

Full-Time Public Enemy

Chapter 6: Chapter 6: A Bully Gets What a Bully Deserves

I can only look at two pages? That means I can only use the professions on these two pages right now.

Energy Level is the classification for professionals. Milna Katrina is at the Fourth Energy Level, while Griffin West is actually as high as the Fifth Energy Level! According to their memories, both had seen terrifyingly powerful beings at the Seventh Energy Level, but they had never had the chance to encounter the supreme beings at the Ninth Power Level. Such existences are probably not bound by the Star Sea. Their form of life has reached a level that is incomprehensible to ordinary people.

Chen Gu assessed his performance. *If I were to fuse with memories now, I could probably only exert the strength of the First Energy Level... If I can advance my own strength to the First Energy Level of a professional, then when fusing with memories, I could at least exert the power of the Second Energy Level.*

Chen Gu stepped out, his heart ablaze with anticipation.

He stroked his chin and smacked his lips. *Nuclear Explosion Nun, Star Battle Instructor... These two professions seem to be all about brute force. That isn't good for me. As an actor, I prefer to solve problems with finesse—too much violence isn't good...*

However, with an insufficient Energy Level, he was unable to access the memories of other professionals.

So, it seems my primary task right now should be to advance my Energy Level as soon as possible. But how do I do that...?

Suddenly, Chen Gu's eyes lit up. He entered the mysterious space again, allowing the memories of the two professionals to "possess" him separately. Indeed, he found the memories of the Nuclear Explosion Nun and the Star Battle Instructor pertaining to their training and advancement.

Previously, Chen Gu had only focused on memories related to the professionals' abilities. This time, however, the focus was on training and advancement—a myriad of relevant memories that caused him to frown deeply.

To become a professional, one needs to undergo plentiful preparation, extremely arduous training, and learning. Different professions also have their own prerequisite conditions. For instance, becoming a Nuclear Explosion Nun requires a devout faith in the Atomic Holy Church. Once everything is prepared, one must gather 'supermatter'

and enter the genesis chamber specific to one's profession. Even with the most thorough preparation, the probability of becoming a professional does not exceed thirty percent, and for some professions, it's only ten percent. Yet, I have never entered any genesis chamber. During memory possession, however, I am able to become the corresponding professional. Moreover, professionals absolutely can't hold multiple professions, but this book, 'The Past of Four Hundred People,' has helped me break this common understanding. The training of a professional involves continuously using one's abilities. Once the total number of uses reaches a certain standard, one can attempt a breakthrough. During the breakthrough, if one has some supermatter, the likelihood of advancement greatly increases.

But I'm not actually a professional, so how do I advance my own Energy Level? Chen Gu was somewhat at a loss. Does this mean I have to first become a particular type of professional? I possess the complete memories of two professionals. Wanting to become a professional and finding training methodologies are not problems. The most important things are supermatter and the genesis chamber. Supermatter originates from super lifeforms...

Chen Gu rapidly opened the Starwide Quantum Net and began searching. To his surprise, information on "super lifeforms" and "supermatter" was scarce, and even information on professionals was exceedingly limited.

Hmm... It seems that matters regarding super lifeforms and professionals still remain secrets to ordinary people. This is understandable. After all, both super lifeforms and professionals can be considered enigmatic existences at the very limits of science. To the common populace accustomed to technology, if these matters were to spread, it would lead to a collapse in perception, and that wouldn't be a good thing. Thinking about it, no one could resist the temptation of such immense power. If everyone knew about them, they would certainly pursue becoming professionals en masse. The number of people willing to engage in scientific research would diminish significantly. Since human civilization is technology-oriented, this would lead to a deformation of civilization and, ultimately, its destruction.

As for the origins of the professions and exactly how many there are, that information was nowhere to be found online.

However, from the memories of Milna Katrina and Griffin West, Chen Gu did learn of a few other professions, such as Quantum Wizards, Ternary Agents, Relative Arbitrators, and Brain Domain Hackers. But these two folks—Milna did nothing but pray devotedly every day and find new ways to redecorate her dressing room, while Griffin spent sixteen out of twenty-four hours training. They had no interest in the origins of the professions, so naturally, they had no memories related to that.

Chen Gu could only let out a sigh. *What a pair of blockheads...*

There was a lot of other important information, but it wasn't currently relevant to Chen Gu. He sorted through it slowly and carefully.

The immediate problem was that he needed to become a professional and acquire an Energy Level. Chen Gu had two options: Nuclear Explosion Nun and Star Battle Instructor. He liked neither, but he couldn't possibly choose to be a nun, right?

Sigh, fighting and killing isn't my style,

he thought. But in the end, he had no choice but to pick Star Battle Instructor and then set up a training plan for himself. As for supermatter and genesis chambers... he'd figure that out later.

After busying himself with all this, Chen Gu rubbed his stomach. *Hungry again*, he thought.

He raided his fridge, only to be shocked to find that half of his food stock was gone after just two meals! According to his usual eating habits, this stock should have lasted him an entire week.

He let out a wry smile, then lay back down on his bed. Soon, he fell asleep—he had to wake up early for school the next day.

