

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

#Chapter 31 - Read It's Not Easy to Be a Man After Travelling to the Future Chapter 31

Chapter 31: The Weak Have No Right to Speak

“Why?” echoed the examiner with a cold smirk, “Do any of you have the right to ask?”

Han Jijyun was not flustered by the examiner's rebuttal. With his usual level-headedness, he said, “Isn't the test over? The examiner at the start had stated very clearly that once we reached the finish line, the speed and stamina test would be over. So we have the right to refuse your command.”

Han Jijyun knew that everyone was already on their last legs — some were even having trouble standing, only staying upright out of sheer bullheadedness. Leaving aside attacking the examiner, they may not even be able to take even one more step.

The examiner looked at Han Jijyun, and there was a trace of approval in his eyes. This child was calm and analytical, not easily swayed by an opponent's show of force. In addition, he could defend his stance with evidence, displaying solid logical thinking, and was good at catching on to key points and discovering the logical flaws in other people's speech. Overall, a good candidate for a military strategist.

Still, no matter how much he admired Han Jijyun, he wouldn't change his mind. With a mocking smirk on his face, he said, “Brat, let me teach you all the first rule you need to know to survive in this world — the weak have no right to speak.”

He swept a critical gaze over the angry children, and ten pairs of fierce and stubborn eyes stared right back at him. He was satisfied — if they hadn't been angered by his words, then their parents would have raised them in vain.

When the examiner's gaze swept over Ling Lan, he couldn't suppress a soft exclamation — Ling Lan's eyes were the calmest among the ten children, still like dead water, deep and unfathomable. Was he scared silly? Or had he seen through the ruse? Or perhaps he was just unmoved by all this? The examiner frowned, and watched Ling Lan thoughtfully for a beat or two.

What the examiner didn't know was that his gaze filled with killing aura was completely ineffective against Ling Lan. Remember, Ling Lan had grown up under the crushing pressure of Number One's presence. In contrast, this kind of superficial scare tactic was really nothing to Ling Lan.

Reining in his curiosity towards Ling Lan, the examiner's face turned sly, and with an evil grin on his face, he said, "You all can choose to ignore my command. However, your results for the speed and stamina test ... well, sorry, you will all fail." His killing aura dissipated as he said this, as if it had never been there to begin with, but his words were cruel, casually threatening to destroy the children's dreams and ambitions.

These words caused the faces of all the children in Ling Lan's group to fall. They had come brimming with confidence to enrol in this top-ranked scout academy, not to return home with their tails between their legs.

"We have the right to submit a complaint." The expression on Han Jijyun's youthful face was frigid; he was indeed an extremely intelligent child, but no matter how smart he was, he was helpless against this sort of irrational bullshit. His chest felt choked with rage; this was the first time he had experienced the futile anger of the weak and downtrodden.

"No, no, no! Didn't you all read the examination rules? Any child who complains or protests will have their results thrown out for this year — Could it be that you all would like to wait and try again next year?" The examiner laughed as he shook his head, strolling over to stop in front of Han Jijyun, where he then bent over slightly to look the boy in the face with mocking playfulness. With deliberate slowness, he bit out a word at a time, "Smart little repeat student!"

This expression, these words, and this sort of dismissive look — it was all just too infuriating. Damn, this examiner was just asking to be beaten up.

Asking to be beaten up? Ling Lan sweat-dropped, and immediately yelled out in her mind, "*Little Four, are you messing with my thoughts again?*"

Little Four slunk out from a corner, face scrunched up in an unhappy pout. His usually round face now looked like a steamed dumpling as he spoke through pursed lips, "*He's too despicable! Bullying children!*"

Alright, so Ling Lan wasn't even angry yet, but the mentally immature Little Four had already been riled up by the examiner on her behalf. "*Lord, beat him up for me.*"

Ling Lan quirked her lips in a slight smile. "*What's in it for me?*"

Little Four was slack-jawed. He had not expected Ling Lan to ask for something in return for his request. Didn't she know that he was requesting this for her sake?

"*Why?*" Little Four wailed. Wasn't his host angry as well?

"*You said it — you want me to beat him up 'for you'. Since I would be helping you, of course you should give me something in return.*" Ling Lan's self-satisfied smirk made

Little Four think to himself that she was no better than the examiner, a big bully who bullied children.

“But he’s bullying you! Don’t you feel angry?” Little Four couldn’t understand — the examiner was being so mean that even he felt indignant ... why was Ling Lan so calm?

