

THE SYSTEM TEACHES YOU HOW TO BE HUMAN

Chapter 56 - The Slum Boy's Desperate Counterattack (1)



After venting his frustrations about the fat orange cat for a while, Si Yisi returned to the system platform.

Chi Chun was still there, training as usual, though this time he had switched to marathon running.

Si Yisi confirmed that his gaming pod hadn't arrived yet, so he darted back to the small house he'd purchased and promptly went to sleep.

Although he hadn't needed to personally deal with the thirty perpetrators he'd eliminated, the task had drained his points at an alarming rate. Purchasing the small house had completely wiped out the thousand points he had just earned and hadn't even warmed in his hands yet.

This left Si Yisi with no choice but to settle for a small one-bedroom apartment.

Still, a small house was better than no house. Having been dirt poor before, Si Yisi wasn't picky. He squeezed into the tiny room and fell into a deep sleep.

He slept like a log, oblivious to the world, until he was jolted awake half a month later by the incessant beeping of overdue utility bill notifications.

When Si Yisi checked his points balance, he found it alarmingly low again. Without hesitation, he took on another task.

Si Yisi knew that many systems looked down on this grind-heavy, high-effort method of taking on tasks, typically used by low-performance systems.

High-ranking systems preferred a balanced approach, often cherry-picking the best tasks. They would never dive into random assignments the way Si Yisi did.

But so what? Si Yisi wasn't chasing performance metrics; he was simply enjoying the thrill of the tasks. He didn't feel like he was overexerting himself; it felt like a natural part of his existence.

Wait...

Did I forget something?

It wasn't until much later that Si Yisi belatedly remembered Ah Tu. When he finally located his pet, he discovered that Ah Tu's waistline had expanded significantly. The creature was stuck in a managed cage, struggling to free itself.

"Uh, sorry about that."

Si Yisi picked up the now-larger Ah Tu, paying no mind to the furious swish of its tail, which slapped against his wrist. To Si Yisi, the impact felt like a light drizzle; barely noticeable.

Having retrieved his pet, Si Yisi quickly matched himself with a random task.

Ever since achieving several A-rank evaluations, the main system had apparently decided that he no longer needed the foolproof beginner setup; Soul Fusion. Instead, this time, it directly threw him into the body of the mission target in a small world.

As soon as Si Yisi entered the body, he was overwhelmed by weakness and pain. The body was feverish and frail, leaving him unable to even stand up.

His vision blurred, and he vaguely saw a hand holding a gray cloth reaching toward his forehead before he succumbed to unconsciousness.

The original host of this body was a thin, nameless boy. Those who knew him simply referred to him by his codename; “Q”.

This small world was set in the interstellar era. After exhausting Earth’s resources to the brink, the planet had become unsuitable for human habitation. Humanity had ventured outward, spreading across several planets and thus ushering in the interstellar age.

During this exploration, humanity’s governments had split and merged repeatedly until they eventually stabilized into two empires; the Shuling Kingdom and the Kaz Empire.

Interstellar humanity hadn’t explored all the planets yet, and at the border between the two empires lay a dark, uncharted region. From the memories of the body’s original owner, Q, Si Yisi learned that this mysterious area was home to a destructive and terrifying species.

—The Zerg.

The original owner, Q, lived in the lower levels of the Kaz Empire, in a slum. He had no access to advanced knowledge, such as anything related to mechas. Instead, he sustained himself and his mother by fighting other slum dwellers for resources every day.

Because of that, the war between the Zerg and humanity was far removed from Q’s world. All he knew was a single, vague term; beyond that, he had no knowledge and couldn’t provide any useful information to Si Yisi.

How did the original owner die?

He died in an utterly senseless way. While searching for medicine for his mother, he was crushed to death by someone piloting a mecha that had suddenly appeared in the slum.

At that time, Q's mother had contracted a deadly illness. The special medicine he had desperately obtained was her only hope of survival.

But as Q, covered in injuries, struggled to return home to his mother, someone piloting a mecha fired an energy cannon at him. His body was almost completely destroyed under the immense force... yet he didn't die immediately.