「...」

The alarm clock promptly woke Chen Gu at 4:30 in the morning. Following the training regimen of a Star Battle Instructor, Chen Gu completed two and a half hours of laborious exercise, drenched in sweat.

I actually made it through the whole thing! Chen Gu was astonished. It had indeed been tough, and there were several times when he almost gave up. *An hour at the gym, and I used to be dead tired. This training is easily more than ten times harder than those gym workouts!*

Chen Gu muttered to himself, *The physical qualities of this body are really not bad!*

After a shower that washed away the sweat, Chen Gu felt an even stronger sense of hunger than the day before. Opening the fridge, he glared fiercely at the remaining half of his stock. "Come to my bowl!" he declared.

As expected, he polished off the rest of his food in that one sitting.

At 7:30, Chen Gu, full of energy, left for school. Just as he descended the stairs, he saw that the flashy, luxurious car from the day before had been drawn all over with cute and edible little animals such as turtles, ducks, and rabbits. The drawings were crooked and diverse.

The short, plump car owner was fuming, standing by the building with hands on his hips, shouting at the entire building, "Which little rascal did this?! Get your butt out here right now! You even used nano-paint, damn it! It can't even be washed off! Are you deliberately targeting me?! My car cost 1,200,000! I'll break your damn legs!"

Chen Gu straightened his clothes and walked away nonchalantly, nodding inwardly. *A teachable youth indeed.*

The wicked will be tormented by their own kind. And if they aren't, I'll gladly push another tormentor their way to get the job done.

Chapter 7: Chapter 7 I was bullied by my grandson!

Lubei Middle School in Wuzhaoyin City was one of the "top six" middle schools and could even rank among the top thirty on the entire Empire River Star.

However, Empire River Star was a "fourth-class colonized planet," so the entire planet only had six large cities, with a total population of about one billion—far less than those "first-class colonized planets" with populations easily reaching hundreds of billions.

The natural environment on a first-class colonized planet was almost identical to the mother planet, habitable without needing any transformations.

Chen Gu changed magnetic rail transit trains twice and arrived at Lubei Middle School in just over ten minutes.

Standing at the school's entrance and watching the "students" hurry in, Chen Gu couldn't help feeling an odd sense of strangeness. The original body had attended school here up to senior year, but that was over forty years ago. The school hadn't changed much, and it slowly blended with some of Chen Gu's "memories."

As for the real Chen Gu, high school... that was a distant yet familiar place where many unforgettable things had happened.

Chen Gu gave a wry smile to himself. *Who would have thought I'd actually come back to attend high school again.*

There was a small house at the school entrance. Old Liu, the gatekeeper with eagle eyes, spotted Chen Gu mixed in with the students. "What are you doing?!" he demanded.

Chen Gu presented his enrollment documents and, honestly playing the role of a transfer student, said, "I'm here to register."

Old Liu checked the documents very seriously—of course, he couldn't understand a thing. He then contacted someone inside the school. Not long after, a lean, middle-aged male teacher came out and said to Old Liu, "He's in my class. I'll take care of it."

The middle-aged teacher first took Chen Gu to the academic affairs office to complete the enrollment procedures. During this process, Chen Gu learned that this teacher, surnamed Dai, was the homeroom teacher of Class 9 in the senior grade.

Teacher Dai then took Chen Gu to his office and closed the door. Sitting behind his desk with a stern face, he spoke to Chen Gu seriously, "I know who you are. Although I don't know why you were released early, you must cherish this rare opportunity to start anew!

"Get rid of all those bad habits you had before. I won't be prejudiced against you. But if you're still the same and don't think of repenting, there's no place for that kind of bad student in my class...

"I don't care who your dad is, I will definitely have you expelled!"

Chen Gu slowly bowed his head. After Teacher Dai finished speaking, he suddenly raised his head. His eyes were brimming with tears, and his voice was heavy with deep guilt and an intent to reform. "You don't need to say any more, Teacher. I know I was wrong! For forty years, I couldn't even see my father for the last time before he passed away..."

"Back then, I was just young and ignorant, but such a long time is enough for reflection. Rest assured, I am different from before. My father's dying wish was for me to study hard and get into a good college—I definitely won't let him down."

As he said this, Chen Gu clenched his fists tightly in front of him, expressing his determination.

Teacher Dai was startled for a moment. However, a child who knows his mistakes and corrects them deserves to be earnestly educated and given a second chance, especially since he was still young.

Teacher Dai was somewhat gratified. "Good, where there's a will, there's a way. With such determination, I believe you definitely won't disappoint your father."

"Come on, let me take you to the class to meet your classmates."

This time, Teacher Dai's attitude had softened considerably as he led Chen Gu out of the office. If he had seen Chen Gu lightly wipe the tears from the corner of his eyes with a finger, then nonchalantly flick them several meters away... he might have been so angry that he'd drag Chen Beiliu out of his coffin to give this son a lesson.

Along the way, Teacher Dai kept showing concern for him, asking things like, "School has been in session for a month and a half now. If you can't keep up with the coursework, tell me, and I'll arrange for someone to help you catch up."

