



STAR RANK HUNTER

BOOK 03

Lazy Cliché

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Star Rank Hunter

(星级猎人)

by

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Synopsis

The universe. This infinite field of stars is the dream of every Hunter.

For the Hunters who run amidst the stars, the only limit they truly have is the universe.

Is there a limit to the universe? And where would this limit lay?

When the Shadow Hunter; a young man named Cillin obtains a strange chip by accident, he begins his journey into this endless field of stars.

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Chapter 201: God's Back Garden, Aurelio 'Fairylad' Opens [Part 1]

After sending Cillin and his group back to their squadron, both Fernando and Zweig Feihang had inquired about Cillin. The reply they'd gotten surprised them to no end, however.

The fact that they were able to avoid their detection and escape from so many human puppets and experiment beasts proved that Vanguard truly was one of the great fours. Even their B Squadrons were strong enough to raise eyebrows.

After dealing with 'Miracle' Co., Ltd on this planet, Fernando and Zweig Feihang walked into a separate parlor.

"I remember that this Cillin was listed as a rank A inside the Sixth B Squadron's secret report." Fernando said.

The GAL army had a secret name list that attributed a danger level to certain reputable forces such as the four great Hunter regiments or reputable figures. In descending order, they were S, A, B and C rank.

The majority of the A rank list Cillin was currently in were comprised of several commanders among the four great Hunter regiment, and some other people among the four great A Squadrons. While Commander Shawton of Vanguard Sixth B Squadron was a commander, he was listed as a lower level, B rank instead of an A rank. On the other hand, Cillin was actually listed as an A rank even though he had just assumed the responsibility of a lieutenant commander not long ago. Knight didn't know about this. He wasn't yet at a level where he could access this list.

"That is true." Zweig Feihang nodded. Thanks to Pride, he immediately suspected that Pride's so-called assassinated friend was in fact alive the moment he heard of a guy called 'Cillin' in the Sixth B Squadron. He thought that it was just a trick pulled by the

Hunter regiment after their mission had ended. It was exactly because he had conducted an in depth investigation into this matter and consulted some military documents that Zweig Feihang discovered he was already listed as an A rank.

“How much do you know about him?”

“Some, but the main reason he was listed as an A rank is due to Wei Fen.”

The ‘Wei Fen’ Zweig Feihang spoke of was none other than Emmus, the spy who once infiltrated ‘Poison Fang’. His real name was Wei Fen.

“Wei Fen? That guy who was promoted to a lieutenant commander right away after he went on an undercover mission at Sector V and infiltrated ‘Poison Fang’? I didn’t know he rated Cillin so highly.” Fernando remembered Wei Fen somewhat because the army had to buy him back from Vanguard.

No one had slandered Wei Fen even though he was traded as a captive. After all, Wei Fen had provided a lot of high level intel during the years he worked as a spy. Moreover, the army attached great value to the biological samples he brought back with him later.

Zweig Feihang briefly explained what he knew and some of the information he learned from Wei Fen.

“If what Wei Fen said is true that this Cillin truly is extremely dangerous. He’s still very young. Potential is such a difficult thing to grasp.”

Fernando sighed and thought of Knight. Suddenly, he said, “Going by your words, not only is this Cillin individually capable, he also possesses a wide range of contacts and networks.”

“Your Feigler Family’s Knight, the maverick genius of the Andrea Family Lung, the Ci Family’s Ci Jincheng, and the four star scholar Elder Mo. But what surprised me the most is his connection to that

little princess of the Yu Family. They are all connected to Cillin.”

Fernando chuckled in a low tone and said, “Interesting.” He stopped researching into Cillin any deeper and changed the subject, “Are there still no video records yet?”

“No. All of the monitoring equipment had gone ‘blind’ collectively, and the research base’s AI system ‘Aier’ had been hacked and destroyed. That Czedow; that man who was able to avoid our detection is pretty hard to fathom.”

Fernando crossed his arms and said doubtfully, “Czedow... Cillin. What is the connection between these two? I remember that there was no such person in the previous investigation reports of Vanguard’s Sixth B Squadron.”

Since the Sixth B Squadron had emerged from Sector Z as a powerful force, the army had conducted an in depth investigation of Vanguard’s Sixth B Squadron. However, Czedow didn’t exist back then.

“Every B Squadron would absorb new blood from time to time. It is likely that this Czedow is one of them. It is unfortunate that we didn’t have the chance to test out their strength.”

Fernando looked at the sky outside the window and said in a low tone, “The chance will come.”

Cillin, who had no idea that he had been listed as an A rank in the military’s secret files was currently performing a final inspection on Scarlet Wind and Snowball with Tico and Rikulab.

“It’s working well. If this keeps up you’ll fully recover in two days.” Cillin slapped Snowball’s fat butt before pulling at the white fatso’s ears, keeping it from running away out of boredom, “Control your appetite for the next two days until you fully recover. Do not eat and drink excessively.”

White fatty had gotten a lot thinner after it was sick for several days. Once it had fully recovered its spirit, Cillin reckoned that it

would eat until it suffered from indigestion.

Snowball's ears crumpled the moment it heard Cillin's words. It stared pitifully at Cillin.

"There's no use in acting pity. Wheeze, watch it. The second you see this fellow going overboard swipe it and keep it down for several days."

"Okay." The gray cat said while swinging its tail at random by the side. It ignored Snowball's gaze for help completely.

Scarlet Wind had become a little more diligent after he recovered his spirit. He sought out Cary and the others to learn more about fighting and shooting. He had spent even his sleep inside the fighter practice's virtual pod. It would seem that this experience had been quite the wake up call.

Since the kidnapping incident in Trade City, everyone noticed that it was no longer an era where no one dared to raise a hand against the great four's B Squadron.

Once he was done with Scarlet Wind and Snowball, Cillin returned to his room and called Czedow over. They worked together to decipher the latter content of the chip. The gray cat had also joined in their work since it was bored.

The two sets of DNA contained quite a lot of hidden content. Some of the content shocked Cillin just by looking at it. There were countless people who were affiliated with 'Miracle' Co., Ltd, and some political figures who looked like they worried for the Alliance but their citizens were in fact supplying 'Miracle' Co., Ltd with human test subjects through illegal channels. This was especially true for the thirteen backwater Sectors since many of these planets were very behind in terms of development. Even if several thousand people were to go missing, it wouldn't cause any problems.

One could analyze the faction conflicts between political

organizations and GAL military from these name lists and content.

Cillin could do nothing about these name lists right now, but they might be useful in the future.

In reality, Cillin was somewhat disappointed by this outcome. The chip still didn't contain anything about the Elder Tree Fuji Gen Family. Just what kind of existence was the Gen Family?

He had just finished analysing the latter content of the chip when Shawton had sent him an emergency transmission. He told him to hurry to the main starship's meeting room for a meeting.

Did something happen again?

Cillin put away the chip to safety and arrived at the main starship.

“What is it?” Cillin asked.

Shawton looked at the lieutenant commanders before pressing a button. A light screen appeared on top of the meeting table, and a video was played on it. It was by a very influential news media in GAL.

“The Aurelio's Cage?!” Cillin thought.

Chapter 201: God's Back Garden, Aurelio 'Fairylnd' Opens [Part 2]

He knew that it was related to the Aurelio's Cage the second he saw that footage.

Shawton might know a little about the Aurelio's Cage, but the rest of the lieutenant commanders were unaware about it. However, Shawton's meeting today was exactly to briefly explain Aurelio's Cage. He selected only the important points and didn't explain in detail.

If the omnipotent energy 'White Night' was the object of desire during that conflict 50 years ago, then this time it was a different Aurelio piece and that piece happened to be the one under the GAL army's command. If this was true, then Fernando and Zweig Feihang did obtain an Aurelio starmap piece from 'Miracle' just like the gray cat had told him. Since the GAL army already possessed the rest of the pieces of this star map to begin with, they had assembled a complete star map, found the key and activated that Aurelio's Cage.

However, Cillin didn't think expect this after the Aurelio's Cage was opened.

One of the Aurelio Cages in Genesis Mythos was 'God's Back Garden'. It represented a fairylnd.

What was surprising was that this 'God's Back Garden' was at a place in Sector Z!

There were many scientists who studied astronomy who researched Sector Z before, but they only had a basic understanding of Sector Z due to its terrible space environment. However, researchers had discovered that Sector Z had a 'black hole' region since a long time ago.

Through a telescope, one could see that that region was

completely covered in black, and none of the probes they sent into this region had ever returned. Some people said that it was a black hole, but the data supplied by external probes disproved those claims. They didn't have an alternative explanation either. All those who entered deep into that region had never returned. All communications were cut off the moment a ship entered that black region. Moreover, the cut off was permanent.

That was why GAL hadn't set a high limitation on the exploration and development of Sector Z. In fact, they would even encourage some Hunter regiments and adventurers to explore it from time to time. They would then spend credits and purchase whatever information these Hunter regiments and adventurers had found.

No one knew that this 'black hole' region was one of the Aurelios until now.

The fact that the GAL army had made public this footage meant either one of these two things: One, they had the 'black hole' region completely under their control already, and the release of this footage was just a way to increase their influence in GAL. Or two, they had encountered a problem they couldn't solve, and they were forced to find a solution from the public.

"We're not sure about the exact situation either, but I've contacted the A Squad and they told me that both B Squadrons are expected to make way towards the 'black hole' region. Vanguard will send someone to support us when the time comes."

Shawton explained to everyone present what the A Squadron had told them, but Cillin's thoughts had flown away to somewhere else. He already knew all the important points in the A Squadron's message, but he couldn't shake the feeling that something wasn't right.

God's Back Garden, the fairyland. It was obvious from its name alone that there would be plenty of valuables and beautiful

sceneries in this place. They couldn't see this in the publicised footage since the military hadn't put them in. They had only made public the rough appearance of this 'black hole' region after it was figuratively 'lit up'.

This was the first ever 'Aurelio's Cage' to be opened after countless years. It had never truly opened even during the 'White Night' incident from 50 years ago. As the first ever open Aurelio's Cage, he could imagine the waters running behind the scenes must be incredibly deep and complicated. There was no telling if the conflict from 50 years ago would repeat itself especially after that incident in Sector S.

Cillin thought of 'Mist' and 'Merciless'. They had been so quiet after that incident in Sector S it was almost as if they had never shown up. He mustn't forget about 'Death God' either, and every time 'Death God' showed up there would be serious cases of destruction.

Cillin had a feeling that all these fellows would show their faces during their trip to 'God's Back Garden'.

"Anyway, we'll be cancelling our current mission plans and head to Sector Z with the Third B Squadron." Shawton declared solemnly.

Since everything was planned already, the rest of the lieutenant commanders accepted the decision in silence. Once the meeting was over, they would tell their subordinates to make the necessary preparations.

Everyone in the Sixth B Squadron had an odd feeling towards Sector Z since that one experience they had was incredibly bitter. However, they were expected to get used to it as Hunters.

"Cillin, stay back."

Shawton stopped Cillin just as he stood up and was about to head out.

When the rest of the lieutenant commanders had left the room, Shawton asked, “What is your opinion on this matter?”

“Opinion?”

“Mm. Tell me your thoughts. The fact is we can’t see much into things from our position at all. The A Squadrons usually don’t interfere with their B Squadrons, but when they do it’s usually incredibly big. We will obey the A Squadrons and head over as they command, but there are still some questions that I’d like to have answers to.” Shawton said as he frowned on his chair.

Cillin shook his head, “I can’t say I can offer an opinion on this Aurelio’s Cage thing, but I think that the A Squadrons wants us to head over to look strong.”

Shawton nodded. He had thought of this too. He was fine as long as they weren’t sent out as cannon fodders. Normally speaking, the higher ups of the four great Hunter regiments wouldn’t send out their subordinates as cannon fodders. After all, it would be very difficult to absorb new blood in the future if they did.

“We are not the only B Squadron to head out this time. I believe that the rest of the B Squadrons will also make way soon. If Vanguard is setting out to Aurelio’s Cage, then the remaining three of the great four would do the same. In that case a lot of lives would be affected by this matter. If the military is set on starting a conflict, the resulting conflict would be a huge blow to the entire GAL. They wouldn’t do something that stupid.”

Shawton had thought of everything Cillin was telling him right now. However, hearing it from Cillin gave him confidence in his own thoughts, and he was able to relaxed just a little thanks to this. It had taken the Sixth B Squadron much hardships to reach where they were now. He was absolutely going to spit blood if they were to suffer another heavy blow.

Cillin talked for a little while longer before he finally left the meeting room. When he returned, he explained to his team what

was going to happen later and what they need to pay attention to. He didn't need to emphasize anything since everyone quickly fell into form. Sector Z was a deeply impressionable Sector for all of them. If they didn't prepare well, they could easily lose their life.

After he was done instructing everything, Cillin returned to his room and closed his eyes thoughtfully. There were many things that he chose not to speak directly to Shawton. If he did, he would be exposing himself excessively.

Cillin was not going to take out the two Aurelio starmap pieces he possessed just yet. It was not yet the right time. Revealing them now would only result in the destruction of the entire Sixth B Squadron.

After thinking for some time, Cillin felt a little tired. He gradually slipped into dreamland.

Who's talking?

While he was still in a daze, two speaking voices suddenly appeared in Cillin's mind. Other than the speaking voices, Cillin also sensed a familiar and strong change in magnetic field and air pressure. The room temperature had also risen above 50 degrees before falling down to 0 all in one second. His surroundings were dark, and he couldn't see anything. He could only hear blurred speaking voices, sounds of fighting and strange-sounding gunshots. It was a strange but familiar feeling of energy.

Suddenly, Cillin suffered a heavy blow to the stomach, and the sounds and feelings abruptly shattered to pieces. Cillin abruptly opened his eyes and saw the gray cat bouncing on top of his stomach.

He exhaled deeply before wiping away the sweat on his forehead. Cillin muttered, "What the hell do you want?"

The gray cat stopped fooling around after it saw Cillin waking up. It opened its round eyes and looked Cillin up and down once before

it flicked its ears backwards and said with a ‘thank me thank me’ look, “You were looking very strange just now. You look like you’ve entered hibernation, but your heartbeat was incredibly quick and irregular and you’re sweating like a waterfall. Look at yourself; all wet and dirty. Ew. Anyway, I called out to you, but you didn’t answer me at all. That’s why I did this.”

Cillin shuddered when he heard the gray cat’s words.

It was hypnosis!

Cillin wanted to laugh. He had hypnotised others so many times, but he didn’t think he would one day be hypnotised without knowing. If his analysis was correct, the person who hypnotised him was one of the two voices he heard just now. Every time Cillin thought of that incident, he would be affected by this voice and would be kept from analysing whatever happened that day calmly.

However, what puzzled Cillin was why the man had chosen to hypnotise him instead of killing him outright. He had been completely powerless back then, and it should’ve been completely unsurprising for another person to think that he was dead for sure in that situation.

Cillin sat up and scratched the gray cat’s chin, “Thanks.”

The gray cat narrowed its eyes and purred, “You had a nightmare, hadn’t you? I knew that I’m not the only one who had a nightmare.”

“What’s your nightmare about?” Cillin asked while scratching the gray cat’s chin.

The gray cat’s whiskers shook the second its nightmare was brought up, “It’s about the fish biscuits! I dreamed that my whole cabinet of fish biscuits grew legs and ran away!”

“So that’s why you ate them all the next day.”

No wonder he saw this glutton eating its whole cabinet of fish biscuits that day and leaving behind crumbs all over the floor. He

had to clean up for a long time before he finally removed that fishy scent.

“I never had that nightmare again after I ate them all!” The gray cat said proudly.

There’s nothing to be proud about!

What an idiot!

Cillin literally didn’t know what to say about this cat.

“Oh right, are we still going back to that planet where we found the special energy ores during our trip to Sector Z this time?” The gray cat asked expectantly.

“We’ll set the best course to our destination once we’ve reached the edge of Sector Z. If it isn’t convenient then we won’t be heading over there. If it is, then we’ll be able to see how far the planet has been modified.”

“I hope it’ll be convenient. I’m already missing the fishes there.”

“Mm. We’ll stock up on some fishes if we happen to pass by.”

While Cillin and the others were making their way towards Sector Z, there were plenty others among the four great Hunter regiments who were also rushing towards Sector Z.

When they finally reached there, the great four would finally and truly be gathered at one spot. There was no telling what kind of conflict would happen. One thing was certain. This would be the most influential ‘gathering’ to ever happen in the history of GAL.

Chapter 202: Ci Jincheng and Elder Mo's Arrival [Part 1]

The 'God's Back Garden' that had just been opened up by the military was at the center of Sector Z. Surprisingly, the space environment of Sector Z had undergone a complete turnaround after this 'black hole area' in Sector Z was lit up.

The abnormal magnetic field that had been persistent in Sector Z gradually stabilized, and large scale ion storms had largely subsided ever since 'God's Back Garden' was opened.

The 'black hole' region was in fact an unusual form of protection for Sector Z. Sector Z was incredibly resource-rich, and while energy ores identical to the ones the Sixth B Squadron had found when they visited this place might not exist on other planets, there were definitely no lack of other ores at similar grades.

There was no doubt that Sector Z had become a gold mine after its space environment had turned normal. It was impossible for the GAL army to devour it alone, which was probably one of the reasons behind its announcement. According to the news sent over by the A Squadron, the GAL army had invited the ten great business families led by the Andrea Family, the four great Hunter regiments, some other top rank Hunter regiments and reputable adventurer associations to discuss on how to share the pie.

When the Black Triangle was no longer what it was, and when Sector Z was fully developed by all these forces, Sector Z's fate would be changed completely.

One could imagine that Sector Z would no longer be one of the thirteen backwater Sectors by the end of this matter. It would enter the ranks of developing regions and become the 11th Sector of the ten business Sectors.

Thanks to the change in Sector Z's space environment and the

military's permission, Cillin and the others had easily entered Sector Z.

“Looking at the coordinates, this so-called ‘God’s Back Garden’ is at the center of this triangular shaped region in Sector Z. Its distance from every point of the triangle is exactly the same...” Eudy explained some of his calculation results to the group.

“This means that this region is likely to be artificially created. It’s too much of a coincidence to be nature’s work.” Beaver said.

Everyone else thought more or less the same thing. What really puzzled them was who was behind the development of this region, and who had the power to achieve such a thing.

Cary scratched his head, “Doesn’t this mean that this ‘brightened’ region controls the space environment of the entire Sector Z? When this region was still a ‘black hole’, Sector Z’s space environment was incredibly bad. But now that it was lit up, the environment had stabilized instead.”

“I doubt it,” Cillin said, “The lousier an environment is, the likelier it is that special ores would be created naturally. The fact that Sector Z possesses so many special energy ores, species and metals proved that its environment is unlike your average Sector environment.”

“I agree with LC Cillin.” Eudy swapped out the image on the display to show Sector Z’s history, “Although this history of Sector Z is incomplete and obviously embellished at some areas, we can still see some of its major points. Sector Z’s lousy environment had always existed until now.”

Cillin knew that the Aurelios dated back to more than a thousand years ago, but the records of Sector Z had existed even earlier than that time. At the time, Sector Z was still known as the infamous Black Triangle even before the alliance was established. Looking at the historical records Eudy had put on display, it would seem that there were no mention of a ‘black hole’ region in Sector Z back

then. It might have bore the name 'Black Triangle', but there was nothing about a 'black hole' at the center of the Sector at all.

Sector Z's 'black hole' had appeared more than a thousand years ago. It was also when the 'Aurelios' had shown up.

Xiang Shang rubbed his chin and said, "Hey, do you guys think that a higher civilization had once existed in that place? GAL could hardly do the same even with its current abilities, could they?"

Eudy cast him a sideways glance and said, "We'll know if there was a higher civilization once we've reached there. If there was one, we'd notice it immediately from the vestiges of its buildings."

Cillin looked closely at the records about Sector Z on the display. They were records from a thousand years ago.

"Something's not right." Cillin pointed at a description regarding Sector Z, "No matter how you look at it, the Sector Z on these records is worse than the Sector Z we know now. If Sector Z really is as bad as these records had described, then there's no way we could've set out safely to Sector Z at all. In fact, we wouldn't even be able to hang around at the edges of Sector Z."

Eudy nodded, "We've always thought that it was an exaggeration by the people of that era, but now it would appear that it might be as bad as they had described. It's just that Sector Z's environment had improved after this central region had appeared. Apparently someone had used a certain method to mess up Sector Z's space environment once more so as to conceal this central region. However, since this central region truly existed, Sector Z was no longer as bad as it used to be more than a thousand years ago despite their attempts to hide it."

Something suddenly became clear in Cillin's mind. The fairyland Aurelio mentioned wasn't just the 'brightened' central region in Sector Z, but the entire Sector itself! There was no doubt that the 'brightened' region was the heart of all things, but that region had been created to improve Sector Z's environment in the first place.

Once its space environment had been improved, the entire Sector Z would turn into a fertile world.

This was a huge gift!

In fact, the conclusion Cillin's little discussion group had arrived at was more or less the same as the military's final analysis. It was just that the military had more information and thus was able to confirm their suspicions rather than just leaving them hanging like Cillin's group.

After travelling for a period of time, the Third B Squadron and Sixth B Squadron had arrived at the coordinates provided by the A Squadron at the same time.

Since the military had blotted out some of the images inside the public video, they weren't able to see the region's full appearance after it had been 'lit up'. But now that they could see it with their own eyes, they couldn't help but gasp in admiration.

This region contained a star at its prime, and the planets orbiting it were all unique in their own ways. Among them, there was a large planet that was ranked A on the planetary ability scale. A belt of moons orbited this rank A planet, and around these moons there were some rank B and C asteroids orbiting them as well. However, this moon belt and the large planet were guarded by the military right now.

All the planets above planetary habitability rank C were under the GAL army's control. Judging from the amount of manpower they had dispatched, there was no way they could've kept things under wraps even if they hadn't made the public announcement.

The most breathtaking sight of them all was the 'platform' between the planet and the moon belt.

Yes, it was an artificial 'platform'. It was far bigger than any of the space stations Cillin had seen before. It was obvious that this 'platform' was the planet's space station. The difference between

this 'platform' and the space stations he had seen before was like comparing a fishing boat to an aircraft carrier.

This platform-like space station had many fort style buildings. These buildings were all enveloped inside an energy shield. The spacious areas of the space station were parked with the army's vehicles such as starships, fighters, spaceplanes and so on.

The entire space station was shining beautifully under the star's illumination and the sparkling energy shields.

"Who are the people who created this thing?! It's too goddam cool for words! It'd be so cool if Vanguard's space station is modified to look like this!" Cary felt like pressing his face against the screen.

Eudy was very impressed by the space station too, but he still shot down Cary as mercilessly as ever, "How much energy do you think it'd consume if Vanguard were to develop its space stations this way? We're not as rich as the military, you know."

Cary curled his lips but didn't refute Eudy's words.

As a matter of course, they were not going towards that large planet. Both Czedow and the gray cat could already sense its overbearing defense network even from outside.

The coordinates the A Squadron provided them was a rank B planetoid that was part of the moon belt surrounding the large planet.

Although the planet was given a B rank, Cillin thought that it was better than even some rank B planets in other Sectors after they'd truly arrived on the planet. It could've been an A rank if its environment was a bit better.

In their opinion, this environment was more than excellent already.

The A Squadron had built a temporary parking port at the outer edge of the planet. Two starships were already parked inside the

port when they arrived, so it meant that they weren't the first B Squadron to show up here.

After the starship was parked, Cillin led his team up a spaceplane and flew towards the planetoid.

Some fortresses were already built on the planetoid. It was obvious that they were there to be manned for a long time.

All personnel at the level of lieutenant commander or below were left behind at the allocated area to rest. Shawton had already gone away to report in.

A communications network had already been constructed on this planetoid. The group adjusted the frequency bands of their communicators so they could communicate easily on this planet.

Cillin barely stopped his feet when someone informed him that he had a visitor.

“A visitor? Who is it?” Cillin asked in confusion.

The person who came to notify him wore a strange look on his face, “You'll know once you come over.”

Chapter 202: Ci Jincheng and Elder Mo's Arrival [Part 2]

The A Squadron had constructed a reception point to receive guests, and right now there was a certain someone who was sitting cross legged and holding a cup of tea inside it. A book was spread open on his leg, and the man read while he drank tea.

