

Wow 411

Chapter 411 Mission Explore Grey Iron City - Part 3

"We are willing!" Before the words could emerge, Bai E purposefully interrupted them, his eyes calmly observing the group, emphasizing the very tenets of the organization.

"I hope you understand that your actions are meaningful. It's not just the friends who have become our comrades that we need to save, but also those who are still under the yoke of evil. Therefore, if you are willing to accept, you must gather more information about human body modification. You must know that humanity doesn't just exist in Blackwater City; our future is destined for the stars. Before that, we must turn all of humanity into our partners!"

Often players only know "where to go? How many to kill?" but sometimes, when they have a moment of respite, they also try to analyze the essence behind all the details they encounter in the game.

Bai E hopes to instill "faith" in them rather than let them become truly chaotic players, so he needs to periodically reinforce the persona he has established.

Kuang Xin, completely engrossed in the narrative, suddenly responded with red-rimmed eyes, "Yes, my lord!"

Even the usually calm Dai Lian felt his blood boil with fervor under the grand purpose, his voice trembling, "We are willing, my lord!"

"Very well..." Bai E nodded in satisfaction.

[Mission description is auto-generating...]

[Side Quest - Genetic Collapse (Combat, Resource-Fusion Type Mission): The additional organs implanted through bio-modification surgeries torture the bodies of the modified at all times, with the danger of genetic collapse looming. Only the "Genetic Stability Repair Fluid" produced by Grey Iron City can temporarily alleviate the conflict between foreign bodies.]

Mission Requirements: Submit "Genetic Stability Repair Fluid" *0/2~6 (adjustable), Time Limit: 15 days 23 hours 14 minutes.

Mission Rewards: Universal Experience 50~200 points (adjustable), Technology Points *0~1 (adjustable), Item rewards (to be determined).]

(Note: There is a physical submission stage, the current mission cannot be "automatically completed," it requires "acceptance upon completion"; once the mission is confirmed, "permissions" and "costs" will be deducted and locked.)

[Would you like to release this mission?]

Compared to before, there's now a deadline.

After all, the onset of genetic collapse waits for no one. According to the acting team leader, their risk of genetic collapse is unpredictable, possibly occurring within half a year to a year, or as short as four to five weeks.

Even though they had been injected just before departing on the last signal base station mission, calculating by the shortest time, they would need another injection within a month. Bai E wasn't willing to take any risks, so it was better to shift the pressure onto the players, keeping the extra days as a buffer for himself.

If they truly couldn't complete it, he would figure out a way to step in personally.

But it didn't end there...

Time had passed midnight, and the qualifications for releasing missions had refreshed. Bai E, with one more day's worth of mission-publishing rights, wanted to try out some new ideas.

As his intent was perceived by the panel, the prompt quietly sounded—

[Would you like to add a mission?]

[Yes.]

[Additional mission is auto-generating...]

[Side Quest - City of Transformation (Combat, Resource-Fusion Type Mission): The sinister city is shrouded in mystery; you need to collect more information about this city to help the organization liberate this city of sin. Note: Information gathering can be concurrent with the prerequisite mission, but this mission can only be naturally unlocked after completing the prerequisite mission - Genetic Collapse.]

This was quite good.

Bai E nodded in satisfaction, setting the mission rewards. Of course... the bulk of it was the item rewards; the experience and technology points rewards from the panel were unlikely to surpass what he could personally offer from his own pocket until his authority increased.

Then, he confirmed the release!

The four players, receiving their clear missions, clearly showed delight. Bai E waved his hand to dismiss them.

"If there's nothing else, you can go about your business."

"Wait, my lord!" Kuang Xin wasn't distracted by the new mission. Having been suppressed by Spiritual Energy to the point of being unable to lift his head several times, he had longed to uncover the secrets concerning Spiritual Energy.

Previously, his teammates had persuaded him that he could seek guidance from his lord, and now was his chance.

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"You want to learn Spiritual Energy?"

After listening to Kuang Xin's narrative, Bai E looked at him intently.

Want to learn skills? Go ahead and learn.

Career planning? I'm an NPC, you're asking me?

I don't even know what the ultimate path of this world is; I just use whatever I have. How would I know whether a warrior like you, who aspires to be a close-quarters damage dealer, should spend extra effort on Spiritual Energy?

Maybe just skip the process and learn directly... save some trouble.

Bai E's expression grew solemn, "Realizing this is already good. We all have limited time and energy, and everybody understands the principle of 'do not bite off more than you can chew.' However, every individual's situation is different; my advice is to follow your heart."

"Heart?" Kuang Xin looked puzzled.

"Follow your impulses, trust your thoughts. No regrets, no looking back, move forward with determination. Whatever choice you make, just remember not to regret it in the days to come. Spiritual Energy comes from the heart; what you firmly believe in is what's right."

"What I firmly believe in is right?" Kuang Xin began to reflect on whether he really wanted to learn Spiritual Energy.

Dai Lian, who was half a step behind Kuang Xin, pressed for clarification, "Does it mean there are no taboos to hold us back? We can do whatever we wish?"

"That's the general idea, but limited freedom is more liberating. The measure of it is for you to grasp."

There was a moment of quiet.

What did they really want to do in the game? They hadn't given it much thought.

The NPC's sudden statement led them into a brief spell of subconscious reflection, but they soon broke free from those occasional touches and musings.

Their mindset then leapt back—essentially, there were no restraints or rules. Whatever career planning, whatever skill route you want to learn, just learn it, don't wrong yourself.

Do I want to learn?

Kuang Xin clenched his fist.

Maybe he could be unskilled, but he definitely needed to understand.

"I want to learn, my lord."

"No problem." Bai E nodded.

He then added the newly acquired ability to the Faction Shop—

Faction Shop (2nd floor) new addition: [Enlightenment - Spiritual Energy, price - Basic Instruction: 200 points of faction contribution.]

After Spiritual Energy advanced to the second stage and he could project it outward, and having followed Franca to master the technique of Spiritual Energy impact, Bai E also understood how Yue Ying had guided him on the path of Spiritual Energy in his memories.

The basic technique was the Spiritual Energy impact; it was just a matter of proficiency.

If it were a native teaching a native, the level of proficiency could hugely impact the outcome: with a skilled teacher one might quickly grasp the basics, but if one barely understood it themselves, teaching others would clearly lead to misguiding them.

But on himself, it didn't matter much.

Use experience as a cheat to bypass requirements. If you have a basic ability that can pass the system's assessment, that's all that matters.

