1 Month To Doomsday But I Awakened Before That

Chapter 29: Who Else Has the Skill to Fly a Plane?

Translator: EndlessFantasy Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy Translation

The "Nine Dragon Hot Spring Hotel" was the highest star-rated hotel in the city.

Various conference rooms were provided as many important meetings were held here.

Su Chen parked his car at the parking lot in front of the hotel.

High-end hotels were really different.

The cars in the parking lot all cost millions.

Su Chen's car was slightly inferior in comparison.

Anyway, Su Chen took a look around.

This hotel was built at the foot of a mountain.

It was surrounded by greenery and there was a lake nearby. The scenery was beautiful.

Indeed, this hotel was worthy of five stars.

As soon as Su Chen entered the hotel lobby, he saw a big poster.

[Summary report of the archaeological work in Ramakan Desert - Qin Dabing.]

Su Chen followed the sign.

Soon, he arrived at the second floor where the lecture was being held.

People were already leaving the hall one after another.

It was obvious that Professor Qin had finished his lecture.

Luckily, Su Chen still had some time left.

Professor Qin should not have left yet.

As he looked around the corner, Su Chen saw a middle-aged man standing near the door.

He approached him and the man was undeniably Professor Qin Dabing.

Although Professor Qin was wearing glasses, his features were barely concealed.

He looked very similar to the middle-aged man that Su Chen had seen in the steamed bun shop.

They were about the same height, had the same face shape, and same eyes.

Even the position of their dimples was the same.

At the moment, only Professor Qin was left in the lecture hall.

He was anxiously talking to someone on the phone.

His forehead was covered in sweat.

Su Chen wondered why he was so nervous.

"The sandstorm will pass tomorrow. There won't be any danger. By the way, the deposit to rent a plane was paid. We're setting off tomorrow. You have to come!"

Professor Qin was practically pleading.

"If there was another way, I wouldn't waste my time talking with you. Not just anyone would be willing to fly a plane to that desert. We spent a lot of money to hire you because you're experienced. Please, be the pilot for this trip. Everything is ready. I've even announced that I'll be going there to do scientific research again."

Professor Qin said helplessly.

"Our domestic and foreign counterparts have high hopes for me. They're all waiting for another report of the Ramakan Desert."

"Professor Qin, see you next week!"

A person said as he walked past Professor Qin.

This made the professor even more anxious.

"You're seriously not going?!"

This time, Professor Qin sounded a little angry.

"I told you, the sandstorm will pass tomorrow. Everything's fine!"

...

Professor Qin continued to speak a little longer on the phone.

In the end, he said, "Alright."

Then, he hung up the phone while looking dejected.

Su Chen could tell from Professor Qin's expression that the other party probably did not agree to his request.

Based on his conversation, Professor Qin was probably going to the desert tomorrow since he was arranging it.

It most likely had something to do with the sunken ship.

The person on the end of the phone was a pilot that the professor had hired for this expedition.

However, he got scared of the sandstorm and refused to go in the end.

Thus, Professor Qin was in a dilemma

He had spread the news of the expedition to the entire industry.

Unfortunately, the highly-paid pilot quit at the last minute.

Professor Qin had landed himself in hot water.

It was very difficult to find another experienced pilot in such a short time.

Furthermore, most people would be put off by the sandstorm.

Needless to say, Su Chen was the best candidate for this task.

After all, he had obtained top-notch piloting skills from saving a crashing plane.

In other words, he had the qualifications even though he never tested out his skill before.

Su Chen trusted the system.

His skill would not fail him.

Meanwhile, Professor Qin was about to leave the lecture hall while looking depressed.

"Professor Qin, can I have a word with you?"

Su Qin called out.

This stunned the professor.

He turned around and saw the tall and dashing young man.

"I'm busy right now. If you have any questions, I'll answer them another time."

Professor Qin said impatiently.

He thought Su Chen was a student from Beiping University and was too frustrated to entertain him.

"Professor Qin, I'm sorry. I overheard your conversation just now. I want to tell you that I have experience and can be your pilot."

Su Chen said firmly as he looked into the professor's eyes.

Professor Qin could not believe what he had just heard.

His eyes widened.

"Young man, I'm not in the mood to joke."

"I'm not joking. This is my phone number. If you have made up your mind, just give me a call."

Su Chen handed a card to the professor.

His name and phone number were written on it.

Professor Qin took the card and read it.

"Su Chen?"

He was confused.

Then, he looked at the young man again.

It did not look like he was joking at all.

Professor Qin did not say anything. He put away the card and left the lecture hall.

Su Chen followed suit and drove back to the city.

He stopped at a store downtown to buy some gears that were needed to explore a desert.

'Professor Qin will definitely call me tonight!'

Chapter 30: The Call That Came as Promised

Translator: EndlessFantasy Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy Translation

Su Chen was in the largest grocery store in the city.

There were not many people around due to the sandstorm.

So, the store was rather spacious and looked deserted.

The walls were hung with all sorts of outdoor clothing.

There were also two tents on display.

A few employees were chatting among themselves.

One of them saw Su Chen walk in.