There were many Vanguard A Squadron members in the surroundings. Of course, none of them had attained Songba Leruo's level of importance yet. Not everyone in the A Squadron had been promoted from a commander. While these youngsters who were responsible for watching over the reception point were somewhat haughty in the norm, they had all withdrawn their haughtiness in face of the man who was drinking his tea leisurely. Their eyes contained neither goodwill nor malice when they looked at him, but there was definitely a hint of admiration in them. A girl about 16 to 17 years old was discussing with her friends the man drinking his tea.

“Hey, did you see the badge in front of his chest?” a girl said with starstruck eyes.

Another girl said, “How could I not? It practically blinded my eyes, okay!”

“He's knowledgeable, he's gentlemanly. Say, he's only a few years older than us, isn't he? But he's a one star scholar already! A one star scholar in GAL Research Institute!! How on earth did he get so smart?”

“That being said, he may not look like the gentleman he appears to be.”

“So what? A gentleman is simply a patient wolf, that's all!”

A patient wolf, she says... that's all, she says...

The boys around her rolled their eyes when they heard this,

“Hey, can you girls act a little more dignified?”

“And why exactly should we act ‘dignified’ again?” the two girls looked down on them and said scornfully, “It’s not easy to find a target that we’re content with, you know.”

“Hmm, do you think that our child would be just as smart if we mate with a guy like this?”

“I think I heard from somewhere that a child’s intelligence has more to do with their mother...”

“This can’t be! They told me last time that my IQ is almost at a modern ape’s level!”

“Don’t worry, in terms of combat strength, those people are like eggs held in your modern ape-like hands..”

The boys around them were all sweating profusely at the conversation, but when they cast a sideways glance at the man they discovered that he was still sitting there peacefully and looking like he hadn’t caught a single word. They sighed inwardly in admiration, “What amazing willpower!”

Cillin walked into the room while the A Squadron juniors were talking with each other.

When he saw the scholarly man who was sitting there drinking his tea and reading his book, he exclaimed in pleasant surprise, “I didn’t think that you would show up!”

Cillin strode towards him as he spoke.

Ci Jincheng looked up at Cillin, put down his teacup elegantly, closed his book and set it aside. Then, he got up and sent a flying kick at Cillin’s direction.

Everyone: “...”

The word ‘gentleman’ was immediately erased from their brains.

Cillin flew backwards like a rag doll, but he walked over soon after with a chuckle on his face. He gave Ci Jincheng a hug and

punched his shoulder once. Then, he pointed at the badge in front of Ci Jincheng and said, “Not bad. You’ve become a scholar.”

Ci Jincheng stared at Cillin’s face expressionlessly. It was as Knight and Lung had told him, “It looks stupid no matter the angle!”

Ci Jincheng patted his trouser legs and said, “Why don’t we go to your place? We have much to talk about!!”

“Of course. You first, scholar Ci!”

Ci Jincheng took two steps, stopped suddenly and said, “Elder Mo is also invited. He’s on that main planet right now.”

Speaking of Elder Mo, Cillin had no idea how to face him. Although they had exchanged encrypted messages for several times, it was one thing to exchange messages and another to meet up. It was incredibly likely that his already dumb-looking face would swell like a pig’s head if they were to meet up...

“Oh right, there’s one thing I forgot to tell you.” Ci Jincheng revealed a pleased smile on his face, “I already told Elder Mo about you before I came over. He’ll probably come over in, hmm, another two hours. He should be done with his stuff by then.”

“... F*ck!”

After Ci Jincheng and Cillin had left, the youngsters gathered in a bunch once more.

“Hey, who’s that guy just now?”

“I don’t know. He looks a little dumb.”

“Tsk, your insight is pathetic. That guy is what you call a sleeper! How could you guys not know about this? He’s the guy who was selected for promotion in advance!”

“So he’s a commander then?” A girl asked.

“I don’t think so. But I heard from my dad that that guy was selected for promotion since a long time ago. He could enter the A

Squadron immediately if he wants to.”

“H-he’s that amazing?”

All personnel who were promoted into an A Squadron from a B Squadron had real strength. It was the kind of absolute strength that couldn’t be denied no matter what backing one possessed in Vanguard!

“I can’t believe there’s someone like him in a B Squadron.”

“You have no idea, don’t you? Let me tell you a story...”

Cillin had no idea how the youngsters were talking about him behind his back. Right now he was too busy dealing with Ci Jincheng’s strong criticisms before him.

Ci Jincheng was without a doubt worthy of his title as a GAL Research Institute scholar. He had probably given many lectures across many Sectors already, because he didn’t look like he was going to stop his criticising for a water break anytime soon.

The gray cat stared at Ci Jincheng with its round eyes from above the cabinet not far away.

Was that the researcher Cillin told him about? Although Cillin said that he was a good researcher, was there really such a thing as a good GAL researcher? That being said, it was really fun watching Cillin being scolded!

While Ci Jincheng was talking about the troublesome stuff that popped up after Cillin pretended to be dead, Cillin’s communicator rang once more.

The esteemed Mo Heng, Elder Mo had arrived.

Cillin wasn’t requested to receive him at the reception point because Elder Mo had asked to come over personally. Naturally, someone of Elder Mo’s stature demanded an escort.

Cillin’s face twitched again and again. It was one thing if they were separate, but together these two guys could probably drown

him in their saliva.

Ci Jincheng stopped talking when he heard Elder Mo was coming over. He picked up his tea, took a sip and crossed his legs on his chair. His expression obviously meant: You're on your own. Good luck!

Those who knew about Elder Mo's temperament like Mo Heng knew that he could put up some impressive airs and act kindly in the norm, but to borrow Seven Lights vice headmaster An Ding's words, it didn't change the fact he was just a bloody academic gangster.

In fact, Elder Mo was already scheming since he received the military's invitation.

There was no denying the attractiveness of the newly opened 'God's Back Garden', but Mo Heng was aware that many great forces and a whole lot of manpower would be invited into this mission as well. He was almost certain that his little bastard of a disciple would be among them too.

That was why Elder Mo had arrived at Sector Z at a very early time. Before Vanguard's B Squadrons had even shown up, Elder Mo had already given this newly opened region a rough look. Just as they had deduced in advance, this place wasn't constructed by a higher civilisation. Then, he received Ci Jincheng's message just when he was done arranging the matters.

Mo Heng couldn't sit still the moment he learned that the Sixth B Squadron had arrived. At first he was planning to supervise the project until its completion, but his hands just wouldn't stop itching to do a certain something!

Figuring that he couldn't calm himself enough to supervise the project, Mo Heng delegated his work directly to another engineering scholar and told his men to send him over to Vanguard's planetoid.

Naturally, the ones to receive Elder Mo's arrival weren't those juniors from earlier. The A Squadron had purposely sent one of the most important members serving directly under the Vanguard leaders, Solic, to receive Elder Mo.

Solic's status and influence in Vanguard was a lot bigger than Songba Leruo and Barthus. The appearance of this VIP completely awed the youngsters at the reception point.

They had no idea that their guest was so important that a VIP like Solic would personally show up to welcome him.

Solic and Elder Mo could be considered old acquaintances. They chatted about recent times while walking towards the Sixth B Squadron.

Along the way, they happened to run into Barthus and Songba Leruo. The duo had just returned from the mining planets.

Mo Heng and Solic didn't stop to chat. They greeted them once before heading straight towards the Sixth B Squadron's temporary base.

"What's going on? Why did he come over here?" Barthus stroked his long beard and asked.

Songba Leruo didn't answer him. He simply curled his lips into a meaningful smile, turned around and continued on his way.

Cillin was just rubbing his face thoughtfully at the Sixth B Squadron's temporary base when a powerful voice erupted from outside.

"Cillin, get your ass over right now!"

Chapter 203: I'm Old, So My Disciple Shall Work on My Behalf [Part 1]

Mo Heng's shout aroused every bit of curiosity from the Sixth B Squadron and Third B Squadron members resting in their rooms next door. They were either poking out their heads in curiosity or sneakily checking the security cameras from inside their rooms.

Some of the lieutenant commander recognised Solic. This discovery made them even more confused as they wondered who on earth was the person whom Solic himself was willing to accompany and walk with in patience.

Elder Mo had taken two people with him. They were both from the military, and there was another squad of soldiers standing by at the reception point. Every single one of these soldiers was at least a major, and the soldiers accompanying Mo Heng were rear admirals. They were all there to protect Mo Heng, so one could see just how influential Mo Heng was inside the army.

However, Solic was the only one who knew about this. The Sixth B Squadron and the Third B Squadron had no idea exactly who these bodyguards were since they neither wore a military uniform nor wore a badge. From their movements they knew that they were from the army, but they were unaware of their military ranking.

Cillin hastily exited the room when he heard Mo Heng's voice.

It had been a few years since he saw Elder Mo, and if he were to be honest he did miss him a lot. He had only watched some of Elder Mo's pictures in some electronic publications of high contributions, but that side of Elder Mo was the side he wanted to show to the public. Only those who were close to him would know of this other side of Elder Mo, such as now.

After Cillin had come out of his room, Mo Heng examined him

from head to toe. He knew of Cillin's latest appearance already, but he still couldn't help but exclaim inwardly when they met in person: look how dumb-looking he is right now!

Elder Mo decided to show mercy and didn't do it before everyone's eyes.

"Let's go inside and talk." Mo Heng put his hands behind his back and walked into the room immediately with a stiff look.

"Please!" Cillin let out a sigh of relief. If Mo Heng were to pull his cheeks right now his prestige would crash all the way to the floor.

The fact that Mo Heng had put on a stiff expression meant that he wasn't really angry at him. On the contrary, Elder Mo must be plotting a certain scheme inside his head. This was Cillin's guess based on his understanding of Mo Heng.

As expected, Mo Heng stretched out his hands from behind his back and tugged at Cillin's face the second they went inside the room.

Not far away, the gray cat crouching on top of the cabinet not far away felt its jaw drop. Oh my god, this old fellow is even more brutal than that Ci guy! I can't believe he's pulling his cheeks!

The two rear admirals following behind Mo Heng felt a tug on their faces. Elder Mo's bad habit had been triggered yet again. They had both witnessed with their own eyes Elder Mo tugging at their boss and GAL's famous admiral's cheeks until his face was all red.

Solic had also followed them into the room, and he was watching the master-disciple interaction with interest too. He had only heard of Cillin from Barthus, Nata and Songba Leruo's mouths, and this guy was someone that even Ji Feng had praised. For now, he couldn't figure out why Cillin special was from this close range inspection yet.

"You don't have a heart, do you?!"

“Yes, yes. If you say so then it must be true.”

“Elder Mo maintained this posture and didn’t release Cillin until he was done scolding him. Even Solic and the two rear admirals felt painful for Cillin as they stared at the red marks on his face.

Spit flew everywhere from Mo Heng’s mouth as he spent the next period of time criticising and scolding Cillin.

When he finally said everything he had been holding inside his heart and churned all the appropriate rebukes, Mo Heng beckoned a rear admiral to bring over a case he had been carrying behind his back carefully. At the same time, he passed over a round-shaped device as well.

Cillin knew that Mo Heng was going to inspect his work just looking at his actions. Cillin hadn’t really checked his overall accuracy with a device for the past few years, but it probably wouldn’t be worse than the last time he did, would it?

Cillin led Mo Heng into a temporary workshop. Ci Jincheng had also followed them to join in the fun. Naturally, the gray cat wouldn’t miss out on a chance like this.

Czedow didn’t need to come over personally from the room next door. He would know what was happening inside through the network and security cameras. He was also responsible for destroying this record after the demonstration was over. These were Cillin’s instructions.

Mo Heng lifted the case over and put it on the table. Then, he carefully took out the pile of parts stored inside the case. They were all rather precise parts. After pressing a button on the round-shaped device, it floated in midair and pointed a scanner at Cillin’s direction. At the same time, a light screen appeared on top of the device and displayed some basic inspection data.

Solic was slightly surprised when he read the data displayed above the device. The pile of parts didn’t look many, but they

numbered almost one hundred thousand in total!

No words were necessary. Cillin began working after he spread out the parts and gave them a look.

A rear admiral moved over a chair so that Mo Heng could sit down. Then, everyone's gazes became absorbed by Cillin's movements before they knew it.

Every time Cillin assembled, Mo Heng felt like he was watching the work of a precious art. In the past, Mo Heng tried to use a video of Cillin's assembly as a teaching example, but the video had turned out to be more intimidating than educational. There were just too few people who could perform at Cillin's level, and it was a level that not even some chief mentors in Seven Lights could achieve.

After Cillin left, all Seven Lights students who had seen that assembly video tried to inquire about the assembler himself. However, all the mentors who knew about the truth kept a tight lip without needing any prior agreement. They simply said that the assembler was a person connected to Mo Heng. To this day, that video was treated as a classic among the Seven Lights students.

He had become more skillful. With his experience, Mo Heng didn't need to check the device to know that Cillin had most definitely improved. He only needed to move his eyes away from Cillin and check the data on the light screen to confirm his doubts, but he was reluctant to miss even a second of Cillin's assembly. He had to admit that it was a pleasure to watch Cillin assemble.

Unlike the tension worn by those so-called veteran engineering technicians when they assembled, Cillin's movements looked very comfortable and as natural as breathing. In reality though, Cillin's movements were so swift that it was easy to miss out on a certain move. That didn't disturb the smooth flow of his overall movements, however.

There were all kinds of people of differing experience watching Cillin's assembly from different angles. It was inevitable that some of them were going to miss out on some moves. However, they were all attracted by Cillin's movements little by little.

Right now, no one was thinking how Cillin had managed to identify the sequential order of the parts or how he knew they would fit without checking the matching areas. In fact, everyone's minds were very empty. They had all unconsciously emptied and relaxed their minds as they watched Cillin's movements. It was as if the only thing that existed in their empty minds were the parts that were slowly taking on a certain form.

Ten minutes later, a finger width robot snake that was half a meter long was fully assembled.

The two rear admirals immediately jolted out of their reverie. They couldn't believe that they were lost in thought just now! If anyone were to harm Mo Heng just now they wouldn't have been able to react in time at all!!

Considering the strict trainings they went through and their experience in countless battlefields, this should never have happened to them! Although part of the reason they were entranced so easily was because they believed that Cillin wouldn't hurt Elder Mo, as bodyguards, they couldn't deny that they underestimated this Cillin! He was a guy who could punish his enemies for even a bit of carelessness.

They finally understood why Cillin was listed under the A rank list in the military's secret files.

All the soldiers who were currently following Mo Heng had more or less researched into Cillin. Naturally, they knew a lot of things, especially things about Cillin that many people were unaware of using their militaristic identities and the confidential information Mo Qing supplied them.

Right now, the two rear admirals even wondered: Just how much

longer would this Cillin take to enter the S rank list?

Chapter 203: I'm Old, So My Disciple Shall Work on My Behalf [Part 2]

The fully assembled robot snake didn't look like a robot snake at all. The final product of the assembly looked exactly the same as the real thing due to the special quality of the materials and the level of precision of the parts. The little snake crawled up Cillin's arm nimbly and looked at Mo Heng's group with its flat, triangular head, sticking out its forked tongue.

Mo Heng swallowed his saliva. The moment Cillin stopped moving, Mo Heng's mind was removed completely from the little snake. He didn't need to check the scanner to know with 100% certainty that the its completion quality was of high grade.

Mo Heng looked sideways at the data displayed on the light screen. One of the columns had listed a series of numbers.

Cillin's assembly had reached the theoretical value of 99.98%, but during the last 3 steps he had successfully achieved and maintained an overall accuracy of 99.99%.

Mo Heng was so excited that his entire face was red through and through. He attempted to speak, but couldn't utter a word out of his trembling mouth at all. He had completely forgotten to exhale after he sucked in a deep breath.

"Deep breaths, master, deep breaths! Don't forget to exhale!" Cillin hurriedly reminded him.

Mo Heng abruptly stood up, "Y-y-y-y-y-y-y-y-you..."

Mo Heng immediately pulled Cillin's cheeks, but couldn't utter anything but a 'you' even after a long time. His breathing was so rapid that the two rear admirals and Solic were afraid that the old man would suffer a stroke or something.

"Breath, master. Deep breaths. Just relax." Cillin said.

“Relax my ass!” Mo Heng practically shouted.

Solic’s mouth twitched erratically at the outburst. Was this how a proud four star scholar supposed to act?

Mo Heng released Cillin’s face and began pacing in circles, causing everyone to stare at him in confusion and puzzlement. What was going on with Elder Mo?

While Cillin was still thinking, Mo Heng suddenly paused his footsteps and pointed at Cillin, “Come with me later to that planet. I have a mission for you!”

Once Elder Mo declares something, no one could persuade him to think otherwise. That was why the two rear admirals didn’t even bother to try.

If Mo Heng wished to bring Cillin to that planet right now, then he must first obtain the permission and endorsement of certain people in the military. Naturally, Elder Mo himself would be contacting the right people for the task, so all they need to do was to continue as usual and protect him.

Mo Heng was a man of action. Upon making the decision, he immediately instructed Cillin to pack his stuff and bring any tools he deemed handy along for the trip. Of course, by handy tools he meant tools that were relevant to assembly and not dangerous items such as guns. Once Mo Heng was done speaking, he immediately whipped out his communicator and called a couple of people.

Solic was dumbstruck by the entire turn of events. He wasn’t a part of that circle, and so he didn’t know what an overall accuracy of 99.99% truly meant. Even if he did know a little something, he wouldn’t understand what kind of meaning this number hold to people like Mo Heng. That was why he couldn’t understand Mo Heng’s current feelings.

Mo Heng went into a side room to make his calls. Cillin made a

secret signal while he was gathering and inspecting his tools, causing Czedow's eyes to flash once in response. Czedow had been monitoring the security cameras all this time, and he understood that Cillin was telling him to remove what happened in the workshop just now from the records. But while he did delete this segment of the footage as Cillin had requested, the memory was still inside Czedow's memory bank, and it would stay that way unless he performed a forced deletion. At the same time, Czedow's eyes turned very strange as his fingers began to move in tiny motions. If Cillin was present, he would know that Czedow's fingers were moving at the exact same frequency as his own fingers when he was assembling earlier. It's just that Czedow's movements weren't as big as Cillin's just now.

After MoHeng was done making his calls, he gestured his chin at Cillin and said, "Let's go!"

Solic was familiar with Mo Heng's character, and so he didn't pay Mo Heng's disregard of him any heed. Instead, he cast a glance at Cillin and said, "Be careful, and contact us if you need anything."

Cillin nodded and left with Mo Heng.

Ci Jincheng was one of the invited GAL researchers who were invited for this mission. That was why he had left together with Cillin and Mo Heng.

Czedow and the gray cat didn't follow them. Forget whether the military would even accept beings like them into the planet in the first place, if the duo were to expose themselves before the scholars of the GAL Research Institute, then god knows how much it would take for them to get away. After all, they were both too special.

During the time they travelled from the planetoid to the planet, Mo Heng briefly explained to Cillin his so-called 'mission'.

There were many GAL Research Institute scholars who were invited this time, and they were all rather influential people who had made plenty of contributions in various academic disciplines.

Right now, they were working and conducting researches at different places.

There were a total of 16 engineering experts like Mo Heng. These people were currently dealing with a hill of machinery.

Due to the age of some of the veteran scholars who were invited, they couldn't always work all the time. They had to rest to regain their strength after a period of working, and during this rest period they would supervise and instruct others to work on their behalf.

These extra pair of hands they brought with them were their prized students. While researching this humongous machine, they were also using the opportunity to instruct their disciples. Since Mo Heng didn't bring a disciple with him when he came to this planet, he wasn't able to avoid his "enemies' " shit talking. That was why Mo Heng had pelted Cillin with a torrent of scolding the moment he saw him. It was all to vent the frustration he had accumulated inside his heart.

However, Mo Heng had returned from his trip, and this time the arrogant bearing in which he carried himself in when he descended the spaceplane quite surprised his colleagues.

Cillin was following next to Mo Heng and carrying an unimpressive-looking toolbox with him. He also looked rather average and much like a guy who simply ran errands. But anyone who knew Mo Heng would know that he would never let a normal errand runner stand beside him. Even the guy who helped carry Mo Heng's case earlier was at the rank of a rear admiral.

Mo Heng slowly strolled over while keeping his hands behind his back. He stood next to those old scholars, looked at the humongous machine and lifted his chin at it, "Cillin, go."

Cillin felt a little stomachache when he heard this. Why did he sound like he's locking the doors and unleashing his dog?

The old scholars sitting at the side and resting let out exclamations of astonishment, and another elderly four star scholar yelled while thumping his own legs, “Who is he, Gangster Mo? You should know that non-related people aren’t allowed into this place.”

Of course, everyone present in this place had been endorsed earlier and thus were not unrelated people. Everyone understood that the old man had simply wanted to choke Mo Heng a little.

But Mo Heng didn’t turn stiff like he used to in the past. Instead, he put on an unperturbed mask and said, “Sigh, I’m an old man already. I can’t move like I used to anymore. So my disciple shall work on my behalf.”

His words surprised the elderly scholars to no end.

Again, it was that old man who fired the first question, “Since when did you have a disciple, gangster Mo?”

Mo Heng lifted his head slightly and looked to the ceiling, saying, “I have had a disciple for a very, very long time...”

The hand Cillin used to carry his toolbox shook when he heard Elder Mo’s painstaking efforts to make his proud sigh sound bitter. He almost sounded like he had gone through a world of hardships to obtain a disciple!

The elderly scholars all curled their lips in dissatisfaction. Let’s see how long you can keep up the act.

This was the first time Mo Heng presented his disciple before these leading scholars of current times, so they had all diverted at least a part of their attention onto Cillin. Forget that Mo Heng’s mysterious disciple had popped out of nowhere, he looked so young that they couldn’t trust in his abilities.

Cillin didn’t act immediately after he had gone over. Instead, he put down the toolbox and circled around this humongous machine once. His movements drew the attention of the other disciples who

were busy working on their stuff.

An old scholar's face immediately darkened when he noticed that his own disciple had been distracted by the old gangster's disciple. He roared, "Pay attention to your own work. What are you doing looking at someone else!!"

Mo Heng's eyes slid sideways, "Sigh. Some people are just born to draw other people's attention."

The elderly scholars who were sitting and resting in that area decided to filter out Mo Heng's words directly from their brains. They also stopped paying attention to Cillin. In the end, if Cillin couldn't produce any results then all of Mo Heng's actions would just backfire on himself. Facts speak louder than words. Let's see how long it'd take before that smug look on that old gangster's face is wiped off!

Cillin paid no attention to other people's thoughts. After circling around the huge hemisphere machine once, he frowned and thought to himself for a while. The gray cat once said that machines had their own unique language, and he should 'listen' to know what kind of message they were trying to express.

This machine was huge, complicated, and capable of blocking scanners. No one knew what the machine's principles and rough structure was, which was why they didn't dare to work on it carelessly. Despite the fact that a dozen or so scholars had personally attended to the machine, they had not made any real progress at all. These people might be veterans when it came to assembly, but their understanding of machine language was incomparable to Cillin's. They wouldn't even think of it in the first place.

Cillin carefully opened his senses to the miniscule non-human activity around the area. There weren't even much plants around the area, so these miniscule activities in the surroundings he was sensing should have originated from this large machine.

After the chip had been further activated, Cillin's ability to 'hear' the machine language had improved by a lot. As his mind slowly subsided, he could gradually hear some a series of intermittent 'speeches' from the machine.

In Cillin's mind, he could see many floating round shaped objects circulating around this humongous machine.

After looking at the movement and trajectory of these round shaped objects, Cillin walked to a corner around the machine. The place Cillin was searching for was almost ten meters away from the ground, so he extended a hoverboard and flew up to the spot. Then, he pressed downward with his palm.

"Hey! You can't touch that carelessly!!" An elderly scholar shouted in fluster and exasperation. Hasty; youngsters are just too hasty. And why is Mo Heng not stopping him? A person who works too hastily is eventually going to screw up! This guy still needs to improve himself!

But the elderly scholar had just finished saying this when a few small 'petals' suddenly opened up at a certain angle at the top of the humongous hemisphere machine. It looked like a flower that had just blossomed.

Mo Heng was so excited he slapped his thigh and yelled, "Heh, look, it moved!"

The elderly scholars all rolled their eyes at him in unison. Anyone who wasn't blind could see that!