The rest will depend on whether the player's reserve of experience is solid enough; beyond that, everything else is a minor issue.

Therefore, Bai E, who also mastered the Spiritual Energy impact upon reaching the second stage, could provide guidance quite similar to what Yue Ying once did.

"This is it!" Kuang Xin, upon receiving the system prompt, spotted the newly added ability to learn in the Faction Shop right away.

200 points of faction contribution? Just right! Not a point more.

"I'll learn this one."

"Just a reminder, you don't have a talent for Spiritual Energy; you might need to put in more effort than others to get the same improvement."

It's unclear if players' innate talents are randomly assigned or if they are self-created, but Gong Yan and Gu Lan, those two girls, have the talent for Spiritual Energy and can awaken it on their own without NPC guidance.

For someone like Kuang Xin who lacks the talent, even if he can learn, it is likely that the experience he needs to expend will be determined based on his "mysterious" level.

Players don't rely on talent; everything can be made up for with experience... The premise is having enough of it.

"I'm well aware, my lord!" Kuang Xin was clear in his mind.

In previous instances when everyone learned the same skill, some spent more experience, and others less—wasn't that just because everyone chose different starting attributes?

He had an advantage in physically related skills; it was only natural for him to face disadvantages with mysterious abilities like Spiritual Energy.

These past days he had been fighting and doing quests, accumulating quite a bit of experience; he wasn't afraid to burn through it.

"Alright."

"Then add me too, my lord," Dai Lian said enviously from the side. If Kuang Xin, with only 200 points of faction contribution left, could go for it, then he, with 225 points left, had no reason not to.

The game world is so open-ended. Always trying to make no mistakes and ensure every resource is well-utilized is truly exhausting. Why not indulge for once... Occasionally being pure like Kuang Xin doesn't seem too bad.

No regrets?

Then no regrets it is. After all, following their lord, they had long surpassed other players who started at the same time.

It's just a little bit of contribution and the stored experience, after all. They can be earned again.

To teach one is to teach, to teach two is still to teach.

They want to learn, I gain experience.

Win, big win, triple win, win till it hurts.

"Alright."

The experience in the mysterious and wonderful world of Spiritual Awareness is always timeless.

Just as Bai E was once led by Yue Ying, the two players now guided by Bai E were sincerely experiencing that profound and mystical sensation in the game.

That genuine and arcane sensory experience felt like transcending the restrictions of the game, truly immersing them into that bizarre and magnificent higher-dimensional world.

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Only when the prompt from the panel rang out did they open their eyes, which carried a hint of regret.

Immersed in that profound experience for a long time, unable to detach themselves, a fascinating idea rose in their hearts—

Isn't this game all too realistic?

The sensation had transcended the boundaries of a game; lost in the marvelous experience where time became indistinct, what the game offered had surpassed everything else.

When did the technology of our world advance to this degree? The publishers of this game didn't boast about any groundbreaking technology, did they? Apart from being able to play while sleeping and the seamless connection of the in-game timeline with each daily login, there wasn't much hype.

For the first time, a touch of curiosity about the game itself sparked within them.

["Tutorial" concluded. From the tutorial feedback, you have earned a total of 1780 combat experience points and 1290 general experience points.]

"It seems you have successfully mastered Spiritual Energy," Bai E said with a reassuring smile, noticing the faint glow of Spiritual Energy in their eyes.

Learning Spiritual Energy was just the beginning. They probably couldn't grasp those Spiritual Energy tricks on their own without any natural talent. They would have to come back and learn from Bai E.

That meant a steady influx of experience points.

Keep it up, my superheroes!

"Thank you for your guidance, my lord. We will set off now," Dai Lian said, stepping out of the lingering aftereffects of the wondrous experience, and quickly made his stance known.

Having learned Spiritual Energy and spent all their experience and contribution points, it was time to go out and strive again.

"Go ahead, you can get a vehicle from the warehouse supervisor; this time it's free," Bai E said with a smile.

Gamers act swiftly, leaving as soon as they say.

Bai E only turned to face Gilder, who had been waiting in the next room, after watching them leave.

Ever since they met, Bai E could see a desire to confide in him within the old man's eyes.

Clearly, quite a few things had happened in Black Street during his absence.

"How is Hu doing?" Bai E asked as he settled down in the room.

"That's exactly what I wanted to discuss with you," Gilder replied gravely. Hearing constant reports of demons' minions appearing all over Black Street was undoubtedly a sign of his inefficiency.

The day they cleared the second veteran's barracks, Xu Ruoguang reported back to him in detail as soon as he returned.

The valiant sacrifice of the old soldiers, who had unwittingly fallen into the demons' clutches but willingly accepted their fate, was tragic. However, the underlying issues it exposed could not be ignored.

"...However, fortunately, your comrade has not fallen, but now he..."

Felt a bit lonely.

All disabled soldiers who hadn't been fitted with prosthetics perished that night. The remaining veterans all had artificial limbs and functioned as the Black Street Guard.

Only Hu was left alone in the always empty yard, doing whatever manual work he could manage.

Gilder had considered using Black Street resources to procure prosthetics for Hu, but without a suitable excuse, it could easily lead to idle gossip under the present conditions of unified resource distribution.

He also knew that those veterans still had some of their resources, but it was difficult to forcefully confiscate them without cause, so he had pretended not to know.

But for some reason, those veterans were always reluctant to provide Hu with prosthetics. Before, when there were many of them, one could argue resources were insufficient and unevenly distributed. Now, with only Hu remaining, getting one set of prosthetics should have been no issue.

Black Street hadn't developed for long and faced myriad issues. Gilder believed that most problems could be resolved over time, just touching on this point when Bai E asked about related matters.

Bai E's eyes glazed over, lightly tapping his fingertips on the desk nearby.

What was the true purpose of those old soldiers?

A desire for vengeance after being abandoned by the military due to disabilities? So far, there wasn't much evidence of anti-social rebellion.

How would the prohibitions ingrained in their genes twist after being tainted by the grim reality? Even he, who shared their synthetic identities and experiences, couldn't say for sure.

Yet, fortunately, the "old captain" always was the old captain, maintaining his unique clarity even amid thorns.

"Continue to keep an eye on him..." Hu was not one to be bothered by solitude. The secure and monotonous daily life, for him, was probably a form of peaceful bliss.

If life could continue in such a tranquil manner, perhaps it wouldn't be such a bad thing.

"Additionally... there's something about Fernandi..."