"Where are you living now? Are you accustomed to reintegrating into society and your life?"

"Do you have any special skills? The school has many support programs for students with talents, and they can also earn extra points for college admission."

Walking proudly in front, Teacher Dai felt a sense of accomplishment. He had just had a "heart-to-heart" talk that had seemingly turned a criminal, sentenced by the Supreme Court to Soul Imprisonment, into a reforming prodigal son. *Being a teacher, what greater achievement could there be in life?*

While warmly engaging with Chen Gu, he was thinking to himself, *With my abilities, I should qualify to compete in the 'Top Ten Teachers' selection on Empire River Star in three months, shouldn't I?*

And Chen Gu, following behind, was also reflecting. *Was that a bit overacted? What's been going on with me lately? Even if it's because of soul transmigration, my acting skills have slipped quite a bit.*

Could it be that I'll be classified as part of the "exaggerated school" in the acting circle in the future? Anyway, it's better than being part of the "roaring school."

The teacher and student, each with their own thoughts, unknowingly arrived at the classroom door. Introducing a transfer student was routine. Of course, Chen Gu's "real identity" had to be concealed. The others were simply told that he had transferred from another school.

Then, Chen Gu was assigned a seat against the wall, in the second-to-last row. The good students sitting in the front showed no interest in such a transfer student, as the pressure from the impending college entrance exams was overwhelming.

However, a few girls in the class occasionally glanced his way. After all, Chen Gu had an acting background, so naturally, his appearance was impeccable.

After a few classes, Chen Gu already had a basic understanding of the education in this world. At least at the high school level, it wasn't difficult for him.

By the last physics class of the morning, he had already started to eagerly answer questions.

And Teacher Dai was their physics teacher. Seeing this, he felt reassured. *The achievement of a distinguished teacher salvaging a misguided youth is pretty much accomplished!*

When the lunch break came, Chen Gu quietly hid in a corner—not because he didn't want to interact with his classmates, but because he ate so much that he was afraid of startling everyone.

Cultural studies in the morning, physical training in the afternoon.

Since encountering the Alien Insect Race, humanity's sense of crisis had sharply increased. They realized that there might be a multitude of "opponents" in the vast Star Sea. Consequently, the status of soldiers greatly rose, making military schools a popular choice for students.

Consequently, all schools began cultivating graduates with excellent qualities from an early age, which led to the emergence of this dual-focused educational model of both literature and martial arts.

The physical training course was divided into two parts: one for physical fitness and the other for tactics.

As for physical fitness, even if one couldn't eventually enter a military school, they could still develop a healthy physique—plus, with young children being naturally active, this was very popular.

The tactics course, on the contrary, was quite different. Many felt that unless one became a general, the course was rather useless. They believed that if one really managed to get into a military school, they could learn tactics then.

In the afternoon, two physical fitness classes included various exercises and competitive sports. During the entire training, Chen Gu maintained a low profile. Compared to the Star Battle Instructor prep training he had done in the morning, this was child's play; he didn't even break a sweat.

Chen Gu controlled his abilities, keeping all his performance metrics at a moderate level.

Chen Gu wasn't very interested in the tactics class either. Griffin had an extremely high aptitude for tactical command. During the memory-attachment process, Chen Gu was influenced and learned a lot as a result.

Today's tactics class teacher was a bald, short old man dressed in a coarse tweed checkered suit. Striding in with his hands behind his back, he started the class, "Today, let's discuss some famous historical examples of 'strategical deception' that were successfully employed in battles."

"Strategical deception?" Chen Gu's interest was piqued immediately. Griffin Wester, that straightforward man, always disdained anything like "strategical deception," even though he was quite capable in this area.

By the end of the class, the other students were practically nodding off, but Chen Gu sat upright, eyes shining.

This teacher... really knows his stuff, Chen Gu muttered to himself, listening attentively. The teacher could talk freely about the myriad battles in human history. The details he recalled were extremely accurate, including the numbers for both sides' troop strength, firepower, and casualties.

When class was over, the old man shuffled out as he had come, not paying particular attention to the only student who had listened attentively. He simply didn't care whether the students were listening or not; he was pleased with his own lecture.

As the school bell rang for the end of the day, students swarmed out.

Chen Gu mingled with the crowd and headed out of the school gate, where several people were loitering and scouting. Seeing Chen Gu, they nudged each other and approached him together.

"Hey!" The leader raised his chin rudely at Chen Gu. "You, come with me."

Chen Gu was taken aback, sizing up the other person before recognizing him. "It's you..."

The person's face turned red with anger, interrupting Chen Gu with a shout, "Listen to me! Don't you ever come to Lubei Middle School again, or you'll be sorry!"

Chen Gu narrowed his eyes, noting that Teacher Dai was making his way through the crowded stream of students with suave moves, quickly approaching. He couldn't help but smile silently without responding.

"Did you hear me clearly?!" The other person thought he was being disrespected and, growing angrier, bellowed as he advanced.

But our beloved Teacher Dai, with his pair of comforting hands, grabbed the instigator from behind by the collar. "Chen Zili, what do you think you're doing!"

