

## Wow 89

### Chapter 89: Management Studies+1

Bai E had just bid farewell to Yue Ying when he once again received a long-absent message.

[Feedback from the assignment: Your technology—Management+1.]

Ever since the new tasks were assigned, the players had been quiet for a long time.

I let you go investigate, and all I added was a bit of insight, stealth, and ranged weapon abilities.

It's not that I'm entirely unsatisfied, just a little dissatisfied.

As for not cutting trees but burning cement... Ha! No movement.

Don't you have to find limestone and clay to make cement? Don't you need to add a bit of insight for map exploration? Don't you have to fight some enemies when you encounter them? Don't you need some professional skills and physical strength to mine ore? Don't you have to drive or carry the mined resources back on your shoulders?

All of these are fresh fields, and fresh fields are where people's abilities are more easily honed.

After all that effort, all I got was a Management+1?

Let me see what this Management+1 is good for...

[Management+1: You can now govern a larger population, assignment posting qualification+1.]

"emmmm..."

Seems like it's not entirely useless.

Well done!

...

"Kill him! That nasty brat dares to steal our boss's stuff!"

"Doesn't he know that even a single black coin dropped on Black Street should bear the name Jonathan?"

In a corner where the sunlight couldn't reach, a few thin and wildly dressed men were punching and kicking a small figure.

The small fellow could only hug his head as tightly as possible, stubbornly clinging to a twisted, yellowed book in his arms.

Passing by the corner, a figure suddenly paused, retracing the two steps she had already taken.

A gentle female voice mockingly asked, "Who are you bullying this time, tormenting some poor creature?"

?

The ruffians, upon hearing the woman's voice, paused, subconsciously stopping their assault.

The bearded man in the crowd, who hadn't laid a hand but merely stood by with his arms crossed, greedily swept his gaze over Gong Yan's somewhat spicy figure, "Little girl, this has nothing to do with you, I advise you to mind your own business."

Jonathan knew this young woman who looked like she had Dragon Country blood, who the night before last had settled the chaos caused by who knows whom - it was her who had cleaned up the mess.

She had saved quite a few Black Street residents that night, so this little girl had some temporary respect in this area of Black Street.

If he went after her directly, he didn't know whether it would arouse public anger or be met with indifference, but it was certainly a risky move.

Besides, this girl was a newcomer, popping up only in recent days, and she was either an outsider Wanderer or someone from the inner city, mysterious at best and to be avoided.

Gong Yan giggled, as if not taking him seriously at all, instead only looking at the boy on the ground... or rather, the player with a seemingly fragile appearance who lifted his head as the hooligans ceased their beating.

If it were a normal poor inhabitant of Black Street, their eyes wouldn't be so bright after a gang beating, filled with excitement and vivacity when looking at her.

The beatings of those hooligans were not without damage, but for the players, whether it was physical harm or negative states like fatigue, what they felt was often an indescribable sense of pleasure.

This caused them to not fear getting hurt or tired, to the point of actively seeking trouble.

Gong Yan's eyes briefly caught the book clutched tightly in the player's arms, and she understood that perhaps he had spotted some remarkable treasure.

A treasure, huh... finders keepers.

Even if it wasn't of use, just looking at it was enough, satisfying curiosity was still a must.

Her right hand already quietly released the safety on her handgun behind her, Gong Yan looked up with a smile, "How about you let him go? He's my friend."

"Friend? Your friend sure has sticky fingers."

"Click!"

The figure cocking the bullet emerged from behind, Jonathan's bearded face more shamelessly smirking, "I told you to leave and you didn't listen. What? You think I wouldn't dare touch you?"

A cold voice emerged from behind, "Move forward! Don't make trouble."

Gong Yan slightly turned her face, seeing the dark muzzle of a gun pointed at her from behind.

[There are accomplices...]

The plot thickens...

After a moment's hesitation, Gong Yan chose not to act and obediently walked forward as instructed.

A game, huh... let's see how many ways this could unfold.

As she moved closer, Jonathan's greedy eyes swept up and down Gong Yan's pretty figure.

This woman's looks weren't the most stunning, but her skin glowed with a magnetic sheen, frequently adorned with a flush of desire, clearly not of the same caliber as those scrawny women on Black Street.

He played around in the outer city's underground, and no one would know it was his doing.

"Now you can't get away..."

