

Full-Time Public Enemy

#Chapter 1 Who is the Father - Read Full-Time Public Enemy Chapter 1 Who is the Father

Chapter 1: Chapter 1 Who is the Father

Chen Gu opened his eyes to see a middle-aged man standing before him. The man pressed lightly on his wrist, and with a soft ZIPP, several electronic legal documents projected into the space between them.

Chen Gu ignored this advanced technology, as his mind was in turmoil. *How could I be here? I was just getting ready to meet up with an attractive, mature female film producer on my stylish motorcycle...*

"These documents can prove that a biological father-son relationship exists between us," the middle-aged man spoke.

Chen Gu had already stood up from the bed, but that statement made him sit back down with a THUMP. "Are you saying... you are my father?"

Chen Gu scrutinized the other person: around forty years old, wearing a stiff black uniform with silver trim. A medal hung on the left side of his chest, and three stripes of matte metallic plating adorned his right shoulder.

His eyes were half-closed, just enough to mostly conceal his eyeballs, giving a "listless" impression, as if there wasn't much left in the world that could pique his interest.

The middle-aged man's eyelids didn't move an inch as he said in a slow, indifferent tone, "No, I am your son."

"What?!" Chen Gu jumped up again, hitting his head on the frame of the upper bunk. The bed frame shook violently, but he was too shocked to mind the pain. "So, I'm the father all of a sudden? This has to be the wrong script! You're so old, how could you possibly be my son? Come on, close your eyes. Let's try this again."

Upon opening his eyes again, the middle-aged man was still standing there ramrod straight, his listless eyes carrying a hint of coldness, completely unaffected by Chen Gu's nonsensical outburst.

Chen Gu's mind was a mess. *What's going on? What exactly is happening?*

Upon closer examination of this older 'son,' Chen Gu incredulously discovered that if the man's eyelids were fully opened, he indeed... bore some resemblance to himself?!

The middle-aged man tapped on one of the documents, which automatically enlarged and zoomed in before Chen Gu. The file contained a series of proofs confirming they were indeed biological father and son.

While Chen Gu was still looking, the middle-aged man, eyelids unmoving, pushed an electronic check in front of him.

Chen Gu's eyes immediately fixed on the long string of "0s." He sheepishly started counting them. Before he could finish, the middle-aged man, his eyes still half-closed, spoke again, his voice cold, "This is one billion Starshield. Take the money, find yourself a place to live, and try to have no further contact with my family."

After saying his piece, he turned and left, clean and decisive.

Chen Gu was stunned again. *This script is wrong again!* Staring at the one-billion electronic check for a good while, Chen Gu finally finished counting. Nine "0s"—that's right, one billion.

What the hell... Am I really being kicked out of the house by my own son with a check?

Isn't this the kind of script you find with a domineering President, an evil mother-in-law, and a daughter-in-law from a humble background?

But casually throwing around one billion at least confirms that my family is indeed wealthy. Chen Gu actually felt somewhat relieved. He was sure he must have transported to another world. *And it seems... not bad? Starting off with one billion.*

But what on earth is going on?

Suddenly, Chen Gu felt a dizzying sensation in his head, as if something was about to break free, even causing intense, tearing pain in his brain.

Just then, from the honeycomb-shaped loudspeaker in an upper corner of the room, a synthetic electronic voice sounded: "Prisoner 8203, congratulations. You have been released early."

Prisoner! Release? Memories flooded Chen Gu's brain explosively. His eyes rolled back, and he collapsed. THUD.

...

Chen Jixian, his eyes half-closed and listless, walked out of the prison with a standard military gait. Outside the dark grey heavy alloy gate, a dark green maglev car awaited him.

The orderly immediately opened the car door. Just as Chen Jixian was about to get in, the warden hurried out after him. "Colonel, he's fainted—it might be a side effect of the Soul Imprisonment."

Chen Jixian frowned. He felt nothing but indifference toward this "biological father." In comparison, his feelings for his grandfather were even more complex.

However, he had just spoken to the man, and now he had fainted. Chen Jixian hesitated for a moment, then said to the orderly, "Wait for me a bit longer."

...

A few hours later, Chen Gu finally woke up. The hospital ward was a sterile, bright white.

His own son, Chen Jixian, sat upright in a chair against the wall. He spoke with the same indifference, "Your things have all been packed. There's nothing seriously wrong with your body. Once you've rested enough, you can be discharged from prison."

After a slight hesitation, he added, "After you get out, start a new life. Live your own life."

Then, he pushed the door open and left.

During his unconsciousness, Chen Gu's memories had integrated with those of the original body's owner. Sitting on the hospital bed, he calmed himself for a moment. Then, the electronic synthetic voice filled the ward: "Prisoner 8203, your sentence is now complete. You may leave at your convenience."

Twenty minutes later, Chen Gu, carrying a shabby backpack, walked out of the prison's heavy alloy gate. He looked back and saw eight luminous green characters on the gate: Wuzhaoyin City Second Prison.

Outside, a world far more advanced than his previous life unfolded before Chen Gu's eyes: skyscrapers of bizarre designs, disc-shaped floating islands twinkling with lights, rainbow-like superconducting transport bridges, perpetually slow public mag-trains, and luxurious, streamlined maglev cars...

In his previous life, Chen Gu had been a minor actor. So, after merging memories while unconscious, he was, in fact, "performing" as another version of himself.

Once he boarded the mag-train heading to the city center, he placed his backpack at his feet, leaned back slowly into the seat, took a deep breath, and buoyed his spirits. So *what if my own son kicked me out? I'm now a man with a billion in my grasp! In my last life, the most I ever handled was two hundred million. Things are very different now!*

...