"Fernandi?" Bai E was a bit puzzled.

Fernandi was the rat-man, who had always been obedient and sensible. What could have happened to him now?

"He said he wants to see his sister and hopes you can help him find a way," Gilder said.

Longing for family after such a time seemed only natural.

Bai E smiled, his slightly tense nerves relaxing a bit, but then he felt the complexity of the situation.

No matter who his sister was, if she could freely enter and leave the military camp, she would surely have come to find her brother already.

But if she lacked the authority, then as an officer, how much could he really do? His own pass could only be used by himself, let alone bringing a rat-man, marked as a Believer of the demons, into the military camp... that would be suicidal.

Still, he subconsciously asked, "What's his sister's name? Which unit is she with in the camp?"

"Mashati. I heard she went in as a military nurse," Gilder said.

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"..."

Such a familiar name.

Now with his significantly increased thinking speed, Bai E instantly found the always gentle and reserved smiling girl from his memories.

It was her? What a small world...

"I can only pass on a message for him, there's no guarantee it will work..."

"That's good... that's good..." Gilder agreed readily, but there was a hint of hesitation at the end of his tone.

Gilder had looked utterly dejected when he mentioned this privately, as if resigned to death.

Wanting to see his own sister was less about missing her, and more about seeing her one last time...

But Gilder didn't explicitly say this, only pleading him to convey his wishes to the adults, and the death wish... was just his speculation.

After a moment's hesitation, he ultimately chose not to spell it out.

"What's wrong?"

"Nothing." Gilder smiled, though his smile was tinged with weariness.

"If nothing's wrong, you should rest. You've had a hard time managing this mess."

"It's not hard!" Gilder's eyes trembled slightly, and any trace of being wronged instantly vanished.

["Lucky Strike" Charge +5.]

Watching the adult's silhouette fade into the night, three shadows emerged beside Gilder out of nowhere.

"Boss, haven't you spoken yet?"

"..." Gilder pursed his thin lips, remaining silent.

Another shadow chimed in immediately, "Yeah boss, we all followed you because we believed in you, but what about now? We've been working ourselves to death every day, and I haven't seen a hint of that 'land flowing with milk and honey' he promised us."

Along with Gilder, there were other refugees who had not entered the city and opted to lay low. He had chosen a few trustworthy and clever youths to work under the adult's command.

Often, the implementation of policies required both overt and covert coordination; sometimes the presence of an atmosphere group was also crucial. This was one of Gilder's little tactics.

Usually, they would hide their previous acquaintance, but now...

"The ones in the city have made contact with you, right?"

"It seems you already know..." said a young man leaning against the doorframe next to Gilder, his tone somewhat helpless, "You know the conditions the folks in the city have, their lives are good now. We all have talents, and if we go over there, we can get the same treatment as them, which is surely better than here..."

"No!" Gilder interrupted vehemently.

Of course, he didn't begrudge his former companions a better life; it was just that if these few people defected to the city now, how would they explain their absence?

If it got traced back to the adult, wouldn't that cause trouble for him?

It wouldn't stand up to investigation.

"Boss, we're not ungrateful. You saved me, protected me from those people, and it was you who led me out of that hellish place and kept me alive. Of course, the adult is also our lifesaver; we could never forget that. But... you can't use that to bind us for life."

"..." Gilder pressed his lips tightly together in a weak rebuttal, "The home you build with your own hands is always more reassuring than someone else's garden..."

"But we can see the garden, home... it's too exhausting." The young man sighed softly, "We can keep helping you, but you need to give us a deadline, okay?"

Chapter 415 Mech Pilot Selection

Too many things had happened over the night, by the time Bai E returned to camp, it was already three o'clock in the morning.

Inside the tent, the sound of breathing was peaceful, yet as Bai E fumbled with his clothes, a pair of bright eyes suddenly popped out from behind.

Rose's voice, slightly hoarse, sounded somewhat furtive, "You went out to have fun for so long again? Can you take me with you next time?"

Bai E knew she hadn't slept, and now, unperturbed, he glanced over his shoulder, "You don't have a Leave Camp Certificate..."

The regulations of the military camp itself were still an insurmountable mountain for them.

"That's true..."

"Looks like I need to figure out a way to get one too..." After a whisper of self-mumbling, Rose conscientiously reminded him, "Pay attention starting tomorrow, the assessment is coming up."

Assessment?

Mech Pilot?

Indeed, nearly half a month had already flashed by, and the deadline for the official Mech Pilot selection that was previously mentioned was fast approaching.

But...

"What's there to pay attention to, isn't it just normal training?"

"I heard that people from the Mechanical Court will come to observe secretly, starting from tomorrow we shouldn't mess around, alright?"

During ordinary training sessions, both of them occasionally tried to do their own thing, mainly acting independently of each other.

As a result, their scores on the simulator were not very impressive.

But with the formal assessment drawing near, to continue playing around was definitely a recipe for self-destruction.

"Got it." Bai E nodded his head, without the slightest doubt about the source of the news.

Rose was enthusiastic and cheerful by nature, and even though her artificial origins naturally came with an unfavorable filter when interacting with those natural-born Mech Pilot candidates, as time passed, she could easily blend into any group.

In Mechanic Camp, many pieces of news that Bai E didn't know, she could find out.

After changing into more comfortable shorts and a tank top for sleeping, Bai E pushed Rose's head and sent her back to sleep, "Sleep early, we'll get a Leave Camp Certificate for you when we have the chance."

"Got it!"

...

Early next morning, everyone in Mechanic Camp assembled with visible tension and excitement on their faces.

Their eyes roamed, trying to spot the VIP from the Mechanical Court.

Of course, the Mechanical Court was not part of the military camp; it was a small elite division similar to an Arbitration Place, directly governed by the City Senate.

But in terms of personal advancement, it was the next step for those in the armored camp. The level of metallic creations they had represented the pinnacle of Blackwater City's current technology.

As for the people there... they were all formidable figures, even without their mechanical exteriors, this still held true.

For the natural-born individuals in the armored camp, the Mechanical Court was also an excellent direction for development.

Obviously, the current inquisitiveness of everyone was fruitless.

There was no unusual figure in sight, and since it had been said the observation would be secret, they wouldn't let these Mech Pilot candidates find out easily.

In the anxious wait, the instructor finally arrived before everyone.

"I have some good news for everyone..." The instructor, with his hands behind his back, slowly swept his eyes over the expectant faces of all the warriors. In fact, the news about someone from the Mechanical Court conducting a secret assessment was a hint he had discretely released to remind these youngsters, fearful they would mess up the important event with their cavalier attitudes.