“Bullying me? I don’t feel it.” Although Ling Lan didn’t know why the examiner was being such a hard-ass, still, she could sense no ill intentions from him.

Ling Lan was extremely grateful for all the pressure that Instructor Number One and Number Nine had exerted upon her all these years. They had given her an ability that wasn’t really an ability — being able to sense when someone had evil or killing intent towards her. Of course, according to Instructor Number One, this ability of Ling Lan was still only at the rudimentary level, not really applicable and actually quite useless. If she ever encountered any true experts or assassins, Ling Lan would be dead before she could sense anything.

Ling Lan’s words made Little Four want to tear his hair out — his host was just too insensitive; the examiner’s bullying was already so obvious, like a slap in the face, and she could still say she didn’t feel it?

Ling Lan was just about to reassure Little Four when her expression abruptly changed — she sensed something off in Qi Long’s aura; his spiritual power was fluctuating wildly.

“Help me think of a way to pass Instructor Number One’s exam three days later!” Ling Lan threw out her request, and without giving Little Four any chance to protest, she retreated from her mind-space. There was something wrong with Qi Long and she needed to keep her attention on him.

At this point, Ling Lan’s nerves were taut, on full alert as she leaned slightly forward with both arms held low and slightly bent, one up and one down in a vague cross. Her right leg was shifted back, with her weight resting fully on her heel — this was a basic combat stance that she had learned this year from Number Nine. It was the best neutral resting stance for attacking or defending, allowing the body to move and expend energy with ease.

Suddenly, Qi Long lifted his bowed head and everyone could see his bloodshot eyes, filled with killing intent. However, this killing intent was directed only at the examiner — it looked like the examiner’s taunting of Han Jiyun had thoroughly angered Qi Long, and he was ready to explode.

The examiner sensed Qi Long’s killing intent and leapt backwards with some surprise in his eyes. But by the time he landed, his entire demeanour and stance had changed, and all his eyes held was the anticipation for a fight.

Hollering loudly, Qi Long shot forward like a torpedo, swinging his tightly clenched fists at the examiner. There was a loud crash and then dirt went flying, blocking everyone's vision.

Could it be that Qi Long had actually hit the examiner? Did he throw the examiner to the ground? The other children couldn't see anything clearly and could only look at one another helplessly.

Only Ling Lan had a solemn expression on her face, her brows slightly raised. Though the others couldn't see what had happened due to the dust, Ling Lan had seen everything. Little Four had displayed everything that had occurred between Qi Long and the examiner in her mind, bypassing the problem of the dirt and dust entirely.

Chapter 32: Ling Lan Makes a Move!
Translator: ryuxenji Editor: H2dH2mr

Qi Long's punch had missed — the examiner had evaded Qi Long's blow with a tilt of his body, causing it to strike the ground, sending dirt flying into the air.

Even so, the gouge left on the ground from Qi Long's strike, roughly 3 inches deep and 1 metre wide, revealed that the power behind it was definitely no less than the 500 catties Ling Lan had lifted during the previous test.

It was impressive that Qi Long could achieve 500 catties worth of strength with just his own power; this was obviously a purer and more direct reflection of strength as opposed to Ling Lan's performance due to the circulation of Qi.

A flash of pleasant surprise passed through the examiner's eyes — perhaps even he hadn't expected that Qi Long would have such great strength. Even though this level of strength was nothing to the examiner, it had to be noted that Qi Long was still only six years old. There was no question that once Qi Long grew up, his strength would further grow to become even more impressive.

Qi Long didn't stop attacking just because his first attempt struck air. As the others watched, he once again leapt into the air and pounced at the examiner.

Unfortunately, despite all his speed and strength, Qi Long's attacks were full of holes due to his undeveloped combat skills. As such, the examiner was under no pressure whatsoever — if Qi Long were an enemy on the battlefield, the examiner could have killed him with one strike.

As the dust and dirt drifting through the air finally dissipated, the group could finally see the battle between Qi Long and the examiner. They looked on as the examiner blocked all of Qi Long's attacks using just a single hand.

Luo Lang lowered his voice and said to Ling Lan, "I'll go and help Qi Long. We'll count on you to hit the examiner." With that said, he jumped into the fray without waiting for a reply from Ling Lan, using all his might to send a punch flying towards the examiner's face.

Luo Lang's attack forced the examiner to bring out his other arm, and his previously stationary body also begun to move. For a while, the three fought to a stalemate.