They had to admit that Mo Heng's mysterious disciple was capable, however. Whether it was a coincidence or not, he had triggered a crucial point on the machine. It was as exciting as finding a shortcut through a dungeon.

But when the scholars turned around and saw Mo Heng looking so pleased that he lost all sense of measure, they couldn't help but want to remind him: Mo, we can see that your tail is pointing

straight at the sky. Now would you please control yourself!

Chapter 204: Look! It's That Ghost Something Butterfly Dude Who Owe Us Money! [Part 1]

Thanks to Cillin's actions, the project had taken a big leap forwards.

Only a small part of this humongous, hemisphere-shaped machine had 'blossomed' like a flower bud, but this one tiny revelation was enough for the crowd to figure out a rough direction.

Naturally, these GAL Research Institute scholars all had great observational abilities. After the big machine had moved, the elderly scholars quickly formulated the next few steps to take from the data they had gathered earlier.

The elderly scholars weren't able to stop Cillin from handling the machine in time earlier. Although his action turned out to be of great significance, this project was too important to allow any missteps. Therefore, Cillin was no longer allowed to fiddle with the machine as he wished.

Under the guidance of these few authoritative figures, these direct disciples all worked hard to present their best performance so that their masters would look good.

The elderly scholars who were supervising and instructing their disciples nodded repeatedly in satisfaction at their disciple's performance. They all thought that their disciple was the best among all others.

Every engineering technician who went to work personally had their own assigned tasks, and the areas they were responsible for were all recorded in the database. There were special security cameras that monitored their work from not far away, and they could identify the person responsible for a certain area

immediately if a problem were to arise. Although these disciples were the ones who worked, the final responsibility fell on their masters because they were the ones who performed the final inspection. If any problems were to arise after that, the military wouldn't admit their fault even if their instruments showed that everything was fine. The responsibility and blame would still fall on said authoritative figure. This was one thing Mo Heng very much disliked about their behavior.

Cillin slowly walked over while the elderly scholars were chatting.

Mo Heng glanced at him once and felt his mouth growing wider and wider. He did his best to put on a serious expression and asked, "Are you done?"

Cillin gave him a simple and honest smile, "I'm done. Do you want to inspect it, master?"

"Ahem, of course I'm going to inspect it. Say, if the reason you're done so quickly is because you cut corners here and there, I won't forgive you for any problems that arise from it!"

Mo Heng's words might sound strict on the surface, how could the present elderly scholars not notice the pleased tone in his voice?

Moreover, the first person to finish their task was Mo Heng's precious disciple. They were tired with researching anyway, so this was a good opportunity to check out his disciple's abilities.

Mo Heng didn't stop them. In fact, he look extremely gladdened by their presence. He put his hands behind his back and strolled all the way to Cillin's work without needing Cillin to support him.

The elderly scholars behind him curled their lips in unison: would you look at his smug face!

When they arrived at the area Cillin was responsible for, they only needed one glance to identify that it was absolutely the

handiwork of a great professional. It could even be rated as perfect.

The connection of the parts, the linking of various circuits, and the positioning, installation and arrangement of all sorts of small instruments were done so well that not even the elderly scholars dared to say that they could do better than Cillin.

In reality, Cillin was done with his task since a long time ago. He had even taken the time to research the humongous machine completely. It was just that the amount of things he could research was limited because only the preliminary work had been done so far. That was why he had gotten bored and gotten up to report to Mo Heng. If only the elderly scholars knew about the truth.

When they inspected Cillin's handiwork thoroughly with the military's instrument, they confirmed that it was indeed of first-rate quality.

This time Mo Heng's tail stood so tall that it could practically take him to the sky.

Seeing that the elderly scholars were quiet and unable to find any flaws in Cillin's work to criticise at, Mo Heng grinned, waved his hands and purposely spoke to Cillin in a dismissive tone, "Alright, alright. Don't think that you're done just because you finished your part of the project. Massage my legs later when we get back to our seats. We'll also take the opportunity to test you on the homework I gave you recently."

Recent homework? Like hell you have any homework recently!

Cillin rolled his eyes inwardly at Mo Heng's words, but he knew very well that Mo Heng liked to show off. After Mo Heng had lay down on his recliner, he obediently massaged his legs as ordered.

A person's age was reflected on their legs and feet first. Some old people could run like the wind, and some could only limp along slowly despite sharing the same age and genotype. Moreover, a person's legs and knee joints had to support the entire body's

weight. It was only a matter of time before they eventually wore down, severely affecting the joints' activity. As a person grew older and older, so would their joints' degree of abrasion.

Even someone like Mo Heng who enjoyed a great deal of fame during his prime had no choice but to acquiesce to old age. The occupational diseases of this profession was extremely obvious. Hands aside, their legs would be stressed quite a bit if they lost themselves in their work. His leg muscles would often cramp up and atrophy over time.

Back at Seven Lights, Cillin would massage Mo Heng's legs from time to time. Even now Mo Heng thought that Cillin's massage was better than a body health machine.

"Ah, these legs feel so much better every time they're massaged. The blood vessels are unblocked, and the the muscle's aches and lack of strength are gone quite a bit." Mo Heng sighed comfortably.

The elderly scholars who just made their way back to their seats outright pretended that they hadn't heard anything.

Show off all you want! We'll just pretend you hadn't said anything!

Cillin massaged Mo Heng's legs for a long time before the rest of the disciples were finally done with their work. This was because the project was so important that a lot of people were willing to slow down just to make sure that every step of the work were done to perfection. But even then the elderly scholars had to admit that the quality of their work was still some distances away from Cillin's.

In reality, they had all performed very well already. In fact, they were overperforming. It just wasn't that obvious when Cillin was used as the comparison.

There was a clear gap in skill, but overall speaking the quality of their work was still first-rate.

“Ready?”

“Ready!” Someone made a hand gesture from the other side.

“Alright, the countdown will begin in five! Four! Three! Two! One! Connect!”

As the elderly scholar at the helm of the team lay down the order, this step of the project came to life as energies became connected and each area’s projects began showing their effects.

The partially opened hemispherical object at the top of the humongous machine began to transform.

This gigantic ‘flower bud’ opened up a great degree once more and underwent a change in appearance too. It revealed some machines that looked very much like the control panels everyone was familiar with.

The first step is always the hardest, and now the hardest part of the project was finally over. The work after this point of the project would be easier and no longer needed their full concentration. They had also made some annotations what one needs to pay attention to during the early stages and how this humongous machine principally worked, so the military’s internal division should be able to handle it perfectly once they took over.

Originally, there were people within the military who wanted Mo Heng to participate in the latter part of the project, but he had turned down their offer. He had no intentions of getting involved with the military’s internal matters because any problems that might arise would affect Mo Qing too. Mo Heng considered far into the future when he looked at things, and he was extremely decisive too. He wouldn’t hesitate to cut off what needs to be cut off immediately.

After working for more than half a day, Mo Heng himself was tired. Although he wanted to talk with Cillin for a little while longer, Cillin had turned him down for the sake of his health. He

told Mo Heng to rest well since he hadn't gotten any good rest ever since he accepted the invitation to come to this planet and work on this project. A person should work hard when they were young, just as they shouldn't when they were old.

After Cillin had promised Mo Heng repeatedly that he wouldn't go missing without reason this time, Mo Heng finally granted Cillin a favor and set him free. In reality though, Mo Heng was just feeling very, very good today for being able to hold his head high and show off all he wanted. His mouth was curled upwards even when he was asleep.

Chapter 204: Look! It's That Ghost Something Butterfly Dude Who Owe Us Money! [Part 2]

The person Mo Heng sent to escort Cillin back to his base was one of the two majors who acted as his bodyguard. Although this person's face was lacking in expression as ever, he no longer looked at Cillin with cold and indifferent eyes. Both majors were impressed with Cillin's abilities, and they understood now why Mo Heng had valued him so greatly. A person who could turn those veteran scholars and authorities speechless was definitely a rarity.

Originally, the major was going to escort him back to Vanguard's planetoid on the satellite belt, but due to the way things were about to turn out Cillin was sent directly to another place on the large planet instead.

Just a few hours after Cillin was sent off, the military announced their intention to organize a meeting. All invited forces were told to gather at a certain location.

Of course, the people who were attending the meeting were all VIPs and leaders of the various forces. They were allowed to bring a group of people with them, but the numbers and weapons they could bring were restricted.

Vanguard had left behind all their B Squadron members on the planetoid, but Songba Leruo and Barthus had brought the gray cat and Czedow with them. They were the ones who told Cillin to head over to the meeting directly.

Right now, the small teams dispatched by all forces had already reached the coordinates they received on the large planet. Naturally, everyone had arranged the forces they left behind accordingly. No one here was stupid, and everyone had a few tricks up their sleeves. They wouldn't trust in the military fully. Plus,

everyone who was invited had had their fair share of conflicts. They wouldn't feel comfortable enough to fight otherwise.

The meeting spot they had to visit was specifically chosen by the military for meeting purposes. However, it was decided that flying a spaceplane into the meeting spot wouldn't be wise. After all, the spaceplane Cillin was sitting in had belonged to the military. If Cillin had exited the military's spaceplane before everyone's eyes and returned to Vanguard right after that, some people might be tempted to make some noise about it.

That was why Cillin had exited the spaceplane, extended his hoverboard and flew towards the meeting spot when it was still a way off.

The leaders were all missing doing god knows what. The meeting hadn't started yet, and not a single VIP could be seen around the area. However, the underlings who already showed up were chatting with each other. People could be seen roaming everywhere at anytime outside. Cillin hadn't drawn anyone's attention because there were too many people at his age roaming around the area.

A large majority of the Hunters who showed up for the meeting had belonged to the great four. However, they were practically strangers to each other.

While Cillin was flying towards the coordinate he received and passing by a certain area, he suddenly sensed abnormal movement behind him and turned sideways to avoid a thrown whip. He adjusted the hoverboard with his feet and stopped the vehicle skillfully after avoiding the blow.

The person who attacked him didn't look like they would continue the attack any further. The attack earlier didn't contain any murderous intent as well. It was more like a greeting.

That was why Cillin had not counterattacked. After swiftly stabilizing himself and keeping the hoverboard at one place, Cillin

turned around to look at the attacker behind him.

“Yo, it really is you!!” The attacker exclaimed with a joyful tone.

Cillin raised his eyebrows. It was a familiar person.

“Long time no see, Little Stache.”

The person who attacked Cillin was none other than the woman who disguised herself as a man, Little Stache, back when they encountered each other in Sector S’ prison. Cillin’s impression was ‘Little Stache’ was fairly positive; at the very least she did attempt to pull him free and not escape on her own back when the door was closing. This meant that Little Stache wasn’t a bad person.

Right now ‘Little Stache’ had changed to a new disguise. She was still disguised as a man with a pair of mustaches, and she was grinning at Cillin on top of her own hoverboard.

Cillin looked at the ground beneath them and asked, “Are you a part of ‘Fire Phoenix’?”

This area was divided to Sector S’ people as their resting spot. Right beneath them was ‘Fire Phoenix’s’ territory.

Both ‘Fire Phoenix’ and ‘Flying Snake’ were one of the few reputable and powerful forces in Sector S. Back when Cillin was still travelling with Lung ‘Fire Phoenix’s’ territory was not among their plotted course. However, he didn’t think that Little Stache would show up there as neither a convict or a prison guard. There were no ‘Fire Phoenix’ member in that prison.

Of course, Cillin didn’t ask in depth about the secret conflicts of those forces in Sector S. He wouldn’t get a real answer even if he did.

“Yeah, I’m a part of ‘Fire Phoenix’. We’re lucky to meet each other again, and we are comrades-in-arms who went through hard times together after all. So let me introduce myself. I’m called Pian Huo. I’m only here with ‘Fire Phoenix’ to join in the fun.” After a pause, Pian Huo asked, “What are you called? And which force do

you belong to? You don't look like one of those forces in Sector S."

"I'm Cillin, a member of Vanguard." Cillin wasn't going to hide this bit of info.

"Oh~ Vanguard of the great four Hunter regiments, huh? They're pretty famous. I didn't realize that you came from a powerful organization. I heard that everyone who could come here are all VIPs among the great four's internal divisions."

"I'm not a VIP. It is luck that I showed up here."

Pian Huo didn't believe Cillin's words, but she didn't want to continue further along this line of question either. Therefore, she asked, "Hey, it's pretty boring right now. Do you have any interesting to recommend?"

"No, I'm going back to report for duty. I'm not free."

"Tsk, how boring."

While they were chatting with each other, another person flew towards them from below. This time however, the person didn't come from 'Fire Phoenix's' territory but 'Flying Snake's'.

"Eh? Little Flying Snake?" Pian Huo said in surprise. With her understanding of him, she thought that Qi Geyou, the Little Flying Snake, didn't care much for outsiders.

"Long time no see, Cillin!" Qi Geyou smiled and greeted.

Qi Geyou had coincidentally caught sight of Cillin and Pian Huo in the sky while he was looking around with his binoculars in boredom. The main reason he flew over was Cillin. He hadn't gotten a chance to chat with Cillin properly back at sector S because he had too many things to handle. He hadn't had the chance to pay attention to Cillin and Lung's whereabouts either since he was busy for a very long period of time. The duo was already gone by the time he was free. He didn't think that he would meet a familiar face here, so of course he had to come over to greet him.

“Long time no see, Qi Geyou.” Cillin smiled and bumped fists with Qi Geyou.

“You two know each other?” Pian Huo glanced at the duo and noted the smile on Qi Geyou’s face. These two people shared a good relationship with each other; at the very least their relationship was better than Cillin and hers, “You’re acquaintances. So when did Little Flying Snake and Vanguard come to know each other?”

“We ran into each other by coincidence at Sector S.” Cillin said. He didn’t mention anything about Qi Geyou’s rescue, however.

Qi Geyou was grateful for Cillin’s explanation. After all, no one would like something like that to be announced to the public, and especially not to another big organization in Sector S such as Fire Phoenix.

Qi Geyou looked at their surroundings before asking, “Where’s Lung? Had he come over?”

“He should be around, just not in this area. I’m from Vanguard and he belongs to another force. Why don’t you pass me your contact number, and I’ll tell you his number once I managed to contact him?”

The military had set up a special communications network in this meeting zone. A special communications frequency was covering this area.

“Sure.”

Even if he were to exclude the fact that both Cillin and Lung had once saved his life, Qi Geyou was sure that networking with them was very beneficial for his own development. Qi Geyou believed in his own insight.

Pian Huo also came over to exchange contact numbers with Cillin. Her time here had been extremely boring, and she heard that they would have to stay here for several days. The meeting wouldn’t end in just one day, and there were a lot of her old friends

who hadn't come along to this meeting. Pian Huo wasn't an idle person, and it had been a long while before she finally met a – probably? – acquaintance. If she were to add Little Flying Snake to the mix and that, mm, Lung they talked about either, then things shouldn't turn out too boring.

After they had exchanged contact numbers, Cillin continued to head towards Vanguard. After Cillin had left, Pian Huo followed behind Qi Geyou and asked with relative interest, “Hey, how did you guys know each other? Do you want to exchange info with me?”

Qi Geyou cast her a sideways glance, “Did you tell him that you're the current Fire Phoenix's disciple?”

“No, I didn't tell him that.” Pian Huo lifted a thumb and stroked her mustaches. There were a lot of people who paid her identity as the disciple of current generation's Fire Phoenix their little minds. That was why Pian Huo had often disguised herself first before she skipped home and travelled around the universe. The Fire Phoenix themselves had ignored this behavior because it was a form of growth for Pian Huo. It would be detrimental to Pian Huo's growth instead if they were to restrict her freedom.

“Is there a need?” Pian Huo looked at Qi Geyou.

Qi Geyou's response was noncommittal. He didn't say anything in return.

Cillin saw the cat crouching on top of Songba Leruo's head from far, far away the moment he arrived at Vanguard's territory.

Right now, the gray cat was impatiently swinging its claws from above Sonba Leruo's hat while Barthus was teasing the cat with his beard. At first, the gray cat had simply flicked its ears and ignored Barthus' teasings, but after enduring a persistent period of harassment by the naughty old man it finally began using its claws.

Previously, the gray cat was feeling gloomy because B Squadron

members weren't allowed to attend the meeting. Then, Barthus and Songba Leruo expressed their intentions to bring the gray cat and Czedow over to the meeting. The gray cat had agreed after some thought. With Barthus and Songba Leruo around, the gray cat wasn't afraid that the military or some mad scientist would try to capture it. But it was only after they arrived on the planet that the gray cat realized that this place was completely filled with strangers!

The gray cat was just about to extend its sharp claws and give the old man a good shave when it suddenly looked towards the sky as if it had sensed something. The gray cat almost burst out into a cry when it saw Cillin: My savior!

The gray cat jumped off Songba Leruo's hat and climbed up Cillin's legs before the hoverboard had even fully descended. Then, it crouched on Cillin's shoulder and threw Barthus a 'what can you do now' look.

Barthus simply stroked his beard with a faint smile and said nothing.

Cillin jumped down from the hoverboard and put it away. After flicking the gray cat's head once, he looked at Barthus and Songba Leruo and greeted them.

"Are you done with your work over there, little Cillin?" Barthus asked.

"Yeah, I'm done. The military's internal division will take over the rest."

Barthus nodded and stopped asking about that.

Since Barthus and Songba Leruo had been walking all this time, they had arrived at the edge of Vanguard's territory. If they were to walk any further, they would enter Blue Butterfly's domain.

Cillin and Barthus was just talking about this newly 'illuminated' Sector when the gray cat suddenly let out a loud cry, raised its

claws and pointed at a direction.

“Cillin, look! It’s that Ghost something Butterfly dude who owe us money!”

Chapter 205: All Here [Part 1]

The gray cat hadn't come into contact with Ghost Butterfly Seventeen directly, but Lung had told it about Blue Butterfly before and even drawn an image of Ghost Butterfly Seventeen's appearance using an instrument under the gray cat's strong request.

After following Cillin for such a long time, the gray cat had formed a habit of getting excited the moment money was put on the table. It had an especially deep impression of people who owed him money, so the gray cat grew excited when it saw a person in their list of debtors.

The gray cat's voice was a little too loud because it was overly excited. Therefore, everyone in the surroundings turned over to look at the source of the cry, and then at the person whom the gray cat was pointing at with its claws.

Ghost Butterfly Seventeen was just talking with his two companions about some busty girls they encountered earlier when his attention was attracted by the gray cat's loud voice. Then, Ghost Butterfly Seventeen saw with an aching stomach someone that he was 100%, no, 10,000% sure that he never wanted to see again in his life.

Why is that bastard here!!

Not to mention that everyone was looking at him due to the gray cat's words. Ghost Butterfly Seventeen just wanted to crawl into a hole and never come out.

Barthus looked at Ghost Butterfly Seventeen's constipated look and smiled with delight.

So even the Blue Butterflies have their shameful moments.

Cillin raised his hand and greeted him, "Long time no see."

Ghost Butterfly Seventeen's mouth twitched, "Long... long time

no see...”

Ghost Butterfly Seventeen’s companions looked at Cillin and wondered exactly which level in Vanguard did he belong to. If he wasn’t a second fiddle in the B Squadron, then he was a second fiddle in the A Squadron. But the two people beside him, Barthus and Songba Leruo were both veterans in Vanguard who were recognised wherever they went. The fact that Cillin didn’t try to keep a low profile despite being around these two people meant that his status deserved a mull over.

The gray cat stood on top of Cillin’s shoulders and stared at Ghost Butterfly Seventeen with its round eyes. It looked like it would scratch Ghost Butterfly Seventeen the second he denied his involvement.

“He... hehe, so you’re from Vanguard. I tried looking for you for a long time but couldn’t find the two of you anywhere. You didn’t leave behind any contact details,” Ghost Butterfly Seventeen walked over on his own accord while speaking.

He didn’t have a choice. If he waited for Cillin to speak then he might as well throw all his dignity to the wind! He had personally attested to this brat’s character, and he could say with certainty that he was a total bastard!

Of course Cillin and the gray cat wouldn’t be so stupid as to believe the nonsense he just told them. They simply smiled and looked at Ghost Butterfly Seventeen until he felt chills in his heart.

Barthus patted Cillin’s shoulder and said, “Hehe, you juniors can continue your conversation. Songba Leruo and I will be going somewhere else to meet some old friends.”

Ghost Butterfly Seventeen relaxed obviously after Barthus and Songba Leruo had left the scene. Those two people were a generation older than him after all, so he couldn’t help but feel awkward talking in front of them. Moreover, Ghost Butterfly Seventeen had gotten used to act as he wished in Blue Butterfly. He

just felt uncomfortable all over when he saw another Hunter regiment's senior.

“Kid, that's one normal booster meds and one nutrient pill totalling up to 1.1 million credits! And this is excluding interest rates!” The gray cat said.

Ghost Butterfly Seventeen cast a glance at the gray cat. How did this pet know about his debt? He didn't think too much into it and put both hands into his pant pockets. He lifted his chin and said, “Of course we Blue Butterfly wouldn't commit a misdeed like reneging on our debts. Go find a place where I can swipe my card and I'll transfer the money over right away.”

Cillin was just about to say something when his communicator rang. The corner of his eyes twitched when he saw the contact number displayed on his communicator.

A888888...

Even if he were to ignore who the 'A' in the number had represented, the 6 numbers at the back was a clear sign that this contact number belonged to a certain fool.

Cillin looked around him and found a quiet place to speak.

As expected, Lung's barely awake face appeared on the communicator the moment he accepted the call.

“I was going to find you. But how did you know my contact number?” Cillin asked.

Lung smiled proudly and scratched his tousled hair, “I got it from Ci Jincheng. Hi Wheeze! I have some fish biscuits with new flavors around here. There are a dozen or so flavors including both freshwater and saltwater fish flavors.”

“Really?!” The gray cat's expanded pupils was a clear sign of its current excitement.

“Nuo, look,” Lung lifted a tray and showed many biscuits that

were purposefully shaped like fishes. Every different fish flavor had a different shape too.

“Let’s go look for Lung, Cillin. We had nothing to do here anyway unless a fight suddenly break out.” The gray cat said while patting Cillin’s face with its paws.

“You guys should come over right now. There’s a newly built meeting place at my place, so this is just the right time to hold a small gathering while we’re still free. I’ve already told Ci Jincheng and Knight to come over. There are a few more familiar faces who would be showing up as well. Let’s have a gathering, eh?”

“Alright. Oh, Qi Geyou was asking for you. Should I bring him along?”

“Little Flying Snake? He’s here too? Of course we should bring him along! Just bring whoever’s with you to the gathering... who’s that guy behind your back? Do I know him?” Lung saw a half covered figure behind Cillin and asked.

Cillin adjusted the focus of the communicator so that Lung could see Ghost Butterfly Seventeen better.

Ghost Butterfly Seventeen’s feelings soured once more when he saw the face displayed on the communicator. This guy was a bastard too.

But just as Ghost Butterfly Seventeen prepared himself to receive another insult that was surely going to be as painful as the one spouted by the cat on Cillin’s shoulder just now, Lung said affirmatively after staring closely at his face, “I don’t know him.”

Ghost Butterfly Seventeen: “...”

Alright, now even my balls are hurting. Ghost Butterfly Seventeen never knew that he was this unmemorable until now.

The gray cat’s whiskers shook, “How could you possibly not remember him? He’s the debtor who was beaten half dead before you and Cillin saved his life! You even told me his looks back

then!”

Ghost Butterfly Seventeen felt like killing someone when he heard the gray cat’s words. Thank goodness there weren’t many people around him right now, and the volume of their conversation was fairly soft. Otherwise, he would probably be the butt end of a joke for a very long time.

Lung looked at Ghost Butterfly Seventeen again and finally remembered him. He normally forgot anyone who hadn’t made a monetary transaction with him.

“Oh, you’re that Butterfly guy with the abnormal constitution! Well since we ran into each other you might as well come over too. Alright, I’m hanging up, I’m hungry and I’m going to forage some food. See you beep——”

The dude hung up before Cillin could even finish what he wanted to say.

He put away the communicator and looked at Ghost Butterfly Seventeen, “Let’s go and meet up with the rich guy. His place has everything, and we could enjoy a free meal too.”

Ghost Butterfly Seventeen was extremely reluctant to follow Cillin being less than impressed with both Lung and his character. However, a rich man, he said?

“Who is he again?” Ghost Butterfly Seventeen asked.