Not long after Chen Gu had left, people started to gather in twos and threes outside the prison. Once everyone had arrived, a leader with a wolfish face took out a red bandana and tied it around his head.

The others had already donned theirs. In the center of each red bandana was the symbol of a radiant bow and arrow.

With a wave from the wolfish leader, several people quickly planted high-yield metallic hydrogen bombs beneath the prison's 3-foot-thick layered armor wall.

BOOM!

The massive explosion shook the entire prison violently. The outer wall was blasted open, creating a breach over 5 meters long. The guards stationed outside suffered heavy casualties.

Amidst the prison's piercing alarms, these individuals, brandishing guns, charged in, yelling, "Prophet, we've come to save you!"

The shaken prison guards returned fire from behind various forms of cover. The wolfish leader was the last to slowly walk into the prison. Arriving at the firefight, he ignored the guards' ferocious barrage and marched forward, various bullets striking him with a series of PINGS and CLANGS.

The wolfish leader suddenly let out a demonic laugh, "KEH KEH KEH—" With a RRRIP, his clothes burst apart, flying in all directions. The roar of massive machinery sounded as the wolfish leader's frame suddenly surged in height. Underneath his tattered clothes, a grotesque cybernetic body was revealed.

A core power reactor flickered with a dark red glow. Eight mechanical arms extended, each wielding a different weapon: a chainsaw sword, Plasma Halberd, Thermobaric Orb, magnetic bow, heat-ray wheel, superdense mace, High Wave Bell, and Field Force Seal!

The eight arms spread out behind him in a radial pattern, exuding an eerie, mystical, almost religious aura.

The surfaces of the mechanical components were rust-spotted. His massive frame was supported by a thick metallic spine, which protected the wolfish leader's entire spinal cord and connected upwards to his brain.

The chest cavity, which once housed internal organs, had been replaced with two large-caliber energy stream projectors.

The prison guards screamed in alarm, "That's powerful illegal body modification! Run for it!"

Chapter 2: Chapter 2 Happy to be a Grandfather

Half an hour later, Chen Gu had settled into a cost-effective bachelor apartment.

A billion Star Yuan was enough for him to live a life of extravagance indefinitely, but as a newcomer to a film crew, a shivering, tender young actor like him should naturally be cautious, keep a low profile, and quietly develop.

The apartment was equipped with basic living facilities. Inside his backpack were items Chen Gu had "inherited" from the original body, most of which were from forty years ago and had long been phased out in this era of rapidly advancing technology.

Only two items were useful: a black diary and a small storage card.

Chen Gu first opened the diary, which had been left to him by the original body's father, Chen Beiliu.

The original body had been sentenced to "Soul Imprisonment" for one hundred and twenty years. In his prisoner number "8203," "82" represented the penalty of "Soul Imprisonment," while "03" indicated that he was the third person to be sentenced to this penalty after the Confederation had established it.

Originally, the Confederation had only eighty-one types of penalties, but with technological development, they added an "82nd" penalty: Soul Imprisonment.

Yes, the Confederation often disregarded things like the so-called interstellar constitution.

"Soul Imprisonment" involved freezing the prisoner's body with special technology. The body would not age. Although the brain could still maintain faint biological electricity in this state, implying consciousness persisted, the entire soul essentially seemed imprisoned in an inanimate shell.

An entire one hundred and twenty years! It was a non-lethal but extremely cruel punishment, reserved for those who had committed universally abhorred crimes that nevertheless did not warrant death.

Because it was indeed very harsh, sentencing someone to such punishment required the agreement of more than seven of the nine Supreme Judges of the Confederation.

When the original body was judged, the nine Supreme Judges unhesitatingly and unanimously passed the sentence!

Even the first two unfortunates sentenced to Soul Imprisonment had not achieved this distinction. More than forty years had passed since the original body's sentencing, and an "8204" prisoner had still not appeared.

As for why the original body was so detested, it all began with one person: Aviloya, the Valkyrie of all humanity.

More than sixty years ago, during humanity's first interstellar expansion, they encountered a large-scale confrontation with an alien intelligent life on Keel Dragon Major Star in the Skull Dragon Star Domain. There, the Alien Insect Race ambushed the human exploration team. They brutally tore apart all the warriors, devouring them and thus igniting the war between the two races.

Humanity knew little about this adversary and was constantly retreating from the war's onset. During this crisis, a prodigiously talented female warrior, piloting a star combat Mecha, daringly ventured into the swarm and miraculously killed the Alien Insect Race's queen.

Her actions greatly inspired the entire army. Under Aviloya's leadership, they launched a counter-offensive. Ultimately, after heavy sacrifices, the Alien Insect Race was completely driven out of the Skull Dragon Star Domain. At the edge of the Star Domain, a Star Sea fortress chain was established. Today, it serves as humanity's first line of defense against the Alien Insect Race.

After the war, Aviloya became a national icon. Her bravery and decisive action on the battlefield were admired, and her Mecha combat skills were impeccable. Off the battlefield, donning an evening gown, she was elegant and intellectual, radiating endless charisma. She was the goddess in the hearts of all men.

The original body, also named Chen Gu, was quite talented. He secretly took holographic photos of Aviloya and used his hacking skills to create a special "art film." He was the male lead and even turned it into a "series" of sixteen episodes, each with its own plot...

The fool sealed his own fate by uploading the film to the interstellar network, even leaving a message promising weekly updates if he received enough likes.