Although Luo Lang had spoken very softly, all the surrounding children had still heard what he said. All of a sudden, the trembling in their bodies diminished as they all turned toward Ling Lan with expectation in their eyes, hoping that she could do as Luo Lang said and hit the examiner.

Fine, so the examiner's taunts had thoroughly roused the children's hatred, drawing it onto himself — and the level of this hatred wasn't low, which was why they collectively wished for him to get hit several times so they could vent their anger.

Thanks to Qi Long's attack, Han Jijyun had regained his usual composure, and he now noticed that Ling Lan was the only one among them that was standing steadily. Although his stance was a little strange, it was oddly pleasing to the eye, making one feel that it was natural to stand that way. Though Han Jijyun didn't know what that stance was, he could still tell that it was definitely some sort of amazing combat art.

The children's expectant gazes made Ling Lan feel the pressure even more keenly, as if it was pressing down upon her like a mountain. She couldn't take their heated gazes and so turned to face the spot where the three combatants were — her face twitched minutely as she thought sullenly to herself, why did they all think she could hit the examiner? Could it be that they all knew that she had a learning space in her mind?

Of course Ling Lan knew that this was impossible. These kids had entrusted their hopes to her solely because she was the only one among them who could still move. Naturally, if she could really hit the examiner then that would be the best, but even if she failed ... well alright, they didn't really have high hopes to begin with anyway. This whole attempt was just a shot in the dark; to succeed, they would really have to have the devil's own luck.

On the other end, the examiner had figured Luo Lang out after fighting him for some time. Although his strength wasn't as much as Qi Long's, it was still decent, probably around 100 catties. However, his physical fitness was clearly worse — fighting up till now, Qi Long's attacks only became fiercer and fiercer, while Luo Lang's breathing was showing signs of becoming irregular just after several attacks.

Still, the examiner also knew that Qi Long's current condition was rare — he had pushed past his limits to bring out his latent reserves of energy. In all these years, the examiner had never seen a child who could break past his own limits without outside stimulation from agents — it had to be said that Qi Long was truly talented.

Suddenly, he felt a chill seep out from his bones ... his battle experience warned him of danger and without even having to think, his body jerked to a stop on the balls of his feet, and he used the energy generated from his momentum to change directions and leapt back two steps ...

But it was too late! Before his eyes, a small, delicate white fist appeared, on the verge of hitting his face in the next second.

In the end, the examiner was still the examiner — he crossed his arms within this split second, successfully blocking this seemingly sweet and harmless little fist, which was actually filled with killing intent.

The two made contact with a resounding clap, and the examiner felt a huge wave of energy surge towards him. His body, which had yet to find stable footing, was once again forced to take a few steps back.

Meanwhile, borrowing the energy from the rebound, Ling Lan somersaulted through the air and landed securely between Qi Long and Luo Lang. She was still holding that odd basic combat stance, ready to launch her next attack.

The examiner's demeanour turned serious, all traces of his earlier playfulness gone. He looked at Ling Lan standing there in the middle, and he could actually feel cold sweat breaking out along his back. Who'd have thought that such a skilled fellow was hiding among this bunch of kids? He even knew how to hide his killing intent until the final second before revealing his fangs.

If it weren't for the fact that he had spent many years on the battlefield, gaining much experience and honing his reflexes, he would have certainly been hit by that last move. And although he wouldn't have taken much damage from it, losing face would have been unavoidable.

He cursed silently. Where did such a freakish talent come from? The boy looked so soft and fragile on the outside, with his delicate face and clueless expression — no matter how you looked, he simply looked like a cute, naïve, and innocent little boy who couldn't hurt a fly. And yes, although he had felt that there was something strange about the boy from the start, Qi Long's sudden attack and subsequent performance had grabbed all his attention, leaving the boy to fade into the background.

He would never have thought that this kind of unassuming child would almost make him crash and burn.

Ling Lan's unexpectedly strong display thrilled the surprised children. They would never have guessed that Ling Lan would be able to push the examiner back several steps with just one punch — could it be that their hopes would really be realised?

Han Xuya was an outgoing and passionate girl — her emotions ran high upon seeing the current situation, driving away her fatigue and making her shout out loudly, “Ling Lan, beat him! Beat him!”

On the other hand, Luo Chao was a shy and reserved girl. She merely smiled bashfully in surprise, eyes shining with just a touch of admiration as she stared at that skinny figure standing beside her brother. Although he wasn’t as well-built as her brother and the other boy, in her eyes, he was no lesser than them and was in fact even more reliable.