Clutching the medicine tightly, he crawled, inch by inch, toward the crude home he shared with his mother.

Smash!

A person descended from the mecha and stomped on Q's hand, crushing his fingers along with the medicine.

Q saw the person's shoes; an expensive, high-end brand that slum dwellers could only dream of.

In his final moments, Q heard the mecha pilot speaking into a communication device. "Yes, it's been handled. Don't worry; people die in the slums every day. His death will definitely be written off as an accident."

"Huh? You're asking about his sickly mother? Don't worry, we've looked into it. She's bedridden and won't last more than a few days."

Moth... Mother...

"What? You're still not at ease? Fine, I'll deal with her too."

Mother! Mother—no!

An accident? This was clearly a premeditated murder!

As Q lay dying, blood and tears streamed from his eyes. He couldn't understand why someone would go to such lengths to kill him and even target his mother. Did he possess something they coveted?

His heart bled with grief. If he could, he would tear the mastermind behind it into pieces!

Someone... help!

"This kid is surprisingly lucky. His injuries are this severe, yet he managed to survive. Lisa, I'll help you this time for old times' sake, but don't expect me to do it again."

"Thank you... thank you so much..."

A humble, trembling female voice reached Si Yisi's ears, weak and fleeting, followed by faint, suppressed coughing.

Si Yisi felt his eyelids burning, but he forced them open. Slowly, his blurred vision cleared, and two figures came into focus.

One was a woman dressed in rough, coarse fabric. Her face was etched with worry, and deep wrinkles marked her forehead. Yet traces of her youthful beauty could still be discerned.

This woman was Q's mother, Lisa. Her gray, sorrowful eyes were fixed on Si Yisi, who lay in bed.

Beside her, a strong man dressed in slightly better clothes rested his hand on her shoulder. Si Yisi recognized him from Q's memories; his name was Huo Zhifou, a doctor who ran a small clinic in the slum and also happened to be one of Lisa's benefactors.

"Moth... Mother."

Si Yisi croaked out a hoarse greeting to Lisa.

It was evident that Q's mother, Lisa, had found a way to convince Huo Zhifou to treat him. Although Doctor Huo was an unlicensed doctor, anyone who could carve out a place for themselves in the slum was not to be underestimated. Lisa had undoubtedly paid some kind of favor in return.

"Thank you, Doctor Huo," Si Yisi said, propping himself up. The moment he moved, he could feel how frail Q's body was.

Q was by far the weakest host Si Yisi had ever inhabited.

He was alarmingly underweight, and his body was riddled with old, hidden injuries. It was no wonder a simple fever had nearly killed him.

Q was like this, and so were the other residents of the slum. Si Yisi's mother before him was emaciated to the point of being skin and bones, her frail frame supported only by her still somewhat attractive face.

...Heart-wrenching.

This was the first thought that surged into Si Yisi's mind.

He paused for a moment and then continued speaking to Huo Zhifou, "Whatever my mother promised you, Q will repay it on her behalf."

Huo Zhifou raised an eyebrow at him. "You... hmm, you're quite interesting."

Lisa hurriedly interjected, "Don't—"

But before she could finish, Si Yisi stopped her.

Lisa noticed something new in her son's eyes. This newfound quality gave Q's previously hollow gaze a spark, like the sharp edge of a blade carrying a fierce aura.

"Trust me, Mother," Si Yisi's voice reached Lisa's ears, and, inexplicably, she found herself believing her son's words.

“Kid, since you’re so insistent, the debt your mother owes will now fall on you,” Huo Zhifou said. “The antipyretics you used are rare commodities in the slum. Let’s say the cost is 1,000 copper star coins.”

The price Huo Zhifou named was blatantly inflated.

In this interstellar world, the currency was divided into gold, silver, and copper star coins, with an exchange rate of 1:10,000 between each. However, this system didn’t apply to the slums.

In the slums, residents like Q, who fought tooth and nail to survive, only ever dealt in copper star coins.

