

# **It's Not Easy to Be a Man After Travelling to the Future**

## **#Chapter 11 - Read It's Not Easy to Be a Man After Travelling to the Future Chapter 11**

Chapter 11: Learning System Activated!

That afternoon, on the Planet of Doha, in the chief's office in the logistics headquarters of the first military regiment of the Federation, a young officer was reporting to the Chief of Central Logistics on the urgent news delivered today.

"Chief, it has been confirmed that there is nothing wrong with Doctor Mu's report. The reports of the six mecha pilot escorts match up with his report perfectly," reported the young officer, flipping through the notes in his hands as he stood respectfully facing his seated superior.

Behind the desk flipping through another set of notes sat an energetic middle-aged General. He nodded as he listened, before asking, "How many people know about this?"

The young officer paused for a moment, stunned by the unexpected question, but he quickly recovered and answered, "Chief, this matter was handled by me personally. Other than my assistant and I, and those directly involved, no one else in the military is aware of the details."

"Very good. Designate the information on Major General Ling Xiao's inheritor as S-class — those below the rank of general are not allowed to access it. Also, put out a gag order for those who already know of the matter. As for the follow-up on that inheritor, let the same group of men be in charge of it."

"Yes! Chief." The young officer saluted and left the office with his orders.

Alone in the now empty office, the middle-aged General sighed softly, "Ling Xiao, this is all I can do for your child. Hopefully he doesn't attract the attention of anyone else in the military."

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Ling Lan was very lucky. Completely unbeknownst to her, a certain someone had taken special care to protect her so that she would not be controlled by the military and be forced to become a fighting machine. What this gave her was time — precious time to grow up and enjoy her childhood.

However, at this moment, Ling Lan had no thought to spare for how the military wanted to treat her. Although she had been worried that her unusual absorption rate would attract the military's attention, after ten peaceful days of nothing happening, she had put it out of her mind and moved on to do other things.

She had always been an optimistic girl, which was why she had managed to survive twenty-four years of unbearable pain with her sanity intact.

Of course, another reason why Ling Lan had put away her concerns about the military so quickly was the fact her attention had been drawn away by some wonderful news.

Early this morning, Little Four had announced, with great aplomb, that she was now qualified to access the learning mind-space.

In Little Four's mind-space, a spacious circular hall was Ling Lan's entry point. Surrounding her were a circle of tightly sealed doors. Ling Lan had tried to open some of them, but every single one had been shut tight, and would not budge no matter what she did.

After Little Four had had his fun watching her make a fool of herself, he had explained that the doors would not open until she met specific learning requirements. As for the details of those requirements, Little Four refused to say and had given her no hint at all.

However, Ling Lan still had a good guess that the requirements had to do with her physical fitness, as Little Four had reminded her more than once to work hard on her training.

Knowing that this was not up to chance, Ling Lan suppressed her burgeoning curiosity and settled down to focus on her regular training. This would not only aid her in her quest to eliminate the hidden threat to her health, but it might also provide her with the key to accessing the materials hidden behind the doors of Little Four's learning space.

In truth, Ling Lan was only approaching this matter with such urgency because she was completely bored out of her mind. Every day she just lay in bed, eating and sleeping, sleeping and eating ... or else she was playing on her own. These days as a baby were just too boring to endure. Even when she had been bedridden in her past life, she had at least been able to go online and surf the net to relieve her boredom, or perhaps even read some novels or whatnot ...

Of course, the other reason why Ling Lan was feeling suffocated was that her mom was being extra vigilant in fears that her secret would be exposed. Her mom did not even dare to take her outside, much less take her visiting. As a result, Ling Lan had unfortunately spent the seven months since she had been born in only three places — this bedroom, the grand hall, and the balcony — giving her no chance to truly observe this strange new world.

Just when Ling Lan thought that she was going to go crazy from boredom, Little Four showed up with the good news, making her so happy she could cry.

And so Ling Lan was on her best behaviour today. After being fed by her mother, she did not fuss to be taken outside as usual, but instead quickly went to sleep (which was in fact entering into the mind-space created by Little Four).

This time, when Ling Lan entered the mind-space, she noticed that the space had changed a little since she had last been there. This little change was a great source of joy to Ling Lan.

Among the many tightly sealed doors, one door was shining with an eye-catching red light. On the surface of the door, two large Chinese words could be seen — Physical Skills!

By her side, Little Four explained, “I have updated the language system so that it now uses your current writing system and verbal language, so you won’t have any trouble understanding it.”

Ling Lan was so touched by this that she pulled Little Four over and gave him a quick kiss on the cheek in gratitude.