Cillin looked at him in surprise, “Do you not know him? That guy does appear quite frequently on the media, you know.”

Ghost Butterfly Seventeen was at a loss. He had been busy for the past time and didn’t have any time to pay attention to those things. He didn’t search deeper after finding nothing on Cillin after a brief inquiry. He was pretty busy at the time.

Seeing Ghost Butterfly Seventeen’s confused look, Cillin said, “He’s called Andrea Lung.”

“... Fuck!”

He’s one of that family who’s so poor all they have left is money! There was absolutely no way he was missing this meal!

“Let’s go!” Ghost Butterfly Seventeen said indignantly.

“Wait, let me call one more person.”

Cillin contacted Qi Geyou. Pian Huo had been watching Qi Geyou all this time, and the moment Qi Geyou took off she followed him too.

They agreed to meet up at a place where Vanguard and Blue Butterfly’s borders intersected. After all, Qi Geyou wasn’t a part of either of their Hunter regiments. Therefore, he couldn’t enter either one of their territories easily. They could only meet up at the borders.

When Cillin led the group of four to the place Lung had told him, they all experienced the same feeling.

How absolutely wasteful!

The place the Andrea Family and Lung was at was surrounded by fairly reputable families and business entities in GAL. Therefore, this whole area was about as blindingly gorgeous as one could imagine, with the Andrea Family’s area being the most dazzling of them all. The ‘temporary playground’ Lung mentioned was practically a luxury hotel.

There were a couple of servants waiting at the front door, but a familiar, slightly built figure was also walking towards them from inside the building. He was obviously there to welcome Cillin.

The man walking towards them was Berzett. Originally, he was serving the young men chatting at the private rooms upstairs, but since young master Lung complained that Berzett’s presence made it difficult to have a free conversation, he booted Berzett out of the room and told him to wait for Cillin at the entrance.

Berzett led Cillin's group to the floor Lung and the others were at. The old man's had acted very gentlemanly and worn a very kind smile on his face, but Qi Geyou and Ghost Butterfly Seventeen were still full of tension. They could sense that this old man was very strong and not someone they could win against. They weren't able to calm down even though Berzett hadn't shown any malice towards them. It was a habit that they had formed over a long period of time. After all, who could relax and put down their guard after arriving at a new environment and meeting a new stranger suddenly?

Berzett paid no mind to their behavior. He continued to treat them as kindly as he would treat his own blood related descendants.

Berzett led Cillin's group to a door and raised his hand in a polite, inviting gesture, "The young master is right inside."

Sigh. Berzett had already made up not to go inside since he would only be ignored again. Seriously, every successor of the Andrea Family possessed a lousy temper. He was already looking forward to the next direct descendant to the Andrea Family a.k.a Lung's offspring. Children were just more interesting to raise.

"Thank you." Cillin returned the polite gesture. Berzett was an old man that he held in higher respect compared to others.

He pushed the door open. There were a lot of people sitting on well arranged chairs inside the room already. Most of them were familiar faces except two people.

There were Lung, Knight, Ci Jincheng, Pride, Theresa, and Yu Linglung sitting on a custom wheelchair.

Lung beckoned him over when he saw Cillin's entry, "Come on, Cillin, we've been waiting for you for a long time. Hi, Little Flying Snake, I didn't know that Sector S' people had also come over to this place. Do take a seat, all of you."

One could say that everyone sitting in this room were all reputable people who possessed real authority within their families and forces. However arrogant they used to conduct themselves in the norm, it was better to put it away for now.

Pride had matured a lot over many years. Although his eyes were still carrying his habitual air of arrogance, it was a lot milder than it was in the past. Originally, Pride wasn't going to come over to Sector Z because he had other missions to perform. However, after hearing about Cillin from Ji Feihang and confirming the news from Knight, he decided to delay that mission temporarily and come over.

“Hmph!”

Pride greeted Cillin with his iconic snort, but there were no disdain behind it whatsoever. Cillin paid it no mind because he was used to it, and he knew that Pride had always been such an awkward kid. Pride's automatic response when he was embarrassed and wasn't sure what to say at an occasion was a simple and direct 'hmph'. Everyone knew about this, and no one deemed it necessary to point it out.

Yu Linglung gave Cillin a sweet smile. She was almost still the same little girl he remembered in Seven Lights.

The sea next to Yu Linglung was empty, and no one dared to occupy it. A blind person would know whose chair it was.

Qi Geyou and Ghost Butterfly Seventeen revealed their keen insight and snatched up the chairs two spaces away from Yu Linglung. Pian Huo swept a glance across everyone present in the room before sitting next to Qi Geyou, choosing not to occupy the seat beside Yu Linglung as well. She kept staring curiously towards Yu Linglung's side, though.

Cillin sat next to Yu Linglung and stared at her legs for a bit. It was obvious that her legs were wrapped with an instrument identical to the one Dias used to perform in directional induction

treatment.

“What happened?” Cillin asked.

“It was an accident. I lost both my legs.” Yu Linglung answered softly. There was obvious grievance in her tone.

Lung, Knight and the rest of them who were here earlier shivered instantly. Little Princess Yu, weren't you acting all imperious and mighty just two minutes ago?

Cillin sighed on the inside. Ever since he learned of Yu Linglung's identity, he knew that everything that happened around her was not as simple as it seemed. It was obvious that her maimed legs were caused by some very complicated matters. If Yu Linglung wasn't willing to say it, then he wasn't going to ask.

“How are you recovering?”

“It's okay. I can walk barely, but I can't run with them. It always hurts.” Her tone was still aggrieved.

Lung, Knight and the gang were either turning their head sideways or looking at the floor. They all pretended that they knew nothing.

Little Princess Yu that is complete nonsense! Just two days ago we saw you kicking up to the air and smashing a falling apple to bits! If they really hurt then why haven't you complained about the pain back then?!

Theresa had been watching the duo's brief conversation all this time, and she chose this moment to raise her wine glass in a toast, “Long time no see, Cillin.”

Theresa looked almost the same as she was back at Seven Lights. Time hadn't affected the Seven Lights famous Beauty Sa. But Cillin knew that she was no longer the Theresa Kiara he knew from Seven Lights.

Douance Theresa, the elder daughter of Douance Aiflon. That

was who she truly was. Cillin had known about the genetic connection shared between Theresa and Aiflon since he was at Seven Lights.

“Long time no see. I see you’re just as pretty as ever, Beauty Sa.”

“You’ve changed though. You’re not as handsome as you were back then.” Theresa joked.

“Ahem!” Lung snapped a finger under Yu Linglung’s pressuring gaze and pushed forward a large plate of fish biscuits.

“Wah~~~”

The gray cat immediately jumped on the plate and did a roll, rubbing his scent all over the fish biscuits.

“What do you think about this gift?” Lung tossed a fish biscuit to the gray cat.

The gray cat opened its mouth, snatched it from the air, chewed it twice and swallowed it into his stomach.

“It’s pretty good. I want to take them back with me later!”

“Sure, I’ll have someone send them over to you later.”

The gray cat pulled the plate to its side and happily enjoyed its meal. It focused on eating its fish biscuits and ignored whatever was going on at Cillin’s side.

Once everyone had gathered together, the host of this meeting, Lung gave everyone a formal introduction. He only introduced their names and some simple details. Today’s meeting involved no secrets, and it was only a dinner between peers.

The two people Cillin didn’t recognise were more or less the same as Chev Allen from back then. However, from Lung’s introduction it would seem that the electronic publications behind these two people were at a much higher level than the Allen Family’s. Both electronic publications had more than 80 contribution points.

The electronic publication behind Peneus was a famous GAL

media giant with over 80 contribution points and was relevant in the internet industry. Back when Cillin was still at Seven Lights, the electronic publication 'Infinite' had once reported about the Sector Championship. He was a distant relative of Lung's.

The electronic publication behind Fen Yuzuo was also a famous GAL media giant with over 80 contribution points and was relevant in the business industry. This electronic publication was titled 'Lavish'. Lavish mainly reported about the business industry, which was why he had a lot of contact with Lung.

Naturally, the descendents raised by the people who managed to build the two media giants, 'Infinite' and 'Lavish' to their current state were no pushover. At the very least, socialisation didn't look like one of their weaknesses, which was why they hadn't shown Cillin any disdainful looks even though he wasn't a really famous person in the circle of elites. Plus, why would they look down on a person that even people like Lung, Knight, Ci Jincheng and Yu Linglung etc respect? If they didn't have even this bit of insight they couldn't have climbed to their current status, could they?

At the same time, these young masters of media giants were also very interested in the trio that had accompanied Cillin to this meeting. Pian Huo revealed her identity to everyone present, and after some consideration she also added that she was Fire Phoenix's disciple. Little Flying Snake didn't try to hide his identity either.

Peneus and Fen Yuzuo were obviously quite curious about Sector S. After all, Sector S was the second least reported Sector by the GAL media barring Sector Z. Now that Sector Z was half open to the public, all that remained was Sector S. The quartet had chatted quite agreeably with each other.

Lung had said that this was just a small gathering, and they talked only about entertainment and nothing about business. There were no seniors to disrupt them, so everyone chatted quite openly with each other.

Chapter 205: All Here [Part 2]

They chatted and laughed, occasionally revealing embarrassing details about each other. The atmosphere at least was pretty great. No one tried to bring up the complicated situations or the records that were best kept hidden on their own accord.

In reality, it wouldn't take long before everyone here figured out everyone's records after this gathering. With their level of abilities, they were at least capable of figuring out some rough rumors or news even if the detailed secrets were out of reach.

They were on the military's domain, so they didn't dare to go too overboard. They merely ate, drank, chatted and laughed in relaxation even as they felt at ease to have each other. After all, the current situation was rather chaotic, and it was all too easy for any lone forces to be turned into cannon fodders. No matter how high one managed to climb up a mountain, the risk of falling was always there, not to mention a fall in the current situation would be pretty much permanent.

Everyone stuffed themselves quite full this dinner, and the burdens in their heart were settled if just a little. They drank a little too much, so Lung sent someone to escort them back to their places. Pian Huo took on the guys on a drinking contest and defeated both of the two media giant young masters, and after that they started calling each other's 'bros'. Cillin had no idea if Peneus and Fen Yuzuo knew that Pian Huo was a woman who had disguised herself as a man, but the 'bro's came of their mouths smoothly regardless.

Pian Huo herself had drunk herself silly, and thankfully some of them knew that Pian Huo was in fact a woman at least. If her identity were to be exposed then things would turn out quite embarrassing. Qi Geyou could already imagine Fire Phoenix's wrath in his head. He supposed he should just avoid Pian Huo for the next few days.

Yu Linglung sat on her wheelchair with a slightly lowered head. She didn't summon anyone to aid her. Instead, she said to Cillin, "Send me back, will you?"

"Sure."

Cillin himself wasn't going to ask Lung for an escort to send him home, so he decided to send Yu Linglung on her way. He told Lung to send the gray cat back since that fellow was going to supervise the fish biscuit's delivery anyway.

They hadn't used a flying car. The area Yu Linglung was staying in wasn't too far away, and she didn't want to ride on a flying car. She asked Cillin to push her out for a walk.

By now, the night sky had already visited this area and brought its chill with it. The day and night difference of temperature was a little larger than the norm.

Unlike the terrain where the Hunter regiments were located, the natural sceneries here were a lot better. He hadn't taken more than a few steps when they saw a brook. Cillin could sense the life swimming inside the brook beneath the rocky ground.

There was a classical stone bridge not far away from where they stood, but Yu Linglung suggested that they walk through the brook directly.

The brook wasn't even knee deep, so drowning wasn't a concern.

"Your legs are still in recovery. They can't touch water." Cillin said.

"It's fine, the healing device on my legs are water proof."

Yu Linglung stood up as she said this and pressed a button on her wheelchair. The wheelchair folded on its on and floated a meter away from Yu Linglung. Her legs were a little stiff after sitting for an extended period of time, so she held onto Cillin's arm as she got up and walked forwards slowly.

As one might expect, a rich man's place demanded many particulars. Although the place's security system was well done, a lot of effort was put into maintaining its natural appearance. They could even hear some cries of insects.

Neither of them spoke a word. When they reached the edge of the water, Cillin paused his footsteps and slowly crouched downward. He rolled Yu Linglung's almost ground level skirt up to her knees and tied a knot there. This way, the skirt wouldn't be drenched by the water, and would serve to protect her knees as well. The night was a little cold, and the brook water was even colder. A recovering patient should take good care of their joints.

Yu Linglung could feel that her face was very warm. A thin blush had appeared on both her cheeks, although the night sky did very well to conceal it from view. Still, it was obvious how she was feeling from her bright, gently smiling eyes.

Yu Linglung bowed her head and watched as Cillin worked on her skirt. Due to her background, Yu Linglung had always looked down on others with terrific pressure and displayed the unique pride that only the little princess of the Yu Family possessed. But although the downward gaze she assumed now was of a similar angle, her feelings and expressions were completely different.

"Are you cold?" Cillin looked up and asked after he was done tying the knots around Yu Linglung's long skirt.

Yu Linglung stared blankly at Cillin for a little while upon hearing his inquiry. She then shook her head softly and raised a small smile. She looked like she was still a young and inexperienced girl, and not the little princess Yu who drove Lung insane from time to time.

Cillin rolled up his own trousers and tossed his shoes to the other side of the brook. He slowly walked into the brook while holding Yu Linglung's hand.

Cillin entered the brook first and walked around once before he

supported Yu Linglung into the water.

The cold stream dissipated much of the alcohol driven heat. He could feel the fishes inside the brook pecking at his feet.

Still, the planet's night was colder than he expected. Cillin tested the waters and found that it was only about 5 to 6 °C. Even if Yu Linglung's healing device was waterproof, it was likely to be somewhat detrimental.

Cillin allowed Yu Linglung to hold onto him and walk about a meter's distance in the brook. When they were almost 10 meters away from the opposite bank, he paused his footsteps once more.

Cillin crouched down and said, "Alright, you've had your novel experience. Come up, I'll carry you over. The water's cold, and it will be bad for your recovery if you catch a chill."

"Okay." Yu Linglung answered obediently.

If those who knew of Yu Linglung and her dominant attitude well were to see her right now, their eyeballs would be rolling all over the floor.

Yu Linglung sat her head on Cillin's shoulders as she lay on Cillin's back. For some reason, she felt at ease as she listened to their breathings and the insect cries around them.

Cillin carried Yu Linglung on his back and took step after step towards the opposite bank.

Yu Linglung touched the cord around Cillin's neck once and asked, "What are you wearing?"

"A person." Cillin answered.

Yu Linglung's movements stopped, and she no longer pried into the matter.

Disputes are meaningless between those who are living, and those who are dead. Yu Linglung understood this, which was why she didn't try to fight on this subject. However, she couldn't help

but hold Cillin's neck a little tighter.

Ten meters of distance was crossed pretty quickly.

Alright, little princess. It's time to come down."

Yu Linglung curled her lips in disappointment and climbed down reluctantly. The folded wheelchair dropped back to the ground and unfolded back to normal.

Cillin helped her up the wheelchair and used his sleeves to wipe the water beads on her legs. He then untied the knots around her knees so that the skirt would cover her legs. Lastly, he adjusted the temperature maintenance device on the wheelchair.

Cillin pushed the wheelchair to where Yu Linglung had told him to go. There was a team waiting for her already when they approached that area. None of them walked up to her, however. They obviously knew her temperament very well.

Cillin pushed the wheelchair all the way to the other side and passed the wheelchair to the person who would take over his role. However, Yu Linglung turned her wheelchair around and stared quietly at Cillin instead. Although she said nothing, her eyes were obvious expecting something.

Cillin sighed, "Give me your hand."

Yu Linglung's eyes turned into crescents, and she swiftly extended her hand.

Cillin put a large, green pearl into Yu Linglung's hand. It emanated a gentle, green light beneath the twilight that made everyone feel full of vitality.

Yu Linglung could feel the warmth and the life force from this green pearl seeping into her palm. Her breathing had become a lot smoother than it was before. Naturally, she knew that this pearl was extremely precious. At the very least, even she, the little princess Yu hadn't seen such a special pearl until today.

“This is my gift to you. It is beneficial for your health and recovery.”

“Thank you!” Yu Linglung held the green pearl in her hands and exclaimed happily.

“I’m the one who should be thanking you.”

To this day Cillin didn’t understand exactly what Yu Linglung had seen in him, but he did know that Yu Linglung had helped him both overtly and covertly many times while he was working in the Sixth B Squadron. In fact, some of the aid she gave him was unknown to him even now.

When he saw Yu Linglung’s childlike expression, Cillin extended a hand and rubbed Yu Linglung’s head like how he rubbed Tang Qiuqiu’s.

The jaws of the team behind Yu Linglung dropped. They couldn’t believe their eyes!

H-h-h-h-h-h-h-he’s rubbing little princess Yu’s head! And the most unbelievable part is that little princess Yu is actually looking shy!

“Rest early when you head back.”

“Mm.”

Cillin turned back and walked away once he bid Yu Linglung goodbye, but he hadn’t extended his hoverboard and flown away immediately. Outsiders were currently forbidden from flight in this area, and he would be shot like a dog by the hiding bodyguards and robots if he tried.

Cillin walked until he could no longer see the Yu Family’s people any longer before looking up to the sky. Then, he pointed a middle finger.

At a certain spot high up in the sky, there was a little round ball floating and capturing everything that was going on there. The

little round ball was linked to one of the rooms of Lung's leisure center, and Lung, Knight and Ci Jincheng were currently hugging the monitor and staring at it.

When they saw the big middle finger on the screen, all three of Cillin's colleagues swore unanimously, "F*CK!"

"How did he find out?" Lung was puzzled.

"His senses are crazy!" Knight said.

Ci Jincheng didn't say anything. He was pondering what went wrong with the supposedly covert peep attempt. This camera was hovering at an altitude that could hardly be seen with the naked eye, not to mention that it was nighttime already. So how exactly did Cillin manage to find it out?

Cillin had no idea how puzzled the trio were, but he knew that they wouldn't stay quiet from the moment he pushed Yu Linglung out of the door.

Lung and friends weren't the only party who was monitoring them, but those people's attempts hadn't gone nearly as smoothly as theirs. They were often disrupted by an unknown signal courtesy of Czedow.

Cillin arrived at a border of several neighboring forces. This was a neutral territory where many people were flying across. Even if it was very late now, there were still plenty of hoverboards and flying cars flying about.

Cillin cast a glance at the brook where he had carried Yu Linglung across just now before extending his hoverboard, jumping on it and flying towards the Vanguard's territory.

A while after Cillin had left, the amount of people in this neutral territory gradually decreased. It took at least ten minutes or so before a flyer flew by.

After a flying car had zoomed past the area, everything fell quiet once more. The cries of insects were the only sounds that could be

heard.

A figure slowly rose from the water surface where Cillin and Yu Linglung had walked across just now. Their face was unclear, and they looked like they were made entirely out of water. They hadn't risen further up from the water after revealing their torso.

This water human stared at the neutral territory and asked, "Did that little guy notice me just now?"

"I think he did."

A voice answered the water human's question from the trees not far away from them. However, there wasn't the trace of anyone to be seen.

The wind blew, and a tree leaf fluttered towards the ground. However, it was blocked by something invisible while it was falling and turned to another side.

"Never mind. Who cares? There's no way he's our target anyway." The water human said.

"Why not? Don't you underestimate this kid. On the contrary, that thing might very well be on his possession!"

"Really?! But.. he doesn't feel all that strong."

"He is a little lacking in strength, but the fact that he could sense your presence means that he is quite the sleeper. We'll not approach him for now. Let's observe the situation and decide later."

"Okay."

The water human dove back into the water, and everything returned to peace and silence once more. The flying cars that occasionally flew across the neutral territory would never know of their presences.

It was quite late when Cillin finally returned to Vanguard's territory. Most of its members had gone back to rest except for

those who were on shift. Without alarming anyone within the vicinity, Cillin returned to his own room.

A fishy smell entered his nostrils the second he entered the room.

There was a large box inside the room that was completely filled with fish biscuits. From the looks of it, the gray cat had left it here because they couldn't all be stuffed into its cabinet. A little ear was peeking from the pile of fish biscuits, and it twitched once when Cillin had entered the room. Then, it stayed immobile.

Cillin shook his head. The cat could go free, for now.

Czedow opened his eyes from the corner of the room. Seeing that Cillin wasn't going to talk to him, he closed his eyes once more.

Cillin lay on the bed after he washed his face and brushed his teeth. He pondered about what happened today.

Lung's gathering was but a trivial matter. The first thing that puzzled him was Yu Linglung's injuries.

When he was carrying Yu Linglung, he could clearly sense that her respiratory system was faulty and her heartbeat was irregular. Although her emotions were part of the reason, the bigger factor was still the severe injuries her internal organs once suffered.

Although her breathing looked normal on the surface, Yu Linglung had suffered some serious injuries to her internal organs some time ago. Just who was it that managed to hurt Yu Linglung this badly while she was under such heavy protection?

Severe internal injuries and two mutilated legs. He could imagine just how close Yu Linglung had come close to death.

Although he could treat Yu Linglung's injuries as part of the Yu Family's affairs, the second thing that puzzled him was not so simple.

Cillin had noticed something abnormal inside the water when he had put both feet into the brook. However, he hadn't sensed any

danger and there were plenty of Yu family bodyguards hiding around the area. They would have made a swift appearance had anything unusual were to happen. That was why Cillin had pretended that he didn't notice anything and carried Yu Linglung across the water.

But when he came back, he had walked across the stone bridge and noticed another unusual presence among the trees. That person had hidden himself so well that Cillin wouldn't have noticed him had he not seen him before.

It was one of the 'Grim Reaper', the guy who had once appeared in the prison back then. No one knew that they were already here. He wondered what their objective was this time. At the very least, he hadn't noticed anything amiss in a broad scale.

Did the military know about 'Grim Reaper's' arrival, he wondered?

Regardless, Cillin himself was going to be high alert. Those who came from 'Grim Reaper' were all crazy in some some ways, and no one knew what they were thinking.

To visit Cillin's room, one must first go through a large hall at the center of the floor. But the second Cary arrived at the hall he immediately swallowed his loud talking back down his throat.

“Se... Senior Nata...”

Nata was sitting on the great hall's sofa and reading a paperback. There was also a box next to him. He simply smiled at the noises Cary and his group were making and said, “You guys look spirited.”

Cary, Xiao Shang and a few other people smiled awkwardly and scratched their heads. They weren't sure how to respond to him.

They were certain that Nata was here to look for Cillin, so they left after standing around awkwardly for a short while. They couldn't help but be anxious when facing a senior like Nata. After

all, not everyone could keep a straight face like Cillin.

When Cillin finally got up, Nata had already flipped through a dozen or so pages.

“Sorry for sleeping until now, senior Nata. Why haven’t you told them to wake me?”

“It’s fine. You were tired.”

Cillin walked over and took out a water bottle and some jerkies from the storage cabinet at the side. When he passed some of them to Nata, the man waved his hands and turned him down.

“Just enjoy your meal. I’ve already eaten.”

Cillin didn’t hold himself back and began eating right in front of Nata.

“Did you want something from me?” Cillin asked while chewing his jerky.

The rule to eat and sleep in silence was inconvenient for Hunters. They had no time to obey such time wasting etiquettes.

Nata closed up his book and pushed the box next to him before Cillin.

“This is some of the parasite samples my friends had collected over the years. You can take a look at them if you’re interested.”

Cillin clapped his hands and wiped his fingers clean. Then, he opened the box carefully.

All the samples inside the box were sealed up. The big-sized parasites only had full body images and samples that consisted of a certain part of their bodies. The small-sized parasites had full body samples half-body samples. Their shapes varied greatly, with some looking sinister and some looking very average.

“The video records inside contain some relevant records on these parasites. Of course, they are just rough records that aren’t as well written as a professionally written record. You’ll have to put up

with it.”

Cillin closed the box and smiled, “This is enough. These samples are very precious.”

Nata nodded, “There are some parasites that are incredibly special, and there are some that only had images and no samples. I’ve taken a look and discovered that some of them are pretty hard to find. Maybe you can try and capture them if you happen to encounter similar parasites in the future.”

Cillin didn’t watch the videos right away. He carried the box into his room and put it away properly after breakfast.

“Did you have any plans for the morning? If not then please walk with this old man for a little.” Nata said.

