

## Dump One Loser, Gain Six Husbands.

### Chapter 4

Through the viewport, Anja watched as a structure of impossible scale rose to meet them. It was a massive, silver dome that glittered in the morning sun, a pearl of a building nestled in the heart of the capital city's most prestigious district. The Psionic Potential Testing Center.

The captain entered the VIP cabin, his movements silent and precise. He stopped a respectful distance away, his helmet still tucked under his arm.

"We are beginning our final approach, Ma'am," he announced, his gray eyes fixed on a point just past her shoulder, as if looking at her directly was too bold.

Anja offered him a small, reassuring smile. "Thank you, Captain. Can you tell me what to expect? The process."

The captain's cheeks flushed with a faint pink. He cleared his throat, momentarily flustered by her direct address. "The test is... non-invasive, Ma'am. Completely painless. A deep-level neural scan. It's designed to be a comfortable experience."

The ship settled onto a private rooftop landing pad with a landing so smooth it was barely perceptible. The ramp opened not to the roar of engines, but to a gentle, climate-controlled breeze and the sight of a welcoming party.

A dozen people stood waiting for her, all dressed in the crisp, white lab coats of senior researchers. They were led by an older man with kind eyes and a fringe of white hair, his face etched with lines of deep concentration and, at this moment, profound reverence.

As Anja stepped off the ramp, the lead researcher hurried forward, his team following a few steps behind. He stopped before her and performed a deep, formal bow, a gesture of utmost respect from an academic to a subject of immense value.

"Mistress Compton," he said, his voice filled with a hushed excitement. "I am Chief Researcher Elian Vance. It is a privilege to welcome you. We have prepared the primary core facility for your assessment."

She was flanked by her special forces escort and the team of researchers, a moving bubble of importance. They guided her into a transparent elevator tube that descended from the roof. As the car began its silent drop, she saw the main floor of the center below.

It was a vast, sterile hall, filled with hundreds of people standing in long, winding lines. They were the ordinary citizens, waiting for hours for their own, less prioritized tests. As her glass elevator passed by, heads turned. Faces looked up.

The expression on their faces was uniform. A wide-eyed mix of awe, envy, and a desperate, hungry hope. They weren't just looking at a woman in an elevator; they were looking at a symbol, a potential savior, a winning lottery ticket. Their gazes were so intense, so full of raw need, that Anja instinctively took a half-step back, pressing against the rear of the elevator car.

The captain immediately moved to stand slightly in front of her, his broad, armored shoulders blocking the view and shielding her from the weight of their stares.

The elevator reached the lowest level, a subterranean core that was silent save for the low hum of air purifiers. The air here was cool and smelled faintly of ozone.

Researcher Vance led her to a set of heavy, frosted glass doors. They slid open to reveal a room that looked nothing like a laboratory. It was more like a private suite at a five-star spa. Soft music, a gentle melody of synthesized chimes, played from hidden speakers. The air was scented with lavender.

In the center of the room was a single, sleek, milk-white pod, shaped like a smooth, futuristic sarcophagus.

"If you would, Mistress," Vance said softly, gesturing towards the pod.

Anja took off her light jacket, handing it to a waiting assistant. She lay down inside the pod, the interior surface conforming perfectly to her body. It was warm and comfortable.

A curved lid slid smoothly into place, enclosing her in a soft, blue-glowing darkness. She felt a gentle, warm sensation begin at the base of her spine and slowly travel upwards, a pleasant tingle that was deeply relaxing. She closed her eyes, letting the process happen. It was a world away from the cold, clanking MRI machines she remembered from Earth. This was luxury, even in a medical procedure.

Outside, Elian Vance stood before a large control console, his eyes glued to the data streams pouring onto the screen. His assistants stood behind him, their expressions tense.

The indicator light on the console, which represented the baseline energy output of the subject, was a calm, steady blue.

Then, it flickered.

It turned to a vibrant green, the color of a B-Class psionic. The assistants murmured in appreciation. A solid result.

But it didn't stop. The green intensified, shifting to a deep, royal purple—the marker for an A-Class, one of the most powerful ratings in the Commonwealth.

One of the younger researchers gasped, a sharp, involuntary sound. "By the stars..."

"Quiet!" Vance snapped, his voice a harsh whisper. He didn't take his eyes off the screen. "Do not disturb her."

The purple light on the console began to pulse, growing brighter, more intense, as if the machine itself was struggling to process the sheer magnitude of the energy it was encountering. A high-pitched whine started to emanate from the console.

Inside the pod, Anja heard the faint commotion. Her pleasant, relaxed state was disturbed by a flicker of anxiety. Her heart began to beat a little faster. The gentle humming of the scanner around her seemed to increase in pitch, becoming more urgent.

Then, with a final, soft chime, it was over.

The lid of the pod slid open, and the soft lights of the room returned. Anja sat up, blinking, feeling a little disoriented but otherwise perfectly fine. She ran a hand through her hair and looked over at the research team.

They were all staring at her, their faces pale with shock. Chief Researcher Vance was sweating, his hand gripping the edge of the console so tightly his knuckles were white.

Anja swung her legs over the side of the pod, her boots thudding softly on the floor.

"Well?" she asked, her voice breaking the stunned silence. "Did something go wrong?"