Even when Q risked his life battling others or took on dangerous, low-paying jobs, he only earned 5 or 6 copper star coins a day.

The price Huo Zhifou demanded was simply exorbitant.

Upon hearing that, Lisa’s pupils shrank. She grabbed Si Yisi’s arm in silent pleading, her lips trembling as if ready to utter a refusal at any moment.

“Alright, please issue a promissory note, Dr. Huo,” Si Yisi responded decisively.

After taking the note, Huo Zhifou left without another word.

Only then did Lisa, unable to hide her panic, say to Si Yisi, “Child, you’re too reckless.”

Si Yisi simply looked at her and asked, “Mother, what exactly did you promise Dr. Huo?”

His gaze was calm, but it naturally carried a commanding seriousness that was impossible to ignore. For a moment, Lisa saw a hint of a powerful figure in her son. She opened her mouth slightly but lowered her head, ultimately cowed by Si Yisi’s imposing demeanor.

In a voice as faint as a mosquito's buzz, Lisa replied, "To... stay with him for a week."

It was nothing more than a transaction involving her body. Si Yisi had guessed correctly.

From Q's childhood memories, his mother had always humbled herself, trading her body for copper star coins. Q despised it, and as he grew older, he threw himself into brutal fights, desperate to change such a wretched reality.

Si Yisi softened his tone. "Mother, you should value yourself more."

From Q's memories, Si Yisi knew all too well how terrifying the people in the slums could be when indulging their desires.

Many times, women who worked as prostitutes didn't just lose their dignity; they were often played to death right in those filthy beds.

The people in the slums were nothing more than irrational beasts. Their daily lives revolved around fighting—constant, brutal fighting. Even during acts of intimacy, they sought to unleash their animalistic, unrestrained, and frenzied desires.

It was a terrible reality, yet it was the truth.

Q never denied that he was one of those beasts, but he had a weakness; his mother.

He hoped that Si Yisi, while living in his place, would take good care of his mother, Lisa.

"But a thousand copper star coins!" Lisa's eyes filled with tears. "How can you come up with so many coins?"

"Don't worry," Si Yisi reassured her. "Isn't someone from outside coming in a few days to conduct some kind of compatibility test? If I'm selected, we'll easily be able to pay off the debt."

The Empire, in an effort to display its supposed generosity, visited the slums once every 5 years to screen for so-called “usable talent.” While this was clearly a tactic to win over public opinion, for Si Yisi, it was a valuable opportunity to escape the slums.

Those selected for compatibility were also rewarded with 100 silver star coins, which would be more than enough to pay off the debt.

Si Yisi had no intention of letting Lisa or himself remain in the slums.

From Q’s memories, it was clear that someone with significant influence had targeted them. The attack on Q had obviously been premeditated.

Based on Si Yisi’s assessment, the reason behind the attack likely wasn’t to seize something Q owned but rather to eliminate Q himself.

Was there something special about Q’s identity?

“But...” Lisa still wanted to protest.

“Don’t worry, Mother,” Si Yisi coaxed her. “What ‘but’? Trust my luck.”

At the same time, far away from the slums, in an imperial mecha base, the eyes of an unpiloted snake-shaped mecha suddenly glowed with a faint red light.

Inside the hunk of metal, an A.I. named Ah Tu suddenly appeared: ???

Where am I? Where did that annoying master of mine run off to?!

Ah Tu’s consciousness trembled nervously within the snake-shaped mecha for a moment before deciding not to move an inch.

Master, I won’t complain about you anymore. Please save me, QwQ! There are so many... monsters here!

He was referring to the rows upon rows of unmanned mecha units standing neatly in formation.

Elsewhere.

An arrogant voice commanded his subordinate, "Go to the slums and find this person. Then, kill him."

"Make sure he is completely and utterly dead. Leave no trace of his blood or even a single strand of hair behind."

"Remember, you must finish him off before the Empire arrives in the slums for the compatibility tests. Otherwise, things will get far more complicated."