He was arrested before the second-week update. The rest of the films were used as evidence. Though not "publicly broadcast," their indecent content was leaked, enraging all men who gathered to protest, demanding the Supreme Court severely punish this sleazy wretch.

What did this incident illustrate? It showed that soliciting likes is fun momentarily, but tomorrow it's off to the crematorium.

The Supreme Judges were also men, and Aviloya was their goddess too. So, it came as no surprise that the young man was sentenced to one hundred and twenty years of "Soul Imprisonment." Once the judgment was announced, all of humanity rejoiced. Except for his father, Chen Beiliu, surprisingly no one else considered it cruel.

Chen Beiliu had only this one son. His wife had died in an accident, and he, deeply affectionate, poured all his love onto his child.

In the father's memory, Chen Gu was not the despicable thief who had severely blasphemed the goddess of the entire Star Domain. He was always the lovely little boy of his memory.

After Chen Gu was sentenced to Soul Imprisonment, Chen Beiliu's fortunes suddenly turned. He was originally just an ordinary businessman running a small company, but in just a few years, he became one of the top ten wealthiest men on Empire River Star.

Chen Beiliu stubbornly believed his child had done no wrong. However, he couldn't wait one hundred and twenty years, nor could he change the Supreme Court's judgment, even with his astonishing wealth. Still, his money did play a role. He filed an application and, after many covert operations, successfully used Chen Gu's "seed" to conceive a grandson, Chen Jixian.

That was the middle-aged man Chen Gu had met earlier.

How the "seed" was obtained, Chen Gu decided not to dwell on such details.

Chen Jixian was an outstanding student from a young age. At sixteen, he was exceptionally admitted to the Confederation's premier military academy, the Tiangong Military Division. He completed in just three years what normally took people five, then enlisted in the war, earning numerous military accolades. By forty, he held the rank of Colonel.

In Chen Beiliu's diary, writing as if speaking to his son, he meticulously recorded every detail of Chen Jixian's growth. Even Chen Beiliu understood that his grandson always carried a heavy burden in his heart.

Anyone born under such circumstances would feel that their grandfather didn't love them for who they were but only wanted a replacement.

In the diary, Chen Beiliu also told his son, Chen Gu, to understand Chen Jixian, writing, "For all this is my fault. If one day you have the ability, try to make it up to the boy. As both a grandfather and a father, we owe him too much."

At the end of the diary, Chen Beiliu wrote:

"My child, I can't hold on any longer. After your mother passed away, my health has been failing, and over the years, I've been relying on medication. I had a conviction to hold on until the day you were released!

But now, I really can't hold on. Fortunately, Jixian has just made a great contribution. I will persuade him to use his military achievements to reduce your sentence. Decades have passed since your incident, and not many people remember it, so it shouldn't be hard to manage.

I will make this request as my dying wish. Before I pass away, I will present it to Jixian. Although he bears some resentment toward me, he will certainly not refuse an old man's last wish. This is the last thing Dad can do for you.

Son, you are about to be free!

I have left all my estate to Jixian; that is the compensation he deserves. If he's not so warm towards you, don't hold it against him. I sincerely hope that you, father and son, can be like a true family, with a loving father and a filial son. I hope you can love him as I have loved you.

Oh yes, there's one more thing I haven't told you—you have a grandson and a granddaughter, a pair of adorable twins. I like them very much too..."

After reading the diary, Chen Gu sighed deeply. Chen Beiliu's actions were absurd, even somewhat "cruel" to Chen Jixian, but who could bring themselves to blame an old man who dearly loved his child?

Moreover, the old man had compensated his grandson with all his wealth.

Chen Jixian was actually a victim. Honestly, Chen Gu felt that since Chen Jixian managed to get him out and even gave him one billion Star Yuan, he must be a very principled and generous person.

This whole family was pitiable. And the clear culprit behind this tragedy was the original body—now this blame, with a CLANG, landed squarely on Chen Gu's head.

Closing the diary, Chen Gu stood before the mirror, feeling somewhat puzzled.

He had transmigrated from his own world. Yet, this body shared his name and appearance; even his parents' names were the same.

In his original world, Chen Gu's father was also named Chen Beiliu, and his mother had also died in an accident when he was very young.

He was over thirty, drifting in the north as a minor actor. For a major supporting role, he hadn't hesitated to get involved with a formidable woman. While riding his beloved little

scooter "onward to Tiger Mountain," he must have had a traffic accident and inexplicably arrived in this distant future.

But I don't have a forty-something-year-old son, nor a pair of twin grandchildren nearly my age! Chen Gu clutched his hair and howled in dismay.

What kind of script is this? The bulk-buying version of 'Happy to be a Dad': 'Happy to be a Granddad'?

Buy one, get two free? Extra quantity at no extra charge?

As Chen Gu was venting his frustrations, the apartment's computerized housekeeper suddenly emitted a BEEP BEEP and announced: "You have a visitor."

Impossible.

But the computerized housekeeper switched to the visitor's camera feed from downstairs. Chen Gu was startled by the fellow whose large head was pressed so close to the camera that his entire face almost filled the lens.

"Hurry and open the door for Daddy!" the large face, sporting white stubble and black-framed glasses, said earnestly.

Chen Gu was confused for a moment. *Was it Chen Beiliu? But wasn't Chen Beiliu dead? And besides, the appearance didn't match.* His memories from two lifetimes merged, slowly allowing him to connect a younger face with the white-stubbled one before him.

"Ossosa, you damn grandson!" Chen Gu exclaimed. "How dare you try to get one over on your grandpa!"