Ling Lan didn’t know that she had unknowingly caught the budding heart of a pure young girl, romantic feelings twining around her in mistaken adoration — oh, what a mess!

In the invigilation room, the invigilator responsible for room 72 switched his feed to Ling Lan’s room once again out of boredom. Immediately, what he saw was a clear stand-off between the invigilator and the kids, and the atmosphere didn’t seem friendly. Aghast, he thought to himself, what the hell was going on?

His curiosity piqued, he fixed his screen once again on room 72, leaving only a small window at a lower corner of the screen to rotate through the other nine rooms he was monitoring.

Ling Lan signalled with her eyes for Qi Long and Luo Lang to start their attack. She knew that if she was the one to lead the charge, they would definitely not be able to handle the examiner.

Although Ling Lan had learned basic combat skills from Number Nine and had also sparred constantly with Number Nine, it was all just mental practice in the end. There was still a significant difference when it came to real battles in the physical realm.

During her last attack, Ling Lan had already noticed that her physical body couldn’t keep up with her intentions — the examiner would never have had the chance to dodge her attack otherwise.

Chapter 33: Savage Little Wolf Cubs!
Translator: ryuxenji Editor: H2dH2mr

Qi Long and Luo Lang, having received Ling Lan’s signal, shared a quick glance before they sprung out to attack.

Qi Long’s speed was just a tad faster than Luo Lang’s — he got to the examiner first and threw out a furious fist.

This fist had both power and speed behind it, cleaving through the air with an audible sound. This caused the examiner's face to change, and he immediately raised his arm to block it.

And then a fiery sensation spread along his arm from the spot he had used to block — the brat's strength and speed had actually increased yet again ... The examiner discovered that Qi Long was clearly the berserker type. Seeing the little fellow's impressive performance, the examiner was getting more and more excited.

Before the examiner could counterattack to push Qi Long back, Luo Lang's attack had arrived from his other side — a whipping kick.

Luo Lang knew that he wasn't very powerful and that his fists would be no threat to the examiner, so this time he chose to change his attack into a strong kick instead.

Luo Lang's decision was unquestionably correct. Seeing this aggressive kick, the examiner had to admit that he had miscalculated. Luo Lang, who he had initially considered as the weakest and relatively harmless, had also found a way to contribute effectively, forcing him to spare some attention to deal with the boy's attacks.

The examiner felt rather peevisish. Why couldn't these kids act like regular six-year-olds and just come at him recklessly? Why did they have to be so smart and even think of changing tactics?

He had no choice but to reach out with his other hand in a grab, catching hold of Luo Lang's foot as it reached him. But just as he was about to throw Luo Lang away from him ...

Oh no!

The examiner sensed the danger approaching him from below and quickly let go of Luo Lang's ankle to retreat.

He moved just in the nick of time as Ling Lan's attack brushed past where he was moments earlier — a crotch kick! Without his noticing, Ling Lan had positioned herself below him where she had then crouched, both hands flat on the ground, and launched her right leg directly upwards.

In that direction ... was the place that men were most afraid of being injured.

The examiner, fortunately, noticed in time, managing to dodge Ling Lan's terrifying attack by a hair's breadth.

Damn, that was savage!

As the examiner landed, a shudder passed through his heart as his crotch tightened reflexively. Ling Lan straightened up, face cool and expressionless, as his gaze swept across the examiner's lower half with some trace of regret for the near-miss. Seeing this, the examiner couldn't help but retreat another three steps, putting some distance between him and Ling Lan's group, before he felt a little safer.

The examiner couldn't help but be afraid — just look at the power behind that kick! If that kick had landed as intended, his family line would most certainly have ended with him. The examiner was beginning to regret his whimsy — why did he have to be so goddamn curious? Overly excited at the promise of great talent, he had decided to tease these kids just a little, but he hadn't expected to end up kicking a steel plate.

These were not the adorable children they appeared to be — they were actually savage little wolf cubs in sheep's clothing! The examiner could almost cry!

But still — he liked them!

The examiner looked at the three children before him, each with varying expressions on their faces. Regardless if they were wild (Qi Long), angry (Luo Lang), or cool (Ling Lan), their expressions couldn't hide the sheer tenacity in their bones as well as their savage natures. The smile at the corner of his lips deepened. Any soldier would be overjoyed in the face of such promising young talent.

"Haha, examiner 072 is in deep shit," the invigilator couldn't help but jeer as he watched the proceedings up to this point. He hadn't missed how flustered the examiner had been in that last encounter.

