhaps he would break the record, becoming the fastest recruit to break through into the human town?

At this moment, a violent 'bang' suddenly rang out in this eerie and silent underground tunnel. The humanoid mecha operator felt his mecha being struck forcefully by an external force, his initially swiftly flying mecha being thrown off course by this collision ...

No, he could not fail like this! The humanoid mecha operator's expression was twisted in a fearsome rictus as he desperately tried to stabilise the mecha's body. Still, his mecha finally fell to the ground, and with a trip, it stumblingly continued to run forwards. There were only 10 metres left — he just needed another 3 seconds, no, just 1 second would do, and he would be able to leave this horrific underground tunnel behind ...

However, the time he yearned for was not bestowed by the heavens. Another loud sound of collision rang out — he was hit by a second attack. Yet another mutated rodent had slammed into him viciously, and the attack this time threw the humanoid mecha completely off-balance. It was sent flying to fall right before the portal ...

Just one more metre and he would be able to touch the portal, but unfortunately he would no longer have the chance ... the endless swarm of mutated rodents behind him leapt on him without mercy, submerging the humanoid mecha, and then the cruel sounds of crunching teeth filled the tunnel ...

No! The mecha operator looked despairingly at the portal right before his eyes ... and then his screen turned black. This was because the mutated rodents had fully covered all his cameras with their bodies. An instant later, he received an alert — do you choose to revive? Fearing that the operators would suffer mental trauma from the various sufferings before death, the system by default would set the effect from pain and death to zero in the mecha world.

The operator grimaced and pressed the button to confirm. When the mecha's screen lighted up once more, he had already been returned to the revival point of the wastelands. The humanoid mecha operator was currently extremely frustrated and regretful. If he had only entered the tunnel a minute earlier, no, if he had only entered a second earlier, or perhaps had not stopped to look at those rodent bodies, choosing to run at full speed, he would not be here right now. Instead, he would be in the human town district, truly entering the exciting world of the mecha world ...

The chance only came once; it was gone if you missed it. Now, to get through the newbie area, he could only wait for more companions to cooperate with him to fight through the tunnel.

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Ling Lan, who had already arrived at the human town could not know that such a thing had happened behind her, that a humanoid mecha operator had almost managed to sweep past the newbie area by riding on her coattails. Right now, she had just received a system notification telling her that she had broken the record for being the fastest to enter the human town. The system asked her whether to publish her name or remain anonymous, and Ling Lan naturally chose to remain anonymous. Still, she scorned the mecha world system for being miserly, not even awarding a prize for breaking the record ...

She looked over a map and found the mecha combat challenge hall. Unexpectedly, when she requested entry, she was denied because she did not have enough points, thus not even having the right to enter to spectate in the challenge hall ...

Only then did Ling Lan realise that the minimum requirement to enter the mecha challenge hall was 10 points. Every time you entered the hall, whether or not you spectated, you would be deducted 10 points. This was an absolutely tyrannical rule!

As for taking part in a mecha challenge, even the most basic level trainee mecha challenge fight would require 1000 points. In short, for Ling Lan to enter and make a successful challenge, it was impossible without at least 1010 points.

Ling Lan glanced at her personal information. In the column tallying her points, a large '0' stared back at her. Right now, she had absolutely no hope of entering the challenge hall; her main priority now was to find a way to quickly accumulate these 1010 points.

Frankly, Ling Lan was only in these dire straits because she had not gone through foundational training. As long as one took things step by step and completed the set series of foundational training till they passed, and if they did not use any points to redeem other types of mecha, 1000 points were basically a confirmed thing. Every newbie would have accumulated that much by going through the normal process. If anything was to blame, it was what an oddball Ling Lan was. Having already been through foundational training long ago, she of course would not go through it again, which was why she did not have this basic point accumulation.

*“What should I do now? How can I get these points as soon as possible?”* Thinking deeply, Ling Lan reflexively set the rabbit mecha into preset control mode. The rabbit mecha was thus seen to sit in place, nibbling on the carrot in its front paws as its head twitched.

This cute and adorkable appearance turned the heads of all the mecha passing by. Several female mecha operators were even stunned into stopping, eagerly watching the extremely adorkable rabbit mecha. Some desire even stirred in their hearts to maybe try and redeem a similar rabbit mecha for themselves.