Chapter 3: Chapter Three: Seamlessly Blending Idiots from Two Worlds

The elderly man downstairs laughed heartily, took a step back, and reprimanded, "You didn't even notify me when you got out, but luckily I noticed your personal account was activated and rushed over right away. Hurry up and open the door."

Chen Gu remotely controlled the door to open, and while waiting, he muttered to himself, "This world has an Ossosa too, and he's still my number one crony."

The old man moved with astonishing speed, darting into Chen Gu's room with agility that belied his age. Ossosa's eyes were a bit moist as he cursed and went straight up to give him a tight hug. "Good to see you out."

Then, he pushed Chen Gu away, his old face with its salt-and-pepper beard revealing a sly grin. "Hand it over."

"What?"

Ossosa gestured with curled fingers. "The footage! The full set with Valkyrie! The Supreme Tribunal moved too quickly back then; I only managed to watch the first three episodes. Don't tell me you don't have backups. I know you—there's no way you have less than several backups of that stuff."

Chen Gu was stunned for a moment. "You really are old but not grown up..."

Ossosa was instantly angered. "Bullshit, where have I aged? I'm in my prime, you know? I just took No.6 Life Potion, and I should live to two hundred, barring any accidents."

Why did Chen Beiliu die so early? Chen Gu wondered to himself.

"There are no backups, really. They were all confiscated by the Supreme Tribunal, and they have several experts." Chen Gu wasn't planning to give them to him. His original self really did hide several backups, but he needed to organize his memories to recall where exactly they were.

Ossosa's enthusiasm cooled significantly, and he asked listlessly, "So, what are your plans now?"

Chen Gu glared at him. "You've been eyeing my release date just for those videos, haven't you?"

"Of course not," Ossosa declared righteously. "I'm here for the bond we had. After all, you used to call me 'Dad'." Chen Gu threw a cup at him.

He confirmed it: in both worlds, his buddy was equally ridiculous.

"Chen Jixian wants me to continue going to school." The memory card contained a video message from Chen Jixian for Chen Gu, which he had already watched before Ossosa's arrival. The message also mentioned, "Still at Lubei Middle School."

Ossosa turned serious for once. "For your alma mater to reaccept you, Chen Jixian must have made many efforts." He looked at Chen Gu. "Not to offend you, but you've slowed him down. With the military merits Chen Jixian has earned over the years, he should've been at least a major general by now, but he's still just a colonel."

"On the way here, I inquired about some things. Three months ago, a swarm of the Insect Race unexpectedly crossed the Star Sea and attacked the agricultural planet Thousand Grass Star. The nine thousand interstellar cowboys working the land there fought bravely with rudimentary equipment. They defended their ground resolutely, unafraid of sacrifice, and their actions, broadcast live on the interstellar net, garnered widespread public sympathy and support. But this move by the Insect Race was so

sudden that there were severely insufficient military forces near Thousand Grass Star that could provide timely support.

This incident caused a huge uproar, and the higher-ups were being pressured into a difficult position. It was Chen Jixian who led his own elite company, risking his life to suddenly appear behind the Insect Race. Then, in a swift maneuver, he used a special bomb to kill the Insect Race queen, thereby saving the entire Thousand Grass Star.

He had the opportunity to be promoted to major general for this major contribution, but instead, he chose to exchange it for an eighty-year reduction in your sentence, leading to your early release."

Chen Gu then fell silent for a while. This was a burden his original self shouldered, yet there was no doubt he also benefited. Otherwise, if his Soul had transmigrated here, he would have had to endure a full eighty years of Soul Imprisonment, which would have been worse than death.

Seeing his dejected mood, Ossosa patted him on the shoulder. "Come on, I'll take you out for a good meal, to welcome you back."

"Okay."

As the two descended the stairs, a luxurious and majestic business maglev car was parked on the road outside. A bodyguard opened the door, and an assistant came up attentively. "President, the Sunset Glow Restaurant has been reserved, and it's very difficult to get a seat—if it weren't for you, it would be impossible to book on short notice."

"Hmm." Ossosa straightened his clothes. The sleazy demeanor he'd shown Chen Gu vanished, replaced by a dignified, solemn air.

He led Chen Gu into the car. The assistant drove, the bodyguard sat in the passenger seat, and automatic tinting dividers rose between the front and rear compartments. Ossosa's solemnity vanished, and he began boasting to his buddy with that sly grin again. "I am not what I was back then. Now I'm the President of the Empire River Star Energy Physics Research Institute, and even throughout the entire Confederation, I am a renowned expert!"

Chen Gu sat in the car with poise and said, "Dad, I have a billion, kneel down!"

Ossosa: "..."

After thinking for a moment, Ossosa continued, "Four years ago, I was named one of the top ten human scholars in new energy, enjoying a special stipend from the Human Fund."

"Dad, I have a billion, kneel down!"

Ossosa: "I've won the Confederation's highest award for scientific advancement three years in a row!"

"Dad, I have a billion, kneel down!"

Chen Gu knew the principle of not showing off wealth but didn't mind boasting to his old mates. Like all the small actors in his previous life, he had a dream of becoming a "Life Actor of the Year."

In Chen Gu's own colloquial terms, that meant: be prudent when necessary, put on an act when required, and be outrageously silly when the moment called for it.

Well, profound and all-embracing indeed.

"Vulgar and mercenary!" Ossosa was irritated, but Chen Gu laughed. "Dad, with my billion, I can get close to anyone."

Ossosa couldn't out-talk him and started making phone calls in frustration. "I'll call Zhao Ji and the gorilla."