Although structurally, the Mechanical Court was not a higher authority of the military camp and had no direct subordination relationship with it.

But for the armored camp within the military... especially for Mechanic Camp, the Mechanical Court was absolutely the superior path for promotion and advancement.

Moreover, selections made by outside inspections typically carried more authoritative and fair outcomes, and the big bosses above were more willing to trust their opinions. Therefore, for the official selection of Mech Pilots, their judgment often played a decisive role.

The key was to seize the opportunity!

"Starting today, you will officially have access to our Titan-class armored mechas, and... your performance today will determine whether you can become a real Mech Pilot."

Previously, the threats made during training were merely verbal. In reality, as long as one didn't perform too poorly, chances of being dismissed from Mechanic Camp during simulator training were slim.

The simulator was to lay the foundation for everyone. The real performance mattered when it came to actual Mecha operation.

If it weren't for the loss of most of the Titan-class armored mechas in the armored camp during the last sortie against the Bug Race, and the fact that the Armament Department was urgently manufacturing replacements, they should have been exposed to the actual mechas even earlier.

Hearing that today was the day for results, the expressions of the long-time training Mech Pilot candidates suddenly became tense.

Fearing that the anxiety would cause these kids under his charge to underperform, the instructor hesitated for a moment, but still spoke reassuringly, "Of course, you don't need to be too nervous, today's results don't define your future. Even if you don't become an official pilot today, as long as your future training scores are excellent, you can still become an official Mech Pilot."

The allocation of Pilots in the armored camp was not a fixed number with an elimination system; a benchmark was set, and as long as one could meet the requirements, one could become an official Mech Pilot.

But time waits for no one...

Bai E glanced at his mission countdown — 15 hours 57 minutes 48 seconds.

The final day was upon him...

The mission that had been triggered during his first arrival at Mechanic Camp — the time limit for the official Mech Pilot task — had only this one day left.

Chapter 416 Mech Pilot Selection_2

Other people might have the luxury of striving slowly in the days to come, but he had to secure his qualification as a regular Mech Pilot today. Only then could he obtain the rewards provided by the mission—the Mecha Transformation Plan 2.0.

All current mechas are generally classified as first-generation mechs, even the more formidable and specialized ones employed by the Mechanical Court.

The truly revolutionary second-generation mechs are those that require a direct transformation in control mode.

Bai E didn't know how long it would take the world's own research and development capabilities to achieve this qualitative leap, but anything was always more reliable when in one's own hands.

This Transformation Plan 2.0, he must get his hands on it!

"Now, go and truly touch the exclusive weaponry that belongs to you!"

The immense mechas towered not far behind the crowd, which was why those behemoth-seeing warriors were excited and restless from the start.

No matter how realistic the driving experience in a simulation mech might be, it couldn't beat the excitement of actually handling the real thing.

The main body of the mecha was painted in blue and white, standing tall under the sun, glittering and dazzling.

Each mecha had a number written below it, and there was no scramble for mechs since they had been preassigned.

In fact, all the mechas had identical structures and appearances. As standardized weaponry supplied to the military, they were nothing like the customized mechs used by the people of the Mechanical Court.

Following the previously trained safety protocols and rules, they secured their safety ropes and climbed quickly up the iron ladder at the back of the mecha, Bai E and Rose using both hands and feet.

The cockpit of the mecha was located in the chest area, high off the ground; a less physically gifted warrior might have fallen and possibly died on the spot if they slipped during the climb.

It wasn't easy to train a Mech Pilot, and these safety protocols were also part of the assessment. Even Bai E, who was confident of surviving a fall, wouldn't try to be innovative in such a situation.

"Click~"

"Click~"

"Buzz~"

As the cockpit door sealed shut, the sounds of various mechanical structures moving within could be clearly heard by both of them.

What followed was a sense of robust power that struck them head-on, leaving the cabin so quiet that they could hear their own frantic heartbeats.

Their eyes swept over the surroundings, familiar yet strange, and an inadvertent glance between Bai E and Rose revealed nothing but sheer excitement in their eyes.

This is a mecha!

[Discovery of a new "mechanical structure," would you like to establish a link? (From: Mechanical Rhythm)]

This is my mecha!

Even if "mech spirit" is elusive to most, the armored battalion believes in it.

Every pair of Mech Pilots used their mecha for both regular training and actual combat, and unless due to a manufacturing defect requiring a complete overhaul, the mecha would not be replaced during the service period.

In other words, what they had now... would also be with Bai E for his entire career in the armored battalion.

So naturally...

[Initiating link establishment!]

Establishing a link required continuous contact for at least 48 hours, but before that, the two abilities extracted from the intelligent machinery still faithfully played their basic effects.

"Buzz~" The electrifying sound activated the silent giant, and limitless vitality seemed to spread inch by inch through the massive steel body.

The resonance granted by "Mechanical Mind" made Bai E feel as if his consciousness flowed through the entire mecha in that instant.

The instructor's voice, accompanied by a buzzing sound, came from the cockpit speaker, "All units, proceed to the designated target location, time limit: 5 minutes."

As the voice sounded, from the perspective of the cockpit, they could see an off-road vehicle, kicking up two trails of dust, heading away from the military camp.

The instructor was sitting in the car.

And the assessment, too, began now.

Of course, practical training with such enormous mechas couldn't take place within the confines of the military camp; only the uninhabited wilderness was spacious enough for these massive giants to run amok without restraint.

"Received!"

"Received!"

There was no sound, only electronic key presses confirming receipt of the command.

On the electronic display visible to both drivers, the instructed destination appeared.

"Prepare to move forward."

"Received."

It was their first interaction with the actual control of a mecha, and with Bai E and Rose's understanding, they conducted a standard exchange.

"Standard advance three gears."

"Following."

"Prepare to leap."

"Following."

Small mounds that they passed by were easily overcome with the mecha's large strides.

The standard formation when standing still was broken the moment they started.

Of course, that didn't matter.

Mechas, these massive and extremely difficult to manipulate weapons of war, were never expected to act in concert; each mecha was a ferocious beast on the battlefield, a single one... able to form an army.

Only, the performance of some pilots... was exceptionally eye-catching.

Some could flip over with one foot stepping on the other, while others simply tripped and fell.

Perhaps it was too exciting for those first touching a real mecha, pilots who were seamlessly coordinated on normal days now fumbled dramatically, and the mecha fell flat on its face.