"...Understood! I will carry out your command!" The subordinate, cloaked entirely in black, knelt to receive the order.

Chapter 57 - The Slum Boy's Desperate Counterattack (2)



At the mecha base of the Kaz Empire.

A group of soldiers stood neatly in formation before the cold, lifeless mechas, preparing to don their suits and head into battle.

Their enemies weren't just the soldiers of the Kaz Empire but also the Zerg that occasionally spilled out from the "Dark Regions."

One soldier, alongside his comrades, pressed the button to open the cockpit of a snake-shaped mecha. However, after pressing it once, the mecha before him remained completely unresponsive.

The soldier tried again, even inputting his B-level mental power into the system. The mecha's eyes glowed red, but as the cockpit began to slowly

open, the soldier's mental power was suddenly repelled, forcing him to withdraw.

Before him, the snake-shaped mecha fell silent once again, completely shutting down.

"Report, Commander. This mecha is malfunctioning," the soldier raised his hand to report.

"Take it to the logistics department," the commander ordered.

"Yes, Sir!"

The snake-shaped mecha was dragged to the desolate logistics area, left to join the company of discarded parts. As the mecha's consciousness, Ah Tu, quietly peered through its glowing eyes, it watched the mecha troops soar away like a swarm of locusts, exhaling a sigh of relief.

"Hiss~"

Thankfully, it hadn't been tempted by the sugar-coated cannonball.

(T/N: Sugar coated cannonball = internet term for saying; danger coated in sweet coaxing.)

Ah Tu had almost been controlled by the unfamiliar sensation of mental power. It felt like a gentle stream of water wrapping around its body, too... comfortable. It had taken a great deal of effort to suppress its instincts.

If anyone had been present in this part of the base, they would have noticed the snake-shaped mecha awkwardly inching its way out of the area.

Master, I'm coming to find you!

Unlike the conscientious Ah Tu, who only thought about reuniting with its master, Si Yisi hadn't spared a thought for where Ah Tu might have gone.

He was busy nursing his body back to health, fighting, and trying to obtain some supplemental resources from the slum's black market.

Si Yisi stuffed a small piece of black bread into his pocket and slowly made his way back to the dilapidated place that barely qualified as a home.

Suddenly, a skinny, dark-skinned boy stumbled and fell toward Si Yisi.

Si Yisi sidestepped the falling boy and instinctively drew the dagger he had concealed.

The boy's gaunt face twisted with a vicious expression, like a cold snake. A dagger slid out from his sleeve, and he lunged at Si Yisi, aiming for his vulnerable spots.

The moment the fight began, Si Yisi realized that the skinny boy was deeply familiar with Q's combat style. Every attack targeted the openings that Q was known to leave during fights.

If it had been Q standing there, even if he didn't die, he would have at least suffered severe injuries.

Si Yisi decided to mimic Q's typical moves, luring the skinny boy into attacking his supposed weaknesses. Just as the boy thought he'd found an opening, Si Yisi suddenly abandoned the feint, redirecting his dagger to a different angle.

Rip!

The dagger plunged smoothly into the skinny boy's abdomen, leaving a gaping wound in its wake.

The dark, skinny boy's eyes flickered, and in the next instant, like a rat, he attempted to scurry away with agility. Q's temperament was something his companions had studied thoroughly. He might fight with people in the slums, but if they tried to escape, he wouldn't bother chasing after them...

This thought had just flashed through the boy's mind when...

Rip!

Si Yisi pulled out the dagger and, in one fluid motion, stabbed the boy several more times, creating more bloody wounds.

He stepped on the astonished boy, pinning him underfoot. The boy looked utterly defeated, as though he had abandoned any hope of resistance.

Zzz—

An invisible sound scraped across Si Yisi's eardrum. Though he couldn't see what had attacked him, his mind suddenly burst with the sensation of a sharp "electric current."

The intangible force, like a venomous snake or a streak of lightning, shot toward Si Yisi's head at incredible speed.