Chen Gu didn't object. According to the memories of his original body, the four of them were best friends during school. Soon, Ossosa hung up and said, "Zhao Ji will come right away, and we'll meet at Sunset Glow Restaurant. The gorilla... has got some issues to deal with, so he can't come right now. He'll come and see you later."

Chen Gu noticed Ossosa's hesitation but didn't press the issue. After all, over forty years had passed, and following that incident, it was inevitable that some people would want to keep their distance from him.

Even Zhao Ji, who was willing to come, wouldn't be as unreserved as before.

However, it's been forty years since Ossosa last saw me, and I've only just transmigrated here, yet our ridiculousness still connects so seamlessly.

Ape dung!

"That bastard Zhao Ji finally realized his childhood dream and succeeded in living off a woman. He married the daughter of the President of Tao Industrial and is now the Vice President of Tao Industrial's branch on Empire River Star."

Chen Gu recalled, "A big arms dealer, eh?"

Ossosa nodded and added, "The gorilla formed a rock band but didn't make it big after several years, so he switched to being a producer. Twenty years ago, he established

his own music company, and now he has many popular singers under his label. It's normal for him not to come. With paparazzi trailing him, his presence would have made it hard for us to have a good meal."

Chen Gu smiled and said nothing.

Sunset Glow Restaurant was located on the highest floating island in the city. At dusk every day, the afterglow of the sunset on Empire River Star would bathe the entire restaurant in a pale golden light, a sight both splendid and elegant. Moreover, the delicacies here were among the best in the entire Confederation, making it very difficult to get a reservation.

The three friends reunited after forty years. Zhao Ji dressed like a successful man in a low-profile but exquisite custom suit. At the gathering, he insisted that Chen Gu drink nine drinks straight. They reminisced about the old days, and Zhao Ji expressed indignation on behalf of Chen Gu. "That case shouldn't have been handed such a harsh sentence. It's just that everyone knew about it, and everyone was calling for your head. The Supreme Tribunal didn't sentence you based on the law but was swayed by public opinion..."

But what was the point of talking about it now?

An hour later, Ossosa's assistant came in. There was an emergency at the research institute, and Ossosa had to rush back immediately. Zhao Ji was about to offer to take Chen Gu home when he suddenly received a call from a woman and scurried off with his tail between his legs.

Chen Gu waved to Ossosa. "I'll go back by myself and sober up along the way. You go ahead with your work. I'm a big grown man now. You think I'll get lost?"

Ossosa left him to it and hurried back as well.

Chen Gu still had many things to sort out in his mind. He strolled back, pondering as he went.

As he passed a tall building, its exterior holographic screen was broadcasting breaking news: "Earlier today, the Second Prison suffered a serious attack. Our city's Fourth Special Police Team responded swiftly, taking just twenty minutes to eliminate all sixty armed rioters.

It is reported that this attack was carried out by the heretical 'True Knowledge Sin,' aiming to rescue the imprisoned 'Prophet' Wei Jiangqi of the 'True Knowledge Sin' from the Second Prison..."

Accompanying the narration were various clipped scenes, including the aftermath of the attack on the Second Prison, the numerous atrocities committed by the 'True

Knowledge Sin' across the Confederation's colonies, and some fanatical followers waving weapons and shouting loudly at the crowd. The report ended with a jail photo of Wei Jiangqi.

The man had disheveled white whiskers but stared at the camera with a look that pitied "you ignorant fools."

Did this happen after I was released from prison? Good thing I left in time. Chen Gu was struck with a thought.

"... The order in the Second Prison has now been restored, and no prisoners have escaped. The public need not worry.

Additionally, in this attack, two prisoners were killed in the chaos. They were..."

Chen Gu had walked some distance when he suddenly stopped. The names of those two prisoners were very familiar—they were the two convicts sentenced to 'Soul Imprisonment' just before him!

A coincidence? Chen Gu was suspicious.

Chapter 4: Chapter 4 Occupation: Nuclear Explosion Nun

It wasn't until late afternoon that Chen Gu returned to the neighborhood near his newly rented apartment.

Suddenly, a dazzlingly luxurious maglev car dived, grazing Chen Gu's body as it sped toward the entrance of the residential complex, narrowly missing him.

The car window rolled down, and the automatic parking system conducted identity recognition before directing the maglev car to a parking spot. The portly car owner's dissatisfied voice wafted from the window, "This neighborhood is really going downhill, letting just anyone move in."

Chen Gu, who was just entering the complex, paused in astonishment. *So it was all deliberately aimed at me, huh?* He chuckled.

Having recently come out of prison, Chen Gu was still wearing clothes from forty years ago, which were certainly not very presentable. He'd gone to the Twilight Restaurant, where the waiters didn't judge by appearances, but his new neighbors clearly did.

As Chen Gu went upstairs and had just entered the corridor, he heard arguing: "...This is the fourth time, the fourth time! Don't you people teach your child any manners?"

Another arrogant voice retorted, "So what if he drew on your door? What's the big deal? Just wipe it clean. I'm warning you, don't you dare scare my son! He has immense

artistic talent. If you frighten him and he stops drawing, our family will lose a great artist, and I'll hold you responsible!"

Chen Gu walked over and saw that a neighbor's door was covered in a chaotic mess of colorful pen drawings. Most notably, a large, crudely drawn turtle was scrawled right in the center!

The neighbor was red-faced with fury, while the culprit, far from looking "scared," was hiding behind his heavysset mother, continually making faces at the victim.