The ground shook, startling the other soldiers in the training armored camp.

Fortunately, there were no critical supplies in the direction of the fall, and the space reserved between the mechas was large enough to avoid additional collateral damage.

The instructor, watching through the unmanned drone's surveillance monitor, blushed slightly and gently covered their eyes, only to feel a strong low pressure enveloping the entire carriage the next moment.

"My... My lord," the instructor said, turning toward the towering figure sitting opposite, who also looked up at the surveillance screen. The man's half-dark, half-steel-gray face was ice-cold, which was chilling. Even as an instructor, their voice became hesitant.

"Their usual training performance isn't like this. It may just be that they're too excited and nervous on their first contact with the mecha today..." The instructor squeezed out a smile, trying to salvage some impression points for the cadets they had trained.

"...Hmm." After a long silence, a response devoid of emotion came from the man draped in a dark coat, neither agreeing nor disagreeing.

Swiveling steel-gray eyes searched the screen, finally locking onto the code displayed on the paint of the overturned mecha's ankle—W0713.

The instructor carefully observed the man's facial expression, but unable to discern much, simply offered a resigned smile, not daring to explain further.

...

"Bang!"

"Bang!"

Each step from the mecha's massive body caused the earth to tremble, and the actual sensation was precisely conveyed to Bai E through the hard connection of the cockpit.

Although the simulator also provided similar feedback, the overall feeling always fell short.

Not to mention, with his mechanical body and mechanical mind, he had never felt as familiar with the controls in his hands as he did at that moment.

The same level of Mechanical Rhythm, enhanced by two major mechanical system abilities updated upon his return, made a significant improvement in touch sensitivity for operating.

Even a simple run seemed to have a sense of smooth breathing, as if human.

And when he noticed the other mechas also advancing not far away, a particular feeling arose as if... as if their movements were inexplicably stiff.

"What are you looking at?" Rose inquired curiously, noticing Bai E's gaze.

"Nothing," Bai E withdrew his gaze, looking toward the location designated by the instructor.

That off-road vehicle was already waiting at the finish line.

An impassive emissary from the Mechanical Court coldly timed the event, and the moment the countdown ended, they mercilessly issued the order, "Those who didn't make it, eliminated."

Chapter 417 Initiative

...

The instructor's mouth moved, but in the end, he did not say any words of pleading.

Today's selection was not only for the official mech pilots but also an opportunity for their Mechanical Court to spot promising candidates.

Even if one missed the chance to qualify as a regular mech pilot today, there would be other opportunities, but the talents required by the Mechanical Court were only available today.

Having embarked on the path of physical reformation, the people of the Mechanical Court always pursued absolute perfectionism. A warrior who did not perform impressively at the first meeting would have no chance of reversing their fortune later on.

Warriors who did not reach the designated endpoint within the specified time had already been eliminated in the heart of the representative from the Mechanical Court, and pleading was thus futile.

Moreover...

The instructor's gaze swept over those massive mechs that had successfully reached the destination and easily calculated the number of those eliminated—three.

Not too many.

'It's your fault for not practicing properly in the usual days!'

The instructor cursed inwardly while pulling up the microphone in the off-road vehicle and shouted towards one of them...

A calm voice issued from the speakers of every mech, "Those who have not reached the endpoint are eliminated!"

All the warriors who heard the instructor's command felt their hearts skip a beat, and the palms grasping the mechanical levers began to sweat slightly.

The warriors were unaware of the instructor's thoughts; they gave their all in the selection, treating it as the most critical turning point in their lives.

The attention from the representative of the Mechanical Court and the far stricter rules than any previous training tensed the string in their hearts suddenly.

The instructor's instructions continuously broadcast through the loudspeaker, "Next, line up in order and complete the designated stage content."

The destination they reached was not an empty field but rather numerous facilities that resembled an enlarged version of a warrior training ground laid out across a vast wilderness, albeit the content appeared significantly simpler from a distance.

And since they were designed for training mechs, these large targets, the number of facilities that could be built was naturally limited, allowing only one mech to pass through at a time.

As the command was issued by the superior, a complete set of mech maneuver animations began to display on all the warriors' screens.

Clearly, that was the so-called standard for action performance.

"You must proceed in order, with a deviation of no more than 10%, within a time limit of 10 minutes. Those who fail to meet the requirements are eliminated," said the instructor, his voice colder and less

personable than usual, resonating from the speakers. The pair of warriors ranking first stared at their screens, trying to engrave the standard maneuvers deeply into their minds.

"Are you all ready?"

"Ready!"

"Ready!"

The response was silent, with only the confirmation of electronic keys serving as the sole acknowledgement.

Watching the response lights excluding the three eliminated mechs turn green in front of him, the instructor sighed softly, silently wishing the trainees luck in his heart, 'Make the most of it, kids.'

"Begin!"

As the command was given, the leading mech surged forward.

Walking, jogging, zig-zagging, small jumps, large leaps, sidestepping, swan returns... a series of professional tactical maneuvers ranging from easy to difficult were displayed in order through the fixed installations on the field.

There were no actions beyond what they had been taught; it was all content they practiced regularly, only now they were to execute it in a fluent sequence.

The sole purpose behind all these maneuvers was to make the mechs appear as agile as a human body.

As the first mech to undergo selection, the veteran mech pilot from the previous reserve was naturally burdened with everyone's expectations.

Their demonstration would also provide a reference of significant value for all subsequent mech pilot groups.

Everyone watched the first group with bated breath, including Rose.

However, her gaze occasionally drifted to Bai E's profile close by, wondering why, since they had started their journey, she had felt that Bai E was a bit off today.

Was it because they hadn't trained together in mechs for so long? Or was it due to the first real contact with a mech?

But it wasn't the kind of estrangement that made cooperation impossible; rather, it was an indescribable strangeness...

"You seem... a bit strange today," Rose decided to ask.

Her straightforward character dictated that she would speak her mind without hiding anything.

Bai E's eyes blinked out of a slightly dazed state and then came back to reality.

Perhaps it was an illusion, but he felt as if the mech itself was communicating with him.

The mechanical transmissions, the surging electricity through the cables... they felt as familiar as his own bones, his own blood, greeting him intimately.

This unprecedented immersive experience fascinated Bai E so much that he seemed indifferent to everything happening around him until Rose's call snapped him back to attention.

"It's nothing..." Bai E shook his head.