The superintendent, who was just passing by on his rounds, overheard him speaking and looked over. When he saw that it was that officer who reported room 072 earlier, his irritation faded — after all, it was because of that officer that he had managed to learn about Major General Ling Xiao's inheritor. So he merely gently chided, "Quiet, what are you making noise about now?"

The invigilator looked up to see the superintendent and stood up grinning to salute him, and then he reported in a low voice, "Sir, please look at this, there is a little problem." He pointed at the screen, asking the superintendent to come closer and see.

The superintendent glanced at him doubtfully, but still bent over slightly to look at the screen. On it, he saw the three children attack almost simultaneously — one from above, one from below, while the last one exploited any openings — and although their actions were still obviously untrained, they were surprisingly coordinated, causing the examiner quite a bit of trouble.

“That’s strange. What is examiner 072 doing? He should just take them down.” The superintendent couldn’t understand — he just subconsciously assumed that that would be an easy thing for the examiner to do against two or three little brats.

“Sir, take a closer look at this child’s movements.” The invigilator had watched for a longer time and so had sussed out part of the problem.

The superintendent knew that the invigilator wouldn’t mention something for no reason, and so continued to peer at the screen intently.

In room 072, Ling Lan was finding it easier and easier to move as the fight progressed. Initially, there was still some disconnection between her body and her intent — a few times, she was already there in her mind, but her body was a beat slower, making her miss out on several opportunities to hit the examiner. During this prolonged fight, however, she could feel her body becoming more agile, starting to flow and work in tandem with her intent.

As Ling Lan got into her groove, the examiner naturally found it more and more troublesome to fight. At the start, he still had some room to slack off, but gradually, he found that he could no longer hold back. If he didn’t put his full attention on handling Ling Lan’s group’s attacks, he was very likely to get hit by Ling Lan.

After fighting for so long, the examiner had also come to understand the children’s strategy. They wanted to overwhelm his guard and find an opening, just to leave a mark on his body with either their fists or their feet. What a bunch of vengeful brats ... the examiner thought to himself helplessly. He’d never have thought that a simple joke would cause the children to become so dead set on hitting him.

The examiner could only keep warding them off — he couldn’t really hurt them after all, could he? Even if the military didn’t sanction him for it, he would also be unwilling to do so. I mean, just look! These three kids before him had such great potential.

The examiner was not at all anxious. He had all the patience in the world to wait them out. A veteran soldier would never lack for patience, otherwise, they would never have survived the battlefield. These kids were already on their last legs to begin with — he believed that it wouldn’t take long for them to run out of energy completely. At that time, they wouldn’t be able to do anything even if they had more tricks up their sleeve.

Sure enough, just as the examiner predicted, the children couldn’t fight on for much longer. Luo Lang was the first to run out of energy and was grabbed by the examiner, and thrown back into the middle of the other students where he remained slump, unmoving. Of course, the examiner did this skilfully so that Luo Lang’s body wasn’t injured in the process — he was only immobile due to fatigue.

And so only Ling Lan and Qi Long were left to fight against the examiner. Without Luo Lang's cover, Ling Lan's sneak attacks could no longer work, so Ling Lan decided that she might as well pull out all the basic combat moves she had learned in her mind-space and fight directly.

Ling Lan didn't forget what Number One said — what you learned must be applied, and it was even better if you could apply it in a real battle ... Although fighting with the examiner was not really a real battle, it was still a chance for her to apply what she had learned in a combat setting, so of course Ling Lan wouldn't let the chance pass her by.

Besides, after fighting for so long, Ling Lan understood that the examiner would never hurt them, which meant that she could go all out without fear. Since the examiner was only going to be on the defensive, if she didn't take the chance to practice all her moves now, then when should she do it?

As Ling Lan's moves grew bolder, Qi Long's moves also became increasingly aggressive. Qi Long was a quirky child — he didn't like to think very much, being of a bold and brash character, but this didn't stop him from being strong. He instinctively chose the method best suited for himself, so when Ling Lan's attacks grew fiercer, he felt it was right and so followed suit.

The two fought ferociously to the point where the examiner was actually disadvantaged, where he looked like he was only able to focus on blocking.

The observing children on the side all cheered on Qi Long and Ling Lan, with the exception of Han Jiyun and the recuperating Luo Lang. The two boys had serious looks on their faces — they didn't think that Qi Long and Ling Lan's current style of attack would be of any use against the examiner.

Chapter 34: A Sure Hit!