The child's father—bald, with a thick neck and a beer belly—glared at the neighbor, his expression clearly stating, "I'm not a reasonable man."

Chen Gu glanced over and, sure enough, his own door, not far away, also had a cluster of turtles drawn on it.

"Now, now, we're all neighbors here." Chen Gu quickly slipped into character and began to mediate. "It's not a big deal. Why spoil the harmony over something like this?"

"Exactly!" The heavysset mother chimed in, energized. "You're the one being petty!"

Chen Gu pulled the little rascal over, pointed to the drawings on the wall and door, and asked gently, "Are these all your creations?"

"Mm-hmm!" The little brat nodded proudly. Chen Gu, appearing deeply moved, approached the parents and grasped their hands firmly. "This child is a genius! You're doing absolutely the right thing; you must never suppress his artistic nature!"

"Really?" The mother was suddenly suspicious. How could she not know what her own son was like?

Chen Gu adopted a very serious expression, his tone filled with sincerity. "My family deals in art. I've come across the childhood drawings of many great painters, such as..." He then reeled off a long list of imposing names the child's parents had never heard.

"Please, trust my eye. This child is in no way inferior to them!"

"Oh my goodness!" The mother was truly convinced now. She slapped her husband's shoulder excitedly. "Did you hear that? Did you hear? My son really is a genius!"

Chen Gu then approached the little rascal again and said in a low voice, "Kid, you might not realize just how outstanding you are. This art of yours... actually has a professional name: street graffiti. But if you only draw inside the building, no one will see it, and no one will discover your talent."

"Then what should I do?" the boy asked.

"You need to go outside and find some large, prominent targets. Of course, you're still small, so you might not be able to reach those places. You could change your approach—for example, find things that can move but are very eye-catching to create on!"

"Street graffiti is an art form that's incredibly popular among young people. Once your talent is discovered, believe me, you'll become the king of all the kids in this city!"

The little rascal's eyes lit up, and he nodded vigorously, apparently already envisioning the carrier for his next "masterpiece."

Chen Gu returned to the parents and quickly accessed the interstellar network, ordering a set of colored pens to be delivered to the brat's home.

"This is just a small token from me; please don't refuse. I intend to take over my family's business, and this child is sure to become world-famous one day. Consider this an early investment. In the future, please give me priority consideration to represent his works."

When the father saw the price of over two hundred credits, he felt embarrassed, but the mother pinched him hard. "Oh, how could we possibly accept..." she said, yet made no move to refuse.

Chen Gu repeatedly said, "Don't mention it," and closed the webpage. Ordinary colored pens cost only about a dozen or so credits, but this set was so expensive because it featured "nanoparticle pigments, ultra-high penetration, and colorfast for a hundred years."

He turned back, and upon reaching his own door, he admired the "artwork" on it earnestly, exclaiming, "A masterpiece!" After entering his apartment, he turned back to give the brat's family a thumbs-up.

Closing the door, Chen Gu reflected on his performance. *That wasn't right. I overdid it, too theatrical.*

But it doesn't matter. They're not acting coaches; it should be enough to fool them.

Will that little rascal manage to find the "right" targets? Chen Gu couldn't help but smile in anticipation.

He had to report to school the next day, so Chen Gu took a shower and went to bed early.

The storage card contained his enrollment documents. Chen Jixian had arranged everything; all Chen Gu had to do was take them with him. But lying in bed, Chen Gu wasn't thinking about school. He closed his eyes and let himself sink into a deep, profound space...

All around was a void. Floating before him was an ancient, massive book. Its cover bore the title in mysterious script, characters Chen Gu had never learned, yet somehow, he recognized the book's name:

The Past of Four Hundred People.

During his period of unconsciousness in prison, Chen Gu had not only integrated the original owner's memories but had also discovered this book within his mental space.

My inexplicable transmigration is very likely related to this thing,

he thought.

Back in prison, Chen Gu hadn't known if any high-tech devices were monitoring him. Then Ossosa had shown up. It was only now that he finally had a chance to study it in detail.

With a thought from Chen Gu, the book flipped open to its first page.

The thick, rough paper felt distinctly textured to Chen Gu. On the flyleaf, a line of text was written vertically:

The end of science.

Chen Gu didn't understand its meaning. With another thought, he turned past the flyleaf. In the center of the next page was a portrait.

It depicted a woman, tall and voluptuous, dressed in a black nun's habit and a white veil. Yet, on her feet was a pair of twelve-centimeter black high heels!

The soles were dark red, as if stained with blood.

Her eyes were incredibly clear and pure. Her hands, white and slender, were held piously before her, a bright, dazzling golden light emanating from between them.

Her entire being radiated a contradictory aura—simultaneously sensual and pure, volatile and serene, frenzied yet devout—filled with an irresistible magnetism that inexorably drew one in.

Text filled the blank spaces on either side of the portrait.

On the left:

Name: Milna Katerina

Occupation: Nuclear Explosion Nun

Origin: Atomic Holy Church

Abilities: Biological Nuclear Explosion

Mind Belief

Radiation Scouring

Atomic Life

...

On the right:

She was one of the most devout followers of the Atomic Holy Church. After enduring unimaginable ascetic practices and various trials, she finally became a devastating Nuclear Explosion Nun.

This class of practitioner was the ultimate weapon of the Atomic Holy Church, their most effective means of propagating their doctrines and attracting new believers. Their very existence served as a constant reminder to all life forms that atomic power must be used peacefully, for no civilization could withstand its backlash.

Milna Katerina's faith never wavered throughout her life. She dedicated her all to the Holy Church, including her chastity and her life. She advanced to the Fourth Energy Level in her profession, making her an exceptionally powerful figure among practitioners...