Little Four blushed, turning completely red, and starting to mumble bashfully, “Don’t think you can win me over by being nice! I, Little Four, am an upstanding being, I will never go against my principles no matter what ...”

Oh, Little Four. As you’re saying this, can you not wriggle your butt around? And while we’re at it, the corners of your lips are quirked a little too high, aren’t they...? His words had no credibility whatsoever.

Ling Lan did not notice Little Four’s mumbling — all her attention had been taken up by the door before her. She slowly walked up to the door and gave it a good shove, and the door swung open.

Ling Lan did not hesitate. She walked right in, and the open door slammed shut behind her.

Suddenly, the room went dark. Ling Lan was shocked by this sudden turn of events, and shouted out, “Little Four, where are you?”

Little Four’s voice did not ring out through the darkness. All was silent around her, and the room was as dark as before. The eerie combination of darkness and silence caused Ling Lan’s heart to pound violently, but she fought the instinctual terror and stood still, deciding to wait it out. She had faith that Little Four would never harm her.

Ling Lan did not know how long she waited, for in the dark silence, time stretched endlessly, making the wait feel much longer than it really was. After a while, the cloistered darkness made Ling Lan recall her time as a fetus, and her rapid heartbeat started slowing gradually until it returned to normal. She shut her eyes and tried to remember how it felt to be within her mother's body, and was suffused with a tranquil calmness. Her fear and anxiety faded, and she entered a semi-conscious semi-dreamlike state ...

After an indeterminate amount of time, Ling Lan abruptly sensed that the dark world around her had become awash with light. She squinted at the sudden brightness, and slowly surfaced from the depths of her inner calm.

As her eyesight adjusted to the light, Ling Lan found that she was standing in an open square. The area was as large as a football field, no, even larger. Ling Lan felt very small in this wide expanse of space.

Right then, a slightly mechanical voice spoke tonelessly from behind her, "Psychological resilience [SSS] rank. Highest level of physical skill training authorised."

Apparently, the beginning was just another test. The system had been evaluating her psychological resilience based on her reaction — if she had reacted too badly, the system would have kicked her out and made her try again another time. On the other hand, if she did well enough to pass, the system would assign a ranking based on her score, which would be used to determine what level of training she'd be subjected to.

Of course, even if Ling Lan's performance was terrible, the system would still have allowed her to start learning the most basic level of physical skill training eventually, but her training would have been inevitably delayed. It should be noted that the earlier a contractor can learn the skills available in the mind-space, the better — which is why the Mandora star system chose to have newborn babes bound to these learning devices.

Still, what the child can accomplish in the end is also dependent on his innate qualities. A heaven-blessed genius would be able to achieve much more by completing the courses provided by the learning system, becoming more and more outstanding, while a mediocre talent may just while away in mediocrity ... if the learning system is activated too late, the difference in levels would be impossible to bridge.

Undeniably, Ling Lan had the great advantage of having two lives worth of experience, netting her the highest psychological resilience ranking of [SSS] from the system at first try. But we should also remember to shed a tear for Ling Lan — true to its name, the highest level of physical skill training was not an easy course to master ... it looked like Ling Lan would soon be living a miserable life of being tormented by the system.

Ling Lan spun her head around to look for the source of the sudden voice and saw a uniformed male soldier standing there, eyes cold as he observed her.

Don't ask Ling Lan how she knew the man was a soldier — it was a gut feeling. Ling Lan felt as if he were an unsheathed sword, sharp and precise, and she found it difficult to breathe just from being under the pressure of his gaze.

## Chapter 12: Tests Could Be Anywhere

Ling Lan gulped silently and tried to remain calm as she asked, "Will you be teaching me physical skills?" Ling Lan was extremely interested in learning these skills. In her previous life she had been mostly confined to a bed, but now that she had a healthy body, she wanted to learn as much as could so that this great body of hers was not wasted.

The man remained expressionless, replying flatly, "No, I am just here to introduce the skill paths you may choose."

Ling Lan exhaled in relief yet couldn't help but feel a little disappointed. Although facing the man was extremely stressful, like a mountain pressing upon her making it hard to breathe, this also meant that he was very formidable. If he had been her teacher, she would certainly have benefitted greatly.

The man paid no mind to Ling Lan's conflicted feelings, but continued by introducing himself. "You may call me Number One."

Number One? Was that a codename? Could it be that in this learning space, all the instructors had no names but only went by codenames? Was it because names were unnecessary? Or was there some other reason?