Ling Lan was oblivious to the fact that she had become the focus of attention. Right then, she was asking Little Four, “Little Four, have you found the relevant data?” Whenever Ling Lan was at a loss, the all-capable Little Four would be brought into play.

“Boss, I’ve found it! There’s a mission hall here where you can accept missions. Once you complete the missions, you will be able to get a certain amount of points.” Little Four was very reliable, very quickly finding a course of action.

“What kinds of missions are there? Which of them will give me more points, and are more suitable for me to do?” Ling Lan continued to ask.

“The missions include the standard system missions, special missions, limited-time missions, as well as player-assigned missions. The standard missions from the system tend to be more troublesome and take more time, but are pretty easy. However, the points they give are also relatively little. They are more appropriate for beginner level recruits for practice. As for the system special missions, that would depend on the mission you accept. Sometimes the points awarded will be very high, but there are also times where the points awarded can’t even compare to that of the standard missions. For the limited-time missions, things are unclear. It seems to be associated with luck. If your luck is good, you’ll get more points, while if you’re unlucky, you may even get no points for your effort. As for player-assigned missions, they are typically harder and more difficult to complete. In contrast though, they tend to give much more points than those missions provided by the system. Most strong players will choose this type of missions.”

Listening to Little Four’s explanation, Ling Lan first eliminated standard missions and limited-time missions from her consideration. Like Little Four said, standard missions required too much time for little gain, which made them unsuitable for her situation of needing to accumulate 1010 points in a short amount of time. Meanwhile, limited-time missions required particular levels of luck, and she had just had 100 points deducted off her luck value. Who knew if her final point gain would be influenced because of that?

Right now, the missions that suited her purpose were only the system’s special missions and the player-assigned missions. Ling Lan could only hope that her luck was better, that she would be able to find a high point mission that could be completed quickly. Er, why did this seem to have something to do with luck again?

Having decided, Ling Lan operated her rabbit mecha to go to the mission hall. She did not know that a video of her rabbit mecha had already been recorded by some busybody and uploaded to the shared highlights of the mecha world, letting everyone know that an extremely adorkable rabbit mecha had shown up in the remote Three-Seas Town <sup>1</sup> ...



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Somewhere else in the mecha world, in the extremely lively and bustling large plaza of Dunhuang City <sup>2</sup>, two humanoid mecha were currently patiently waiting for their other teammates to gather. The blue-white humanoid advanced mecha suddenly cackled audibly, causing the equally advanced red mecha beside him to jump in fright. He could not help but speak up to ask, “Zhao Jun, why are you laughing so creepily?”

“I’m laughing that someone who loves rabbit mecha as much as you has finally appeared in the mecha world. Of course, he’s even more ostentatious than you are, directly operating a rabbit mecha into the mecha world ...” cackled Zhao Jun.

“What’s so strange about that? Don’t all recruits have a certain probability of drawing a rabbit mecha?” asked the red mecha.

“But when they enter the mecha world, 99% of rabbit mecha users would definitely change their mecha into some other type of mecha. There are almost none who can persist and keep using a rabbit mecha,” said Zhao Jun, “Of course, I’ve also not seen someone with a rabbit mecha complex quite like you<sup>3</sup>. Even the core mecha in your mecha space has been set to a rabbit mecha ...”

### **Chapter 229: Accepting a Mission!**

Every time this notion popped into Zhao Jun’s mind, he would find himself extremely baffled. It should be known that one’s core mecha should be the strongest mecha among all the mecha one possessed. Yet, his good friend, Li Lanfeng, went against the grain, choosing the weakest rabbit mecha as his core mecha. What hidden charisma did the rabbit mecha have? Enough to cause Li Lanfeng to be so fond of it, to the extent that he would do such an insane thing?

In response to his good friend’s questions, Li Lanfeng was as unforthcoming as usual.

Zhao Jun was already used to it by this point, and so did not really expect Li Lanfeng to suddenly have a fit of kindness and tell him his thoughts. He casually continued to say, “Lanfeng, that rabbit mecha operator’s abilities seem to be pretty good. Even in standby mode, he has set the rabbit mecha to rest in an extremely cute manner. Twitching its head and nibbling on a carrot, very interesting!”