Sure enough, after a flurry of rapid attacks Qi Long was the first to slow down, as the explosion of energy brought on by his berserk state came close to ending. His aura began to fluctuate unsteadily, and his breathing became laboured.

Ling Lan knew that Qi Long was likely at the end of his rope. If Qi Long dropped out, she would not be able to hold up against the battle-experienced examiner on her own, much less look for a chance to hit the examiner.

Ling Lan's brows furrowed as she considered her options. Deep down, she was actually rather annoyed — if she had known that she would have to fight in this random battle, she would have brought some weapons with her, such as some type of hidden weapon. Even if she could not hit the examiner with them, they would still have served as a good distraction.

Unfortunately, all she had on her were some consumable energy fluids to replenish physical energy, which she had brought as supplies for the exam. She only had three tubes, so even if she wanted to use them like hidden weapons, they wouldn't be very effective. She might have been able to fool the examiner for a while with a great number of items to throw, but with just these two or three things, the examiner would never fall for it.

What should she do? Let Qi Long eat one of the tubes to replenish his energy?

An idea sparked in Ling Lan's mind, and she immediately hatched a plan. So, she started to match her speed to Qi Long's, slowing down as she made her aura waver as well, breathing hard, and sweating freely from her forehead. All outward signs broadcasted the fact that she was about to collapse any second now.

Ling Lan and Qi Long's obviously deteriorating condition put a damper on their comrades' cheers, which slowly weakened and finally faded away. Disappointment and resentment was visible on all their faces — it looked like their dream of landing a hit on the examiner would not be realised.

Han Jijyun and Luo Lang exchanged a look, and saw each other's bitter smiles. Honestly, this result was within their expectations, however, somehow, it just didn't sit right with them — they had really hoped that Qi Long and Ling Lan could have brought them a miracle.

Was there really no hope left?

At that moment, Qi Long traded yet another blow with the examiner. This time, due to a lack of energy, Qi Long was thrown backwards by the examiner's block, stumbling back several steps.

These few steps back sapped away Qi Long's confidence, and the strength that had supported him in the fight all this time seemed about to disperse. His stance started to falter, and he looked as if he was about to crash. Seeing this, Ling Lan rushed over to hold him up, and with a few light steps, she rapidly whisked him away from the examiner, putting some distance between them.

"Are you alright?" With her back to the examiner, Ling Lan asked Qi Long frantically as she gripped his hand.

Qi Long's expression jerked and his spirits rallied, as if Ling Lan's concern had given him confidence and courage once more. He said nothing, but nodded firmly to show that he was fine.

Ling Lan turned around to look at the examiner, and then said resolutely, "Then let us fight this one last time." The condition of the two clearly showed that they were incapable of fighting any longer than that.

Qi Long clenched his fists, gaze determined as he said, "Ok!" That said, he swiped his right hand over his face, as if he were wiping away sweat, but also as if he were wiping away his fatigue to boost his confidence. The fighting spirit in his eyes was ignited once again, and it seemed like it burned brighter than before.

Even if he knew he was about to lose, he would not back down. Because this was their final chance — it was make it or break it.

Qi Long and Ling Lan's performance pleased the examiner greatly. The care and concern for a teammate, the courage to fight till the end against a strong opponent — these were all qualities necessary to become an exceptional soldier, and these two kids had them. This was very rare; he was glad that he had been able to find such excellent young talent.

Qi Long attacked first. Although his combination of punches still had speed and strength behind them, the examiner still managed to dodge them easily. There was no helping it — Qi Long only knew these few combat moves. After seeing them used repetitively, even if the examiner could not remember them, his body was already familiar enough with Qi Long's attacks that handling them was a breeze.

The examiner had just dodged Qi Long's attack when, on his other side, Ling Lan was already rushing in.

However, the examiner's attention had been on Ling Lan all this time, because, compared to Qi Long, Ling Lan was much harder to deal with. Although Ling Lan's combat moves were not that varied as well (she had only learned one basic set of combat skills), she was much smarter than Qi Long. She moved in unpredictable ways, and would modify her attacks according to the situation during battle. All this required the examiner to spend more thought when handling her.

The examiner saw Ling Lan's punch coming, and just like the attacks before it, it came from a spot that was the trickiest and most annoying to handle. These spots were basically defensive blind spots, very difficult to defend against — it was either dodge or substitute offense for defense, counterattacking the opponent to force them to retract their move.