Number One continued, "As follows, I will introduce the options you have under the highest level of physical skills training. There are three sets — the Offensive Series, the Balanced Series, and the Defensive Series."

Ling Lan listened very attentively as this choice would affect her entire life. She could not afford to be careless.

"The Offensive Series, as its name implies, will cover the physical skills necessary in building a foundation for forceful offensive attacks. The Balanced Series will cover foundational physical skills suitable for a mixture of offence and defence, while the Defensive Series will focus on defence. Each contractor may only choose one set to practise." Number One seemed satisfied with Ling Lan's serious attitude as he further explained, "These three foundation physical skill sets cannot be practised simultaneously, or else the body will be greatly damaged."

Ling Lan was startled — she had indeed been considering the ambitious idea of learning more than one set, and she had not expected Number One to see through her intentions and warn her. Gratefully, she said, "Thank you, Instructor Number One!"

Although Number One had said that he would not be her instructor, Ling Lan sincerely felt that Number One was strong enough to be anyone's instructor, and thus deserved the title.

Number One seemed a little taken aback by Ling Lan's manner of address, but quickly brushed it off. In his usual flat tone, he asked, "Which set will you pick?"

Ling Lan considered the three sets. Honestly, Ling Lan was drawn towards the Balanced Series — since it covered both offence and defence, this meant that the set had no obvious weaknesses, while the other two sets had very distinct advantages and disadvantages. Ling Lan did not plan to become a master practitioner, but only wanted to strengthen her body. Just as she was about to answer, a flash of inspiration caused her to say instead, "Instructor Number One, I would like to hear your recommendation. Which set would work best for me?"

Number One's gaze turned sharp — his focused gaze was like a dagger flying straight at her, but Ling Lan's face still held a neutral smile, as if she felt none of Number One's rage.

The two of them stared at each other. The pressure coming from Number One grew heavier and heavier. Though Ling Lan still looked calm on the surface, she was already quaking in her bones. She desperately encouraged herself to hang in there, telling herself that she just needed to hold on a little bit longer.

Finally, Ling Lan prevailed. Number One dialled back his killer gaze, and an almost indiscernible smile flitted across his face. Ling Lan's heart settled — she knew she had made the right choice.

As expected, Number One gave her his recommendation. "I recommend you choose the Defensive Series!"

In truth, the presence of Number One was not so simple as to just introduce the sets to the contractors. He was actually another one of the examiners. From his very first sentence, he had begun misleading the contractors, giving contractors the false impression that they were free to choose any of the three physical skill sets he described.

Of course, once a contractor had chosen, Number One would also allow said contractor to practise that set of physical skills. The problem was, had the contractor really chosen the set that was suitable for him?

In the first place, the learning devices had been designed to nurture excellence in outstanding talents. Although this lucky shot-in-the-dark method of choosing could still result in several prodigies, it did not fit in with the original intentions of the learning devices ...

As such, the only valid explanation was that this was all still a test. A test which assessed the observational skills and logical reasoning of the contractors. Anyone with a little smarts would have noticed — did a simple introduction of the physical skill sets really require the presence of such a formidable instructor as Number One? This was obviously illogical.

Naturally, Ling Lan wasn't that smart. She had not noticed this little logical flaw, but had in fact been truly fooled. However, she was very clear on one point, and that was that Number One was very strong. Moreover, she believed that no one knew the pros and cons of the three physical skill sets better than Number One. And since there was such an impressive instructor right in front of her, wouldn't it be a waste not to ask him for some advice?

Thus, Ling Lan decided to ask Number One at that crucial moment. In this almost accidental manner, Ling Lan stumbled her way past another test. It had to be said that Ling Lan was really very lucky.

Since Number One had given his recommendation, Ling Lan naturally did not presume to think she could choose any better, and she quickly selected the Defensive Series of physical skills to learn.

Once Ling Lan verbally acknowledged her selection of the Defensive Series, the scenery in front of Ling Lan's eyes changed. At this point, Number One had disappeared, and the person in front of her was now a delicate-looking female soldier. The soldier smiled and said, "Hello. For this period of time, I shall be responsible for your training. You may call me Number Nine!"

This self-proclaimed Number Nine female soldier had a rather slim figure and did not possess the strong aura and thick sense of bloodshed that Number One did. Her strength was of a more introverted type — the description 'still as a statue, movement as a wild hare' 1 described her perfectly.

Ling Lan believed that, in a fight, this female warrior would probably be able to defeat a hulking brute with just one move. She called out respectfully, "Instructor Number Nine, please take care of me."

Number Nine did not say anything more but immediately started doing several stretching exercises, indicating for Ling Lan to repeat them after her.