A hint of mischief flashed across Chen Gu's face, quickly replaced by an expression of sorrow and indignation. "Teacher," he pleaded, "he... he won't let me go to school. I... I need this chance. It's only in school that I can turn over a new leaf and live a different life..."

Teacher Dai grew even angrier. Holding Chen Zili, he comforted Chen Gu, "Don't be afraid; I'm here."

He turned to Chen Zili and delivered the ultimate threat, "Call your parents—"

A look of utter dejection spread across Chen Zili's face...

Chen Gu walked away, reflecting. *The performance just now seemed a bit better, portraying the feelings of a wayward youth unable to fully control his own destiny with a mix of obvious regret and subtle restraint—brilliant! Indeed, too much is as bad as not enough; just the right amount is all that's necessary.*

Yes, I indeed have the potential to be a big shot!

After basking in self-admiration for a while, his face gradually took on a bizarre expression. *The hell... am I being bullied by my own grandson?*

That's right. When Chen Zili appeared, Chen Gu had recognized him. The boy bore a resemblance to Chen Jixian, and apart from this grandson, no one else in the school had any reason to trouble him.

But this grandson didn't inherit my talent for acting. He bluffed with an outward show of toughness but had no intention of actually hitting me; he was just putting on a brave front to intimidate me.

"I'll make you regret it"—how outdated a threat. Even if you're not eloquent, you should at least be able to shout "I'll beat you up every time I see you."

Chen Zili's subtlety in expression and emotional control was too poor; Chen Gu saw right through him.

Chen Gu returned to his apartment complex and noticed that the flashy, luxurious maglev car was gone. Just as the elevator reached his floor, he heard his neighbor's child being punished mercilessly, accompanied by wails and heart-wrenching cries.

A few neighbors were discussing, "I heard they have to pay hundreds of thousands of Starshields in compensation!"

"The other side is also tough, threatening to call the police and sue..."

"Heh!"

Chapter 8: Chapter 8: The Final Battle... Atop the Public Restroom

Chen Jixian, eyelids half-closed, led his son out of school.

Chen Zili had feared his solemn father since childhood and carefully followed behind him. Although corporal punishment was out of fashion in the interstellar age, his dad's lectures were even more terrifying than a physical beating.

This time, however, he wasn't quite convinced.

When they arrived home, his wife, Xiao Jiangxia, and daughter, Chen Qingyu, were already waiting for them to eat. Chen Jixian sat down. His lips barely moved as he said in a stern, clear voice, "From now on, at school, none of you are to go looking for trouble with him!"

Everyone knew who "he" was.

Chen Zili said indignantly, "That guy ruined you! And because of him, that bastard Zhao Ergou is practically walking all over me..."

Chen Jixian's eyelids twitched, rising a fraction as he glanced at him. "Shut up and eat!"

Chen Zili immediately fell silent. He picked up his bowl and started attacking a chicken leg, taking fierce bites. *Mmm, this is delicious.*

...

The next morning, Teacher Dai took Chen Gu aside. He informed him that he had spoken with Chen Zili's father, and Chen Zili would no longer harass him.

Teacher Dai knew Chen Gu's identity. So, even though he had the potential to be an outstanding mentor, he couldn't control his expression as he spoke, a strange look creeping onto his face.

Finally, Teacher Dai said to him, "If you encounter any difficulties in the future, tell me. I'll do my best to help you solve them."

"Thank you!" Chen Gu bowed deeply. This time, it was sincere, not an act.

At lunchtime, Chen Gu was still in his corner, eating quickly. However, the sound of a dispute in the distance grew louder. Chewing on a piece of beef, Chen Gu looked up. In the center of the cafeteria, two groups were facing off.

One group was led by his "good grandson" Chen Zili, flanked by the same few people from after school the previous day.

Leading the opposing side was a tall, burly guy with curly blond hair. *We're all high school students, so why are your jowls so impressively developed?* Chen Gu thought with admiration.

The blond-haired guy had more than twice as many followers as Chen Zili. As if afraid others wouldn't realize it, he shouted, "Chen Zili, what are you still pretending for? Your dad's been kicked off the priority training list! Zhou Yiteng and his gang don't hang with you anymore. You still dare to fight me?"

"Nonsense!" Chen Zili argued desperately. "Information about the priority list is confidential! How could you possibly know so much?"

From a distance, Chen Gu shook his head. *Even from this far, I can tell this 'grandson' of mine is all bark and no bite. He really has no talent for acting.*

The blond-haired guy just sneered, "HEH-HEH." He waved his hand. "Get them out of here! From now on, this spot is ours!"

Only then did Chen Gu notice that his 'grandson' and his group were sitting in a prime spot in the center of the cafeteria. It was one of the few eight-person tables; most others were four-person tables.

The students behind the blond-haired guy surged forward. Riding on his coattails, they pushed Chen Zili and his friends aside. Chen Zili's face flushed red, his eyes blazing with anger, but he could only move to another spot.

Chen Gu silently shook his head. *This 'grandson' of mine is really useless. But what exactly is this "priority training list" the blond guy mentioned?*

The surrounding students were whispering among themselves, but Chen Gu paid them no mind. He ate enough for ten people and then headed to the restroom.