Si Yisi felt a dull ache in his brain, and for a brief moment, his vision blurred. Yet, without hesitation, he plunged the dagger back into the boy's wound.

"Impossible..." the dark-skinned boy coughed out a mouthful of blood.

Si Yisi held him firmly underfoot, pressing so hard it seemed the boy's ribs were about to crack.

"What was that?" Si Yisi frowned, rubbing his temples as he recalled the brief pain earlier. It was clearly a form of invisible attack.

There had been no mention of this in Q's memories, but Si Yisi quickly deduced that it was likely a unique type of force with a special name.

"Pah... Kill me or torture me, do as you please," the boy spat bloodied words, but a wild grin remained on his face.

"Mental power?" Si Yisi asked casually.

Without waiting for an answer, he grabbed the boy's jaw and, with a crack, dislocated it, extracting a poison pouch hidden inside.

This item was something even Q had possessed; a necessity for slum dwellers. It was a precaution, either to avoid being captured and turned into a slave or to prevent becoming someone else's prisoner.

The boy's pupils dilated in shock. At the same time, Si Yisi once again felt the impact of the mental force.

This time, Si Yisi loosened his data stream slightly. He watched as the boy's eyes rolled back, and he nearly passed out. Si Yisi quickly slapped him across the face more than ten times.

"Don't faint," Si Yisi ordered, pressing down on him. "I won't kill you, but you'll need to guide me to the black market."

"I... will," the boy replied weakly, barely breathing. How did he know about mental power?! Why could Q, who hadn't even developed a mental core, counter mental attacks?!

The black market, much like the slums, was a place that avoided the light of day. It resembled the shadowy underbelly of a gutter, with a heavy, oppressive atmosphere that reeked of decay.

"Customer, what are you looking for?"

Si Yisi approached a stall owner cloaked entirely in a hooded robe. The vendor lifted his head to speak, and a strand of black-purple hair slipped out from beneath the hood.

Si Yisi's thoughts stirred. "I want to blow up mechas. Do you have any suitable recommendations?"

Any other vendor might have scolded him for his audacity, but the black-purple-haired man raised his head lazily and said, "I do. They're cheap—discounted goods."

Si Yisi glanced at him. These so-called explosives for mechas were indeed very cheap, their appearance dull and dusty, no different from street vendor goods.

“2 star coins for your trouble,” the man said.

“Mm.” Si Yisi paid the money, tucked the small package into his arms, and walked away.

After walking a short distance, Si Yisi opened the package slightly. He brushed off the dust from the weapons’ surfaces, revealing the shiny metallic silver underneath.

Just as he thought.

The moment Si Yisi saw the vendor, he had sensed something off. From start to finish, the man didn’t seem like someone who lived in the slums. He looked more like someone there for amusement.

What’s the vendor’s connection to the person who would attack Q?

It didn’t seem like he had come to silence anyone; he was probably a competitor to the person behind the attack on Q.

Suddenly, someone approached the man with the purple-black hair. This person was wearing a gray, patched-up cloak and looked at the man with an obsequious expression.

“Are you satisfied with the stall, sir?”

“Not bad,” the man with purple-black hair said as he tossed a shiny silver star coin to the real vendor, then turned and left with his subordinate who had emerged from the shadows.

“Sir Xian,” the subordinate asked, “What reason does that person have to target the boy from the slums?”

Lin Xian replied, “Ah... I don’t know.”

“But seeing how anxious Tru was, it’s clear the boy must have something special about him... Besides, he wanted to take apart a mecha sent by Tru. Isn’t it only normal for me to lend a hand? After all, Tru and I have never been on the same page.”

This young master’s approach could only be described as casual.

Lin Xian walked off nonchalantly, unaware that Si Yisi had not only spotted his flaw but had also left behind a souvenir.

A very rudimentary listening device.

Chapter 58 - The Slum Boy’s Desperate Counterattack (3)



As soon as Si Yisi returned home and greeted Lisa, he went straight into his rickety little room.

His current identity as a slum dweller made many people lower their guard, which also reduced obstacles when planting surveillance devices.