Ling Lan found that although these few moves seemed easy, they were actually not. They stretched each part of the human body to its extreme, with the clear purpose of increasing the body's flexibility. These moves had some similarity with the popular yoga from 10000 years ago, giving Ling Lan a strange sense of déjà vu.

This set of moves had a total of nine stances. After Number Nine performed them three times, she noticed that Ling Lan had memorized all of them. Without giving Ling Lan

any chance for questions, she sent Ling Lan's consciousness back to the main study hall with a flick of her finger.

Ling Lan was struck dizzy by the unexpected blow. She wrapped her hands around her head and squatted, staying still as she waited for the dizziness to pass. As it slowly faded, she found that Little Four, who had been out here waiting for all this time, had worried himself sick over her. He was spinning in circles around her, trying to see if she was alright.

"I'm fine, Little Four. Just a little tired. I need to go out and rest a little." Ling Lan squeezed out a smile with some effort to reassure Little Four. She felt as if her spiritual and mental energy had been drained, and was so tired that she just really wanted to sleep.

She quickly said goodbye to Little Four, returned to her physical body, and fell into a deep sleep, for real this time.

Dead to the world, Ling Lan did not know that the anxious Little Four secretly used his energy to help Ling Lan activate her Qi circulation. He did so over and over again until her Qi started circulating on its own. Only then did Little Four stop and keep away his energy.

After doing this, Little Four's image in the learning space became much dimmer ...

### Chapter 13: Car or Plane?

Recently, Lan Luofeng had been mired in a conflicted sense of joy. These days, her baby was no longer visiting the sandman every time she wasn't eating.

However, before she could be happy about that for long, her conflict began — her baby had somehow become fascinated with a strange curled position.

Now, there was nothing wrong with the curled position ... but whenever she saw her baby's two little feet used as bolsters hugged between her little hands against her little head, Lan Luofeng couldn't help but twitch internally and feel a phantom pain in her bones — this position was definitely not something her old bones could achieve.

If it wasn't for the fact that Ling Lan was smiling like an idiot the whole time, so she knew that the position was not difficult at all for babies, she really would have rescued those little feet from those plump little hands.

Luckily Ling Lan did not know what Lan Luofeng was thinking about, or else she would have burst out in tears. This position was not as easy as her mum thought it was. Even for a baby's body, getting into this position was not an easy feat. Sadder still, this was just the easiest first stance — the following eight stances were even more difficult, with

each consecutive stance being harder than the stance before it. Right now, Ling Lan really had no idea whether she could really complete learning the nine stances within a year.

She recalled Instructor Number Nine's warning. If she could not master the nine stances in a year, there would be punishment. Of course, to balance it out, if she finished learning the stances within the time limit, there would be a reward — the earlier she finished before the deadline, the better the reward.

In the mind-space, Ling Lan had felt that doing the nine stances was pretty easy, and so had been surprised when Instructor Number Nine had given her a one year deadline. She had arrogantly believed then that she would be able to accomplish the task within a month. Now, she finally realised that she had underestimated the courses of the learning space ... they were truly insane.

Actually, the difficulty was not in getting into the position itself, but rather in achieving perfect accuracy. Each and every muscular curvature and angle must be pin-point precise. These few days, Ling Lan had been practising the first stance over and over again, but she still hadn't been able to achieve the most accurate position in one move. Rather, she had to slowly tweak her position to get it right. This did not fulfil her instructor's expectations, which was to get into the most accurate position within one second.

However, Ling Lan was not anxious. She continued her routine of practising the curled position with her physical body when awake, and practising with her spiritual self in the mind-space when asleep. Although practising in the mind-space had no direct impact on her body, it allowed her to hone her intuition — in other words, it gave her the ability to assess whether she had achieved the ideal position within a split second.

Where there's a will, there's a way. After over two months, just as she was about to turn nine-months old, she managed to achieve the state where her body would react the second her will moved. Within the blink of an eye, she could get into the ideal position. This officially marked Ling Lan's mastery of the first stance.

Just as Ling Lan was about to happily begin practising the second stance, some wonderful news brought a halt to Ling Lan's practice. Her mother had finally decided to be charitable and take her out for a day of shopping ...

In reality, rich and noble families with deep foundations like the Ling family would usually have a chamberlain to handle everything within the household. As the mistress, Lan Luofeng had no need whatsoever to go out to purchase anything personally. However, Lan Luofeng felt that since Ling Lan had already started to recognise people and notice objects, it was necessary for her to go out so she could explore more of her surroundings.