“I have no plans. Please wait for a moment.”

Cillin changed his clothes and brought some necessities with him. Then, he went out with Nata.

“I heard that you went to meet with that Andrea Family kid, and there was someone from Blue Butterfly too?”

Cillin didn’t deny this. It was something plenty of people knew about.

“That’s good news. Be it the Andrea Family, the Blue Butterfly or those people from Sector S, getting to know them is always a good thing. I know that you have a wide social network, and these are all good things that will be beneficial for your future development. While they might not necessarily be beneficial if you are to measure them by the old standards, I believe you can analyse the pros and cons on your own even without much information. The situation now is no longer as stable as it was before.”

Although Cillin didn’t agree with some of Nata’s views, Nata was giving him some serious guidances. Cillin simply listened to him seriously.

Nata continued to speak, “We old fellows at the A Squad had a small meeting yesterday. Although the bosses’ meeting hadn’t started yet, we’ve analysed something according to the intel we’ve gotten. The territories will be divided up except those places the military has absolute control over. The military isn’t that big that they could take over such a large Sector on their own, after all. Forces like Hunter regiments would be able to enjoy at least ten years of occupation rights, and whether or not we would be able to develop, gather resources and control the territory we were given is up to ourselves.”

“Will the competition be fierce?” Cillin asked.

“There will definitely be competition. I’m guessing that the division of territories would be decided by drawing lots. Naturally, whoever gets the resourceful territory would face fierce competition, and vice versa. Therefore, the B Squadrons’ free missions are now cancelled. We will be staying behind for a longer period of time to protect the territories we were given, and we will have to watch out for hidden traps too. Preparations must be made for all these.”

“Mm, I know.”

This was why being a big force was good. The pies would be completely divided among the big forces of GAL, while the small forces couldn’t even get the crumbs.

Nata talked about the things that should be taken note of, wanting Cillin to be mentally prepared before he faced those challenges. From the fact that he advised Cillin and not Shawton showed just how much he valued Cillin. In Nata’s eyes, Cillin was far more important than Shawton. Both his strength and his network were much to Nata’s satisfaction.

The duo gradually approached the neutral territory as they walked. A flying car was waiting for Nata over there.

“Alright, let’s stop here for the day. I have a few more things to

do, so go busy yourself with your work.”

Cillin turned around and got ready to return after he watched Nata entering the flying car and departing.

It was at this moment he heard a loud laughter coming from a few people flying towards his direction on a hoverboard.

Cillin abruptly turned around and looked when he heard the laughter.

By the time he looked at them, he could only see their backs. They looked very average just like the youngsters he saw when he came over to this territory. He only heard the guy's chatter and laughter on the hoverboard for a brief moment, but it awakened a memory buried deep inside Cillin's head.

It was one of the two voices that had been troubling him as of late!

Was it 'Mist', or was it 'Merciless'?

Chapter 206: The Six Stars of Hunt, Lone Wolf Oskulos [Part 1]

Cillin had engraved the speaking duo's voices deeply in his mind after he got rid of the hypnosis' effects.

One of the two voices had hypnotised Cillin, and although he didn't know to which faction the person who flew by belonged to, it would appear that they weren't the person who hypnotised him. He only needed to listen to their voice to know that they hadn't interfered with his consciousness before. This meant that it was the other person who hypnotised him.

Be it 'Mist' or 'Merciless', the fact that these people were flying here and there overtly on hoverboards in the neutral area but were noticed by no one was very scary. They were the two greatest hitmen organizations in GAL after all.

This was the military's domain, and the satellites were all under their control. Cillin didn't dare to ask Czedow to hack into the system because there were too many experts in this place. The consequences would be absolutely horrific if he and Czedow were caught.

After reordering his thoughts, Cillin extended his hoverboard and flew back to the base. There were certain things that he needed to tell his squad as soon as possible.

As Nata had said earlier, the latecomers would be arriving in succession as the date of the summit meeting of all leaders approached. His squad was among the first batch of follow-up troops, and the second batch was scheduled to swap shifts with them at a certain time. However, not all but only a certain number of people were sent over to the planet from each B Squadron. They would later swap shifts so that everyone had a chance to recognise the planet and familiarise themselves with its terrain.

The group Cary and Xiaoshang were in was succeeded by the Seventh B Squadron. Unlike Cillin and the A Squadrons, they had to return to the planetoid among the belt of moons. However, Czedow didn't leave and continued to stay inside Cillin's room. He was paying attention to a certain things without anyone noticing.

Cillin had sought out Cary and the others when they were about to leave. He told them to get some training in once they had returned to the base.

“Is there something to do, LC?” Cary looked very eager.

“You can't go wrong being prepared,” Cillin might not have said it out directly, but this was more than enough.

“Alright, don't worry, I'll bring your message to the squad. We'll even supervise the white fatso closely too!”

“Tell the others to keep their heads up.”

In reality, Cillin knew that the situation was even more complicated and severe than what Nata had told him. If it was just a conflict of resources then it was still manageable, but what if the Aurelios were involved?

Fifty years ago, one Aurelio alone had dragged multiple forces into a deadly war, and now everyone was gathered at this one place. If the resonance between Aurelios was found out, then even if a fight were not to break out at this place immediately, the war that would ensue after they left the planet would be incomparable to the war from fifty years ago.

After Cary and the others had left, Cillin couldn't help but feel a little fidgety for some reason. He didn't know if it was because of the voice earlier or some other reason, but he just couldn't calm himself down. Originally, he was planning to research the parasite samples Nata had gifted him, but because he was not himself, he wasn't in the mood the research them at all. His mind just kept wandering off into a daydream. In the end, Cillin got on a

hoverboard and wandered around on his lonesome.

Inside the gathering areas determined by the military, a fully automated service points were evenly scattered in a small area. They served food, some basic necessities and even some minor entertainment. Some youngsters of different forces would be dragging their long-time friends they hadn't met for many years for a visit, which was why every service point was very crowded.

Cillin bought an iced fruit juice instead of alcohol from a small shop that sold beverages. His mind was sluggish and fidgety already, if he were to consume alcohol then the symptoms were only going to get worse. Right now, he needed to calm down and think over certain things.

The surroundings were noisy, but there were still some empty tables around the beverage shop. They were in the open. Cillin sat down before a small two seat dining table and drank his fruit juice underneath the sunshade, observing the people coming and going around him.

Youngsters wearing different badges gathered in groups of threes and fives, shoving, chatting and laughing playfully with each other. Cillin even saw a young thirteen or fourteen years old girl with a butterfly tattooed to her arm. Unlike the ghost butterfly tattoo Ghost Butterfly Seventeen possessed, the butterfly on her arm was a swallowtail butterfly. The patterns on the swallowtail butterfly's wings looked just like a tiger, and Cillin heard her companion calling her by the nickname 'Tiger Swallowtail'.

She was a member under Blue Butterfly's 'Swallowtail Butterfly'.

When Green Swallowtail passed her fruit juice over to Tiger Swallowtail, she noticed that Cillin was looking at them. She returned a glance before withdrawing it. Later on, she left together with Tiger Swallowtail.

Cillin continued to look at his surroundings after the duo from Blue Butterfly had left.

The icy cool temperature of the fruit juice hadn't calmed Cillin down. It wasn't because he was irritated by the surrounding noise, but because he couldn't shake the feeling that something was going to happen.

Cillin's finger tapped unconsciously against the glass holding his fruit juice. Then, his movements came to a sudden stop. Nearly every hair on his body was screaming of danger.

Cillin saw a person. A very, very average-looking person. Neither his appearance nor attire attracted the eye, but it was this person who caused Cillin to feel as if he was surrounded by icicles. He felt as if they would plunge into him and turn him into a porcupine if he were to show even a bit of unusual movements.

It's him. He's the reason I'm feeling fidgety.

After the initial fear and trepidation, Cillin's uneasiness subsided from his mind.

Step by step the man walked towards him. There was nothing special about him, and his steps weren't wide or hurried either. Cillin couldn't see any emotions hidden behind the man's pupils. Although that man looked like he was wearing a slightly casual smile at first glance, a second, closer look revealed nothing at all.

Cillin knew all too clearly what such eyes represented. If he wasn't a killer, then he was so unfeeling that he was almost completely numb to cruelty.

The rest of the people around Cillin weren't watched by that man, so they felt nothing out of the ordinary and continued to drink their beverages or engage in conversations. They had no idea that a personified Death was walking towards them. Only those who had seen his eyes would understand just how uncharacteristic and terrifying this man was.

Right now, Cillin felt as if he was trapped inside a snowland. His entire body was chilly, and he stood there tense and unmoving,

ready to make a desperate gamble for his life. Although Cillin knew very well that there was a 70% chance that this gamble would result in failure and death, he had no other choice against this person.

Cillin was even regulating his breathing carefully to ensure that he was always at his peak form, but under his gaze, Cillin knew just how wide the gap of strength was between the two of them.

Cillin had hidden many weapons inside his leaf-patterned ring such as guns and cannons, but he would be killed by this person before he could even get them out in the open. That was why Cillin had simply focused most of his attention on him and kept thinking for an escape route.

Surprisingly, that man had come to a sudden stop when he was just five meters in front of Cillin. Surprise seemed to color his eyes before he gave Cillin a smile that made him feel even colder. Thankfully though, the man withdrew his gaze and walked down a different direction.

It was a long time after that figure had vanished into the crowd that Cillin's tense muscles finally relaxed. His back was completely covered in cold sweat. When he drank a gulp of fruit juice, chills quite literally crawled throughout his heart.

“Do you know who he is?”

The sudden voice caught Cillin by surprise before he reacted and turned around to look at the person who had spoken up from behind him. He seriously didn't sense anyone behind him just now, but maybe it was thanks to this person that that man hadn't tried to attack him, had he? Cillin was sure that the man was targeting him earlier. It was only later that he changed his mind.

“Hunting Blade Jiada? Were you invited to the summit meeting too?” Cillin asked.

Chapter 206: The Six Stars of Hunt, Lone Wolf Oskulos [Part 2]

The person standing behind Cillin was none other than the Hunting Blade, Jiada. As usual, he looked like a harmless academic.

Jiada sat on the opposite side of Cillin while holding a fruit juice himself and smiled, “Yeah, but I’m not like you and Vanguard. I am a lone wolf after all, so the only reason they found me was to sign a contract for their peace of mind. I won’t be getting any zones for myself, but I will be getting a contract sum.”

Cillin understood the meaning of mulling over his answer for a moment. Once he had figured it out, he went back to the original line of questioning.

“Who is that person just now?”

“That person...” Jiada shook the fruit juice in his glass once, “Back then he had beaten me within an inch of my life, and I had to recuperate in a prison for a dozen or so years before I finally recovered.”

Cillin nearly spat out the fruit juice in his mouth. So that was why Jiada was sitting in a prison in Sector S. Admittedly that place was a pretty good place to recuperate and conceal one’s tracks.

Still, a person who could hurt the Hunting Blade Jiada...

Cillin opened his eyes wide and made a hand gesture that meant ‘six’, followed by a ‘one’.

“Yes, he is the Lone Wolf of the Six Stars of Hunt.”

As he thought, that person was at that level.

“Excluding those four of the great four, there are two Lone Wolves within the Six Stars of Hunt. You know that, right?”

Cillin nodded, “But I have no idea who they are.”

It was true Cillin had no way of seeing those people who stood at the apex at his current level and status. But why had that person shown up then? Cillin didn't believe that he had offended him before.

“Out of the two Lone Wolves, the only female among the Six Stars of Hunt, Xin Pressa is a tolerable person. She's rather lazy and independent, and she acts completely based on her own preferences. But she wasn't bloodthirsty at least. Strictly speaking she's not a lone wolf either.”

Cillin raised his eyebrows. He didn't think that there was a female among the Six Stars of Hunt.

“As for the other person, he's the guy you met just now. To Oskulos, taking lives is as ordinary as eating, and he is known to be the loneliest and cruelest out of all lone wolves. Everyone he knew were people who had survived his blade. He would only acknowledge those who had survived his blade. As for those he is determined to kill, there literally is no one left alive except other Star Rank Hunters and Heavenly Edict Generals.”

“So you...”

“He took a sudden interest in me back then, but it wasn't at the level where he was determined to kill me. However,” Jiada cast a glance at Cillin, “I'm not saying this to depress you, but knowing Oskulos I'm pretty sure that he has his eyes on you.”

Cillin caught a different meaning from Jiada's words, “Set his eyes? Does that mean he isn't determined to kill me?”

“That depends if there's anything worth his attention in your possession. That guy couldn't care to act unless a direct interest was involved. Of course, I'm not excluding the possibility that he suddenly felt like murdering someone for his entertainment.”

The Aurelio starmap pieces!

But there was no resonance between the starmap pieces just now, was there?

Jiada saw through Cillin and said, “There’s no need for doubt, it is exactly what you were thinking. Some people are capable of hiding its resonance and attraction.”

Cillin frowned. What he meant was that Oskulos only targeted those people who had no way of hiding the resonance and attraction of the Aurelio starmap pieces, and he happened to be one of those people.

“Do you want to know how to hide them?” Jiada asked with a faint smile on his face.

Cillin looked at Jiada. The lone wolf smile looked cunning no matter how he looked at it.

“Just tell me your request, senior.”

“I like talking with smart people,” Jiada finished the fruit juice in his glass, but he continued to play with the empty glass in his hand, “I can tell you the way to hide them, and I can even give you an Aurelio starmap piece. Of course it’s not the starmap piece that you need, but it is the starmap piece that the Andrea Family needs.”

Cillin looked down and said nothing. He waited quietly for Jiada’s next words.

Seeing no reaction from Cillin, Jiada continued, “As for my demands, well it’s not anything big really. When you’ve fully collected all the Aurelio starmap pieces in your possession and activated it, I would like to accompany you along the way. Of course, I guarantee that I won’t cause you any hold-ups. I may even be able to help you a little.”

“Senior Jiada, forget whether I could even obtain the starmap pieces, how did you know which type of Aurelio I possess in the first place? Out of the five Aurelios, only 2 of them had their

whereabouts confirmed. Excluding the one held by the Andrea Family, there are still two Aurelios that remain unknown.”

“I know. I know exactly which type of Aurelio you possess, and those who sought for it are no one you can fight against. Oskulos, ‘Grim Reaper’ and a few others are all seeking for your Aurelio.”

Surprise entered Cillin’s heart. Even ‘Grim Reaper’ was seeking for his Aurelio starmap pieces! However, it would seem that Jiada didn’t know that he was in fact in possession of two Aurelios.

“What is the Aurelio I’m holding?” Cillin asked.

“It is the one that represents rebirth in ‘Genesis Mythos’, ‘Shortcut’.”

“Shortcut?”

“I heard from a fellow from ‘Grim Reaper’ once that ‘Shortcut’ may be a warp point in space. It is a warp point that connects to a star system beyond GAL.”

This news was without a doubt a great shock to Cillin. Since the space environment around GAL’s star system was a little unusual, some of the space technologies GAL Research Institute had tested didn’t work in that environment. That was why no one from beyond GAL’s star system had managed to come in, and vice versa. Even the great four’s men were only able to surpass the perimeter of the star system by a little, but not fully escape the star system.

If the military heard about this then not even Knight or Mo Heng could save Cillin. Should he pass this to Vanguard now?

“I would advise you to keep it on your person for now. Vanguard isn’t completely united on the inside either, so you best not show it easily unless Ji Feng himself had given you his word.”

Cillin agreed with Jiada’s words. In that case, the best timing to turn in the starmap piece would be once he enters the A Squadron. But before that, “How can I ensure that I won’t get killed by ‘Grim Reaper’ or this Star Rank Hunter, Oskulos?”

“You don’t need to worry about ‘Grim Reaper’. Their current objective isn’t to snatch the starmap pieces but to find them. Your highest priority right now is to escape from Oskulos’ butcher knife.”

“That’s easy to say. And how am I supposed to escape? Run to my captain Ji Feng?”

“If you are to run to Ji Feng that there’s no doubt that Oskulos and Ji Feng will have to clash head on against each other. At the current situation, more than half of Vanguard’s people would die by the end of that conflict.”

Cillin fell silent.

“Don’t worry, I’ve divined your future for you. The road ahead of you will be rough, but you will survive in the end.”

Cillin was both frustrated and amused, “I didn’t know you believe this kind of things, senior Jiada.”

Jiada simply answered indifferently, “There are something that you just have to believe.”

There are some things that you just have to believe... Cillin recalled Tico’s rabbit.

“Alright, I’ll tell you the way to hide the pieces’ reactions right now. As for ‘Grim Reaper’, I’ll talk to them for a bit. They won’t be hounding you for now.”

Jiada and Cillin might be chatting to each other, but no one around them were able to hear their conversation at all. Even if there was a bug right next to them, it wouldn’t have caught any voices whatsoever.

An hour later, Cillin returned to Vanguard’s territory on his hoverboard in exhaustion. Once he got back to his room, he lay on his bed and fell asleep right away.

The way Jiada told him was just too mentally exhausting. He had

used up more than half of his mental power just practicing the technique. That being said, Cillin could afford this sum of mental power after he was well practiced with the technique despite its cost.

No wonder all those people who had obtained a starmap piece without being detected were all elites. There was no way the average Rank A human being could afford such a cost of mental power.

“Hey, Cillin. What’s wrong?” The gray cat jumped onto Cillin from the ‘cat nest’ it made from the pile of fish biscuits.

“Get down. You stink of fishes.”

The gray cat stepped on Cillin several times to vent its emotions before it finally jumped back to its nest. As it thought, a nest made of fish biscuits was just plain wonderful. The sweet dreams just wouldn’t stop coming.

Lying on the bed, Cillin cast a glance at the gray cat that had slipped back into the fish biscuits before he began pondering a plan. The gray cat was obviously going to be a powerful helper in dealing with Oskulos, but there was no telling if it would be enough.

As Jiada had told him, ‘Grim Reaper’ had not sought him out, and the summit meeting of leaders officially kicked off a while later.

After five full days, the summit meeting finally ended. No one knew exactly how many people had participated in the summit meeting or how it went except the attendees themselves. The results of the distribution of Sector Z had been announced, however.

No one could say if an unwritten rule was in play, but the territory Ji Feng obtained happened to include the planets where they excavated the special energy ores. Overall, the territory Ji

Feng was given was pretty good.

Satisfaction and dissatisfaction go hand in hand, but the military didn't care what the dissatisfied people thought, of course. The draw was a matter of luck, and the only choice those people had was to suck it up. The military couldn't care less about their inevitable wars as long as they didn't exceed the bottom line.

After Cillin left the planet and returned to the planetoid among the moons with the others, he packed his stuff and departed towards their allocated territory.

The A Squadrons' starships took the vanguard while the rest of the B Squadrons followed behind them. The formation looked mighty impressive; far more impressive than when the Sixth B Squadron had acted alone. Now this fleet and formation were the true representation of one of the great four Hunter regiments.

At the same time, on an insignificant starship, Jiada conversed with the person opposite to him.

“Are you sure that kid will succeed?” The person opposite to him asked.

“He will. Let's just wait and see.”

Chapter 207: Searching for A Temporary Base, A Strange Planet [Part 1]

Inside the Sixth B Squadron's starship, Cillin stared at a string of characters displayed his communicator's panel. Once these characters were decoded, it revealed a message transmitted by the Hunter Blade Jiada.

The main reason Jiada sent him this message was to tell him that 'Grim Reaper' wouldn't be sending anyone after Cillin, and that he didn't need to worry about them for now. Moreover, he also informed him that Oskulos was currently being held up by some people in the military. After all, Oskulos was an infamous star rank lone wolf in GAL, and it was only natural that anyone who knew about him would be on their highest guard around him. That was why Cillin was safe for now, and had some time to prepare himself.

Cillin had always been rather curious about the Hunting Blade Jiada. He was called the lone wolf second only to Oskulos, and although Jiada claimed that he had only escaped to Sector Z's prison to recuperate after he was hurt by Oskulos, Cillin thought that he was only telling him a half-truth.

Cillin believed that Jiada was hurt by Oskulos, but he was not making any conclusions as to whether Jiada had escaped to Sector Z to recuperate or for something else.

The fact that he was able to survive Oskulos' wrath proved just how strong he was, but Cillin hadn't forgotten to consider another point. Oskulos might have been able to hurt Jiada back then, but what about now?

Jiada gave Cillin an extremely strange feeling. He was someone he didn't understand. Judging from Oskulos' temperament, he shouldn't have changed his mind since he set his eyes on Cillin. So why did he?

The reason was ultimately Jiada.

Just how much stronger had Jiada become after so many years?

Excluding individual strength, the fact that Jiada could speak to ‘Grim Reaper’ and influence them was an astounding achievement already. Adding that to his apparent ability to divine, a shroud of mystery had been cast around Jiada whether or not he was telling he the truth.

“Wah—— we’re here!”

Cary’s loud voice pulled Cillin back from his thoughts.

Everyone looked excited as they stared at the images being displayed on the screen.

This place was the territory Vanguard was allocated according to the star map.

Sector Z-J, also known as Sector Z Zone J. For the next ten years, this place would be a resource excavation area for Vanguard.

The squadrons first analysed the general situation of this territory and listed all the states of its planets. This was to make their future operations more convenient.

After ten days of data gathering, the A Squadron confirmed a relatively big planet as a Rank A planet. They called it planet Z-J100.

Unless a special reason or two were to show up, planet Z-J100 would be treated as the main planet of Zone J be it now or when it was turned to the military after the confirmation.

Once the key planet had been confirmed, the ten B Squadrons continuously explored the area. With planet Z-J100 and the heart of the zone as the starting point, they took over a planet each in Zone J as their temporary base and spread out towards ten different directions, exploring on their own.

It wasn’t as easy as it seemed to find a suitable planet to use as a

temporary base for a B Squadron. While it would of course be nice to find a Rank A planet, they could only seek out a Rank B planet instead if none were found. However, Rank A planets were incredibly few to begin with when considering Sector Z's space environment, and the best planet they found had already been selected as a key planet.

Since Sector Z-J's communication network had been launched in full, and Sector Z's environment had become milder than it normally was, the B Squadrons were able to communicate relatively frequently with each other. At the very least, everyone knew who had found a suitable planet, and who hadn't yet made any progress.

As the exploration continued, more news that the B Squadrons had found their respective planets came through the communication channel in succession, and among them two lucky bastards managed to stumble upon a Rank A planet each. Although the planets weren't huge, it was enough to cause envy among other B Squadrons.

Everyone in the Sixth B Squadron had begun to feel impatient. This was because they still hadn't confirmed the planet they would make their temporary base.

Not only were there no Rank A planets at all, they found only 3 Rank B planets during their exploration. Worse, the environment of these planets alone took them off the list of potentials before they even started looking at the planets' sizes. They were simply not suitable to build a temporary base on.

Rank C planets were even less of a concern. Of course there were more Rank C planets out there, but who in their right minds would build a temporary base on a Rank C planet?

If this was in the past, then the squad would rush to a Rank C planet and survey it on foot like they were on drugs. But unfortunately no one was in the mood to check out a Rank C

planet. Right now, their highest priority was to find a suitable planet to build their temporary base on, and those planetary inspections could only start after the base was built. How could they possibly be in the mood to perform an inspection when they hadn't even had a place to stay in and knowing that the B Squadrons who had started their temporary bases were watching them like they were circus animals?

At the main starship, Shawton and the technicians were busy checking out the scan results from the probes they had sent to all directions. Unfortunately, the surrounding planets were either all at planetary habitability Rank C or Rank D.

The results of the analysis were also transmitted simultaneously to all squads after they were processed by the technicians. This was so that everyone could have a grasp of the situation.

Cary read through the scan results Shawton had sent them from the main starship with a miserable look and said discontentedly, "Don't you guys think that our luck is running a little low this time? If not, why would we have found only those two stunted Rank B planets?"

Eudy threw a sideways glance at him and said, "It's amazing that they managed to evolve into Rank B planets with such environment in the first place."

Cary let out a hmp and said, "Do we seriously need to go back to those stunted planets and build our temporary base on one of them? I don't wanna, that's so embarrassing..."

Beaver looked at the data summary they had collected for the past few days in his hands and said helplessly, "What can you do? Not every B Squadron can be a lucky bastard."

Cary turned his head and stared at the white fatso rolling around at the corner of the room with Dough, "Snowball, come over and let me pinch you for my mental health, will you?"