Li Lanfeng jerked. “What?”

Zhao Jun sad, “Huh?”

“What did you just say?” Li Lanfeng did not seem to have heard what Zhao Jun had to say clearly, asking him to repeat himself.

Zhao Jun racked his brains to think back on what he had said, and then offered somewhat uncertainly, “About that rabbit mecha being interesting? How its standby action is to twitch its head and nibble a carrot?” Was this what he had said earlier?

Li Lanfeng only responded to this after a long while. “That is indeed very interesting!”

Zhao Jun glanced dubiously at Li Lanfeng. His good friend's voice sounded a little hoarse — could it be that he had caught a cold from enjoying the breeze with him last night? Zhao Jun suddenly felt guilty. If he had not been so restless, he would not have pulled Li Lanfeng along with him to the top of the high tower to enjoy the night breeze.

Li Lanfeng did not know what Zhao Jun was thinking. Inside his mecha's cockpit, his gaze became unfathomable, as if he were recalling something.

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At this moment, Ling Lan had long arrived at the mission hall, and was currently resting with her eyes closed. Of course, she was not killing time — it was just that there was already a diligent little worker Little Four helping her sift through the hundreds and thousands of available missions to pick those most suited for her. Leaving Little Four to it was clearly much more professional and efficient than if she were to do it herself.

Like right now, it had only been 30 seconds when Little Four's smug voice rang out within her mindspace. "Boss, I've found it."

"What do you have?" said Ling Lan with an approving expression as she stroked Little Four's head.

Little Four was all smiles as he basked in his boss's affection, replying, "There is only one player-assigned mission, while there are three special missions from the system. They all suit us very well, and don't seem to require much time or effort. Of course, the points given are also not bad." With a wave of his hand, a sheet of white paper appeared in Little Four's hand, which he then passed to Ling Lan. Little Four felt that the information was too detailed to explain clearly, so he decided to just use text to display what he had found.

Ling Lan accepted the paper and saw the following written on it:

*Special System Mission:*

*1) Find the missing 'starlight conversion power core' of Three-Seas Town, allowing Three-Seas Town to possess night-time defensive ability! Reward — 1 mecha starlight conversion power core (equipment adapted for mecha use); 500 points.*

*2) One week later, Three-Seas Town shall be the target of a coordinated attack by the mutated beasts of the wildlands. The mayor of Three-Seas Town received the news, and in order to save the town, he has requested you, warrior, to bring a letter to the mayor of Suncreed City<sup>1</sup>, in hopes that the other can send some elite troops to come and help defend the town ... Reward — 1 Supreme Frost Moon Battle Sword (equippable back weapon for mecha); 200 points.*

*3) On the only road between Three-Seas Town and Suncreed City, a horde of mutated savage beasts have appeared. Three-Seas Town has issued a generous bounty for their elimination! Reward — 1 low-level mecha evolution stone (adds a certain degree of success when modifying lower mecha); 1 high-performance beam gun (equippable right-hand weapon for mecha); 200 points.*

*Player-assigned Mission:*

*An advanced mecha warrior requested to escort the client safely inside Suncreed City. Completion reward: 1 mecha repair toolkit (perfectly repairs any mecha below advanced mecha level once); 1 application of emergency repair (temporarily restores an intermediate mecha with damage of 60% and above back to perfect condition, time duration 1 minute! If used when damage level is below 60%, condition is only restored by 35%! Percentage of restoration will decrease in correlation with lowered damage levels); 200 points.*

Ling Lan flicked a finger at the paper and said, “Your meaning is to accept all four missions together?” 1100 points in total — that would cover the minimum requirement of 1010 points for the mecha challenge hall.

“Yes,” replied Little Four decisively.

“Why? The second and third system’s special missions and the player-assigned mission do seem related, so it makes sense to accept them together. But the first system mission ... I just can’t see how it relates to the other missions.” commented Ling Lan with a frown.

Little Four chuckled gleefully, “Other people might of course not know the secret behind this, but who am I? A large-scale search is indeed very difficult, but this small-scale search is no trouble for me. The starlight conversion power core is actually in the main nest of the savage beasts. We should just pick it up along the way and bring it together to the mayor of Three-Seas Town to collect the reward.”