Although Chamberlain Ling Qin felt that the outing was still a little too premature, he would never go against Lan Luofeng's decisions, and so had quickly made the appropriate arrangements.

As a result, Ling Lan stepped out of the house for the first time to see what the world 10000 years later was like.

Over the grand hall and out the door, Ling Lan was immediately greeted by a refreshing scent. A large expanse of grass appeared before her eyes ...

That's right, outside the front door wasn't a marble staircase as Ling Lan half-expected, or even a wide and solid cement road — instead, there was a whole field of verdant grass stretching out into the distance. Ling Lan actually couldn't see the end of it, which just went to show how large the field really was. How large really was her family home?

Ling Lan didn't even have time to get over her awe before a car flew in from a distance. That's right, flew. This thing was like a car yet unlike a car. Its design was very much like the roadsters of Ling Lan's time. There was no one inside the vehicle, and the two seats were such that one was in front of the other. There was no steering wheel, and there were no such things as wheels below it, just a flat surface.

Could this be an unmanned car or plane? Please forgive Ling Lan for her uncertain phrasing — she was unsure what to call the vehicle although she was instinctively leaning towards it being a car.

That thing was hovering in the air, about 3 metres off the ground, but as it got closer to Ling Lan's group, the vehicle descended lower and lower. By the time it stopped in front of Ling Lan, its height had dropped to just 50 centimetres above the ground, a convenient height for embarking and disembarking.

The car doors opened automatically, greatly surprising an unprepared Ling Lan. Lan Luofeng and Ling Qin's attention was currently not on Ling Lan however, so they did not notice Ling Lan's strange change of expression.

"Mistress, please get into the car!" said Ling Qin respectfully.

Into the car? Bingo! 10000 years later, the common transportation vehicle was still the car, so Ling Lan did not have to worry that she would say something wrong by accident in the future.

Holding Ling Lan in her arms, Lan Luofeng moved directly to the back seat, while Ling Qin sat in the front seat.

Ling Qin ordered, "Ling-Zero-Seven 1, enter fully-sealed mode."

A synthesised voice rang out immediately in response, “Order acknowledged by Ling-Zero-Seven.” Following this, the four doors swung shut and a transparent cover appeared to close over the previously open top section, turning the vehicle into a fully-sealed car. (At this very moment, within the mind-space, a napping Little Four was jolted awake. It felt like a brother was close by ...)

The synthesised voice soon rang out again, “Please select your destination.”

This time Ling Qin did not answer, but turned back to look inquiringly at Lan Luofeng. After some thought, for safety reasons, Lan Luofeng decided to go to a classic commercial building which only catered to qualified members.

After receiving the destination, the transport vehicle Ling-Zero-Seven was soon off. Perhaps it was due to the fact that the car was hovering, but there was almost no sense of movement. If it weren't for the fact that the scenery outside was speeding by, Ling Lan would have thought that she was only enclosed in a small room.

The car gradually arrived at the busy city centre, giving Ling Lan the first glimpse of traffic. Ling Lan saw many other similar cars driving around theirs. At first, she had thought that all the cars drove at the same height, but in reality, this was not the case. On the same vertical axis, Ling Lan saw four different cars flying in the same direction at different heights, moving together at the same pace.

Ling Lan was awed yet puzzled by this. She wondered how these cars calibrated their heights — were they not afraid of accidents happening?

Her doubt was quickly cleared up, however, when Ling-Zero-Seven said, “Hover car on a collision course detected. Current distance 3 kilometres. Adjustment signal sent ...”

It looked like the hover cars operated under a central program and also had to possess a certain level of intelligence — enough for them to discover problems pre-emptively, and to take preventive action to avoid collisions.

As expected, Ling-Zero-Seven's next words showed that the two cars had arrived at an agreement. “Descending one metre! Time for descent will be in three seconds, please watch out.”

In three seconds, their hover car really descended one metre, while the approaching hover car ascended by over a metre. Just like that, the two cars brushed by each other, and the distance between the two cars when they had shifted tracks ...

Well. Ling Lan's little heart had skipped a beat — that was too goddamn close! Had there even been 10 centimetres between the two cars?!

However, looking at the calm and unconcerned faces of her mother and Chamberlain Ling Qin, Ling Lan knew that this distance must be pretty normal here. It looked like she still had some adapting to do.

#### Chapter 14: Fear of Heights is a Big Problem

When the hover car entered a sprawling city, Ling Lan could see towering skyscrapers and other tall buildings all around her, making her feel like she was truly in a future world. Almost every level of every building had parking spaces, and Ling Lan saw numerous hover cars hanging by the various levels of the tall buildings as they travelled. The sight made her think of Christmas trees, decorated with baubles, uniquely interesting. It couldn't be helped since those hover cars came in all colours of the rainbow, vibrant and eye-catching.