Snowball immediately rolled away the second he heard Cary's request. He ignored him no matter how Cary cried out to him.

"F*ck, this white fatso is growing less and less lovable!"

"Cary, Snowball is still lovable. You can't see it because you're having your period," Eudy played with Dough's tail for a bit after it had jumped onto his knees.

"You're the one who's having his period!"

Beaver shook his head and ignored their arguments. He looked back at the analysis data and stared at the scenery being displayed on the big monitor. They were currently passing by a Rank C planet, but although it had a passable amount of surface area, it really wasn't suitable to stay in according to the data transmitted back by the probes. After all, just how good a planet that was categorised as rank C could get in the first place?

There were plenty of people who shared Beaver's thoughts, which was why the Sixth B Squadron's starships showed no sign of stopping.

However, when they got closer and closer to the Rank C planet, the gray cat that was napping on Cillin's shoulders suddenly opened its eyes and straightened its ears.

"What is it?" Cillin asked when he saw the gray cat's reactions.

"We have a situation. That planet... something's not right with that planet!" The gray cat stared at the planet that was identified as a rank C on the big monitor.

"What's wrong with it?"

The gray cat didn't say anything, but Cillin could see its pupils expanding and contracting into vertical slits. If this planet could cause such a great interest in the gray cat then...

Cillin immediately called Shawton's communicator.

"Commander, we have a situation. Please stop the starships for a

moment.”

“What is it?” Shawton asked.

Shawton was feeling pretty bad himself right now. The Sixth B Squadron hadn't made any progress until now, and the person who drew the straws to decide which direction the B Squadrons were headed to was him. He was feeling quite a lot of pressure too since they hadn't found a single good planet along this direction to the point that even the squadron's personnel were complaining.

“There's a little something. I would like to go to that Rank C planet and take a look,” Cillin immediately voiced out his thoughts.

Shawton frowned and fell silent for a moment. Then, he said, “Alright, how much support do you need?”

“I'm fine. I'll just bring Wheeze and Czedow with me.”

“You have three hours. Come back immediately if you found nothing.”

“Okay.”

Chapter 207: Searching for A Temporary Base, A Strange Planet [Part 2]

Some technicians were complaining after Shawton had ordered the starship to stop, but the commander said nothing in return. Since he chose to trust in Cillin, then he would bear all the pressure that came with it.

Cary wanted to follow Cillin, but was turned down by him.

The air on this planet was extremely thin, resulting in high intensities of cosmic rays. The composition of the air itself was harmful to the human body, which was why Cillin had walked out of the spaceplane while wearing a protective suit.

Their landing spot was chosen by the gray cat.

The gray cat and Czedow looked a lot more at ease than he was, however. The gray cat had kept running towards a certain direction ever since they got out of the spaceplane, and while Czedow hadn't done anything while he was on the starship, he too came alive as his eyes flashed with actual light again and again. It was obvious that he was performing a deep scan of the area.

The place looked like a plain with the occasional small hills. Tall mountains were absent from this place.

The gray cat looked incredibly excited. It wasn't an excitement towards food, but an excitement towards something interesting.

Here, the average scanners and instruments all failed to work. The life signature monitor Cillin wore around his wrist showed no life around the area; not even their own. It was obvious that the problem lay with this place.

Luckily, Czedow was able to operate as normal. They were able to transmit some footages back to the starship through him. Although the video transmissions were intermittent, it was at least something for those on the starship to check out.

Cillin's running footsteps came to a stop as he looked around him. He could feel that many pairs of eyes were looking at them.

"There are some alien life with a greater degree of evolution than norm around us!" Czedow said.

"You're right. But I wonder what they are," Cillin cast a glance at his surroundings once before he continued to chase after the gray cat.

On the starship, Cillin and Czedow's words struck a chord of disbelief in Shawton and the technicians. That was because their scanners hadn't detected any highly evolved organisms on this planet. There were some microorganisms, but they were mostly present at the extreme environments of the planet. The scanners had also captured some unicellular organisms and some plants that were mostly categorised as lower life forms.

The gray cat was obviously not concerned by the hidden eyes that were staring at them. Instead, it lowered its head and sniffed here and there, looking very pleased about something.

"There's an electrical facility beneath this place. It's very huge," the gray cat turned around and said excitedly to Cillin.

"How big is it?" Cillin asked.

"It stretches from where we landed, to where we passed through, to the ground we're standing on and much, much further ahead. It probably takes up one fifth of the entire surface of the planet!"

Cillin narrowed his eyes. Although he had detected some abnormalities since he arrived on this planet, his senses weren't as acute as the gray cat's. He also didn't know what those feelings meant, and couldn't estimate to how far they spanned. He was seriously surprised when he heard the gray cat's answer. Now, even he could vaguely sense that someone seemed to have arrived on this planet since a very, very long time ago and made some pretty huge changes to it, leaving something behind.

Shawton had also heard the gray cat's words, and the revelation shocked him a lot too. He was confident in the gray cat's judgment, so that meant that something on this planet was disrupting their scanners. Therefore, all the data they'd gotten from the probes were automatically useless.

"Cillin, standby while I send someone..."

Shawton hadn't yet finished his words when some black figures appeared on the screen.

Cillin brought out his gun as he stared at the figures that appeared from behind those small hills.

"What... what are those things?" A technician gulped and asked.

Since Cillin was currently on the dark side of the planet, they couldn't see exactly what those things were from the footage Czedow was transmitting back to the starship. They could only see a vague outline that was shaped like a standing scorpion more than two meters tall. At any rate, they were definitely not human.

"Attention to all squads to reinforce LC Cillin immediately!"

This planet was extremely strange, and Shawton was feeling goosebumps on his back right now. He was already regretting his decision to send Cillin to the planet.

Their numbers grew gradually, and they surrounded Cillin, Czedow and the gray cat inside the circle. Moreover, the circle was getting smaller and smaller.

Cillin managed to see these creatures clearly with the help of dim starlights. They had triangular mouths and several pairs of fangs, three pairs of nippers around their stomach, and three pairs of large feet with sharp claws that were nailed to the ground. They also had a raised tail behind them.

The surrounding temperature seemed to have dropped quite a bit as these creatures appeared.

The gray cat still wasn't looking at those creatures. Instead, it circled around the area again and again with its thoughts unknown to everyone.

“Wheeze, we have a situation. What do we do?” Cillin asked softly.

These creatures were absolutely not easy to deal with, not to mention that they held a great advantage in numbers. The spaceplane was also some distance away from them. Overall, the situation was extremely disadvantageous to Cillin, and since he was the only real human being at this place, he had also become the primary target. He felt like he could blow his top seeing how calm the gray cat was even now.

The gray cat only flicked its ears in response to Cillin's low growls. Then, it stopped walking in circles as a series of green characters flashed swiftly across its eyes.

Cillin and Czedow stood back-to-back, ready to deal with the creatures that were taking step after step towards them.

“Eeyah——”

A sharp cry cut through the night's silence.

The cry was let out by the creature standing at the frontmost of the group. It was probably these creatures' leader.

Once the sharp cry was over, the creatures finally quickened their footsteps and charged towards Cillin.

The shoulder cannon, wrist blade and combination laser guns were all prepped for combat.

But just as Cillin was about to engage the creatures in battle, they suddenly came to a stop and let out many low cries of unknown meaning.

“Eeyah——”

There was another cry, but its pitch was obviously different from

just now.

Once the cry was ‘over’, the creatures that had come within seven or eight meters away from Cillin and Czedow stopped their charge, and slowly backed away. Meanwhile, the reinforcements Shawton had sent out were also gradually appearing from the sky.

“Support, don’t come over yet, and don’t open fire!” Cillin said urgently.

Just now, the gray cat had sent him a message.

The thing hidden underground was about to come out.

After receiving Cillin’s instructions, the fighters and spaceplanes hovering above Cillin group’s head didn’t descend immediately. They had made up their minds to stay since they were here already, and to open fire the second those creatures made an unexpected move.

“LC, what’s going...”

Cary’s eyes turned blank before he could finish his words. Everyone else’s reactions were more or less the same when they saw what was happening below.

Rumble——

The ground started to shake.

Those creatures went away and vanished in just a short amount of time just as quickly as they came in secrecy.

Cillin and Czedow stood unmoving at their respective spots. The gray cat had told them that there wouldn’t be any danger here.

As the ground shook, the dust and debris covering the small hills were suddenly shaken off their soil. Then, they lit up and cast away the night’s darkness that had enshrouded the area.

Everyone on the starships was shocked by this scene. The lights that shone through the darkness were extremely obvious through the planet’s thin atmosphere, and it was clearly visible even from

space.

What did this mean?

This meant that someone had come here before and built these facilities! Judging from the current situation, they had been around for quite some time now.

Who on earth had built these things?

And was the creator of these facilities related to that big planet that was put under the military's control right now?

The technicians on the starships were all excited beyond words when they thought about this.

The shaking of the earth didn't stop after those protrusions that looked like little hills had lit up. It continued until a building shaped like a quarter-circle had risen from the ground.

The building was about 15 meters long. After it had risen completely, the gray cat stared at the building as green characters flashed across his eyes.

Czedow disconnected the video transmission to the starships and began staring and analysing the building before him.

The gray cat was performing a decode, and Czedow was learning how to do the same. It was a rare opportunity to be able to learn from a cyborg.

Cillin stared at the building, knowing that the gray cat's so called 'decode' was it 'talking' with the gigantic machine underground. Although Cillin himself couldn't 'talk' like this, he could 'see' these machine languages and the interaction between the building and the gray cat. He didn't understand what they mean, however. He could only 'see' some of them.

Two minutes later, the side of the quarter-circle building that was facing Cillin's group opened up and transformed into a passage.

“Let’s go. Everyone else except the three of us should stay outside. No trespassers will be left alive,” The gray cat walked into the building with a raised tail after it was done saying this.

Cillin and Czedow followed the gray cat into the building.

The gray cat’s words were obviously directed at the rest of the people on the Sixth B Squadron. Its words stunned all the people who had just gotten off the spaceplane and wanted to walk in.

“Commander?” A squad member asked Shawton direction.

“Let’s wait around the area and do what it says. Cillin will send news to us later,” Shawton said.

“Alright. I guess that’s all we can do for now.”

“Let’s take this time and investigate the surrounding environment and the hideouts of those creatures just now. A second group of people will be arriving on the planet later.”

After he was done making some arrangements, Shawton got on a spaceplane and arrived on this planet that was just categorised as a Rank C planet moments ago along with the second group of people.

Things didn’t seem to be going the way they thought earlier.

Chapter 208: The Underground Base That Saw Daylight Once More [Part 1]

Cillin and Czedow followed the gray cat into the building.

The building had interior lightning, and the kanos lit up automatically when Cillin and his group entered a particular area. They would turn off only when the group had completely left an area.

It was noticeable that the original master of this place was a somewhat conservative person when it came to power.

They saw an elevator not long after they entered the building. It opened automatically when they got near it, and the gray cat took the lead and walked inside. Hesitating no longer, Cillin walked into the elevator as well.

The elevator closed and began to descend into the ground.

When Cillin's group had gotten on the elevator and descended underground, the lights inside the building went out completely. The 'hills' outside were the only things that were still lit. The rustling sound of wind blowing softly was the only thing that could be heard other than the sounds caused by the Sixth B Squadron's spaceplanes and fighters.

Shawton and everyone were extremely puzzled. If they hadn't seen those creatures with their own eyes earlier, they wouldn't have suspected that there were higher lifeforms in this place at all. Despite searching across many places, they weren't able to find even the shadow of those creatures. It was as if they had all evaporated into thin air.

"They can't have gone underground, have they?" A technician said.

"That's very likely, but the probes can't scan anything underground. The scan data just doesn't match reality no matter

what,” Another technician stared at a scanned picture on the scanner and looked a little distressed.

“If these instruments are useless, then we can only search for them manually.”

For now, Shawton didn't allow his squad members to head down underground. There were unknown dangers lying in wait underground, and the environment of this planet was extremely harmful to the human body. It was inevitable that one would encounter many inconveniences when clad in a protective suit, and it would be a disaster if those creatures had come out and attacked them at once. That was why Shawton couldn't send his men in while the risk was very real. He could only hope that Cillin would send him news as soon as possible.

Cillin followed the gray cat and exited the elevator. There seemed to be a multiple passages leading down different directions, and this elevator was the intersection point of all of them.

The gray cat had a clear goal that it was headed to since they entered the elevator, and it didn't hesitate after it exited the elevator. It didn't try to explain too much to Cillin and simply ran down a certain direction singlemindedly.

Looking at the construction of these passages, Cillin didn't think that they were the work of a super civilization. While these passages were built rather firm and solid, technology wise they actually didn't compare to some bases in GAL.

While they were walking through the twisting corridors of the building, Cillin saw some single rooms, meeting rooms, a dining hall and an auditorium. They never stopped by these facilities, however. Right now, the gray cat was running faster and faster, and its joy seemed to be growing in proportion too. It yelled loudly while running.

“Sigma! I'm here! Show yourself and welcome me, quickly!”

Sigma?

Who's Sigma?

Cillin stared to the front but saw neither humans nor animals.

“Whebeze, I'm so happy to meet you.”

Then, an excited voice rang as an opening suddenly appeared from the wall of a corridor ahead of them. A robot walked out of the opening.

If this was outside Sector Z, if this robot were to appear on the streets of the planets of the ten trade Sectors, it would definitely be made fun of and called antiqued, outmoded, ugly and outdated. However, this robot gave Cillin a special feeling.

If he were to look at the robot's appearance alone, it was undeniable that it was antiqued in a way that possessed neither the human appearance nor the fluid movements of Czedow. In fact, this robot didn't have a pair of legs; its cylindrical body supported by a semicircular object that could roll towards any direction. Its head was also a semicircular object that was connected to its body. A blue strip swept here and there, and Cillin reckoned that it was the robot's 'eyes'.

So what exactly made this robot named Sigma who looked just like a roly-poly toy so special?

It was his tone, his movements, and the changes in the blue strip.

The way it spoke naturally was just like how a human would speak. The blue light took on a wavy pattern that was something like a human's smile when it said that it was very happy to see the gray cat. Also... this suspicious fellow was waving its hands up and down just like a fledgling that was flapping its wings while running when it rolled over!

The gray cat was so happy that it ran circles around Sigma, and Sigma kept spinning on the same spot until Cillin felt a little dizzy in the head.

“Say, can you both please stop for a moment?” Cillin said.

Sigma looked up at Cillin and Czedow behind him, and it let out a ‘wah!’ exclamation before it rolled circles around them while waving its hands.

“It’s a familiar scent!” Sigma was so happy that the blue strip on its face turned into many big wavy patterns.

Cillin’s mouth twitched. This robot... seemed like it possessed the personality of a child.

It was obvious that the gray cat had been communicating with this robot all this time.

After rolling around Cillin and Czedow for a bit, Sigma stopped in front of Cillin as the blue strip took the shape of a question mark.

“You’re human? But why do you smell just like us?” Sigma said.

The gray cat jumped up to Sigma’s semicircular head, stood steadily and briefly introduced both Cillin and Czedow to Sigma. It added, “Cillin’s an anomaly, but there’s no need to think too much about it. Just categorise him as one of us.”

“Alright,” Sigma did as told and categorised the gray cat, Cillin and Czedow as one of its own. Then, it told Cillin, “The air composition and environment of this place have been changed, so you can take off your protective suit now, Cillin.”

Czedow didn’t raise an objection against Sigma’s words. He had gauged the temperature, air pressure, humidity, air composition and so on of the current environment and found it very suitable for human life, so there was no need to put on a protective suit any longer.

This change had started only after Sigma had categorized Cillin as ‘one of its own’. The environment was changed completely in just a matter of few seconds.

Cillin took off his protective suit and took in a breath. The oxygen and carbon dioxide level of the air were pretty great and very much in line with the standard ratio.

“Come, come! I’ll take you on a tour around this base!” Sigma walked, no, rolled forwards while waving its hands.

Cillin was very curious about the principle behind its movements, but he figured it out when he saw Sigma climbing up a set of stairs by changing the exposed part of its semicircular bottom to the same shape as the stairs. That semicircular bottom that was its legs could switch forms at will.

The underground base was incredibly huge; Cillin knew this from the gray cat’s description earlier. But unlike other bases, the facilities here were incredibly complete. It was like a perfect underground world that even had a large manmade lake of its own.

“Sigma, have you always been alone in this place?” Cillin asked.

Sigma’s voice was suddenly filled with sadness, “Yeah, it was so boring that I had no choice but to enter hibernation mode. I won’t wake up unless an outsider shows up.”

“What about those cre... non-humans outside? We’ve seen them before we came here.”

“Oh, you mean the Lovages? They’re guardian beasts who guarded this place. They would hibernate when there are no outsiders on this planet, and they would wake to attack all outsiders who invade this planet.”

“Lovage?” Cillin was a little confused. He had never heard of this term, and he didn’t know what it meant either.

“Lovage means ‘Knight’. The reason Master created them is so that they would protect this base just like loyal knights.”

“Which Sector’s language is that?” Cillin asked.”

“It’s not from here. It’s a language from my home,” Sigma

sounded even sadder now.

“You’re not a robot from GAL?”

“No, I’m not.”

“What about your master? Is he not from GAL too?”

“My Master is. He’s the one who brought me to this place. Later on, Master and everyone else left and told me to stay behind and protect this place,” The blue strip on Sigma’s face turned into a pair of flowing tears immediately as he said in a crying tone, “I was left behind by the Little Miss and everyone. I really hated to part with them, but Master said that I can only leave the base and search for them if ‘Shortcut’ activates once more...”

Chapter 208: The Underground Base That Saw Daylight Once More [Part 2]

‘Shortcut’!

Aurelio’s Cage, the ‘Shortcut’ that represented rebirth! It was the two starmap pieces that Cillin possessed right now.

As expected, Sigma’s master was the person who left behind the Aurelio.

Sigma was like a defenseless child who answered every question that Cillin had thrown at it. The main reason though was because it had categorised Cillin, the gray cat and Czedow as one of its kind. That was why it had nearly answered everything that Cillin asked it.

It didn’t take long before Cillin had figured out nearly all the information he wanted to know.

“Cillin, Sigma said that we can use this base!” The gray cat proudly jumped on top of Cillin’s shoulders and said.

“Really?” Cillin looked at Sigma.

“Yeah, Master said that anyone that I acknowledge is allowed to use this base, and I’ve acknowledged you!”

Sigma’s tone sounded more like excitement for having found a playmate.

“Won’t your master come back later?”

“They won’t, and even if they did they won’t be using this base. This used to be my master’s old base. They’ve relocated later on.”

Apparently, the new base Sigma’s master had relocated to was situated at the main planet the military was guarding right now.

“So do you want the base? Do you?”

The blue strip on Sigma’s face turned into two big circles

immediately as it stared expectantly at Cillin.

Of course he wanted it! This base would save the Sixth B Squadron countless energy and money! Plus, the way Sigma described it this base had been in a halt since the departure of its original master.

“Unfortunately, this planet’s environment is unsuitable for humans. We can’t just stay underground all the time, can we?” Cillin said a little regretfully after a moment’s consideration.

“This is nothing!” Sigma circled around Cillin ones and showed him a finger, “First, this base is originally established on the surface. I’ve only made the base go underground because I was going to sleep later on.”

“You mean your master had built the base on the surface at the beginning, and you singlehandedly cause the entire base to ‘sink’ underground? How on earth did you manage to complete such a big project yourself?”

“I was bored. There was nothing to do anyway,” Sigma said.

To Cillin, Sigma’s simple words were the summary of a long, long journey of hardships. A lonely robot left behind, and an old base. It was a very inspiring story.

The blue strip on Sigma’s face turned wavy again as it continued with a cheery tone and extended another finger, “Second, this planet had undergone a very, very long period of transformation, and now its environment can be adjusted. One of the reason this base was so big was because it could affect the entire planet’s environment and air composition.”

“It can be changed?” Cillin asked in surprise.

“Of course. The atmosphere, the air composition and the air pressure can all be transformed in just an hour’s time. That is how it used to be in the past. Everyone used to run around however they liked before master had left this place,” The blue strip on

Sigma's face moved upwards, seemingly recalling the past.

Cillin rubbed his chin and beckoned Sigma to come closer with a finger.

“What is it? Have you come to a decision?” Sigma immediately went closer.

Cillin discussed a few things with Sigma and told him not to reveal the ‘Shortcut’ for now. Once they were done matching their lies and everything, Cillin finally let Sigma adjust the base.

Outside the planet, Shawton was staring at the monitoring displaying the planet's surface inside a spaceplane.

This planet was desolate and completely void of human contact. There was water and some low level plants on the planet, but they did little to add to the liveliness of this entire planet. Moreover, their numbers were so sparse that they looked more pitiful than anything else.

Cillin radioed in while Shawton was thinking about something in his mind.

“How did it go?” Shawton asked.

“Everyone will know very soon, commander. Please tell everyone to get away from the ground and stay at a higher altitude for now. You'll see what we've obtained from this trip in two minutes time.”

Cillin's words were very decisive, and although Shawton had his own doubts he temporarily suppressed them and told everyone to get up to the air. Once everything was ready, everyone including those aboard the starships outside the planet all stared at the monitor without blinking an eye.

The little hills on the planet's surface grew brighter and brighter, and suddenly the earth began to shake a lot harder than the first time. The rocks, sand and soil on its surface were all shaken off.

Then, the base that was hidden underground and had been left behind for more than a thousand years finally saw daylight once more.

Every Sixth B Squadron member were dumbstruck as they saw the grandiose construction that just stretched on and on climbing up to the surface.

As the base slowly climbed to surface level, the surrounding areas became enshrouded by sand and soil. However, at a height where the sand and soil couldn't reach, the taller buildings of the base looked like a leader that was guiding the rest of its parts to the surface.

An hour later, when the sand clouds had gradually faded and the lights of the little hills illuminated the entire area, everyone finally saw the full appearance of this gigantic underground object. It looked like an earth dragon that had just emerged from the ground, and a fort that was as stately as a military base.

“Ci... Cillin...” Shawton's voice sounded a little raw. He seemed to understand what was going to happen next even as his heartbeat quickened without him knowing it. For a time, he wasn't able to control himself.

“Wait, commander. Wait just a little while longer.”

Is there something else?!

Almost everyone was staring at the planet's surface while holding their breaths.

A minute passed by, and nothing happened.

Five minutes passed by, but still nothing happened.

Ten minutes passed by, twenty minutes passed by...

“Cillin, what is it? We're not see anything from up here,” Shawton finally couldn't hold himself from asking. It was rare to see this Sixth B Squadron commander this impatient.

Before Cillin could answer, some of the technicians on the starship told Shawton the truth in extreme excitement, “Commander, the planet’s atmosphere had become thicker! According to the observation data we’ve collected from the returning probes, the planet is transforming from a Rank C planet to a Rank B planet!”

It meant that this giant that had emerged from the ground could transform the planet itself into Rank B planetary habitability or Rank C planetary habitability anytime it wanted.

Who on earth had left behind such a massive stroke of work on this planet?

Ba-thump, ba-thump...

Shawton could hear the sound of his own heartbeat and his blood flowing.

Finally, Cillin’s voice came in once more.

“Commander, the transformation is complete. There’s no need to wear a protective suit now,” As Cillin said this, a flat landing field appeared on the base. It literally was a temporary airport.

“Okay... okay!”

Shawton ordered the spaceplane to descend on the landing field and walked out of the vehicle first. He did not wear a protective suit.

The purification commenced by the base had basically caused all those sandstorms to subside. The air had already been adjusted to meet the standard ratio, and the only ‘flaw’ they could think of was that the air temperature was a little low. It literally couldn’t be any more insignificant to Hunters like them.

Cillin was already standing by at an entrance on the landing field. When he met Shawton, he briefly talked about the base before introducing Sigma solemnly.

The first thing Shawton said to Sigma after Cillin was done explaining was, “Would you like to join the Sixth B Squadron?”

What followed afterwards was a string of persuasions that one normally heard from a child kidnapper. The blue strip on Sigma’s face quickly turned into dizzying circles.

Sigma wasn’t sure what the best decision might be, so it asked the gray cat it trusted the most, “Whebeze, are you a member of the Sixth B Squadron too?”

“Of course! I’m also an core combat strength in the squad!” The gray cat said while lifting its head high on top of Cillin’s shoulders.