However, he did not show much enthusiasm and only glanced at him.

Then, he continued chatting.

Su Chen looked at the equipment in the shop and began thinking.

'I need a small shovel to dig the sand and some proper clothing.'

Although Su Chen had the protective suit, he needed to wear something normal over it.

He also needed a pair of new shoes and a tent, since he would probably end up spending a night in the desert.

While Su Chen was silently thinking about what to buy, three strong men entered the store.

One of them was a burly man with a dragon tattoo on his hand.

He shouted, "Boss, we want to buy some equipment. Give us the best!"

His voice was so loud that it shocked the employees.

The man appeared to be very imposing, so the employees dared not be negligent and quickly surrounded him.

"Sir, what do you want to buy? Clothes or tools?"

One of them asked in a clear tone.

"We're going to the desert! I don't know what we need. I'll let you guys handle it."

"We want the best, money is not a problem!" said another man who was relatively shorter.

This man looked ordinary and he was equally loud.

Su Chen looked at them indifferently. He was not in a hurry, so he let them choose their equipment first.

Since they were also going to the desert, Su Chen could roughly guess their purpose.

It was probably related to the gold in the sunken ship.

Besides, there was currently a sandstorm.

Normally, people would stay indoors.

Why else would they take the risk? It was all for money.

This was nothing unusual.

Although the government tried to prevent the news from spreading, it could not be completely stopped.

If Su Chen had to guess, the middle-aged man's companion at the steamed bun shop probably could not keep his mouth shut.

He definitely told a lot of people about the three thousand and six hundred tons of gold in the sunken ship.

Of course, after telling everyone, he would add, "Don't tell anyone, I only told you because we're close."

Just like that, this piece of news spread like wildfire.

The national secret was out.

"Why are you going to the desert? There's currently a sandstorm."

The employee asked as he did not know anything.

All three of the strong men looked at each other and smiled.

"To make a fortune."

The employee still did not understand, but he dared not ask further.

Anyway, the three strong men continued to talk among themselves.

They looked extremely happy. It was as if they had already found the gold.

Once they bought their equipment, they left the shop.

Finally, the place was quiet again.

Su Chen approached the employee and clearly listed out the items he wanted to buy.

Once he got everything, Su Chen paid the bill and left.

At the same time, he heard the employee muttering softly from behind.

"Why are they all buying desert equipment?"

"Don't pry into others' affairs!"

Another employee retorted.

Then, the two of them laughed loudly.

Su Chen returned to the hotel with a bunch of things.

The hotel receptionist watched with a shocked expression as he entered the elevator.

Meanwhile, Professor Qin was occupied at his home.

He used all his connections and resources to look for a pilot that would fly him to the desert tomorrow.

"Old Wang, help me look for a pilot. I need to go to the Ramakan Desert tomorrow!"

Professor Qin called his friend.

"Ramakan Desert? Old Qin, that place is too dangerous. I'll ask around, but I can't guarantee anything. You're giving me too little time."

"Li Chu, you know a lot of pilots. Please help me. Anyone will suffice."

"Director Wang, you have a lot of connections. Do you know anyone who can fly a plane?"

...

Time passed.

No matter how hard he tried, he always got rejected.

Either the pilots were afraid of the sandstorm or it was too short notice.

Nothing would line up.

Suddenly, Professor Qin remembered something.

The young man he met at the lecture hall earlier!

Thinking back, he did look pretty sincere.

Perhaps he could ask him.

Professor Qin found the card Su Chen gave him.

He looked at it and pondered.

'Maybe I can ask him to go to the airport tomorrow and test his flying skills first.

'The airport is also filled with professional pilots. They can help me judge his abilities.

'If nothing goes wrong, then we can head to the Ramakan Desert.'

Professor Qin had no other choice.

"Ring! Ring!"

Just as Su Chen was about to eat, his phone rang.

An unfamiliar local number was calling.

A faint smile appeared on his face.

It was most likely Professor Qin.

He picked up the call.

"Hello! Is it Professor Qin?"

Professor Qin was stunned for a moment.

He did not give his number to the young man.

How did he know it was him?

"Yes. Mr. Su, how are you? I'm Qin Dabing. We met earlier today. I called to ask about something. Is it true that you're willing to fly a plane to the desert?"

"Of course. It's not a problem."

Su Chen replied calmly.

"Okay. Let's meet at the north-south airport at 10 a.m. tomorrow. Bring your equipment. If possible, we'll set off to the Ramakan Desert."

Professor Qin sounded really anxious.

Su Chen could tell from the other end of the phone.

Nonetheless, he was filled with joy and relief.

Before Professor Qin hung up the call, he hastily added, "I'll send you the coordinates later. See you tomorrow morning, Mr. Su!"

The call ended.

Shortly after, Professor Qin sent the coordinates.

Su Chen took a look.

Supposedly, they were headed to the middle of the desert.

'This should be the location of the sunken ship.'

Su Chen went online and checked the surrounding environment. He wanted to be well prepared.

Then, he packed his equipment and went to bed early.

Tomorrow morning, he would set off to the north-south airport...