Very quickly, Ling Lan had arrived at her destination. Ling-Zero-Seven paused for a moment in mid-air as it requested landing approval from their target building. The response came quickly, telling them to park at Area B Number 77–9.

The hover car started circling the building until it arrived at a particular section. Then, it started rising, up and up for an unknown number of levels, before finally touching down on an empty landing spot.

After Ling-Zero-Seven had finished parking properly, the car doors once again swung open on their own. As Lan Luofeng stepped out of the car, bending over slightly in the process, Ling Lan got a glimpse of the floor beneath her mother's feet ... and then, tragedy!

The floor was entirely transparent — one could see everything below it. And just like that, Ling Lan grew dizzy and light-headed.

Dammit, so she was afraid of heights! Since she had been bedridden from a young age, for most of her life, she had never known she had this fatal weakness.

Ling Lan could almost cry — she was starting to think that coming to the future was a terrible thing. On the way here from home, she had noticed that almost all the buildings in this world basically consisted of 100 levels or more ... Furthermore, the main mode of transportation here seemed to be the hover car, which could freely travel up to several hundred metres into the air. All this just proved that she would never be able to escape from heights in this life.

Ling Lan was tormented ... how was she supposed to live? Ignorant of Ling Lan's plight, Lan Luofeng brought her into the building and walked into a transparent viewing elevator.

As for what happened next, not surprisingly, Ling Lan fainted dramatically. Er ... I mean, fell asleep. Well, at least that's what her mum Lan Luofeng believed, totally missing the tears clinging to Ling Lan's eyelashes.

Now, even if she did notice them, she would have just thought that those tears were the result of her baby's sleepiness. Look, don't they just make her eyes sparkle in such an adorable way?

Ling Lan did not know how long she had fainted ... eh-hm, slept, before she was woken up by a screeching sound. Opening her still somewhat blurry eyes, she saw a rampaging female dragon spitting out indiscriminate fire.

"Lan Luofeng, you think you still have the right to show up here?" The yelling woman was still quite pretty, but that affected peacock-like attitude was rather unbecoming, making her lose all sense of class.

Ling Lan categorised her as an unsavoury character with one glance. She had no tolerance for anyone who scorned her mother.

Still, Ling Lan was a little curious. Till now, she had not seen a single ugly person — everyone had at least looked decent. Ling Lan guessed that this future world was probably technologically advanced enough ... enough that a person's features could be calibrated while within the womb?

Uh, Ling Lan, what do you think foetuses are? Programs or machines? Calibrated indeed ...

Ling Lan only found out later that, quite simply, although it did have something to do with technology as Ling Lan had guessed, the changes weren't made before birth, but after. Anyone whose appearance did not fit within certain beauty parameters could choose to use beauty correction agents to fix their appearance. Although that sounded impressive, it was basically the same principle as cosmetic surgery, just more technologically advanced so everything could be handled via injections without the need to go under a knife.

Of course, this did not preclude the existence of extremists, who for the sake of greater beauty beyond regular parameters, would push aside the agents and opt directly for the knife.

Lan Luofeng said nothing in reply to the seething woman, but merely cast a cold glance at her, before ignoring her completely to head towards an empty VIP room with her daughter in her arms.

Lan Luofeng's clear dismissal made the woman even angrier. She grabbed hold of Lan Luofeng by the shoulder, and was just about to speak when Lan Luofeng hissed at her, "Let go!"

Before the woman could do so, Chamberlain Ling Qin had rushed over from a few steps away to administer a light flick of his finger.

With a shout of pain, the woman was pushed back a step and naturally lost her grip. Interest flashed in Ling Lan's eyes — she hadn't expected that the outwardly gentle and understated Chamberlain Ling Qin was such a skilled fighter. That almost imperceptible small movement had been caught by Ling Lan's bright eyes.

"Mistress, please go ahead into the VIP room with the young master. There are too many riff-raff here, they shouldn't disturb you." Without any expression on his face, Ling Qin stepped in between that woman and Lan Luofeng. If he hadn't been a bit too far away from Lan Luofeng back then, this woman wouldn't have had a chance to lay a hand on his mistress.

Ling Qin was annoyed at himself — it was all because of his negligence that the woman had managed to get close to the mistress and the young master. If she had had any evil intentions ... at the thought, Ling Qin felt a cold sweat break out along his back in belated fear.