Even though he ate quickly, he had consumed a lot. By the time he left, the cafeteria was nearly empty. Chen Zili's and the blond-haired guy's groups had also disappeared at some point.

When Chen Gu reached the restroom, he heard noises from inside, so he waited outside. A few other students were also standing near the entrance, presumably waiting to use the restroom as well.

Chen Gu walked over to a student and asked, "Hey, mate, got a smoke?"

The nameless student, Extra A, looked shocked. "???"

"No? Too bad." Chen Gu was suddenly transported back to his school days in a previous life, where he'd leisurely smoke while watching fights—

Watching a fight without a cigarette just has no Soul.

Before long, everything quieted down. The blond-haired guy and his group emerged, walking tall, talking and laughing. However, no one else dared to go in yet. The losers were still inside. They couldn't handle the blond-haired guy, but they could easily vent their humiliated fury on any clueless newcomers who stumbled upon their sorry state, taking them down as easily as chopping vegetables. It would be a good way to release their frustration.

After a little while longer, Chen Zili and his companions emerged, faces bruised and swollen.

Those waiting for the restroom, desperate by now, rushed in together. Chen Gu reached out and grabbed Chen Zili, but Zili forcefully shrugged him off.

Chen Gu said coolly to Zili's few followers, "You guys head back first."

His followers looked at Chen Zili. When Zili gave no indication otherwise, they all left.

Chen Gu asked him again, "Got a smoke?"

Chen Zili fished a pack out of his back pocket. Chen Gu dragged the reluctant Zili back into the restroom, found a stall, lit a cigarette, and took a deep drag.

Damn, I'm really regressing, reduced to bumming a smoke off my 'grandson.' As soon as these words left "young Mr. Chen's" mouth, Chen Zili looked like he was about to explode. Chen Gu didn't give him the chance, quickly asking, "What's the deal with that 'priority training list' you mentioned?"

Chen Zili was furious. "And it's all your fault! It's basically a list of candidates for general! My dad was a shoo-in for general this time, but he traded his military merits for your sentence reduction. He missed this chance, so he'll probably be a colonel for life now! When he retires, if he's lucky, they might give him a general's rank as a consolation!"

"Besides, you've been dragging my dad down for years; his promotions were already slow because of you! Now, after he made such a huge sacrifice to get you out, some higher-ups are probably very unhappy. You've really ruined our family!"

Chen Gu exhaled a smoke ring, intending to look cool in front of his 'grandson,' but he failed. The smoke drifted aimlessly in the restroom, refusing to hold any particular shape.

"So, who's this blond-haired guy then?" Chen Gu quickly asked, changing the subject to hide his embarrassment.

"There are four colonels from Empire River Star on that list. Two of them have strong backing and will become generals sooner or later. That blond-haired guy... Zhao

Ergou... his real name is Zhao Junzhi. His old man, Zhao Zhenhuai, is the fourth colonel and my dad's direct competitor."

"My dad was always ahead of him. If he'd been promoted to brigadier general this time, he could have kept him down for good, because there are only so many general positions. But now... that bastard Zhao Ergou never dared to confront me directly before."

He paused for a moment, then added, "Actually, the higher-ups always favored my dad more. Three years ago, he had a chance for a direct promotion to brigadier general. But right then, a few of his soldiers got into a fight with civilians over a woman. The other party was seriously injured, and the media blew it up, creating a huge scandal. It ruined my dad's promotion."

"Later, our family investigated secretly. It wasn't those warriors' fault at all. The guy who got beaten started it by groping one of the warrior's girlfriend's ass—who could tolerate that? Zhao Zhenhuai was behind the whole thing, including the subsequent media coverage. It's just a pity we couldn't find any proof!"

"That whole family—a despicable father and a bastard son. Not a single one of them is any good."

Chen Gu listened, then nodded. He expertly flicked the cigarette butt into the toilet and left without another word.

Chen Zili stayed a while longer by himself. He touched a swollen spot on his face and grimaced in pain. He'd never suffered such a humiliating defeat in his entire life.

Then, he sighed softly. *Even if I actually managed to kick him out of school now, what good would it do? It's already come to this... sigh...*

Chapter 9: Chapter Nine "Incessant

During the afternoon's physical training session, although Chen Gu was somewhat distracted, he easily completed all the exercises. His attention remained fixed on the interstellar quantum net.

The Proto-form had left behind some hacking skills. Chen Gu utilized these to project network content directly onto his retinas, all without the teacher noticing.

Chen Gu searched for information about Zhao Zhenhuai. The internet was densely packed with various data and messages. This flood of information didn't seem characteristic of a super life form or a professional. Discerning which pieces were real and which were just some Chūnibyō patient's pretentious nonsense posted from a random terminal on the interstellar quantum net truly tested Chen Gu's judgment.

Chen Gu was confident in this area. After his productions became popular in his previous life, he often went online to read reviews. If there were negative comments, he could instantly adopt hundreds of personas, bombarding the critics until they went silent.