Ling Lan cuffed Little Four lightly on the back of his head, “Smart aleck, accept them all then.”

Little Four said smugly, “I’ve already done so! I was afraid if I waited, someone else would take them first.”

Looking at Little Four’s ‘praise me, praise me!’ expression, Ling Lan could not help but sweatdrop. This little brat was beginning to get too full of himself again — this called for some discipline ... and so, she fiercely pinched Little Four’s chubby little cheeks.

Over Little Four’s cries for mercy, Ling Lan asked, “How do we contact that player?”

Little Four escaped from Ling Lan’s demon fingers with great difficulty, and rubbing his brutalised cheeks mournfully, he said, “He will contact us on his own.”

Right at that moment, the A.I. of Ling Lan’s mecha suddenly sounded an alert. [No Mecha Unrepaired] requesting communications, YES or NO?

Little Four hurriedly shouted, “That’s him!”

Ling Lan pressed the button to accept, and instantly heard a feeble voice say, “Excuse me, are you the one who accepted my mission?”

Ling Lan said calmly, “Yes!”

“This mission is to Suncreed City. The savage beasts there are very powerful; it’s impossible to pass if you’re not an advanced mecha warrior. I would like to ask, are you an advanced mecha warrior?” The other did not seem to have a lot of confidence in Ling Lan, and could not help but give a warning.

“Since I accepted your mission, I will definitely send you to your destination. You don’t have to worry.” Ling Lan looked at the rabbit mecha representing trainee status and her face was dark. This mecha truly did not have much persuasive power.

The other seemed to glean Ling Lan’s connotation from her words, and so said, “Then I’m afraid I can’t give you this mission. A while earlier, three intermediate mecha warriors accepted this mission together, and still they did not manage to pass ...” As if thinking of something, he added, “The more people are involved in this mission, the more savage beasts there are, which makes it even harder. Trying to power through with sheer numbers is useless in the mecha world; individual ability is all that matters here.”

Hearing this, Little Four immediately said, *“Boss, do you want me to help you create an illusion, making your mecha look like an advanced mecha to the other party?”*

The corner of Ling Lan’s lips quirked. *“No need. I will use my strength to prove that this mission is mine to complete.”* Glancing at Little Four, Ling Lan reminded once more, *“Little Four, you must remember, right now I am using my real identity. So, anything involving the outside world cannot be manipulated. Don’t let anyone discover your existence.”*

Startled, Little Four quickly nodded his head and said, *“Understood, Boss!”*

Ling Lan ruffled his hair and said, *“You must be careful with your actions in the future. I cannot lose you, Little Four!”* The emphasised concern in her tone made Little Four’s eyes turn red. He hurriedly nodded emphatically, mentally reminding himself not to let his boss worry anymore. Boo hoo hoo, so this is what Boss’s care and concern was like. There was a sweet and sour feeling in his heart, but he was energised by it! No, he couldn’t take it anymore, his core chip seemed to be a little overheated ...

Ling Lan did not sense Little Four’s reaction to her words. Currently, all her attention was on [No Mecha Unrepaired] as she responded coolly, “Even for advanced mecha warriors, if their control skills are not up to par, they still will not be able to complete the mission. Besides, to find an advanced mecha warrior in this Three-Seas Town is most likely very difficult.” Along the way, Ling Lan had observed that this area was basically a mecca for trainee mecha and lower mecha; there were very few intermediate mecha, and as for advanced mecha, Ling Lan had not seen even one.

Ling Lan’s words made the other choke, because what Ling Lan said was the truth. Setting aside the question of whether advanced mecha warriors would appear in Three-Seas Town, just looking at the reward the client was offering, he would not be able to attract any advanced mecha. He could only hope for an advanced mecha who just happened to be on his way to Suncreed City to accept his mission as a matter of convenience. He could never have imagined that Ling Lan was in fact accepting his mission precisely because it was conveniently along her way for her other missions ...

“Instead of waiting indefinitely for an unknown possibility, you might as well take a gamble on me. Of course, you can first take a look at my combat ability. If you still think it’s no good, it won’t be too late to reject me then,” Ling Lan continued to say.