In truth, Ling Qin was being too hard on himself. If someone had truly had intentions to harm Lan Luofeng and Ling Lan, an expert of his calibre would definitely have sensed it and taken the appropriate defensive measures. He had only been taken by surprise because he hadn't sensed any killing intent from the surrounding people. Furthermore, this VIP section was specially set aside for women, so the surrounding people were all either noblewomen or women from rich and powerful families, leading Ling Qin to subconsciously slow his steps.

"Alright, Uncle Qin!" Lan Luofeng had no interest in arguing with the woman and making a public spectacle.

Ever since Ling Xiao had died and she had broken ties with the Ling family, Lan Luofeng had known that she would be ostracised by some of the noblewomen circles. Over the years, though the Ling family hadn't conducted much proper business, they had been rather proactive in arranging marriage alliances with the various elite and noble families. While they did not manage to connect with the main descendants of those families, they still managed to build some significant contacts among the lesser branches of those families.

That woman who had grabbed Lan Luofeng was one of those Ling family marriage prospects. Her family had agreed to the marriage alliance because they had been interested in the power accumulated by Ling Suzheng and Ling Xiao in the army, and were hoping that the Ling family would be able to help them with that power. However, following Major General Ling Xiao's sudden death, the Ling family had failed in their power struggle with Lan Luofeng and had been forced to leave Doha, leaving her plans in ruins. The main cause of all this was Lan Luofeng's clever trap, which is why her

resentment had flared at the sight of Lan Luofeng, causing her to rush up like a mad dog to vent her frustrations. Lan Luofeng was not at all surprised by this turn of events.

However, Lan Luofeng didn't care. She had never had any aspirations for power to begin with. If it weren't for the fact that she had wanted to show her baby the world outdoors, she would have just happily stayed home without a thought for the outside world. As such, why would she care if others ostracised her or scorned her?

It cannot be denied that Lan Luofeng was a proud woman. While Ling Xiao had been around, she had still been willing to make an effort to mingle with these noblewomen. But now, she had no mood for it. Ling Xiao's death had robbed her of half her soul, while the remaining half had become dedicated to the raising of Ling Lan and the defence of Ling Xiao's hard-earned premium military benefits.

Lan Luofeng ignored the whispers that broke out after that scene and walked into one of the unoccupied VIP rooms. At the same time, a waiting VIP service staff entered after her to provide her services.

Ling Lan sighed. The damnable class system still existed 10000 years later despite efforts to remove it — looked like equality among all human beings really only worked in theory.

## Chapter 15: Sorry, I Lost Control!

In the VIP room, Ling Lan was having her horizons expanded. She would never have imagined that in this world 10000 years later, one would no longer have to look for items in a store personally, but could just sit comfortably in a VIP room and select categories of items to look at from an ultra-wide screen in the room. These items would be presented to you in 3D imaging, along with a detailed introduction. If a customer was particularly interested in an item, they could click on it to get even more information.

Lan Luofeng perused the items with her full attention. She was basically only looking at items for Ling Lan, and very quickly, item after item had been delivered to the VIP room to await Lan Luofeng's final decision.

“Infant Musical Bed: This item is elliptical in shape. There are two freely-interchangeable modes — half-sealed transparency mode and fully-sealed transparency mode. While the infant is sleeping on the bed, it can automatically select the appropriate music based on the infant's brain waves to encourage sleep. Besides that, this bed comes equipped with its own internet network and can download the latest music in the Federation on its own, saving parents the trouble.”

Its own internet network? Automatic downloading and updating? The idle Ling Lan had just been about to fall asleep when these words poured into her ears, waking her up immediately. It should be known that she had been pestered half to death by Little Four

recently. Every day he would whine and plead with her to find a chance for him to go online. In his words, “The one who has control over information shall triumph ...”

Of course, Little Four was just saying it for the sake of saying it — Ling Lan and Little Four had no real enemies on the surface after all. The reason for Little Four’s urgency was that he needed to understand more about this world so he could better serve his host, lest he make any serious mistakes out of ignorance.

Take the incident of the gene stimulating agent for example. It was precisely because Little Four had no clue about the absorption rate of infants in this world that the results had been so shocking, almost causing immense trouble for Ling Lan. If a mysterious benefactor hadn’t stepped in to seal the information, Ling Lan might have already been snatched away by the military to become a war machine.

Of course, the mentally adult Ling Lan would not have been so easily brainwashed and could have chosen to run away and hide. However, that would spell the end of her freedom, unless there came a day when she was strong enough to break free from the shackles of the country.