From the very beginning, Si Yisi had been seizing every opportunity to capture as much useful information as possible.

Given his current position in the slums, the resources available to him were extremely limited. The crude surveillance devices he had installed would likely be discovered in a short time.

Key words like “Young Master Xian” and “Tru” entered Si Yisi’s ears.

Once inside the room, he immediately began reviewing the recorded footage.

“Xian’s” identity was undoubtedly that of someone wealthy or noble, and correspondingly, the mysterious “Tru” must also have an unusual status. However, this alone wasn’t enough to deduce more valuable information.

On the other end of the footage, Xian, with his black-purple hair, was boarding a small aircraft alongside his follower.

But just as they had settled in, a sudden explosion sent a wave of heat surging through the scene, and Si Yisi could clearly see the image shaking violently.

“Damn it! Who sent this mecha to attack?! Was it that idiot Tru?!”

“Y-Young Master Xian, I’m not detecting any mental energy fluctuations from the mecha...”

“There are plenty of people who know how to shield mental energy. Get the photon cannon ready—”

The heat wave was so intense that it felt almost real, as if it could burst out of the screen and engulf Si Yisi at any moment.

But he wasn’t focused on the hyper-realistic simulation of the surveillance footage or the conversation between Xian and his follower. Instead, in the midst of the heat wave, he caught sight of a mecha flashing past.

This mecha had a peculiar design; its shape resembled a serpent, but on its metallic forehead were two small protrusions. It also seemed to possess self-awareness, continuously emitting a hissing sound.

Ah Tu?!

Si Yisi was so shocked that he abruptly stood up, watching as the snake-shaped mecha was struck by a photon cannon fired from the aircraft...

Surprise was one thing, but Si Yisi also immediately realized that this was the perfect moment to destroy the surveillance device ahead of time.

Without hesitation, he remotely controlled the surveillance device to detach itself from Xian, and the tiny button-shaped device rolled into the heat waves. In mere moments, it was reduced to ashes.

Si Yisi quickly memorized every piece of information reflected in the scene, including the terrain, distinctive signs, and the traces left by the explosion.

He certainly didn't believe that a photon cannon could do any real damage to Ah Tu, because he had vaguely spotted the insignia of the Kaz Empire on the mecha. There was no doubt that the snake-shaped mecha Ah Tu had taken over originated from the empire's mecha base!

[Warning, warning. Mecha damaged. Mecha damaged.]

Ah Tu let out a hiss, sounding unimpressed. Ever since it was hit by the photon cannon, this message had been repeating in its ears.

The worst part was that it couldn't even control the mecha's body anymore!

What kind of junk is this? Ah Tu was extremely dissatisfied; its original body was far more reliable. A hit of this level wouldn't even have knocked off a single scale!

Originally, Ah Tu had wanted to make a big scene to let Si Yisi witness its power, but it hadn't expected to suffer a setback halfway through.

However, because it bore the insignia of the Kaz Empire, Ah Tu wasn't destroyed on the spot. Instead, it was thrown back into a dusty logistics room.

Just then, a figure, shrouded entirely in darkness, approached the damaged mecha.

"A... lightly damaged imperial mecha?"

This figure, cloaked in black, was Chen Han, a subordinate who had received orders from Tru.

After accepting the mission, Chen Han had rushed to the mecha base at the first opportunity, only to find that the army of the Shuling Kingdom had chosen this exact moment to launch an attack. In response, the empire's soldiers had taken every available mecha for battle.

Just as Chen Han was about to return and admit his failure to Tru, he discovered the only remaining mecha inside the logistics room.

Despite this fortunate find, he remained cautious. Circling around the mecha multiple times, he meticulously inspected it, confirming that aside from minor damage, there were no hidden dangers. Satisfied, he decided to take the mecha with him.

Ah Tu felt extremely uncomfortable being touched, yet he was completely powerless to resist. However, as the subordinate continued repairing the mecha, Ah Tu gradually realized that he was regaining control bit by bit.