Like hell you are! Close by, Cary’s mouth twitched at the gray cat’s claim.

Cary’s reaction were obviously not in Sigma’s area of consideration, however. It would only listen to ‘its own kind’. Unfortunately for it, it had no idea that the gray cat itself had been swindled into the squad by Cillin.

Everyone in the Sixth B Squadron went wild when they saw the fort that took up one fifth of the planet’s surface.

What a blessing in disguise!

The A Squadrons had told the B Squadrons to act, choose and work as they liked. The construction of a temporary base was also test of the B Squadrons’ abilities, so the A Squadron would send someone over from time to time to inspect their work.

Shawton was already looking forward to the A Squadron envoy’s arrival. He wondered how they would look when they saw this grandiose scenery.

Sigma had no qualms about the Sixth B Squadron settling into the base whatsoever. However, the first problem they needed to solve was an issue of cohabitation.

The Lovage was a species of guardian beasts with chips installed

inside their body. That was why Sigma needed to tweak the chip a little so that both sides could associate with each other in harmony.

Back when the base was still hidden underground, the Lovages had survived on the base's stockpiled nutrient fluids. Since there was a finite amount of nutrient fluids, the Lovages would go underground and enter hibernation whenever the planet was void of human life. Now that they had shown up, the Sixth B Squadron was very willing to use up large quantities of food to get along with these guardian beasts.

Since they had decided to establish a temporary base on the planet, the first and most important priority to settle was the construction of the satellite array defense network.

But those things had nothing to do with the gray cat whatsoever, for it was currently embroiled in a great internal conflict. It noticed something: Cillin, Czedow, Sigma. Their names had all verbally started with a 'C'. Did this mean that it had been pushed out of the 'circle'? That can't be! I mustn't stand out too much. But do I really have to change my name to 'Cibeze'? That sounds terrible!

Chapter 209: The Flora Planet That Lacks Faunas [Part 1]

Right now the Sixth B Squadron was as busy as a bee, but it was work that they were extremely excited and delighted to do.

Originally, they thought that they would've to build a temporary base on either one of those two stunted Rank B planets, and had even prepared themselves to be ridiculed by the B Squadrons who had found their planets ahead of them. But there was light at the end of the tunnel, and their gains were bigger than anyone could've expected.

This amazing finding caused Cillin's influence within the Sixth B Squadron to swell. When Cillin was brought up during the private conversations between the squad members they were all certain that Cillin was going to take over Shawton as the commander of Sixth B Squadron once Shawton left his post. That being said Cillin was still very young, and Shawton was still at his prime. Plus, Shawton wouldn't be leaving for the A Squadron anytime soon considering the current situation in GAL. Therefore, the topic remained a casual subject during idle conversations.

Cillin had sought out Dias once to talk about this type of rumors. No one knew what they'd talked about with each other, but neither of them acted out of the ordinary after the conversation either. Therefore, they paid no attention to it.

Once Sigma had introduced and explained the general situation inside the base to the technical teams, it left them to figure out the ropes themselves. This robot with a child's temperament couldn't be bothered to spend the whole day with a bunch of technicians.

Everyone had an enthusiastic discussion about the construction of the defense network, and in the end they'd come to the decision to build a three-layer defense network around the base. The first layer would be set up by the technician team, and the second layer

would be completed with the combined strength of Eudy, Beaver and Cillin. The third and final layer was the existing 'one-track minded' defense network in the base and was subjected to no one's manipulations. Of course, this 'no one' didn't include Sigma.

Eudy and Beaver had built a database based on the data Cillin brought back from the prisons of Sector S. They reformed, upgraded, and came up with a whole new defense network to protect their new base. However, the technician team had a disagreement regarding the new defense network Eudy and Beaver had created, which was why the base had a total three defense network in the end.

Sigma didn't mind having three layers of defense network as long as they didn't harm the base itself. As long as that rule was obeyed, the Sixth B Squadron could do whatever they wanted to.

As of late, the Sixth B Squadron was working hard to build a rapport with the guardian beasts, Lovage. This genetically engineered creatures might look savage on the outside, but they were actually relatively mild on the inside. They only had one bottom line, and that was that the base mustn't be harmed no matter what. These seemingly ferocious beasts were in fact zealots of the base, and they would fight to their deaths if their home was invaded by outsiders.

This was without a doubt good news to the Sixth B Squadron. At the very least, they knew that guardian beasts would never turn traitor, and in a way these single minded fellows were actually pretty cute.

Cillin had observed the Lovages for a while, and he noticed that they were showing signs of reproduction after twenty or so days. If their food supply remained steady, then it wouldn't be long before a second group of Lovage guardian beasts was born into this world. Sigma would then inject chips into these new beasts just like it did for the first generation of Lovages so that they would protect this base together.

Sigma was very happy as of late. Unlike the time when there was only it and the Lovages, it now had a large group of companions to play with. That was why Sigma could often be seen running wildly inside the base with Snowball and the others. This poor kid had been cooped up for way too long a time!

Strangely, the gray cat had been keeping a little more quiet than usual and would often zone off to dreamland.

Today, Cillin, Eudy and Beaver were performing one final inspection on their refitted second-layer defense network.

“Let’s rest for a bit. We’re all tired after working for such a long time. The last bit of work would only take about three hours, so we should be able to catch dinner with everyone today,” Beaver wiped the sweat on his face and said.

“Alright then. I’m hungry too,” Cillin took out some food from the bag beside them and spread it around. They weren’t able to grab any dinner as of late because they were busy inspecting the defense network.

“Say Wheeze, why haven’t you played with the others recently?” Eudy looked at the gray cat and asked. He knew that Dough had been missing a lot as of late because it was busy fooling around with Sigma, Snowball and the others.

“Wheeze has been blanking out a lot lately,” Beaver echoed in agreement. This cat had been crouching by the side and watching their inspection for several days already.

“I’m contemplating, okay! Contemplating!” The gray cat was very angry. Blanking out and contemplating were two completely different concepts, and while it was true that it was blanking out most of the time, it did sink plenty of time into contemplating too.

Cillin flicked the gray cat’s ears and asked, “Alright, spill it. What were you contemplating about?”

The gray cat flicked its ears and said nothing. The trio didn’t try

to urge it either. Ten minutes later, the gray cat finally could hold it no longer and spilled its thoughts, “I was contemplating if I should change my name.”

“Your name’s pretty good, isn’t it? You’re the one who came up with it,” Cillin was aware of the gray cat’s narcissism.

“But,” The gray cat raised its paw and curled the nails, “Cillin, Czedow and Sigma all started verbally with a ‘C’, so I was wondering if I should add a ‘C’ in front of my name too.”

“There’s no need,” Cillin said, “It’s not like my surname is ‘C’ to begin with.”

“Yeah!” The gray cat’s eyes suddenly lit up. It was true that Cillin’s surname didn’t start with a C. Cillin once told him that his surname was ‘Gen’, so as long his surname wasn’t ‘C’ then it wouldn’t matter.

The gray cat had a simple mind, so it quickly got over its puzzlement. It was at this moment Sigma and the gang of animals came over to invite the gray cat to a game.

Snowball was currently lying on Sigma’s back. By now Tang Qiuqiu was completely incapable of carrying Snowball like she used to because this white fatso gained weight at a tremendous rate. No one in the Sixth B Squadron would carry it either, but Sigma could without any difficulty at all. Dough was lying on top of Sigma’s head and grinning with an open mouth.

“Come on, Wheeze, come out already! Cary says he wants to challenge us to a duel!” From a distance, Snowball turned its head and said to the gray cat.

The gray cat had just sorted out its feelings and was feeling good about itself, and so it asked happily upon hearing Snowball’s words, “That boy wants to challenge us? How?”

“It’s an air duel!” Sigma interrupted. The long, wavy patterns on its face showed just how excited it was.

An air duel?

Cillin looked at them and asked, “Is he piloting a fighter?”

“Yeah, Cary said that he’ll be piloting a fighter and dueling us in the air. Oh, Udoze might join in the fight too,” Snowball pulled its ears and said smilingly.

“How are you guys going to get up there?” Beaver asked.

“I can fly myself!” The bottom of Sigma’s semicircular ‘legs’ slowly took a different form, and the robot began floating in midair. It was able to fly very nimbly despite the small space of the workshop.

“Sigma can fly, but what about the rest of you? Are you going to lie on its back like now?” Cillin asked.

“Of course not!” Snowball lifted its head and exclaimed, “We have the Lovages on our side!”

The gray cat’s eyes flashed when it heard this, and Cillin thought: This cat’s up to something again.

Chapter 209: The Flora Planet That Does Not Have Animals [Part 2]

“Is there no chai tou (prize)?” The gray cat asked.

“Chai tou?” Sigma scratched its head. It was only when it accidentally touched Dough that it stopped the gesture. It was obvious that it didn’t understand what ‘chai tou’ means.

The gray cat, Snowball and Dough exchanged knowing glances with each other. They obviously knew what each other was thinking as they descended into a wily laugh at the same time.

“Alright, we’re gonna win every scrap from Cary’s cabinet!” The gray cat yelled loudly.

“Yeah, we’ll not leave even a scrap behind!” Cillin, Eudy and Beaver pondered to themselves as they watched their departure.

“The Lovages could fly?” Eudy narrowed his eyes.

“It sounds like they can, that’s for sure,” Beaver said. None of them actually knew this until just now, “Do we want to go take a look?”

Cillin looked at the remaining work and said, “These can’t be delayed. Are you sure you can return in an hour if you head out now?”

Beaver shook his head, “Never mind then. Let’s finish the inspection first.”

The trio immediately began working on the remaining tasks. Although their speed had gone up, none of them had done a sloppy work. What should’ve taken three hours to complete was done in just half an hour.

When Cillin, Eudy and Beaver were done tidying the tools, they walked out of the base.

There were plenty of observers who were watching the battle unfold. From time to time they even broke out in cheers and roars, although they were obviously reserved for the non-humans. There were many people who were even teasing Cary.

“Udoze, get your ass over and help me already!”

Cary was just about to blow his top inside his fighter; these bastards were just too difficult to deal with. The layer of mud covering up his observation windows completely – the results of many mudballs flung by Snowball and the others – was a testament to just how badly Cary was faring.

Almost every time Cary’s fighter was struck, the human group on the ground would let out a huge roar of approval. Smoke gushed out of Cary’s head, and finally he couldn’t help but request Udoze’s help to share some of the enemies’ firepower.

Udoze was just rising into the air on his fighter. And Cary was being attacked from three sides on air just when Cillin, Eudy and Beaver walked out of the base. Two Lovages were carrying Snowball and the gray cat – Dough was hanging around the gray cat – and Sigma was flying over from the third side.

These days, Sigma was as excited as a kid who had just been set on the playground the moment it started playing. Snowball and the gray cat weren’t weaklings either. As for Dough, it would occasionally swing its tail and toss a small mud ball at Cary’s fighter.

“Those Lovages are really agile on air,” Eudy said.

It was the truth. If the gray cat had failed to communicate with Sigma and open the entrance to the base, and if the reinforcements had engaged the Lovages, they might not have been able to gain an advantage. After all, no one thought that these fellows were capable of flight back then.

There was an opening on each side of the Lovage’s back. Cillin

hadn't thought that they were wings at first because these fellow seriously look too much like terrestrial insects, but it would seem that Sigma's master had planned thoroughly when he designed the Lovages. If Cillin wasn't mistaken, these Lovage guardian beasts should be able to swim freely inside water too.

The Lovages were a product of genetic engineering. Normally, it was incredibly rare to find a natural triphibian species. These Lovages were very suited as guardian beasts.

Udoze's participation in the air battle did take off some heat from Cary's fighter, but it was obvious that Sigma had also become even more excited than before. Moreover, Sigma's shots were just as accurate as the gray cat's. Although the intervals between their throws were extremely short, and they looked like they weren't aiming at all, in reality both of them had made hundreds and thousands of unconscious calculations in their brains before tossing out the mud balls along to the most likely trajectory.

Cillin had been studying the robot, Sigma all this time. Although plenty of GAL robots wore human outlooks, it didn't change the fact that their insides were mostly mechanical. The Robert Family was a lot more advanced in that their AI were more human like, and Czedow was even closer to humans than the Robert Family's robots were.

However, Czedow was considered more alike to humans only when compared to the Robert Family's robots. He had the better divergent thinking. Cillin had to admit that Sigma was the robot that was more alike to humans if compared with Czedow.

A human's mind was imperfect, and there were ever so many flaws in a human's behavior. Some people were childish, and some people were reserved. Sigma was more alike to a human child be it in terms of its tone or thoughts. What differed it from a human child was that its obvious robotic exterior.

Sigma would become anxious when it encountered an urgent

situation, and Sigma would become excited when it encountered something interesting. Unlike Czedow, who looked more like an adult who had many worldly experiences under his belt, Sigma would display its 'feelings' on its face openly. A robot's character was the leisurely choice of a designer, and a child like character like Sigma's normally didn't get much attention at all.

Sigma neither had a liquid nucleus chip nor a CPU. Cillin's research revealed that inside Sigma's head where a brain would be, there was a thing that almost looked like a human brain. Cillin was seriously stunned when he saw it.

Just what kind of a person Sigma's creator was? He actually treated Sigma like a real human being!

The more Cillin understood about Sigma's thought process, the more he grew interested in Sigma's 'birthplace'. While their technology and civilization might not necessarily be vastly ahead of GAL's, they must have their own strengths. At the very least, their ability to create a robot's thoughts was more special than GAL's.

Just when would 'Shortcut' finally be complete?

In the end, Cary lost everything inside his storage cabinet while Udoze lost one third of it. After the air battle was over, the participants and even the two Lovages had gathered together to split the goods. After all, they did play a part in the victory. The Lovages let out strange cries of happiness after they got their food and went back to their underground caves. This event caused the gray cat and his gang to recommend themselves into any duels where prizes were involved, but of course no one in the Sixth B Squadron was stupid enough to agree after that fight.

After the temporary base was fully built, they had to send out some men to check out those planets with energy reactions when they were searching for a suitable planet earlier. This was so that they could collect more energy ores. Energy supply was an absolute

necessity in any base.

Besides that, the field personnel also had to gather food and hunt some game. The process to cultivate food inside the base was just beginning, and it couldn't sustain the entire Sixth B Squadron daily needs as of now.

Cillin and the rest would be setting out to search for energy ores and food, but Sigma couldn't leave as its responsibility was to protect the base. The Lovages couldn't leave as well. The base was their roots, and they wouldn't leave even if they were all dead.

That being said, thanks to a vast network, the gray cat could ask Czedow to stream their activities live to Sigma inside the base.

Sigma was uninterested in energy ores, but it was interested in digging them. It was why it stared enviously at the large screen as the group dug out the energy ores. Why couldn't it be a mine digging robot?

Cillin's group had also discovered some edible flora on the planet where the mining had taken place. They were very rich in nutrients, and could be eaten as long as their poisonous sacs were removed.

Cillin had even demonstrated to Sigma how to remove the poisonous sacs. His demonstration caused Sigma's fingers to move nonstop as if it could actually feel the plants on the screen.

Sigma was very much absorbed in watching the activities when a sudden cry of 'eeyah' rang from behind it.

It was a little Lovage who was born not long ago about ten centimeters of height. Adult Lovages didn't normally frequent into the base, and such entries had only decreased after the Sixth B Squadron had shown up. However, this newborn Lovage was different.

Sigma had injected a chip into this newborn Lovage after it was born. A chipless Lovage was a literal 'retard', and after the

injection the Lovage acted more or less like a child would. It was curious about everything, and it often ran circles around Sigma. This was because it thought of Sigma as the safest character to hang around at the core of its consciousness.

The little Lovage had been looking for Sigma, but it discovered that Sigma had been staying inside its room recently and not gone out to play. That was why it had ran inside.

The Little Lovage jumped onto Sigma's arms. Its pairs of nippers were small but powerful, and its suckers were strong too. It stood very steadily on Sigma's arm.

"Meow, the little Lovage has arrived!" The gray cat at the rest of the animals greeted the little Lovage.

"Eeyah eeyah——" The little Lovage was very happy to see them. It jumped once on Sigma's arm to show its excitement.

Cillin didn't disturb the two parties' video chat. After he was done cleaning and processing the plants in his hands, he collected some of their seeds and their poisonous sacs too. They were rare medicines to come by.

This planet was very strange, and its planetary habitability was in between Rank B and Rank C. Protective suits were unnecessary where the flora was concentrated, and vice versa.

The places where food was scarce contained energy ores, and some other people were busy mining and collecting them. Cillin was currently at a place with great concentration of flora.

The reason Cillin thought that this planet was strange wasn't because it sat in between two ranks of planetary habitability. He thought it was strange because it had no animals at all.

Most of the plants on this planet had advanced evolutions, but not only were there no animals to be seen, they couldn't even find a single insect. The evolutionary history of life of this planet was obviously different from other planets.

The fact that there were no animals on this planet meant that the competition between plants was extremely intense. They had evolved all sorts of things to live longer than their peers. If a tree didn't have the ability to move, vines would 'strangle' them to death by stabbing their thin thorns into the tree's trunk and absorbing its nutrients. However, these vines moved quick only when they were climbing vertically and not horizontally. The trees that were caught by these vines only needed to move once to be able to escape their grasp. In fact, if the vines had too tight a hold on the trees, they would snap because of the tree's movements and wilt over time.

There was also a fruit that looked like a pomegranate. The top part of the fruit would expand and fire many tiny seeds when it sensed danger. Cillin had been attacked by these fruits when he came here earlier. Cillin even saw a nearby vine who got close to the fruits being crushed by the fruits' 'bullets'.

This really was a very peculiar place.

Chapter 210: The World Where Food Reigns Supreme [Part 1]

Normally, the places where flora and fauna lived with each other would contain big amounts of hallucinogenic gas or other poisonous gas. This was so that the plants could knock out the animals around them. But in this flora-only forest, the discharge of poisonous gas was fewer than norm. Instead, the poison was stored inside the plant's body itself.

The plants hid their toxin inside their bodies so that they could release them when they encountered an enemy species. By cutting through the epidermis and injecting their toxin into the other plant's body, some toxin could liquefy the enemy plant directly and turn them into the plant's fertilizer.

Some of these trees weren't entirely stationary. There were plenty of plants that were capable of movement on this planet. Although most of them were far slower than even a tortoise when moving horizontally, they were very special compared to the plants of other planets already.

All sorts of precious medicine could be found inside the bodies of these plants. The substances extracted directly from the plants were relatively active, and the effects were much better than the synthetic product of a machine. Moreover, it also bypassed a certain amount of allergic reaction and rejection. That was why the natural medicinal substances that were extracted directly from plants normally sold for hundreds of times the normal price of the synthesised counterpart.

All of these discoveries pleasantly surprised both Tico and Rikulab. They had easily extracted some hallucinogens and nerve toxins of great purity as well as the bioactivity from several kinds of plants. Tico and Rikulab had been busy ever since they came to this planet; they normally wouldn't enlist a robot's aid when they

were processing materials. The raw materials of medicines they'd collected from this trip was absolutely worth it as they were all precious natural raw materials, and they'd even found two types of raw materials that could only be found serendipitously. They could literally be sold for the price of a starship in GAL.

There were also a kind of evergreen thicket which leaves and branches contained a chemical substance found in painkillers that Hunters often needed. It could treat wounds, fever caused by infection and so on. However, most synthetic medicine had great side effects, and the patients would enter a period of weakness after the pain was suppressed. However, this natural painkiller they extracted had minimal side effects and great bioactivity. This was the conclusion Tico and Rikulab had drawn based on their own experiences.

To them, this planet was without a doubt a treasure land. Tico and Rikulab had even tagged this planet as their herb garden for likely the next few years of time.

The white rabbit was currently rubbing its cleft lips and chewing at the leaves of some unknown plants. Most animals had a natural instinct about what could be eaten and what couldn't, and Tico was obviously very confident in the white rabbit's abilities.

The gray cat and the others had gathered some nuts that were suitable for long term storage, and some other fruits with succulent flesh. They had maintained a constant video connection with Sigma while they were gathering the fruits, so Sigma could see their every move. Sigma would comment at a certain thing from time to time, and an occasional cry of 'eeyah' could be heard from the background too.

It was obvious that these animals weren't afraid of the plants' poisonous gas or secreted toxin at all. At the very least, these little fellows were still as lively as grigs.

Scarlet Wind grabbed a fruit, sniffed it, and began chowing it

down his throat.

“Wah, what’s that?”

Snowball ran over and grabbed a fruit from the tree too. It gave the fruit a bite and found that its taste wasn’t bad, but Snowball’s attention was quickly attracted by another tree.

The tree was shaped like an umbrella, with long, hanging branches that looked like a bell canopy. What attracted Snowball wasn’t the tree’s appearance, but the oval-shaped balls about the size of watermelons hanging from the branches.

Snowball went over to the tree and gave it a sniff. Then, it opened its mouth and bit an opening from the top of the fruit. A bit of juice immediately flowed out of the opening, and after a lick Snowball’s impression of it was that it was very sweet, very tasty and better than the fruit it ate earlier. And so Snowball put its mouth on the fruit and sucked on it the full, oval-shaped fruit until it slowly shriveled over time.

“Hey, what’re you sucking?” The gray cat asked.

Snowball let out some snorts from its nose but didn’t answer. Instead, it grabbed a new oval-shaped fruit and sucked its contents again.

The gray cat jumped up a branch and copied Snowball’s movements, biting an opening from the top of the fruit and licking at the juice that flowed out of it. Dough soon joined the fray, before Scarlet Wind followed suit too.

On the other side of the screen, Sigma felt gloomy as it paced gloomy circles inside its room. A short moment of protests later, Sigma declared, “Bring that tree back home!”

“How do we do that?” The gray cat wiped its face with its paws after it was done licking up all the juice of the fruit. It completely agreed with the sentiment to bring back the plant, but it absolutely couldn’t be bothered to take care of it.

“Bring back some! You simply must bring some trees back home! I’ll make a small garden and plant them here!” Sigma clapped his hands excitedly.

“Eeyah——” The little Lovage jumped on Sigma’s arm in agreement.

One final discussion later, the little fellows cried out in unison, “Cillin——”

Cillin gave himself a moment of silence: such is life!

Cillin went over and took a look at the tree. The juice inside the oval-shaped fruit had a rich content of nutrients, and its plant oil was a very rare nourishment to come by. This juice was something that repelled some of the plants in this area, however.

The oval shaped fruit was the basically the plant’s liquid-filled capsule. It contained a lot of sweet smelling plant oil that disgusted many plants and kept them away. However, the gray cat and humans loved this scent a lot.

After the inspection, Cillin asked Czedow to deal with the plant. He wasn’t counting on these gluttons to do this because they could destroy this entire forest and still not dig out an intact tree. Moreover, there were plenty of other plants that he needed to give the nutrient process.

The plant with oval-shaped liquid-filled capsules were a kind of viviparous plant.

For most plants, the seeds were allowed to grow to maturity before they were expelled from the parent’s body. Then, the seeds would enter a period of hibernation and wait for the right conditions such as suitable temperature, humidity and so on to appear. They would then germinate in the soil and gradually grow into a small plant. However, plants grew up with varying characteristics due to the complexity of their environment. This was so that they could better adapt to the environment and

survive. Therefore, some angiosperms had seeds that would not depart its parent's body immediately after it reached maturity, just like the unborn child of a mammal inside the mother's body. They would germinate inside the fruit and grow up into a sapling first before they finally left the parent's body. This was why this type of plant was called a viviparous plant.

The low hanging branches of this plant was like a cover that enveloped its body, and one could find many 'lanterns' beneath these branches. These 'lanterns' were none other than germinated seeds that had grown into saplings. These seeds experienced almost no hibernation period at all and germinated inside the fruit of their parent almost immediately after they had reached maturity. Their hypocotyls would stretch outside the skin of the fruit and turn into many stick-shaped saplings.

If someone were to cut through the layer outside the 'lantern', they would find a growing sapling that hadn't yet left its parent's body inside. Therefore, Czedow didn't need to cut or dig up the entire plant to acquire a sample of the plant. He only needed to collect some 'lanterns' to achieve his objective.

There were plenty other plants that Sigma had requested them to bring home besides this one. Sigma wanted to plant them all in his garden. Cillin had agreed to all of Sigma's request since it had given them an entire base. There was no reason for Cillin to turn down this tiny request of Sigma's whatsoever, especially when it was a request that benefited all of them.