"Are you sure you dare to touch me?" Despite being at a disadvantage, Gong Yan still stared into the other's eyes, her smile lush to the point of decadence.

Jonathan twitched his eyebrows, "Oh? Got any big secrets? Let's hear them."

"You want me to tell you? Can't you find out yourself?"

"Find out?" Jonathan sneered coldly, "I know you've been asking around about limestone, clay, and all that stuff the past few days... what? Are the city's bigwigs planning to build a high wall here too? Surely they wouldn't be so clueless as to not know where to get that stuff and have to ask us poor sods, right?"

Gong Yan's eyes narrowed slightly, her gaze filled with unstoppable disappointment, "I thought there would be a few smart people around here..."

"Oh?" Jonathan let out a light sound of surprise, still looking wicked on the surface, but his smile was slightly stiff, betraying his inner uncertainty.

"I was just waiting, but I didn't expect the first one to come up..." Gong Yan smiled sweetly, "...would be an idiot like you."

The underling behind Jonathan, upon receiving a look from him, pressed his gun muzzle forward and threatened coldly, "Speak respectfully!"

"Respectfully... respectably and you'll have nowhere to run."

Jonathan instantly showed evident apprehension, his voice trembling as he asked, "Are you with the Heretical Arbitration House?!"

"..." Seeing Jonathan's sudden change of expression, the male player pinned to the ground was visibly anxious, wanting to speak up as a reminder, yet hesitantly clamped his mouth shut.

To remind was to expose.

[The acting is too dramatic.]

Gong Yan laughed even more joyously, genuinely, "Do you have a pig's brain or something? How could you associate me with those kinds of people? Hahaha~"

While laughing, Gong Yan reached into her bag to take something out, "Here's a hint for you, you're really too... dumb... hahaha~"

A single... bullet.

Jonathan carefully took the bullet, scrutinized it close up, and then, his gaze toward Gong Yan finally filled with genuine dread.

The standardized industry process, definitely not something ordinary people could get their hands on.

His gaze drifted off into the distance, "Are you really from there?"

There were indeed people who kept a trade relationship with some on Black Street, so every once in a while whispers about that place would emerge in the district.

But...

"How can you prove it?"

Gong Yan raised her eyebrows, "You know what the objective of their full deployment yesterday was?"

Jonathan asked in a deep voice, "What was it?"

The military's big movement certainly couldn't be hidden from everyone, but as ordinary citizens, they could barely know the rough direction the military headed, let alone the specifics of what they did.

Those bold enough to pry would have grass growing over their graves two meters tall.

Gong Yan stared into the other's eyes, enunciating every word, filled with murderous intent, "Blackrock Plains, purging the Bug Race's hive."

When she wasn't laughing, her eyes were like knives, as if the military's target wasn't a bug hive... but him.

[She got back last evening, the news will spread by tonight or tomorrow at the latest, she wouldn't dare lie about this.]

Jonathan turned thoughts over in his mind—

So, did a big shot from the military district want a new partner, or was there some other idea in play?

Damn, my brain's not up to speed...

But what is certain, this person cannot be touched.

"So, you released the news deliberately, just waiting for a partner to come to you?"

Gong Yan tilted her head to one side, showing a satisfied look for the first time, "Finally figured it out?"

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Jonathan kicked at Gong Yan's inattentive underling behind her, "Impudent! Who allowed you to point a gun at an adult!? And you guys, come on! Help our brother up!"

After resolutely taking a stand, Jonathan put on a shameless face and drew close to Gong Yan, "Milord, any insider information you could... leak a little bit?"

Gong Yan raised an eyebrow, "I wouldn't be showing up here for no reason."

"Milord, you mean..."

"We need to set up a warehouse in a hidden place to store some stuff, but..."

"Secrecy! I understand!" Jonathan swore with his hand up, his expression excited, "I know the rules!"

Saying so, he scanned his underlings around him, "You all heard, if anyone leaks the news, I'll shoot him dead! So I don't know..."

"First prepare about 100 kilograms of cement, let's see what you're capable of."

"Right away, Milord! No problem, Milord! Milord, please proceed!"

[You have completed a perfect act of intimidation, Management +2.]

[Management +2: You can now take on more commissions, commission acceptance qualification +2; at the same time, you have a unique advantage in influence management and partial tech research.]