Without having to think about it, the examiner pushed a palm out in return, aimed at Ling Lan's chest. His arm was longer and his palm was wider — even as a counterattack, he was certain that his attack would reach Ling Lan first. And in their earlier encounters, Ling Lan had always reacted as he had hoped and gave up on her attacks. After all, continuing on stubbornly when you knew that your attack would be fruitless would only get yourself hurt, while your enemy would remain unharmed. A smart person would never do such a stupid thing.

It was then that an accident occurred. Ling Lan didn't dodge but continued to press forward, and then, a figure appeared in the path of his palm hurtling towards Ling Lan — it was Qi Long!

Not good! The examiner was alarmed, but because everything happened so quickly, he could no longer stop his attack. He rushed to pull back the force in his arm as he felt his palm connect solidly with Qi Long's chest.

“AH!” screamed Qi Long, his entire body thrown into the air by the force of the blow. In mid-air, he threw up a mouthful of blood, and then crashed mercilessly onto the ground, where he then lay unmoving.

“Ah ... Qi Long, he's hurt!” the observing children all yelled out in fright. Han Jijyun in particular had become petrified, his face white as a sheet.

The examiner was horrified. Had he pulled back too late? All his attention was now focused on Qi Long — looking at his prone body lying on the ground, fresh blood trickling out from the corners of his mouth in a steady stream.

How did this happen? Could it be that he really hadn't managed to pull back in time, and had struck Qi Long with full force? Had he injured his internal organs? The examiner's thoughts were a mess, with no mind to spare for other matters. All he could see was Qi Long's body on the ground, spewing blood.

“BAM!”

The loud sound of a strong fist hitting flesh rang out abruptly, and the examiner was sent flying by a large surge of energy, falling to the ground in a heap.

It turned out that Ling Lan had not given up on her attack. Taking advantage of the examiner's mental chaos, she had snuck in unnoticed to land a sure hit.

Ling Lan blew lightly on her 'weapons', her delicate fists, and grinned as she said, “Mission complete. Examiner hit. But sir, you wouldn't fail us just because you were embarrassed, right?”

Chapter 35: Test Completed!
Translator: ryuxenji Editor: H2dH2mr

Sprawled on the ground, the examiner's reaction was quick. With a back spring, he flipped back onto his feet.

Although Ling Lan's punch had seemed very powerful, powerful enough to send the examiner flying, it hadn't actually done much damage to the examiner, only leaving a dark bruise on the examiner's left cheek. Of course, this perfectly suited Ling Lan's intent — she had only wanted to prove that they were not so easily bullied.

The examiner stood there unmoving, but his face was an icy wasteland. Lifting his hand to touch the bruise on his face, even though it was numb to the touch, he felt an inexplicable hurt welling up from his heart.

Indeed, it was a hurt mixed with rage along with deep disappointment — he wasn't angry because Ling Lan had managed to hit him, but because, with that hit, Ling Lan had displayed a selfishness and ruthlessness that he could not condone.

The examiner could not fathom how this promising child, excellent on so many fronts, could be so cold and unfeeling to use his own companion as a human shield to achieve his ends. Although he had been flustered by the accident in the last encounter, his eyes had still seen clearly — Qi Long had suddenly appeared to block the hit meant for Ling Lan, not out of his own volition, but because Ling Lan had dragged Qi Long directly into the path of the examiner's attack.

Worse yet, Ling Lan seemed utterly unconcerned about the condition of his companion after the fact, only focused on his own results. This type of selfish behaviour was the last straw for the examiner — he decided that he would never give Ling Lan the chance to enter the special classes. The Federation could never give specialised cultivation to such a cold and unfeeling, selfish child. Even if he became a soldier, he would only bring harm to the Federation and to his fellow soldiers.

But before the examiner could start yelling, what happened next stunned the examiner into silence.

Ling Lan walked over to the unconscious Qi Long, who was still lying on the ground spewing blood, and kicked him several times on the side none too gently, saying with some consternation, "Alright. It's done. Aren't you going to get up now? Don't you think you're overdoing it?"

And just like that, Qi Long sat up, a silly grin on his face as he said, "You really hit him?" Blood continued to trickle out of the corners of his mouth as he spoke, gruesome to see.

Ling Lan said smugly, "Of course. Who do you think I am?" There were times when she just had to be childish — Ling Lan knew that she might already have overdone things a little, so all she could do was try and make up for it now.

Qi Long nodded repeatedly in open admiration as he said, "Yup, Ling Lan, you're definitely stronger than me." That said, he continued eagerly, "Didn't I act really well though?"

Ling Lan nodded easily without much sincerity, even going so far as to pat Qi Long on the head to humour him.