Thinking back, I feel quite nostalgic, Chen Gu mused. And, if I may say so myself, at that time, I could truly be described as a one-man army!

An army of trolls!

It only took one physical training period for Chen Gu to roughly ascertain that his adult son's rival was forty-three years old and specialized in tactical command.

A few online posts also exposed Zhao Zhenhuai for alleged corruption, exploitation of soldiers, and manipulation of women. However, these posts failed to gain any traction, receiving very few replies.

Recalling what his grandson had mentioned, Chen Gu realized this Zhao Zhenhuai seemed adept at managing public opinion. *This won't be easy to handle*, he thought. Chen Gu then used another physical training period to contemplate silently, finally settling on a plan.

This situation had arisen because of him. Regardless of whether any father-son affection existed between him and Chen Jixian, he owed him this debt. Now that he had the ability, he was determined to settle this account.

However, Chen Gu still had some doubts. Chen Jixian and Zhao Zhenhuai were military officers with distinctly different styles. Chen Jixian's advantage lay in his charismatic leadership; simply put, he was more like a valiant warrior capable of leading troops in a charge. His performance in the battle at Thousand Grass Star exemplified this style.

Zhao Zhenhuai's strength, on the other hand, was tactical command. This would seemingly make him more suitable for a general's position, and theoretically, the higher-ups should favor him.

There must be some hidden details I'm not aware of, Chen Gu mused.

During the third afternoon period, dedicated to combat techniques, everyone entered the school's "Real Battle Simulation Room." Today's tactics lesson was a practical combat session. High school students only had this so-called "combat practice" once a month.

Chen Gu had been looking forward to seeing the tactics instructor again, but the old man didn't show up at all today. Instead, it was their physical training teacher who led them there.

Chen Gu was curious and quietly asked a female classmate beside him, "Where is the tactics instructor?"

The female classmate, an unnamed background character due to her unremarkable appearance, faithfully fulfilled her role as an extra. She replied, "Instructor Xu feels that it's pointless for us to engage in combat practice at this stage, so he never attends these lessons."

Chen Gu smiled. *This instructor certainly has a unique personality*, he thought.

The background female classmate was momentarily stunned by his smile and blushed instantly. That smile alone almost earned her a name in the story, saving her from being just an extra admiring Chen Gu's physique.

Inside the Real Battle Simulation Room, neat rows of gaming pods were arranged. Not just at Lubei Middle School, but throughout all of human society, including the military, real battle simulations were conducted within a game called "Limitless."

Various national militaries had attempted to develop their own virtual combat systems. Ultimately, however, they found that none could match the commercially operated games. There were many reasons for this, too complex to explain in just a few words.

"You are all young and not military academy students, so your combat practice will primarily involve observation. Once inside, focus on watching and analyzing. Most importantly, don't cause any trouble," the physical education teacher emphasized rather unenthusiastically, as the boys were already itching to jump into the gaming pods.

After the [Virtual Full-Sensory Feedback Technology] matured, such immersive games became immensely popular. Without a doubt, "Limitless" was the most successful among them.

Today's practical combat class was somewhat special, so all the third-year high school students participated.

This time, Chen Gu and his group were deployed to the outskirts of Battlefield "495A." Inside, a corps-level combat training exercise was about to commence.

Chen Gu had spent the last two class periods investigating and discovered that the instructor for this exercise was none other than Zhao Zhenhuai. His opponent, one of his own adjutants, had been arranged in advance.

Because Zhao Ergou attended Lubei Middle School, Zhao Zhenhuai taught two practical combat classes there each semester.

Zhao Ergou was also present, surrounded by a large group of people, all vying to curry favor with him. A fairly attractive girl said in a cloyingly sweet voice, "If it weren't for

Brother Junzhi, Uncle Zhao would hardly condescend to conduct a training exercise at a mere high school. At the very least, it should be one of the Confederation's top ten universities to befit Uncle Zhao's status!"

"Exactly! The students from other classes are just riding our coattails. After all, we're Brother Zhao's close buddies!"

Someone feigned astonishment, exclaiming, "Look at all these onlookers! There must be millions, right? Uncle Zhao is incredible! His star power surpasses many celebrities!"

"Of course! Uncle Zhao's battlefield command is renowned as unparalleled in the entire military!"

Another person chimed in jokingly, "Brother Zhao, when is your uncle going to be promoted to Brigadier General?"

Zhao Junzhi was inwardly ecstatic, practically bubbling with pride, but he feigned modesty. "The official documents haven't been issued yet. Let's not discuss it prematurely."

He even craned his neck, searching for his old rival, Chen Zili. *Such a glorious moment would lose much of its appeal without a defeated opponent to serve as a foil*, he thought.

Chen Zili and his few companions huddled together in the crowd, heads down, terrified of being noticed by Zhao Ergou. Their sense of dejection peaked in that instant.

Zhao Zhenhuai's reputation naturally attracted a large number of spectators to his class. Thanks to coordination by the game operators, both of his practical combat classes were public lessons, allowing anyone in the game to join and observe.