Ling Lan’s suggestion convinced the other, who replied, “What you say makes sense. Let me see your combat ability first then. If it’s fine, I’ll give this assignment to you. Let’s do this, let’s meet at the town’s western gate.”

Ling Lan naturally agreed to this. It was necessary to pass through the western gate of the town on the way to Suncreed City anyway, so the other's suggestion would not waste too much of either of their time.

However, Ling Lan did not let Little Four go just because of this. She rapped Little Four sharply on the back of his head, causing Little Four to look at her in confusion, unsure why Boss was hitting him for no reason again.

"This doesn't count as troublesome? A waste of time?" Ling Lan threw an icy glare at Little Four, scaring him so much that he could only bow his head timidly, muttering in a small voice only he could hear, "Isn't this because you, Boss, are unwilling to let me manipulate things ..." His final thought that this was all Ling Lan's own fault remained unsaid, as no matter what, Little Four would not dare to give voice to it, only able to forcefully swallow it back into his gullet.

With a 'whack', Little Four's head was given another firm cuff. Tears bloomed from Little Four's two eyes, and he glanced at Ling Lan in complaint. *Boo hoo hoo, Boss, why are you bullying me again?*

"It's my own fault?" said Ling Lan with a half-smile as she stared at Little Four. That stare made Little Four's entire body feel cold — how had he forgotten that his and Boss's minds were connected? Even if he did not voice that thought, Boss would still know about it ...

Little Four was indeed very shameless; he immediately said with an innocent look, "Boss, never, definitely not, you must have heard wrong. No, no, no, sensed wrong!" Feeling as if this was not persuasive enough, Little Four suddenly said with an enlightened expression, "Ah ... it must definitely be an invasion of an unidentified virus! Little Four must go kill the virus! Boss, Little Four has to go handle things now ..." That said, he ran away with a whoosh.

### **Chapter 230: The Open Secret of the Military Academy!**

"This Little Four is really becoming more and more daring!" Ling Lan once again confirmed that this intelligence entity of the learning space was definitely an oddball, acting in all ways exactly like a real child. He had displayed all kinds of emotions and behaviours, including playing mischievous tricks and shirking from his responsibilities.

Ling Lan piloted her mecha to the western gate of the town. The western gate had slightly less traffic than the other gates, because this was the beginning of the pathway to Suncreed City. It should be known that even if the path to Suncreed City was cleared by someone, it would only take one day for the savage beasts inhabiting it to respawn and repopulate it. Most notably, those savage beasts were truly too formidable — anyone below advanced mecha warrior status just had no hope of passing through, so this was considered the hardest road to take during the newbie period.

Ling Lan's rabbit mecha laid there nibbling on its carrot, twitching its head. Its adorable appearance drew significant attention again, though that attention very quickly subsided as well. After all, in the end, a mecha's worth still depended on its capabilities. Aside from a portion of women who would be sold by the sheer cuteness, men would just toss a curious glance or two at it and then cast it to the back of their minds <sup>1</sup>.

Very soon, Ling Lan saw a humanoid mecha appear at the western gate, looking around left and right. She thus knew that this person should be [No Mecha Unrepaired], and so operated her mecha to hop over to the other. This sudden movement seemed to startle the other, as the other reflexively went into a defensive stance. It was clear to see that this mecha operator's reaction time was not bad.

"[No Mecha Unrepaired]?" asked Ling Lan in the public comms channel.

"[Lingtian First-String]?" The other's tone of disbelief clearly showed how disappointed he was in the appearance of Ling Lan's mecha.

"Yes!" replied Ling Lan.

"Sorry, but I have to go now!" [No Mecha Unrepaired]'s voice was tinged with anger — he felt that he had been played. He immediately turned his mecha around to leave, but found a carrot-shaped sword held up before his mecha.

"We agreed that you would take a look at my combat ability. I do not wish for someone to violate the agreement." Ling Lan's voice was extremely cold. For some unknown reason, [No Mecha Unrepaired] actually felt a chill penetrate into his heart.

"Hn?" This questioning sound of Ling Lan's carried a hint of a threat, though she was internally sweatdropping. For the sake of points, she was actually in the process of threatening someone now ... where had her morals gone?