She was supremely confident in her beauty—a confidence you would understand was not baseless the moment you gazed upon her. Were it not for her steadfast faith in the Holy Church, she might well have become a Multistate Special Agent, etching a legendary Chapter in the history of human espionage.

Chen Gu was rather bewildered. He could understand concepts like professions and sects. In his previous life, Chen Gu had read plenty of web novels; they were always a good way to pass the time when he had no acting roles.

But he had never encountered a profession like "Nuclear Explosion Nun" in any book or game.

And the abilities listed... *What in the world is 'Biological Nuclear Explosion'?* How could 'biological' and 'nuclear explosion' possibly be connected? Any nuclear explosion would annihilate all biological life!

As Chen Gu pondered this, he subconsciously reached out and gently touched the page.

Instantly, countless memories flooded into him. Simultaneously, the portrait of Milna Katerina on the page vanished.

Chen Gu opened his eyes and instinctively cupped his chest—finding nothing there, of course. He then shifted his "delicate" form on the bed and couldn't help but chuckle.

Spreading his hands, Chen Gu felt as if he could see through his own palms to the immense explosive power contained within.

This is insane... Chen Gu couldn't help but mutter. Is there a chance I might accidentally blow myself up?

Good heavens, the taste in this apartment is just atrociously bad!

These lifeless blocks are supposed to be furniture?

A dressing room! A dressing room is the Soul of a house! How can there not be a dressing room? The doctrines of the Holy Church would never permit such an oversight!

Ugh—those hideous trousers truly deserve to be subjected to Nuclear Purification a hundred times over!

Chen Gu's mind suddenly flooded with all sorts of bizarre thoughts. *What's happening to me... I've been possessed by Milna Katerina's memories!*

Which means... I am now Chen Gu, and also 'Milna Katerina'!

With a mental command, all of "Milna Katerina's" memories retreated, reconverging into the portrait on the page.

All the previous outlandish thoughts vanished. Looking around his apartment again, Chen Gu found it simple and quite agreeable.

Chapter 5: Chapter 5 Profession: Star Battle Instructor

So that's how it is. But where did this book come from? What does it have to do with my transmigration? Chen Gu was utterly perplexed.

On the other hand, Milna Katerina's memories related to Professionals explained Chen Gu's previous doubts. The Biological Nuclear Explosion skill was indeed the ability to unleash a terrifying nuclear explosion using one's own biological body! Besides Biological Nuclear Explosion, every skill of a Professional seemed to defy common sense in Chen Gu's eyes. The key to achieving all this was "Super Material."

"Super Material" originated from Super Lifeforms in the Star Sea. Super Lifeforms weren't a single species but various immensely powerful beings, their existence

currently inexplicable by scientific theories, appearing almost as isolated entities within the Star Sea. These lifeforms weren't necessarily colossal in size, but they invariably possessed incredible power. Each Super Lifeform could single-handedly confront a primary human Starship! Every Super Lifeform had left nightmarish memories for human fleets.

Although researchers still hadn't found conclusive evidence, it was widely speculated that the extraordinary abilities of Super Lifeforms stemmed from the Super Material within their bodies. Humans encountered their first Super Lifeform while developing the sixth colonial planet, "Pioneer Star." It was a powerful entity resembling a fusion of a whale and a centipede, several thousand meters in length, possessing the abilities of "Deep Freeze" and "Teleportation." Humanity lost half a fleet before finally slaying this Super Lifeform, thereby acquiring the first-ever sample of Super Material from its corpse. To this day, humans still don't understand how such clearly "unscientific" beings as Super Lifeforms came into existence, or why they persist.

In subsequent history, humans discovered Super Lifeforms numerous times. Most were entirely different from one another, with no apparent connection, yet every Super Lifeform contained Super Material. The queen of the Alien Insect Race, a major headache for the human military, was the weakest "Super Lifeform" yet discovered, possessing only a minimal amount of Super Material. In every respect, the queen was an anomaly among Super Lifeforms.

Only with Super Material and a special Profession "Generator" could a Professional be created. The very existence of Super Material defied common sense, yet it was what supported Professionals in performing their various incredible skills, such as Biological Nuclear Explosion.

Chen Gu suddenly grasped some of the meaning behind the phrase on the title page: *Science and mystery are intricately entangled. The end of science may well be mystery.* No matter the world, there were always many mysteries that science seemed unable to explain: his own soul transmigration, this book titled "The Past of Four Hundred," the so-called... Professionals.

Chen Gu took a deep breath, his consciousness re-entering that mysterious void. With another thought, he flipped past Milna Katerina's page. On the second page, a portrait of a person still occupied the center.

He was tall and strong, but not overly muscular, striking a balance between power and agility. His short hair stood stiffly like steel needles atop his head. He wore a dark green combat uniform from an unknown organization, complete with a belt, a monocle, and an arm-mounted computer—all clearly high-tech. His entire right arm, extending to his right pectoral, had been replaced with metallic components through advanced medical procedures. Energy flickered within these components, perhaps concealing some formidable weapon.

His hands were tucked into his belt, his gaze ferocious, as if he were perpetually watching, ready to punish any mistake without hesitation. Yet, for some reason, this man, who exuded ferocity, irascibility, and cunning, also inspired a profound sense of security: on a battlefield, you would confidently entrust your back to him.

On the blank spaces to the sides of the portrait, lines of text were written.