"Oh~" Rose glanced at Bai E with a strange look in her eyes, but said no more, instead turning to watch the first group of mech pilots who were setting a standard for the rest, "I think they are running out of time..."

Time had already elapsed significantly, and it seemed less than half of the required movement routine had been performed.

The standards of the selection weren't particularly difficult since they involved skills everyone learned in regular training; yet with the added constraints of time and varying movement benchmarks, it introduced adequate pressure.

Chapter 418 Initiative_2

...

Thinking about speeding up, his movements easy to be executed improperly and thus deformed.

Each action had to be carried out in an orderly manner, which obviously left not enough time.

The first mecha had no prior experience to draw from, and now found itself in this predicament.

In the beginning, they wasted too much time on executing each move in a steady, standard fashion, and even though the completion rate of their current actions was above 95%, there wasn't much time left.

"Not enough..." Bai E didn't look closely, but even with just a two or three-second glance, some kind of familiar intuition instantly deemed the first group of mech pilots to have received a "death sentence".

"Do you see any tricks?" Rose asked somewhat excitedly.

She liked challenges.

The failure of teammates only intrigued her more.

"Rhythm."

The designated time was not particularly tight, and the military standards for soldiers who were only required to operate mechas to achieve some basic tactical objectives on the battlefield were not difficult.

What mattered was the rhythm.

Don't be in a hurry; don't be scared; just do it methodically...that was all that was supposed to be done, plain and simple.

Simple?

Bai E himself was surprised by the confidence that seemed to come out of nowhere in his mind, but that was the intuition his brain gave based on all the information at hand.

Overflowing with confidence, even to the point of exploding.

Perhaps, this selection process was not just about qualifying for the military's official mech pilot roster or performing in front of the emissaries from the Mechanical Court. It was more...to induce the birth of a "mech spirit".

Who knows if there was any difference in quality or strength in this thing, but a better performance presumably was always good, right?

Even the subconscious that could connect to that intangible will let Bai E faintly sense—the quality of a performance wasn't just about the technical aspect, it also involved personality and stylistic elements in conduct.

Confidence... strength... full of leadership...

These elements seemed they could benefit that yet unawakened "mech spirit".

A boundless impulse surged in Bai E's heart, and under that seemingly swelling confidence, he suddenly pressed an electronic button at his side.

"What are you trying to do?" Rose's eyes widened instantaneously, wondering what the somewhat odd-looking Bai E was planning to do today.

The button was like a raised hand to speak switch; in such a context, what could raising one's hand to speak possibly entail?

I quit?

I want to increase the difficulty?

"Speak," came the instructor's dispassionate voice from the speaker.

"I request to go second in the obstacle challenge."

"..." The instructor, sitting in the SUV, squinted his eyes, looking at the number indicated by the flickering yellow light under the sign—W0721.

That seemed to be...the mecha number for those two artificial human pilots.

Was it Bai E? What kind of shenanigan was this kid up to now?

Even if they didn't know initially, by now, with the example set by the first group of pilots, these kids should understand the later they go, the more they can learn from the "predecessors'" experiences.

Their order had been arranged with this thought in mind, placing the older reserve mech pilots at the forefront and those with less training later, striving to give everyone an almost equal chance of selection.

And now... why would someone want to push to the front?

Incomprehensible.

But even so, this kind of voluntary request to increase difficulty is something any military person would like to see.

Being proactive is the attitude a soldier should have.

Especially when he caught a glimpse of the expression on the face of the silent Mechanical Court official beside him who, upon hearing this request, curled the corner of his mouth ever so slightly. The instructor felt he sort of guessed what Bai E's intent was—

To attract the attention of the Mechanical Court official.

The Court's officials also favored such forthright demonstrations of ambition, but the premise was...having the actual ability.

So he responded softly with a cool voice, "Granted."

The brief communication ended, and all the soldiers who heard this conversation subconsciously looked towards the mecha originally lined up towards the back of the group.

Upon receiving the instructor's order, Bai E and Rose controlled their mecha to move forward, to the very front of the line.

"Boom! Boom!"

Come to a halt.

...

Even as she coordinated with Bai E on the movements, Rose was now filled with question marks.

She didn't fear challenges, but she felt that today's Bai E was just too weird...

"What exactly are you trying to do?"

As time passed and they executed more actions with the mecha, the initial sense of indulgent confusion had long since disappeared. Bai E's lips were curled into a confident and casual smile as he looked ahead and replied, "Very simple... to set an example for them."

"We'll execute perfectly once, and those behind us should be able to learn something, right?"

Confidence overflowed.

The smile on his lips was particularly captivating, making Rose's eyes blur for a moment, before she violently shook her head to force herself back to reality, "Fine... since you've decided, I'll follow your lead."

Although she wasn't afraid of challenges, it didn't mean she felt overly confident the first time she came in contact with a mecha.

But since it was Bai E's decision... whatever it was, she would follow along.

"Anyway, just make sure to keep up with my rhythm later."

While experiencing that sense of communication and interaction, it seemed as if the mecha she controlled was also giving some kind of... evaluation? of the mech pilot's maneuvers.

To Bai E's performance it remained noncommittal, but to Rose, also operating the machine, that concept-less, language-less "evaluation" started to become less polite.

It could probably be summed up in two words—utterly unskilled.

"Oh~" the evident disdain instantly made Rose's blood boil.

Looking down on me, are you?

With a sidelong glance at Bai E, Rose gave a teasing flick of her eyes.

"Second group, get ready..." The instructor's voice pulled back the scattered thoughts.

"Begin!"

At the command, the mecha's body instantly activated.

People from the Mechanical Court, who had been sitting quietly in their seats, had, at some unknown point, straightened up with keen interest to watch the overall picture captured by the drones on the display screen.

The mecha transitioned from stillness to motion, seamlessly.

Walking, jogging, Z-shaped running back, small jump, big jump, side-step, swallow turn...

The mecha sped along a predetermined track across the unmanned wasteland, with the slightly trembling ground being the only backdrop at the moment.

A series of standard technical maneuvers were executed in succession.

Not too fast, nor too slow.

It all looked as orderly and methodical as the first group, step by step.

But in the occasional moment of distraction, everything flowed as smoothly as a stream of water.

Nothing special, just simply... smooth.

Smooth...

So smooth that by the next moment of distraction, the blue and white painted mecha had already been standing at the finish line, the exact time of its arrival unknown.

And in the minds of everyone present, the technical maneuvers executed before were still replaying in their heads.

Even Rose, who had been coordinating with Bai E from the start, was still staring at her own hands in her cockpit, seemingly dazed and lost in thought.