「Meanwhile, in a military camp outside Wuzhaoyin City」

Zhao Zhenhuai, a man with somewhat sharp, hawkish features, was already prepared. His adjutant, serving as his sparring partner for this exercise, was checking the data. With a sycophantic smile, the adjutant said, "Colonel, the number of online spectators has surpassed four point five million! Even the live online concerts of famous singers rarely draw such numbers! You truly live up to your reputation as the Confederation's youngest tactical genius!"

Zhao Zhenhuai was indeed riding a wave of success recently. He had secretly plotted against Chen Jixian several times but had failed to crush his rival. Unexpectedly, his adversary had then managed to bring about his own downfall.

He offered a restrained smile, which, combined with his aquiline nose, made him resemble an owl.

"Enough with the flattery. With so many people watching, make sure you cooperate properly with me later."

"Yes, Colonel!" the adjutant replied, understanding perfectly.

Naturally, the adjutant entered the game first to await Zhao Zhenhuai. As soon as he appeared, the over four million onlookers knew the exercise was about to begin, and a stir of excitement rippled through them. The students from Lubei Middle School, who were ostensibly the primary audience for this lesson, were utterly inconspicuous amidst the sea of millions of spectators.

After a few minutes' wait, amidst the eager anticipation of four point five million people, Zhao Zhenhuai finally made his appearance. He thoroughly savored this feeling of being the center of global attention.

The game's AI allocated two armies to the respective commanders. The training exercise was just about to begin when, suddenly, like a bolt of lightning, a line of large characters flashed across the sky above the game battlefield: Player [Idol Actor] challenges [Wings of Generals]!

Chapter 10: Chapter Ten: The Performance Was a Flop

Millions fell silent in a moment, exchanging glances: What was this about, wasn't it supposed to be a training exercise?

[Wings of the General] was none other than Zhao Zhenhuai, though [Idol Actor] clearly wasn't his adjutant.

The adjutant himself was somewhat bewildered and hastily used the private messaging channel to ask Zhao Zhenhuai, "Colonel, how did an idiot suddenly show up?"

For someone of Zhao Zhenhuai's stature, who had seen all kinds of storms, he chuckled and said, "It doesn't matter. This must be some small fry who saw an opportunity and wants to make a name for himself in one battle. You just wait a moment. Give me ten minutes to deal with him, and then we'll continue."

"Yes, Colonel!"

With 4,500,000 people watching, Zhao Zhenhuai couldn't possibly refuse.

His jovial voice spread across the entire battlefield, "A nameless friend here wants to warm up with me. That's fine."

Above the sky, lightning text appeared once again: [Wings of the General] accepts [Idol Actor]'s challenge!

The battle is about to begin. Will both commanders please enter the battlefield!

Both commanders are now in place, selecting their forces...

Surprisingly, [Idol Actor] chose stealth mode.

The spectating gamers erupted in a clamor. Among the audience, at least thirty thousand were warriors secretly mobilized by the adjutant to "pump up the crowd" for the Colonel.

The other players were one thing, but those warriors started shouting, "A clown who doesn't know his own strength! Colonel, kick his ass hard!"

"The Colonel said ten minutes, but I bet it won't even be three minutes before that damn [Idol Actor] is finished."

"That's fine. Let's treat it as the Colonel's personal exhibition match, so we can witness what tactical overwhelming really looks like."

Among the students, Zhao Junzhi had been sneering all along, and without her needing to say anything, the flunkies around her had begun to curse at [Idol Actor].

Chen Zili and a few others were completely baffled, but everyone just thought it was a minor incident that wouldn't have any substantial impact.

At most, Zhao Zhenhuai would take a few minutes to sort out [Idol Actor], and then this practical lesson... would be delayed.

The game administrators were reflecting a little. As this was only Zhao Zhenhuai's second public lesson, their experience was insufficient, and they hadn't anticipated someone actually taking advantage of the game's "challenge system" at this moment.

Well, next time they should temporarily disable this function before the public class.

The game provided a full range of forces for such duels, although each commander could only lead a maximum of thirty thousand men.

Soon both sides made their selections. [Wings of the General] Zhao Zhenhuai appeared first, choosing only ten thousand troops. He was a famous general, and facing such an insignificant opponent, deploying a full force wouldn't look good even in a total victory. Therefore, it was not only about winning completely but also about achieving victory with fewer troops against more.

But then [Idol Actor] also made his appearance. To the astonishment of many, he too chose only ten thousand men!

The crowd was in an uproar, shaking their heads in disbelief. [Idol Actor] couldn't have known in advance that Zhao Zhenhuai would choose only ten thousand men. There was no convoluted story here about predicting an opponent's prediction. It simply meant that this guy originally planned to use ten thousand men to fight Zhao Zhenhuai's thirty thousand!

"This isn't overconfidence; this is seeking attention and providing everyone with a joke," they said.

Zhao Zhenhuai was also surprised, but what happened next shocked him even more, as lightning text appeared once again in the sky:

[Idol Actor] requests to dismiss seven thousand troops.

The battle has begun. The request is denied!

"This idiot..." many had already started cursing. [Idol Actor] wanted to face Zhao Zhenhuai's ten thousand men with just three thousand!