On the left:

Name: Griffin Wester

Profession: Star Battle Instructor

Origin: Blue Blood Ruffians Expeditionary Force

Ability: High-Energy Combat Art

On the right:

Griffin Wester was the fifth Star Battle Instructor of the Blue Blood Ruffians. It was due to this Profession that the Blue Blood Ruffians became the foremost mercenary corps during humanity's era of great interstellar exploration.

Compared to the diverse and strange abilities of other Professionals, a Star Battle Instructor trusts only his own hands. High-Energy Combat Art is profound and extensive, capable of complementing any high-tech weaponry, such as Griffin's "Titanium Crystal" mechanical arm, Star Armor, personal nuclear-powered furnaces, or even the... Divine Light Cleave Warship Saber.

As an instructor, Griffin possessed discipline bordering on obsessive-compulsive disorder; he couldn't tolerate the slightest "mess" in camp. This even influenced his aesthetic sense; make no mistake, he was a thoroughly pragmatic and unyielding man. He wasn't easy to get along with, but he was undoubtedly a good comrade-in-arms. If you underestimated his battlefield command, leadership, or decisiveness due to his inflexibility, you were gravely mistaken. He was an excellent mentor but not a good friend; he had once successfully driven three of his close friends mad.

From his experience with Milna Katerina, Chen Gu already knew that the memories of the individuals on each page of "The Past of Four Hundred" could "possess" him, allowing him to use their abilities through this "possession." However, he had no idea to what "Energy Level" of strength he could tap into.

Chen Gu gently touched the page. Griffin Wester's portrait instantly vanished, and a vast flood of memories poured into Chen Gu.

With a loud shout, Chen Gu executed a perfect kip-up. BANG! He snapped from a prone position to military attention!

His eyes wide, he swiveled his neck robotically, surveying the apartment.

"Damn it, what the hell is this place? Where's my training equipment?" he thought, his new persona taking over.

"These furnishings are too light! Is there a single piece over five hundred pounds? That's less than one of my dumbbells!

"The window angles are all wrong! A bullet could hit any spot in this room from outside!

"What is that! Gods, that flimsy plank—they call it a door? It offers no security whatsoever!

"Sealing! It doesn't even have basic sealing! Enemy biochemical attacks could easily penetrate!

"Which idiot billeted me here? This dump needs a complete overhaul: embed polymer composite armor plates in the walls, shrink the windows, install four automated weapon stations..."

This time, Chen Gu forcefully suppressed the strong urge—induced by Griffin Wester's memories—to "immediately begin renovations." His form flickered, leaving an afterimage...

In an instant, Chen Gu had launched dozens of attacks from various angles using his fists, feet, elbows, knees, back, and even his hair—so fast the naked eye could barely track their trajectories!

Within mere seconds, Chen Gu's stamina was significantly depleted. He shook his head, sweat flying from his hair like raindrops.

Only then did Chen Gu truly understand the description on the right about High-Energy Combat Art being "profound and expansive." This ability, or rather, technique, could perfectly integrate with any high-tech equipment to unleash the maximum combined power of the user's body and the equipment!

By now, the compulsion in Chen Gu's mind to "renovate immediately" was almost overwhelming. He released Griffin Wester's memories, and the man's portrait returned to the thick, ancient tome.

Immediately, an intense hunger assailed him. Chen Gu rushed to the refrigerator, but when he pulled open the door, he remembered with a jolt that he had just moved in and bought nothing. It was completely empty.

Chen Gu sat down, accessed the Interstellar Quantum Network, and ordered a large amount of food, opting for the expensive express delivery.

While waiting for the delivery, Chen Gu recalled experiencing similar intense hunger after overexertion in his past life—one such episode had even led to hypoglycemia. This current body, however, seemed to be in excellent condition. The hunger was acute, but there were no other discomforts.

As soon as I left, the other two souls under Soul Imprisonment were killed... I have 'The Past of Four Hundred' inside me, and it seems to contain many 'pasts.' Where do these pasts originate? How are they stored in the book? Under Soul Imprisonment, physical functions wouldn't improve, even if they didn't deteriorate. The original owner of this body was just an ordinary high school student; he shouldn't be this formidable...

Chen Gu engaged his analytical skills. As the saying goes, "an actor who doesn't aspire to direct isn't a good screenwriter"; many actors honed their critical thinking by meticulously dissecting scripts.

Luckily, with the Nuclear Explosion Nun, I didn't actually unleash the Biological Nuclear Explosion, Chen Gu thought with a lingering fear. Otherwise... I'm afraid she would have drained me dry on the spot.

Five minutes later, the food arrived.

Looking at the now fully stocked refrigerator, Chen Gu heaved a sigh of relief. *It feels good to be prepared.*

He ate ravenously, his thoughts returning to "The Past of Four Hundred." *This thing... it suits me surprisingly well. If anyone else got it, each possession would induce a kind of 'method acting,' so realistic that after a few times, they'd suffer from personality dissociation, unable to tell which self was real.*

That means... they'd go insane.

I might only be a minor actor, but I've had professional training. I know how to disengage from the characters I portray.

This Golden Finger is incredibly dangerous, hmm, even though its power is also extraordinary...

Hmm, I can't get complacent. In my previous life, many truly great actors became so immersed in their roles they couldn't break free, eventually developing psychological disorders, even descending into madness or suicide!

Chen Gu silently cautioned himself. After eating his fill, he once again entered that mysterious, profound space.

He tried to flip past Griffin Wester's page, but it wouldn't move, as if the subsequent pages were fused together. Chen Gu was taken aback. Soon, a line of text materialized in the void: Energy Level insufficient.