"Fine!" Without thinking about it, [No Mecha Unrepaired] agreed. As a genius mecha modifier, he was very well-versed in mecha controls. He had turned around so swiftly, but in the same period of time, the other had been able to take two steps forwards and bring up a weapon to block him. Based on that operation alone, he could sense that the other's skills could not be weak. This was one of the reasons why he had capitulated so easily; of course, he would never admit that he had been scared into changing his mind.

"This road leading to Suncreed City has a lot of savage beasts along the way. Of course, the savage beasts closer to the western gate are not as fearsome as those deeper along the path. As we move ahead, we will see the first wave of savage beasts. If you can obtain my acknowledgement, I will give the mission to you," said [No Mecha Unrepaired], "Of course, if you can't satisfy me, I will not continue on with you."

"Okay!" Ling Lan agreed to [No Mecha Unrepaired]'s conditions. "But, you need to keep up with my speed, otherwise I won't bother with you." Ling Lan did not wish to have to divide her attention to protect him while she was fighting. Ling Lan's thoughts went like this — if the other could not even protect himself while she blocked off a majority of the savage beasts, she would rather give up the mission than help him. Ling Lan felt that if he was not skilled enough, he might as well continue training in Three-Seas Town, waiting to become strong enough before travelling out into the greater world outside.

"Alright!" [No Mecha Unrepaired] peered at this rabbit mecha before him and replied.

The two mecha flew rapidly towards Suncreed City. There were several mecha operators around who recognised [No Mecha Unrepaired]; some of them quickly turned on their communicators and shared their latest discovery with their friends.

” Extra, extra <sup>2</sup> ! I just saw [No Mecha Unrepaired] challenging the road to Suncreed with a rabbit trainee mecha.”

”Tch, this fellow still hasn’t given up? Didn’t he die enough last time to scare him off?”

”He’s really keeping worse and worse company now, actually trying it with a trainee mecha this time. I bet that he will die halfway through again.” This was a voice filled with schadenfreude.

”Who asked him not to join the Thunder King Faction? Serves him right to be stuck hanging around Three-Seas Town! I heard that the Thunder King has already put out the word that no one is to help him. Weren’t there three outsider punks who accepted his mission a few days back? It was lucky that their team was wiped out on the mission, otherwise those three punks would have been wiped out by the Thunder King’s men anyway.” This was a student from the First Men’s Military Academy. Only someone from the First Men’s Military Academy would understand the conflict between [No Mecha Unrepaired] and the Thunder King.

”Hey, where do you think that rabbit mecha is from? Actually courting death by accepting the mission?” asked another First Men’s Military Academy student.

”He’s most definitely not from our First Men’s Military Academy, or else how would he dare to accept that mission? At the military academy, this is already an open secret. Even the new cadets of this year would have been warned by the older cadets,” replied another First Men’s Military Academy student, “Only those new cadets from the other military academies might not know about this and dare to take the mission. However, once they are taught a lesson a few times, these newcomers will probably not accept [No Mecha Unrepaired]’s mission anymore.”

”Say, do you think the Thunder King will make a move this time?” Even more military academy cadets joined the conversation to ask curiously. It turned out that the channel they had been using to chat was the channel exclusive to the military academies.

”Do you think they can pass the Suncreed passage mission?” someone shot back, “If they can’t pass, why would the Thunder King act? Still, it’s possible he might punish them after the fact.”

”That rabbit is really too unlucky. New to the mecha world, and already clashing with the Thunder King.” Someone began feeling sorry for that extremely adorable rabbit.

”This rabbit is still considered fortunate. At most being punished in the mecha world would not do him any real harm. If he were a First Men’s Military Academy cadet, then that would truly be called terrible. The Thunder King will definitely not let anyone who disobeys him go free.” In the First Men’s Military Academy, the Thunder King was the undisputed one of a kind king. His strength was formidable and his faction was strong — even the leaders of the second and third factions did not dare to oppose him openly.

“Have you all heard? This year’s new cadets are pretty wild, actually forming their own new cadet regiment, unwilling to join any other factions. Is the Thunder King and the others just gonna leave them be?” Someone suddenly brought up this question.