Strange...

Too strange...

No wonder Bai E said to keep up with his rhythm; today's movements... executed with unbelievable smoothness, as if they didn't require any thought at all.

At certain key moments, Rose even felt that even though she hadn't issued any coordinating commands, the mechanical levers she controlled in her hands seemed to gain their own intelligence and began moving on their own.

Often it was unclear whether she was controlling the mecha, or the mecha was leading her.

Naturally...

It was like... like it was a real human body.

Any movement made was just an unthinking instinct.

"Crash!"

The side door of the off-road vehicle flung open suddenly, and a burly man leaped out from the vehicle.

His gaze crossed the distance to rest on the silent mecha at the finish line.

Chapter 419 Advanced Driving

The instructor poked his head out from behind the car door, following the visitor from the Mechanical Court, and tentatively asked, "What do you think..."

Normally, such performance would have doubtlessly indicated a passing grade in the official Mech Pilot examination.

Training can only bestow Mech Pilots with the ability to execute basic tactical maneuvers proficiently; the truly powerful Mech Pilots have always needed to be tempered on the battlefield.

The selection for official Mech Pilots is but the most fundamental of assessments.

However, today, with the dignitary from the Mechanical Court present, there may well be additional considerations.

"Where is your control computer?" the visitor from the Mechanical Court extended his hand backward.

The instructor obediently handed over his tablet, "Here."

As a pair of iron-gray metal palms gently grasped the tablet, invisible data transferred instantaneously in some form of wireless communication, "Let the others continue their evaluation."

"Yes, sir!"

The instructor turned and went into the carriage, conveying the visitor's instructions to each group of Mech Pilots awaiting their assessment.

As he turned around, he found his tablet thrust suddenly before his eyes.

"Transfer that tutorial video to him."

The "him" in question was naturally Group W0721, which had completed a full set of technical moves perfectly during their assessment.

"Yes, sir."

"Have him practice diligently. After everyone else has finished their evaluations, I want to see his performance."

"Yes, sir!" The instructor's voice was elated.

This was a sign that the dignitary from the Mechanical Court had taken an interest!

As long as one could meet these demands, the path to joining the Mechanical Court was virtually guaranteed.

Switching the vocal channel to specifically target Group W0721, the instructor said with a trace of excitement, "Later, I will send you a video. Watch it closely, learn it well, and after everyone has finished their assessments, it will be your turn to perform alone... Seize the opportunity."

The dignitary from the Mechanical Court was right behind them, so his words couldn't be made too explicit.

Bai E replied steadily, "Received, instructor."

Click to send...

With the revival of internet technology, the once limited data transmission efficiency of local area networks is being progressively phased out.

Ordinarily, transferring something like a video would start at an hour, but with today's technological innovations... In just a minute or two, the video on the tablet had been delivered to the display screens visible within the Mecha.

The instructor wasn't idle during the transmission process.

'Let me see what the standard of execution is for them at the Mechanical Court.'

The instructor had always known that the Mechanical Court would select individuals from the armored corps, but earlier, he wasn't an instructor. By the time he became one, none of his trainees had caught the eye of the Mechanical Court, and he was curious about their required standards.

Thanks to the good fortune of his trainees, he could finally get a glimpse of just how strong an operative from the Mechanical Court really was.

The video opened to a beautifully sleek sky-blue Mecha, startling the instructor to the point of nearly throwing the tablet away.

Fast!

Fierce!

Ruthless!

These were the many first impressions that raced through the instructor's mind upon seeing the video.

The video was split into two perspectives: one showcasing the Mecha's external performance, the other the Mech Pilot's actual operation within.

Observing the external performance of the Mecha alone, one could see its decisive, fierce nature, with its multitude of intricate built-in drives moving fluidly, surpassing even the physical performance of ordinary humans and entirely lacking the stiff mechanical feel of standard-issue Mech Pilots from the military barracks.

If one were to focus on the pilot's actual handling inside, the numerous corrective actions would make one's scalp tingle; even two well-coordinated Mech Pilots still required countless synchronized command outputs. It was precisely those seemingly complex commands that allowed each part of the Mecha's body to work in perfect synchrony, showcasing an astonishing fluidity.

If ordinary Mech Pilot training simply required learning to walk and jump properly, then the Mechanical Court's expectation was to make the Mecha appear as nimble as the human body, or even surpass the limitations of flesh, in pursuit of unrestrained freedom of movement.

Was this the Mechanical Court's basic demand of its internal members? Strong! Incredibly strong!

However, the instructor soon began to worry for the cyborg Mech Pilot duo that received the video.

If he himself couldn't perform those top-level maneuvers, how could they grasp them with just a brief period of trial and training?

Or perhaps what the dignitary from the Mechanical Court wanted to see was the degree of improvement, not expecting them to master it completely in a short time.

That would be a little too terrifying...

"So... so difficult." Rose, having watched the video from start to finish, felt her eyes sting.

It was no longer a question of whether they could achieve the maneuvers, but even keeping up with every action demonstrated by the pilot in the video seemed a simple task.

Each action demonstrated had a purposeful aim; after watching with the goal of learning, she couldn't even comprehend the meaning behind many of the operations.

"Remembered it all?" Bai E's voice came through.

"Huh?"

Bai E saw the blank expression on Rose's face and found his answer, "It seems you didn't remember... We'll just watch it in slow motion a few more times."

"Yeah." Rose responded instinctively, her mind focused on understanding and memorizing the operations, her brain considerably slower to react to anything else.

Chapter 420 Advanced Driving_2

It wasn't until the video had been playing at half speed for over half a minute that the logic behind Bai E's question dawned on me—

Could he have already memorized it?

Turning my head to look at Bai E's profile, I found him with his eyes closed, seemingly resting...

Resting with his eyes closed?!

The overwhelming flood of information had indeed exerted some pressure on Bai E's brain, and he evidently needed some time to recover.

It was similar to the first time he came into contact with Mecha operation, when he learned the basic principles of operating a Mecha from an instructor; even after watching the video once, Bai E might not have fully remembered the significance behind every move in the demonstration or been able to replicate them perfectly.

However, the formidable power of the system had already forcibly dissected everything; as long as Bai E was willing to pay with experience, nothing would be a problem.

"You are learning 'Knowledge—Specialized Vehicles (Armed Mecha) Advanced Driving,' progress 100%."