Whenever Little Four and Ling Lan thought back on the incident, they would break out in a cold sweat. Even now they dared not drop their guard. A large part of the reason why Ling Lan took over two months to master the first stance was that she hadn’t dared to put full effort into her training. She was constantly worried there were spies around, so she didn’t want to do anything else out of the ordinary to arouse their suspicion.

Today, such great news just happened to fall into her lap. A way for her to access the internet, and in such a subtle manner too. It was an infant bed after all — who would suspect an infant sleeping on the bed to be secretly accessing the internet?

Hehe, brother, you must be crazy, please seek treatment immediately.

Everyone would look at you as if you were an idiot, a fool, a madman ... and then throw down that line and walk away.

Ling Lan was overjoyed — this bed was just made for her. Only she could use this infant bed to its full capacity, and not let its functions collect dust.

Ling Lan clambered up decisively and started babbling excitedly while pointing at the infant bed. She was telling her mother that this bed was hers.

Lan Luofeng was on the same wavelength as Ling Lan this time. With some surprise, she said, “Does Ling Lan want this bed? Could it be that Ling Lan likes music? Alright, since Ling Lan likes it, mummy will buy it.”

Okay, Lan Luofeng was obviously a doting mother — anything her child wanted, she would get. Fortunately, Ling Lan was a mentally mature person on the inside, or else she would certainly be spoiled rotten under Lan Luofeng's unreserved affection.

Ling Lan got what she wanted, so her mood was great. She went to look for Little Four to gloat.

"Little Four, Little Four ..." Little Four seemed to be in a strange mood, for he didn't respond at all to Ling Lan's calls, but was drawing circles on the ground with a sad look on his face.

Ling Lan was exasperated and immediately greeted his head with a fist. "You rascal, what are you doing?"

Unexpectedly, Little Four remained sullenly silent. Under normal circumstances, Little Four would have jumped up by now and would be loudly complaining about Ling Lan's domestic abuse.

Ling Lan was miffed and at a bit of a loss. She proceeded to pinch and pull at Little Four's face with all her might, hoping that Little Four would return to his senses.

This time, there was finally some effect. Listlessly, Little Four smacked her hand away, and asked with a long face, "What's up?"

Ling Lan asked concernedly, "Did something happen?"

Little Four expelled a heavy breath and said, "I have been played by this world."

The words had barely left Little Four's mouth when the furious Ling Lan gave him a solid kick in the ass, sending him flying. "Dammit, are you kidding me?!"

This kick chased away Little Four's strange mood and replaced it with anger. He threw himself at Ling Lan, grabbing hold of her thigh and yelling, "You promised you wouldn't use violence! You're still hitting me, I want to complain! Complain!"

"Complain my foot! I still need to ask you why you tricked me! Looking like you were gonna die, letting me worry?!" For some reason, Ling Lan just couldn't control the anger burning within her. She knew very well that Little Four might have just been playing a prank — this was something she would have easily brushed off with a laugh in the past, why couldn't she do that now?

Ling Lan didn't know that this was an explosion caused by the build-up of negative emotions in her heart. Although Ling Lan had consoled herself all this time after the gene stimulating agent incident that everything was fine, Ling Lan had actually been unable to truly be at ease. She had been frightened that her secret would be exposed to the military, that she would become an experiment and end up torn between life and

death. These sorts of negative emotions had been hiding deep in Ling Lan's heart all this time — if she didn't have a chance to release them, they would have had a negative impact on Ling Lan someday in the future.

It should be said that Ling Lan was very lucky. Ling Lan's mood had brightened considerably due to this outing, a vast difference from her usual calm and forced tolerance. The torments of her previous illness may have given Ling Lan unbelievably strong tolerance and resilience, but that was also where the problem arose. Tolerance was a double-edged sword — being overly tolerant was harmful to both body and mind.

Of course, just this sudden upswing to happiness would not have been enough to set off Ling Lan. However, Ling Lan had become extremely excited by the internet-equipped infant bed, and when she had sought Little Four out to share this news with him, his hopeless demeanour had pushed Ling Lan from the heights of happiness to the lows of anxiety. This sudden and dramatic shift in strongly opposing emotions caused Ling Lan's perfect tolerance to crack.

As a result, the deeply hidden negative emotions exploded ... leading to Ling Lan's uncharacteristic kick and subsequent rampage.

The two of them wrestled in the mind-space until they both ran out of energy and flopped to the ground.

Ling Lan lay there, panting heavily. She hadn't expected to fight with a little kid, but her heart now felt amazingly light, as if her soul had been cleansed.

Ling Lan chuckled, saying, "Little Four, I'm sorry. I lost control."