Zhao Zhenhuai's sharp face darkened upon seeing that line of text. What was previously disdain had now turned into real anger.

"Overestimating oneself!"

He said, and while he had intended to fight casually, he was now ready to go all out, to beat this fool until he messed himself.

In the sky, lightning flashed suddenly. Two large characters flickered into view: BATTLE START!

Before Zhao Zhenhuai's troops could mobilize, [Idol Actor] had already swiftly deployed three low-altitude units to start harassing, and a fast-moving armored unit of two thousand soldiers began flanking Zhao Zhenhuai's rear.

The 495A battlefield was a hilly terrain, meaning it was a "planetary surface battlefield" with no space forces involved in the fight. Thus, the low-altitude units were backpack-jet infantry, and the high-speed armored units were composed of light armored vehicles and Mecha warriors.

When Zhao Zhenhuai saw those three low-altitude units rushing over at top speed with no clear target, merely to harass and cover for the high-speed armored unit, he couldn't help but chuckle lightly, "Child's play. How ridiculous."

He had already concluded that this [Idol Actor] was just a conceited game player. A true battlefield commander would have a clear military objective for any military action.

Their tactics wouldn't have too many fancy tricks—on the contrary, those game players don't understand what war truly is. They always delve into "creative" tactics and stratagems, just like this one.

Zhao Zhenhuai responded steadily. He mobilized his troops to engage the three low-altitude units and, predicting [Idol Actor]'s next move, made preparations for what was to come.

Indeed, seeing that the three low-altitude units had not disrupted Zhao Zhenhuai's forces nor provided meaningful cover for the flanking unit, [Idol Actor] sent out four more units in one go.

Among them, his only air force—fighters—began a sneak attack.

The other three ground units started their assault under the cover of rapid artillery.

"Headless flies," Zhao Zhenhuai scoffed. He had completely anticipated [Idol Actor]'s next move. His forces were swiftly redeployed, quickly blocking all the opponent's units. With his command skill, he cleverly isolated [Idol Actor]'s various units, cut off their retreat, and prepared to annihilate them one by one.

This was going to be a rapid and complete annihilation of the enemy.

At this point in the battle, [Idol Actor] had already committed most of his troops, leaving only four hundred all-terrain combat units by his side.

The name of this type of unit might sound impressive, but in reality, it consisted of infantrymen clad in all-environment suits and equipped with rudimentary exoskeletons. The all-environment suits could operate in land, water, and air environments but lacked defensive power, making them no match for individual Mecha. The exoskeletons provided some power but couldn't compete with the speed of armored vehicles or jetpacks.

And [Idol Actor]'s so-called trump card, the fast-moving armored unit circling to the rear, was firmly blocked and unable to exert any influence.

[Idol Actor]'s units were divided, encircled, and thrown into a tough fight. In contrast, Zhao Zhenhuai demonstrated superior command skills, his troops maintaining a solid formation capable of supporting each other.

Because of the high technology, the armies moved quickly. Only two minutes had passed since the battle began.

The warriors who came to support laughed heartily, "What did I say? Didn't even last three minutes, right?"

At this moment, [Idol Actor] seemed to be making a desperate move, deploying his last four hundred all-terrain combat units.

However, Zhao Zhenhuai still retained three hundred Mecha units as a reserve. Three hundred Mecha units, facing four hundred all-terrain combat units, held an overwhelming advantage.

Zhao Zhenhuai raised an eyebrow. "Alright, let's end it here. I have serious matters to attend to."

The Mecha units turned into a tidal wave of steel, passing through their own lines to confront the four hundred all-terrain combat units.

As soon as the two forces clashed, the all-terrain combat units were predictably defeated, with dozens killed instantly, and the survivors scattering in all directions.

The Mecha units immediately dispersed to pursue them.

The only advantage the all-terrain combat warriors had over the Mecha units was their agility. They hopped around the battlefield like fleas, dodging the pursuit.

"HAHAHA..." Derisive laughter erupted from the onlookers.

But at that moment, [Idol Actor]'s units, which had seemed to be fighting independently, suddenly launched a fierce attack. Disregarding losses and casualties, they not only pinned Zhao Zhenhuai's troops in place but also filled the battlefield with a constant barrage of gunfire, severely impeding the Mecha units' movement.

The more agile all-terrain combat units overloaded their exoskeletons, briefly achieving speeds comparable to airborne units.

They emerged like ants from every corner of the battlefield, converging and charging towards Zhao Zhenhuai's command post!

This turn of events caught everyone by surprise.

Zhao Zhenhuai's expression changed. The last of his reserves had already been deployed, leaving his protection weak. He immediately attempted to recall his troops but discovered that during the brief chaos, [Idol Actor]'s units had somehow entangled with his own. His forces were now unable to withdraw for a rescue in time!

In high-tech warfare, a few seconds can decide the outcome of a battle!

The remaining three hundred-plus all-terrain combat units surged into his command post like a flood. His guard platoon was instantly annihilated, and then a thunderous sound echoed in the sky as blinding lightning text appeared:

[Wings of the General] is dead, battle determined as failure!

[Idol Actor] wins!