"Learning progress for 'Knowledge—Specialized Vehicles (Armed Mecha) Advanced Driving' has met the requirements, 'Knowledge Point—Mecha Manipulation Advanced Actions' has been unlocked under knowledge."

"Unlocking cost: General Experience *3000. The prerequisite 'Knowledge Point—Mecha Manipulation Basic Actions' has already been obtained, the current knowledge point can be unlocked."

The basic actions mastered initially indicated that they were prerequisites for unlocking advanced actions; it was only now, with this unexpected tutorial video, that Bai E had gained the channel to learn.

3000 points of General Experience?

Wasn't the experience I had painstakingly accumulated meant for critical moments like this?

"Payment: 3000 points of General Experience."

"Knowledge Point—Mecha Manipulation Advanced Actions acquired."

"Mecha Manipulation Advanced Actions: From now on, you can control any mechanical operation-style Mecha to perform any action with 'unlimited' complexity."

True unrestricted control!

A torrent of ultimate moves flooded into my mind, crashing against Bai E's thoughts like waves.

Imagination is humanity's greatest treasure.

Yet, one's imagination is ultimately limited; no matter how talented Bai E might be, he could not create something out of nothing.

The value of experiences and efforts, accumulated over time by others, lies here: learning and inheritance... it allows successors to avoid many detours.

Under the inspiration of newfound knowledge, Bai E finally realized the source of those occasional feelings of blockage he had felt in his training before.

Mechanical Rhythm could transform the various combat or Mecha combat skills, or rather the philosophies he mastered, into abilities displayed by the Mecha.

However, without the operational foundations required for those actions, any combat or Mecha combat philosophies were as ephemeral as castles in the air.

No wonder, even though my Mechanical Rhythm expertise had already reached level 4, it didn't feel as though there was much difference from when it was at level 1.

Now, with the familiarity and understanding of countless more intricate operations, those philosophies transformed into Mecha actions were truly starting to cover Bai E's impulses in the form of instincts.

My palm rested casually on the mechanical levers beside me, as countless possible Mecha actions that flashed through my mind became a series of definitive operational movements, eager to be executed.

Unfortunately, with Bai E's current skill level, multitasking to complete the basic Mech Pilot assessment actions was manageable, but to directly execute the advanced actions he had just been exposed to was beyond his ability to perform simultaneously as if he were two people.

In the end, he would have to wait for Rose's understanding; in this aspect, he could not help.

Only when the sour feeling in his brain had somewhat eased did Bai E open his eyes to look at Rose beside him, only to find her staring intently at the slow-motion video, completely engrossed and unwavering in her focus.

Realizing the "gap" between herself and Bai E, she became even more dedicated.

As time ticked away by the second, the Mech Pilots undergoing the test also completed their assessments, one after another.

The first group of Mech Pilots didn't succeed, attributed by everyone to an unfamiliarity with the rhythm, wasting too much time in the first half of the test.

As long as the time was managed properly, everyone felt they could do it.

The second group of Mech Pilots, particularly the Synthetic Human outliers, confirmed this belief by completing the assessment, making the elite natural humans believe there was no reason they couldn't do the same.

And so...

The third group, failed.

The fourth group, failed.

The fifth group, failed.

It wasn't until the seventh group that there finally appeared a pair of Mech Pilots, apart from the Synthetic Humans, who successfully passed the assessment.

But without any additional twists, the dignitaries of the Mechanical Court even lacked the interest to take a second glance.

The Mech Pilot group that just barely scraped by might owe their success more to luck than skill; their performance was barely passable and far from impressive.

The instructor knew this as well, so he just made a simple record, without showing much reaction.

Besides paying attention to the performance of his rookies during the assessment, much of his attention wandered between the dignitary from the Mechanical Court beside him and that special mecha.

What was special was not the mecha, but the number of the mecha... the mech pilot team it represented.

They had been quiet for quite some time.

Indeed... watching those standard operations gave him a shudder, and the thought of their complexity made the prospect of mastering them seem utterly bewildering, let alone in a short period. It really wasn't something ordinary people could manage.

He only hoped they might manage to grasp just the skin and hair of it, showing a little progress, which probably would be the best outcome one could expect.

"Buzz~"

A gesture of raising a hand suddenly flashed in his peripheral vision just as he shifted his gaze away, and the lone mecha standing far away from the main troop began to stir.

This discovery made the instructor instantly forget the youngsters who were truly undergoing the regular assessment, and he abruptly turned his attention to the mecha numbered W0721.

Like a human warming up before intense activity, the mecha also began to execute small movements and variations on the spot.

Was it finally time to attempt it?

The instructor, full of anticipation, noticed that the ever-silent visitor from the Mechanical Court beside him had straightened up without a sound, showing a hint of expectancy in his eyes.

Waste... mediocrity...

He had been watching the mech pilot teams who were undertaking the regular assessments. Yet, until now, more than ten units had passed without any performing as impressively as the second team had.

Therefore, his expectations for the performance of this second team had grown even more.

The standards he had set for them were actually not the Mechanical Court's basic requirements for every mech pilot joining their ranks but merely a direction towards which everyone should strive.

Being able to reach the level shown in the videos would make one an absolute ace even within the Mechanical Court.

As the instructor had guessed, what he wanted to see was simply "progress."

The degree of progress, signified the innate talent for comprehension.

Even a little bit marked one as extraordinary, set apart from ordinary mediocrity.

This was all he sought.

And now...

"Buzz~" The noise of the mecha's operation was not loud, sounding even more subtle amidst the noise from other mechas undergoing the regular assessment.

At this moment, the sudden action of the mecha which had shone earlier and had clearly been given a special order by the instructor to move aside caught the attention of everyone present.

"They're moving..."

"I wonder if they've caught the attention of the Mechanical Court dignitary... They're really lucky."

"We also completed the assessment successfully, so why didn't the instructor call us?"

"... what do you think?"

...

"Are you ready?"

Bai E stared at Rose, asking with concern.

After taking a deep breath, Rose's rather imposing chest rose and fell, then she nodded firmly, "Let's try."

"I'll fight, you lead. Just starting to try, don't rush."

In advanced operations where the volume of command output surged, the main mech pilot had to assume some of the responsibilities of the battle pilot, which was the case in the video.

But within teams of mech pilots that needed perfect synchronization, it was always the shortest stave of the barrel that affected the overall performance.

Considering Rose was just getting acquainted and had limited abilities, Bai E decided to take on more of the burden.

"If there's no problem, let's begin... get ready."

"3..."

"2..."

"1..."

"Go!"