“These new cadets may be having the time of their lives now, but they’ll have lots to cry about later. The Thunder King does not have time now to bother with these trivial things. He’s in Closed Door Meditation right now. Once he is done, he will be the first 4th year of our military academy to ascend to ace operator! At that time, you think the Thunder King will let these new cadets do as they like, breaking the order of the academy?” This speaker was most likely from the Thunder King Faction; his news was extremely up-to-date.

“So that’s how it is!” The comms channel was filled with sighs of admiration. Someone could be heard to mutter, “I wonder if the Thunder King Faction is still accepting people ...”

The informant said haughtily, “To enter the Thunder King Faction, the minimum requirement is to be at intermediate mecha warrior level. Once you all achieve that, perhaps I can put in a word for you all.”

“Alright! I’ll add you as a friend. You must follow through and help me out in the future, okay?” The people in the channel all became excited, all speaking up to request a friend slot with the informant. If they could really join the Thunder King Faction, it would be pretty much guaranteed that they would be able to strut around on campus without worry for their remaining six years at the First Men’s Military Academy.

“Hehe, no problem ...” The informant did not expect that he would become so popular just by revealing a little bit of news about the Thunder King. In his mind, he once again praised himself for the amazingly accurate decision of joining the Thunder King Faction back then.

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Ling Lan and [No Mecha Unrepaired] had no idea that after their departure, those mecha operators who recognised [No Mecha Unrepaired] would spread the word of their meetup. They were currently fully focused on getting as fast as they could to the closest savage beast territory from the western gate.

Very quickly, they had arrived at the location. Observing the teeming horde of white-furred animals with crimson eyes before them, Ling Lan’s brow twitched involuntarily, “Rabbits?” Godd\*mmit, asking her rabbit to kill rabbits? Why did this seem so comedic no matter how you looked at it?

[No Mecha Unrepaired] did not seem to sense anything wrong with the scene, replying seriously, “Yes. Don’t underestimate them. These mutated rabbits are very terrifying. Their teeth and claws are their killing tools, but what’s even more frightening is their kicking power, fully capable of killing lower level mecha instantly ...” That said, he cast a worried look at Ling Lan. The other was just a trainee mecha rabbit. If by any chance he was killed in the very first second of attacking, that would be too pitiful ... [No Mecha Unrepaired] could not help but add on kindly, “If you think it’s impossible, why don’t we just go back?”

Ling Lan’s rabbit mecha removed the carrot from its mouth with its front claws. She then said coldly, “Give me two minutes!”



Although it really would not take that long for her to kill off all these rabbits, Ling Lan did not want to reveal the full extent of her capabilities before someone unfamiliar. Thus, she had extended the time needed to 4 times what she actually needed.

Then, Ling Lan controlled the rabbit mecha to spring powerfully off its hind legs, and the entire rabbit mecha flew towards the horde of mutated rabbits ...

“Ah, you can’t do it that way ...!” Seeing the rabbit mecha’s actions, [No Mecha Unrepaired]’s expression paled dramatically as he gave a mournful cry. Once the ground began to shudder violently, the rabbits of the entire area would be drawn over — at that time, even an advanced mecha might lose his life easily if he weren’t careful. This was yet another reason why the path to Suncreed was so hard to get through.

[No Mecha Unrepaired] quickly operated his mecha to flee the scene, running up to 100 metres away before turning back tremulously to peek back at Ling Lan. And then, he was flabbergasted by what he saw.

Ling Lan controlled her rabbit mecha to swing the carrot-shaped sword in its hand around in a deadly dance. Each and every rabbit that leapt at her was sent flying with one strike, where they then laid still, never getting up again.

[No Mecha Unrepaired] quickly halted his mecha and zoomed in on the image on his mecha’s screen. The rabbits on the ground had all had their chests pierced clear through, dying instantly.

In his utter stupefaction, [No Mecha Unrepaired] shifted his screen back to focus on the battling Ling Lan. Only then did he see how casual and easy every move of Ling Lan’s seemed; never once did that red carrot strike air. One time, he saw the other control the rabbit mecha to stomp heavily on the ground, sending the entire mecha up into the air. Then, with a whirlwind gyration of its body, all the mutated rabbits leaping at it had been swept away. That scene was just as if a peerless ultimate master rabbit had come to terrorize a bunch of harmless and puny rabbits who did not know how to fight ...