Perhaps... in just a few more hours, he would be able to fully command the mecha again.

Ah Tu secretly flicked his tail; This guy actually dared to pry open my "stomach" and crawl inside! Unacceptable!

Once I regain control, the first thing I'll do was throw this guy out! Then I'll definitely do this and that, and that and this!

Chen Han suddenly felt a chill run down his spine. Suspicious, he glanced around, but the only thing moving in the logistics room was the dust floating silently in the air.

Meanwhile, Si Yisi was outside his home, spending the night setting up traps using the weapons that Xian had sold off at a low price.

He didn't sleep all night, yet instead of feeling exhausted, his energy seemed even better. A surge of excitement was bubbling in his chest.

He had never tried taking down a mecha before!

In contrast, Lisa had fallen gravely ill overnight. Her illness struck like a collapsing mountain, all the accumulated pain and exhaustion erupting at once.

In the blink of an eye, Lisa was bedridden.

Si Yisi stood by her bedside, just about to feed her the medicine he had prepared in advance, when a frail, skeletal hand suddenly grabbed his wrist.

At this moment, Lisa had an almost morbid beauty; her skin was as pale as snow.

Her gray eyes, filled with a sorrow that never faded, seemed to hold the belief that she wouldn't live much longer. She stopped Si Yisi and said, "Child, you..."

But at that moment, Si Yisi was completely focused on giving her the medicine and didn't hear the rest of her words.

He had once had the chance to hear Lisa's full sentence, but unfortunately, in that version of events, he had died halfway due to a mecha attack.

So now, Si Yisi hesitated for a moment and didn't immediately take out the medicine.

Lisa looked at him and said, "Child... I have given you a name."

Si Yisi listened quietly.

In the slums, most children weren't given names. Many wouldn't survive long enough for it to matter.

Because of that, many mothers wouldn't give their children names filled with hopeful blessings.

The greater the hope, the greater the disappointment. And those struggling to survive in the slums had long since stopped believing in something as fragile as hope. Over time, this became an unspoken rule, leaving many slum children nameless.

"I'm listening, Mother," Si Yisi responded.

Lisa slowly spoke, "Si'an... This is the name I thought of for you."

After saying that, it was as if she had used up all her remaining strength. She closed her eyes and whispered, "Now... throw me out or sell me off. That way, at least you can get some star coins to repay Dr. Huo."

Si Yisi, no, Si'an, felt his heart tremble violently, his pulse suddenly racing.

"I like it very much, Mother. You will be fine," Si Yisi said as he uncorked the medicine and slowly fed it to Lisa.

This type of medicine would cause extreme drowsiness for a period of time. Lisa lifted her eyes to glance at Si Yisi in surprise, but soon, the drug's effects took hold, and she fell into a deep sleep.

Si Yisi tucked the blanket around her carefully, ensuring she lay peacefully in bed.

The joy of being named still rippled through Si'an's heart, but Si Yisi remained calm as he left the small house and activated a protective shield over their home.

Late at night.

A flash of red light streaked across the darkness. The faint glow was reflected in Si Yisi's black eyes as he silently turned toward the source.

The person controlling the mecha to kill Si'an had arrived.

That tiny red light was mirrored in Si Yisi's pupils, making it seem as if a blood-red film had covered his eyes—an eerie sight that sent chills down the spine.

He was excited. Excited for this entirely new experience.

What would it feel like to fight a man-controlled mecha?

Would it be more interesting than fighting a human?

A beam of energy blasted through the air, hurtling toward the place where Si Yisi and Lisa lived! The one controlling the mecha seemed completely indifferent to the fact that this immense energy would also wipe out the innocent slum residents nearby. After all... they're just lowly commoners!

The protective shield flared to life, blocking the attack. At the same time, Si Yisi moved with cat-like agility, his figure darting swiftly through the darkness, as if he were a shadow himself.

In his hand, he held a small dagger; his weapon of choice against the mecha!

Such an approach was no different from striking a stone with an egg, yet Si Yisi didn't hesitate for a second!