Alright, so Qi Long's current demeanour was just too much like those loyal dogs she was familiar with in her world 10000 years ago — that earnest begging look was just too adorable that she couldn't help but to reach out and pet him.

The straightforward Qi Long had no idea he was being patronised by Ling Lan, nor did he know that his image in Ling Lan's mind had been relegated to 'adorable'— He happily scrambled off the ground after being praised, licking at the dried bloodstains at the corners of his mouth. With some regret, he said, "Such a shame we had to waste so much energy fluid ... this taste is awesome, I've never tasted such tasty energy fluid."

Ling Lan rolled her eyes internally at his words, thinking, of course it was delicious — that tomato-flavoured energy fluid was the result of her hard research, how could he compare it to other energy fluids? Thinking of the original taste of energy fluids, Ling Lan's body shuddered reflexively. That taste ... was really not for human consumption. Probably even the cats and dogs of 10000 years ago would not touch it.

Ling Lan was not someone who would mistreat herself. Since she couldn't stomach the taste of it, she decided that she would change it herself. With the help of Little Four, they finally managed to develop energy fluids in several fruit and vegetable flavours, and tomato was just one of those flavours.

She had given Qi Long that flavour because the colouring of that flavour also resembled that of tomatoes, a vibrant red, which would easily let others mistake it for blood, lending even more credibility to Qi Long's act of getting injured.

Looking at the lively and spirited Qi Long bouncing around, Han Jijyun's face finally returned to its usual colour. He asked with some confusion, "What did you all do exactly?" When he had thought that Qi Long was seriously injured, he had been too overwhelmed with panic to see what was going on.

Han Jijyun's question echoed the question the examiner had in his mind. Although he was still uncertain about the details, by now, he had figured out that he must have fallen into some trap set by the two brats before him. How unexpected that a battle-experienced soldier like him would fall prey to the schemes of two children.

He wasn't at all angry, however. Instead, joy was coursing through him. The child that he had found most promising, with such impressive abilities, was really not as terrible as he had thought ...

Qi Long heard Han Jijyun's question and hurried to explain, "When I was thrown back by the examiner, Ling Lan came to drag me away. It was then that he gave me energy fluid, and when his back was to the examiner, he hinted at me to act, to pretend to be injured using the fluid."

Still grinning widely, Qi Long scratched the back of his head, sheepish at causing everyone to worry. “So, when the examiner hit me later on, I pretended to get hurt and faked being unconscious.”

The examiner looked at Ling Lan pensively, then suddenly barked out, “Were you not afraid of making an error? What if I hadn’t been able to pull back in time? Your plan could have easily caused Qi Long to get injured, even destroy his future.”

Ling Lan looked puzzled. “Would you, Sir, have made a mistake like that?” Implied was her utmost trust in the examiner’s ability to control himself.

Qi Long just continued to grin, face still full of trust. Thinking of something, Han Jijyun looked at Ling Lan with an obscure gaze, which contained some hint of admiration but also a trace of anger, but he very quickly returned to his usual stoicism.

Ling Lan’s words made the examiner splutter, but he really couldn’t refute what he had said. He found that he had no idea how to handle this brat before him, but he had to admit that Ling Lan wasn’t wrong — he definitely wouldn’t have made such a mistake. If it weren’t for the fact that Qi Long’s act had been too realistic, spewing blood and all, he would never have doubted himself. In the end, he was the one who had been lacking in self-confidence.

The examiner chuckled dryly. To think that Ling Lan had shown him his own weakness — what a remarkable child.

This boy was really too extraordinary — bold as brass, yet attentive to details, and vicious in a fight. Scarier still, he had charisma, being able to convince others to join him easily — Qi Long and previously Luo Lang, though both strong themselves, had put their trust in Ling Lan unequivocally, letting him decide everything.

And lastly, the boy had used strategy to expose the weakness in his heart ... the boy had understood that he would never hurt them, so if someone got injured during the fight, he would certainly be disturbed, thus revealing an opening in his defence.

The examiner sighed and shook his head. Children these days were certainly not easy to fool. Rather huffily, he said, “This time, you all pass!”

The examiner’s words caused all the children to jump up in happy excitement. This meant that they had qualified to become students at this scout academy! Of course, whether or not they could attend the special classes was still to be decided — that would depend on the final score given by the examiner. Once the scores of the four exams had been totalled up, the first hundred students would be taken into the special classes.

The examiner ignored the students celebrating before him, focusing instead on turning on his communication device to press the button marking the completion of the test.