The mecha loomed before him, its dark form blending into the night. However, the red glow from its eyes betrayed its presence, giving Si Yisi a target.

Inside the cockpit, Chen Han immediately spotted Si Yisi through the night vision display.

At first glance, he confirmed that this was the slum boy Tru had ordered him to eliminate. But upon a second look, disbelief flickered in his eyes!

What was he seeing? That slum boy was charging straight toward the mecha!
And in his hand; just a tiny dagger!

Is he insane? Did he think death wasn't coming fast enough and decided to offer himself up?

Chen Han had never encountered such an easy mission before. His target wasn't even trying to flee; he was coming directly at him! Does the boy actually believe he could use that dull little dagger to cut through a mecha? How utterly ignorant and foolish!

Chen Han had already begun thinking about how he would report back to Tru for a reward. This mission had absolutely no difficulty at all. He locked onto the incoming target with the mecha, completely at ease; so much so that he didn't even notice the brief lag in the mecha's movement.

Ah Tu, still observing through his subordinate's vision, immediately saw Si Yisi.

The moment he sensed the familiar contract energy, he instantly recognized Si Yisi and had the overwhelming urge to rush toward his master—To complain!

Si Yisi, however, had no night vision capabilities in his current body. He wasn't able to see the mecha clearly; he was relying purely on his sharp instincts to track its position.

There was no way he could have recognized Ah Tu right away.

Chen Han aimed at Si Yisi and fired a close-range mini-missile! At such a short distance, there was no chance for the slum boy to dodge. And once he was hit, the toxins inside the missile would rapidly seep into his organs, turning him into nothing but a pool of blood in mere moments!

Still, out of a lingering sense of caution, Chen Han kept his eyes fixed on Si Yisi, not daring to blink. Though in truth, he had already lowered his guard.

He watched as the missile launched—

But in the next instant, the boy in front of him vanished!

“What?!” Chen Han involuntarily let out a shocked cry.

He hurriedly scanned the area for Si Yisi, only to realize that, in the blink of an eye, the boy had already closed the distance between himself and the mecha!

How did he get here?!

Shock aside, Chen Han still believed the situation was under control. He switched from missiles to bullets and fired a barrage, determined that this time, Si Yisi wouldn't escape his inescapable assault!

Even if the boy managed to dodge one bullet, there were several more right behind it. In just moments, his body would be riddled with holes!

But Si Yisi dodged again!

The bullets grazed his skin, leaving behind several shallow wounds, yet none inflicted serious damage!

Chen Han's pupils contracted sharply as he stared in disbelief.

In that instant, he sensed an overwhelming surge of mental energy erupt from the slum boy in front of him!

Those bullets weren't simply dodged; They had been forcibly redirected by an unheard-of, terrifyingly powerful force of mental energy!

What kind of mental power is this?!

Chen Han tried to activate his own B-rank mental energy in response, but the moment he did, a sharp pain tore through his mind. It felt as though he was

facing an unstoppable tidal wave, while his own power was nothing more than a feeble trickle in comparison.

The difference between their mental energy was like the distance between the earth and the heavens!

Si Yisi, on the other hand, felt incredible. He had entered an almost surreal state, as if his brain had turned into a ceaselessly spinning engine.

At first, he had expected to take a hit...

But now?

A smile appeared on Si Yisi's face.

It seemed that, by sheer accident, he had unlocked a whole new level of mental power!

Si Yisi's body moved like a sharp blade, slicing through the incoming barrage of bullets. Without hesitation, he lunged straight at the serpent-shaped mecha piloted by Chen Han!

This mecha... looks a little familiar?

A fleeting thought flashed through Si Yisi's mind but was quickly pushed aside.

Ah Tu wanted to cry; Is Master planning to tear me apart?!

Chen Han was so startled that he nearly jumped out of the cockpit!

But he soon realized there was no time for shock; because the mecha's display showed a flash of silver streaking toward him!

It was the dagger in Si Yisi's hand!