Once Cillin had guided Czedow through the process of sampling the plants several times, he left him and went to do something else. While gathering information, Czedow also helped dug out the plants the gray cat and its gang had selected at the same time. He treated them with nutrient fluids and sealed them in special films.

Tico and Rikulab had tagged the species they wanted to be transplanted back home. Czedow would then select and sample the best out of the species a short while later.

Cillin, Tico and Rikulab were currently processing some useful plants on this side when Udoze and Cary walked towards them from the mining spots. Seeing that the trio wasn't wearing a protective suit, Cary and Udoze took off their own suits too.

Cary inhaled once and sighed, "The air here isn't bad."

Udoze looked at the scanner on his wrist and said, "Yeah, the conditions here are much better than over there... Hey Snowball, eat less, will you? You're going to have a diarrhea!"

Snowball was actually looking more and more like an actual ball right now. It was so fat that Udoze was worried that it would grow obese.

On the other side of the screen, Sigma asked in puzzlement after listening to Udoze's exclamation, "What's a diarrhea?"

"Ahem, it means defecating so much that you can't help yourself," Udoze explained.

Cillin and Cary looked away and pretended that they didn't catch anything.

Chapter 210: The World Where Food Reigns Supreme [Part 2]

Seeing that the gray cat, Scarlet Wind, Snowball and the rest of the animals were looking at him, Udoze obviously looked a little embarrassed as he rubbed his nose and changed the topic, “Hey, can you guys move a little faster? We’re going to leave after we mined the energy ores, and looking at your pace there seems to be a lot of places you haven’t visited yet. You should enjoy to your heart’s content since we rarely get a chance like this, you know?”

His sentiment was echoed by everyone in the gray cat’s gang. They immediately forgot the question as to how a person could defecate so much they couldn’t help themselves and went away to look for more novel plants.

Cary went over to check out Tico and Rikulab’s work in processing the medicinal plants while picking a bit of skill himself in the process. Udoze followed suit, but only watched for a short moment. His attention was grabbed by a beautiful plant.

The plant was pretty short and was less than two meters tall. There was a colorful feather-like thing at the top of the plant that made it look like a peafowl spreading its wings. It looked very beautiful, and there was a sweet scent emanating from it. It was a sight to behold.

Udoze couldn’t help but take out his filming device and take a photo of the scene.

Cillin was processing a plant when he saw the vines that had curled up because of his arrival suddenly stretched long, swift and excitedly towards a particular direction. The direction they were headed was where Udoze was standing.

At the same time, the vines around Rikulab, Tico and Cary had also stirred to life as they stretched swiftly towards Udoze.

“Watch out, Udoze!”

Cillin ran over at high speed, popped out his wrist blade and cut the stretching vines in half. He took out a spray and sprayed Udoze’s arm while the rest of the vines continued to stretch towards Udoze.

Cary and Rikulab had also come to help cut down those vines that were crawling in from all directions. They didn’t dare to use fire or an ultra low temp gun because their surrounding environment were unstable, and it was all too easy for external influences to alter them. Cutting the vines with their blades was the safest measure.

When Cillin put on a gas mask on Udoze’s face, the victim himself was still in a daze. What was going on? He was going to help cut those vines himself, but now he was being treated like a patient by Cillin even though he wasn’t hurt... Eh?!

Udoze looked at his arm and saw many bloody scratches. Some of them were even dripping with blood. Cillin closed up the wound after spraying it with the recovery spray so that it would stop bleeding, and after wiping the blood traces on Udoze’s arm he tossed the stained tissue far away. Then, he pulled Udoze away from where they stood.

After they had ran for fifty meters, Udoze looked back and saw that the place he stood had been completely covered in vines already. The place where the stained tissue had landed was where the vines were the thickest. It was obvious that these vines were attracted by Udoze’s blood.

“You absolutely mustn’t get hurt. Any bleeding will trigger a chain reaction,” Cary had lived through many experiences. He could already imagine roughly a couple of scenarios that might happen at first glance.

Thankfully, Udoze was the only person who got hurt among them. If everyone was hurt, they would have to deal with an entire

floor of vines, which meant no time to treat the wound, stop the bleeding or clean up the blood traces. Judging from the fine sawteeth of the plants that had spread open because of the blood, the situation might have grown worse and worse.

Panting, the wounds on Udoze's arms gradually transmitted pain to his senses after he had put on the gas mask.

"What's going on? I didn't even notice that my arm was cut earlier," Udoze was very puzzled. He was just taking a photo, but not only was he cut without him noticing at all, he had even suffered multiple wounds and bled quite profusely.

Rikulab released a floating measuring instrument and allowed it to circle around the area once. It brought back some data for him to identify and analyse,

"Among the various gases that are released by that plant, there are a lot nitrous oxide. There's also a small amount of gases released as a byproduct that are capable of affecting the nervous system, but not enough to knock out or kill a human being. Anyone who inhaled this mixture of gases would lose their ability to feel pain, but not their consciousness. The secondary gases ensured that the human body could continue to function normally, which is why Udoze hadn't noticed anything at all just now," Rikulab explained.

Nitrous oxide could inhibit release of excitatory neurotransmitters and the conduction of nerve impulses in the central nervous system. That was how Udoze was bled by the plant but felt nothing at all from the injury.

Udoze sucked in a deep breath. The only reason he had acted so boldly was because he saw that neither of them was wearing a protective suit. It would appear that he would have to exercise caution.

As a Hunter, Udoze still had plenty to learn. Vigilance couldn't be nurtured through speech; he would have to go through some

experiences before he could instill it inside him.

Despite the experience, Udoze was obviously not cowered into inaction. On the contrary, his interest actually piqued as he held a measuring instrument and went every in search for similar plants with his gas mask on.

Cillin didn't try to stop him. This was also a kind of training, and it would be good for him if he could accumulate more experiences.

Further ahead, there was a lake with some algae but no fishes whatsoever. There were no aquatic creatures to be seen anywhere, and there were only countless nameless plants ranging from sizes of tiny to massive.

There was a huge tree on the other side of the lake. It looked like a giant that was proudly overlooking the tiny beings on the ground. Compared to the tree, Cillin and everyone else were as small as ants.

After walking over to the giant tree and inspecting its surroundings, Cillin came to the conclusion that it sat at the top of the food chain of this area. But there weren't many such giant trees to be found. In fact, their numbers were pitifully few. This was the measure a living being assumed against its environment during the process of evolution. This was also a law of nature.

Cillin found a 'giant's substance' inside the giant tree. It was this 'giant's substance' that caused this type of tree to grow bigger and bigger. Cillin looked at the horizon after he had collected some primitive substances. Night was about to arrive.

Normally, a forest at night was filled with countless dangers and appearing animals. However, there were no animals in this place, so how did this forest look at night?

As light faded, twilight arrived.

The most obvious plant at night was the row of trees not far away from their position. Those trees had branches that stretched

towards the outside, and every one of these branches had a big flower on it. The flower was about twenty centimeters in diameter, and they looked rather unassuming in broad daylight.

During the day, It was only natural that this unassuming green flower wouldn't attract too much attention when the world around it was filled with all kinds of colors. But as nighttime arrived, the flowers gradually glowed white in color. The darker the night was, the brighter they became.

Plants who were attracted by light including the vines gradually moved towards this type of tree, and the other branches of the tree would grab the plants that had fallen for its trap firmly before cutting them away from their main body. Finally, they would turn these plant parts into their own nutrients.

This was the plant's tactic to survive in the wild.

The atmosphere of this forest changed the night, so everyone put on a protective suit and a gas mask just in case.

Once the glowing plants had had a fulfilling meal, they would either dim their lights or turn them off entirely to conserve energy.

The night on this planet was short, but it was enough for some night crawling plants to enjoy a full meal. Most of the plants in the forest were asleep. They engaged in photosynthesis during the day and respiration, activity and sleep during the night. In a forest that was abuzz with the cries of insects, the only sounds that exist were slithering plants hunting down their preys.

During this night, Cillin's group witnessed the nightcrawlers' hunt and the changes in the area's atmosphere. No wonder there were no animals in this place. Most animals wouldn't be able to survive such an atmosphere at all.

This was a world that belonged only to plants. When there were no outsiders, they were the rulers of this world as they fought and

reproduced by the way of the plants.

The next day early in the morning, a dull thumping sound resounded when the first ray of light hit this plant covered area.

It was a tree with a trunk so wide it would take five people to hug it. It was very tall, but couldn't compare to the giant trees of course. There was a bell shaped flower at the top of the tree, and the thumping sound had come from it.

When natural light had touched its exterior, the bell-shaped flowers began to shake and let out distant rings. They announced the end of the night and the beginning of the day.

Once the bell-shaped flower was done ringing, the flowers that had closed themselves during the night gradually bloomed as the sleeping plants came to wakefulness once more. They were perhaps pondering about the next target to hunt.

Cillin and everyone else looked at the light stretching from the horizon. Then, they continued to work on their unfinished tasks.

A new day had begun once more.

Chapter 211: Outsiders! Red Alert! [Part 1]

Cillin's side was almost done with its work when they received the notice that the mining operation was complete.

The flying transport had transported the tree species and raw materials they selected back to the spaceplane. The gray cat and its gang were also very satisfied with this trip, considering that they had stuffed themselves with so much food that they looked like a ball.

“Let's go. We can come back later if we need anything else.”

Cillin gathered everyone over this side and returned to the mining location. A moment of inspection later, they got up the spaceplane, returned to the starship parked outside the planet and began the return journey.

Every team's op time was different from each other. When Cillin and the rest had returned, there were still three teams who were busy mining energy ores and metal ores.

“How's the reward?” Shawton looked at the group of people who were unloading the goods not far away and asked Cillin.

Cillin smiled back at him. It was obvious that he was more satisfied than usual.

“It's okay. We didn't find any good metal ores to mine, but the energy ores we found are acceptable. More importantly, we've transplanted some important plants that will save us a lot on medicinal raw materials cost. The medicines' bioactivity and quality are not bad.”

They had turned in the report of that planet's detailed situation to the technical team. The Sixth B Squadron's technical team would integrate the information the ops teams had gathered during their operation and complete the star map. Every once in a while, they would report the integrated information to the

relevant personnel among the A Squadrons so that Vanguard could enjoy a more in-depth starmap layout of the region they were in. This would make future operations more convenient.

After chatting with Shawton a little about his trip, the duo arrived at Sigma's little garden.

In the past, there were only some rather primitive local plants that were grown in Sigma's little garden. Although the garden had a lot space, there wasn't much content in it at all. The idea had sprung in Sigma's head after it watched some videos released by the media, but it quickly discovered upon execution that there were only a lot of weed and not much flora species on the planet. It looked nothing like the colorful and pretty gardens in the videos.

This time though, Sigma's little garden was enriched.

They had also acquired some fish eggs that were preserved and raised in specialised fish breeding grounds and gave them to Sigma. Cillin was sure that the addition of these fishes and new tree species would give this little garden a whole new look in the future.

Right now, the gray cat and the animals spent almost the entire day throwing one terrible suggestion after the other at Sigma's little garden. They practically had next to no gardening experience at all and were completely talking out of their asses. Thankfully Sigma had specifically researched into this field before, and Czedow was around to provide support. More than 90% of the tree species had been successfully planted.

There were also some eggs in Sigma's little garden. They were the Lovages' eggs. The Lovage guardian beasts had entered a breeding season, but Sigma was the one who incubated and hatched the birthed eggs. Currently, the garden's environment was very suitable for the incubation of the synthesized beasts' eggs. They could just be left at the garden without need for temperature or humidity control.

A few days later, seven second generation Lovages were born.

The Lovages are omnivorous, and Sigma said they could eat a lot of things and withstand hunger. However, these newborns weren't as hunger-resistant as their adult counterparts. Since the Sixth B Squadron didn't have any meat to spare them, they had no choice but to keep the little Lovages on a vegetarian and nutrient diet, replenishing the various nutrients they needed to grow.

Cillin had determined that the first generation Lovages had eaten meat before, and the majority of their meat-based meals were humans too. This was because the Lovages had looked at him like he was a familiar food back when he first ran into them.

These newborns looked at humans with pretty friendly eyes though. Perhaps the chip that functioned as their brain contained such a program. Still, these little fellows still hadn't taken a life or eaten meat before, and he couldn't bring them out on a mining operation because they wouldn't leave the planet. Therefore, Cillin was pondering if he should capture some 'insects' in the future and have them enjoy their first taste of flesh.

Cillin didn't set out to find his 'insects'. This was because something happened on the planet before the next operation arrived, just a short while after he came up with the idea.

On this day, Shawton was going through the ops teams' status reports and preparing a summary. This was because the A Squadron was sending a few people over to inspect on their progress and reward them with material resources based on their merits.

Shawton was engrossed in reading when he suddenly received an emergency notice from a squadron member.

"Commander, a spaceplane is headed our way. We've not received any replies to our warning messages except for a looping distress signal. What do we do?"

Normally, all unidentified flying objects were given warning first and then shot later if the warning call was unheeded. However, this spaceplane had been sending out a continuous stream of distress signal without responding to any of their communication requests.

“Are there any life signs on the ship?” Shawton asked.

“The scanner indicates yes, but these life signs aren’t clear. They’re also almost completely stationary. No other signs were detected besides these.”

“The scanners found nothing else on the spaceplane?”

“No, at the very least the spaceplane’s exterior does not contain any parasites or viruses.”

Shawton thought for a moment before asking, “How long will it take to reach here?”

“About five minutes. Looking at its trajectory, it will land outside the base’s domain if it reaches on our planet. The coordinate is...”

The squadron member sent some of the data he analysed to Shawton.

“Watch them closely.”

By that Shawton meant that they would allow the spaceplane to descend, but also enter into a state of readiness themselves. They would treat this spaceplane as a threat regardless of whether it actually was one. Better safe than sorry.

“Will do, commander,” the squadron member began to do follow up work after the report. He sounded a little excited, and was obviously looking forward to cure some of his accumulated boredom with this unknown target.

Shawton connected to a different channel after cutting communication with that squadron member.

“Attention to all teams, attention to all teams, an unidentified

flying object will be reaching our planet in...”

Shawton notified everyone inside the base about the incident. Everyone knew what they should do to deal with such a situation.

Some people who were just about to catch some sleep jumped out of their beds and ran towards outside excitedly, meeting up with their own team members.

Cillin was just checking in on the growing trees inside Sigma’s little garden, noting that some trees were starting to grow fruits already. When he heard Shawton’s announcement, he put down the fruit in his hand and walked outside.

The blue line on Sigma’s face flashed once, and it quickly learned about the situation through the base’s scanner. But unlike in the past, Sigma didn’t need to do anything this time. The Sixth B Squadron would handle the situation themselves. Sigma was very curious how the Sixth B Squadron was going to deal with this, and so it let the little Lovage jumped down from its arm and left the little garden.

Team members gathered and assigned roles to themselves. There was no need for in depth explanation since they had coordinated themselves like this many times already.

“Okay, that’s all. Now go. Watch out for your defenses.”

Cillin’s fully armed team ran out impatiently the second he was done talking.

“What is it, Tico?” Cillin frowned and asked when he saw Tico still standing at the same spot.

“Something’s not right.”

Tico pointed at the the rabbit hiding inside her coat’s front pocket with her chin. The rabbit was currently drooping its ears and burying its head deeper into Tico’s pocket. It looked like it was trying to hide from something.

Cillin turned on his communicator after he saw the rabbit's behavior, "Attention to all team members. Red alert! Red alert!"

Chapter 211: Outsiders! Red Alert! [Part 2]

Cary and the others ceased their playing around and turned serious. Cillin wasn't someone who easily spouted the word 'red alert', and if he did then their target was certain to be very dangerous.

Upon receiving Cillin's transmission, Shawton asked how he came to the conclusion. Cillin simply said that it was a feeling.

Although he didn't understand why Cillin had said so, Shawton ultimately laid down the order for red alert to all teams.

It was too late to destroy that spaceplane, for its destruction would affect the satellites orbiting outside the planet. It might also affect the rank B environment of the planet considering how close it was. Red alert was the only choice.

"Red alert? Are you serious? Didn't they say that it's just a small spaceplane? Is it really that dangerous?" Some team members were complaining after they heard the order. Red alert was no joke, after all.

By now the spaceplane had passed through the atmosphere and crashed at a location not far away from the planet.

The grounded men were already waiting not far from its predicted crash site. There were also fighters flying around the sky too. Udoze's hands were sweaty, but his controls were as steady as ever.

This is red alert.

Boom——

The spaceplane crashed and dug a deep pit on the ground. A large majority of the spaceplane was destroyed.

The team members who wanted to rush forwards to take a look were stopped. They would've checked out the situation if their

orders weren't red alert, but it was, so they couldn't afford such careless movements.

Creak—— Qi——

There was the sound of an opening hatch, but everyone could see from the satellites orbiting in space and the observers suspended around the pit could see that that wasn't the case. Eight holes had appeared around the spaceplane instead of the hatch they imagined.

The spaceplane had no emblems, stamps or serial codes that could represent their identity. No one knew who this spaceplane belonged to.

The spaceplane's SOS signal was still active, but no one showed any intentions of responding to it. As a Hunter, they had lived through too many situations. They wouldn't let down their guard simply because the other party was calling for help.

Whooshwhooshwhooshwhooshwhooshwhooshwhoosh!

Eight cylindrical pods were ejected out of the spaceplane towards a different direction each. Each pod was only big enough to fit an average human being. About half of the pod was transparent, so everyone could see through the transparent walls that there were people stored inside the pod. There were men, women, the young and the elderly. They all looked like normal people; normal human beings.

Another eight pods were ejected before the first eight had landed on the ground.

The cylindrical pods were ejected again and again. Some landed on the ground directly, while others had opened parachutes in mid air. But it would take them at least two minutes to land on the ground considering how slow they were descending. They were the fighters' main targets.

Lying behind Sigma's back, Snowball suddenly experienced a

sense of anxiety and anger. A sense of familiarity and strong disgust made it feel like charging into the fray and kill those human beings.

Snowball wasn't the only one, as Scarlet Wind was feeling the same thing too. He couldn't help the threatening low growl that came out of its throat.

Cillin motioned for everyone to be on high alert with his eyes after noticing the duo's reactions.

The pod closest to Cillin's group stood vertical on the ground. Through the transparent walls, they could see a woman about 20 years old lying inside the pod. She wore a knee-length skirt, and she had excellent figure and white skin. Her eyes were closed, and her long eyebrows drew the impulse to touch it.

A team members gulped. F*ck, what a deadly weapon!

There were some other vertically standing pods like this one around the area. There were at least ten pods standing before every team, and there were even more scattered at some farther places. Some of the pods had very cute-looking kids. They had pink colored faces and innocent faces even when their eyes were closed just like how Tang Qiuqiu looked when Cillin first met her.

The uneasiness inside Cillin's heart grew stronger and stronger. A connection had been made in his mind.

The hatches of these pods were obviously reinforced, or they would've at least suffered some damage upon impact otherwise.

Cillin opened fire in succession the second the hatches of the pods had came open. All the human beings who had emerged from the pods nearby had taken a bullet to their glabella immediately. That beautiful woman was one of them.

At first, everyone was confused by Cillin's quick action. Wasn't it a little too impulsive? But that confusion quickly turned into fright that made one's hair stand on end.

The people shot by Cillin were bleeding, by their bleeding speed was different from what you would expect from a shot person. In fact, only a bit of blood had bled out of their glabellas, and none of them had collapsed from the shot. They were all standing firmly on their feet.

“What’s going...”

Before Cary could finish, those ‘people’ opened their eyes almost at the same time. Their eyes were spiritless and unfocused.

The team members felt a chill blowing into their faces, and they began firing without any hesitation whatsoever.

However, those people began to transform when they were shooting at them.

They began to grow taller and bigger. They swelled until their skin cracked under pressure, but before blood could drip off their swollen bodies a new layer of skin had enveloped them whole. This new skin looked pale white and bloodless.

What was a beautiful woman before had transformed into a savage looking monster. Every nerve in its body wriggled at high speed while more and more pale white blood vessels appeared on its fair-colored arms. Its arms thickened, and its slim fingers turned into claws that resembled that of an eagle’s. They were covered in vein lines too.

The flesh and blood that were shot off these monsters’ bodies hadn’t affected their sudden transformation. In fact, their bloodlust seemed to have been triggered by these shots as they let out a scary roar and charged towards Cillin.

For every step they took, the team could feel an obvious tremor across the ground. Although these transformed monsters were incredibly huge, their movements were so swift that they could dodge gunshots.

This was just the situation on the ground. The ‘people’ who had

walked out of their parachuted pods had also begun transforming while they were falling to the ground. Bat-like wings appeared from their backs, but unlike the single layer of a bat's wings, their wings were much thicker. Every time they flapped their wings they were able to swiftly alter the air flow, enabling them to fly agilely in the air and avoid the fighters' attacks.

Udoze was piloting a fighter and attacking a transformed human, but it possessed not only high agility but also a great intuition for danger. It was very difficult to lock them down. Their long claws easily cut deep marks on a fighter's exterior, forcing them to keep their distance from the transformed humans while attacking them at the same time.

A team member's fighter was caught by a transformed human's long tongue, and the saliva on the tongue was apparently very corrosive as it ate into the fighter's wing. If Udoze hadn't shot the tongue in half in time, that fighter would've lost one third of its wings and find its ability to fly affected. The fighter would've been in great danger.

The transformed human shot by Udoze opened its mouth and yelled loudly. Its snapped tongue was swiftly regenerating itself, but the saliva scattered while it was swinging its tongue accidentally landed on another passing fighter and caused two holes to appear on its wings.

The air battle wasn't going smoothly, and the ground battle wasn't going well too.

These obviously biologically engineered 'humans' wouldn't die even after their heads were shot. It no doubt made their situation even more precarious.

These monsters were literally human-shaped bioweapons. This attack was absolutely premeditated!

Cillin took out a bow-like object. This weapon was installed with an energy stone the size of a child's fist. He aimed the weapon at

the foremost transformed human and pressed a button.

Swish!

An arc beam flew towards the transformed human and cut it in half directly.

What was strange was that the decapitated monster didn't bleed all that much. Its greenish blood clung to its flesh like they had congealed instantly.

What frightened the crowd was that both halves of the decapitated monster had began to transform, regenerate, grow, and finally transform into two complete entities.

This meant that the decapitating these monsters would only double its number like a certain kind of animal!

It was no use! Cutting them in half was no use!!

What the hell was going on?

Cary shouldered a bazooka and attempted to blast these monsters to pieces in one go, but their extremely strong intuition gave Cary no opportunity to lock them down at all. They had already dodged out of the way the moment Cary pointed the bazooka at their direction.

"F*ck, these things are too f*cking fast!* Cary fired once but failed to scratch even the transformed human's skin. He couldn't help but swear.

"What do we do, LC?!" Someone asked.

They had already taken out excitement laser blades. Of course they weren't afraid of fighting at close range, but the monster's doubling trick just now had them hesitating a little. Would these things turn into five entities if they were cut into five pieces? No one could say for sure.

That was why they had fallen into a difficult situation right now; a situation in which they weren't sure what to do.

The time of contact was too short, and Cillin wasn't able to analyse and figure out in a short time why these things had such ridiculous abilities. Did they seriously have to grind them into a pulp to kill them?

Cillin had just thought up to this point when a long, sharp howl resounded from the base's direction.

“Eeyah——”

The cry was far sharper than the time Cillin had heard it the first time. It was so sharp that their eardrums could burst from the high pitch.

The beings who were the angriest at the bioweapons' invasion wasn't the Sixth B Squadron, but the Lovage guardian beasts. Their duty was to protect the base, and these new arrivals had without a doubt struck their bottom line.

“Eeyah——”

Another sharp howl appeared.

One after another, the Lovages appeared from the ground and from the air. Behind them, the smaller second generation Lovages excitedly swung their nippers amidst the adult Lovages.

Chapter 212: Everything Has a Weakness

[Part 1]

“Fall back, fall back!”

Cillin led his teammates and fell back for a short distance, leaving the battlefield to the angry, charging Lovages. If they continued to stay at the same place, these excited Lovages were absolutely going to injure them by accident.

Cillin calculated the Lovages' number for a moment. The ratio of adult Lovages to those transformed humans were almost two to one. It meant that almost every transformed human had to fend off two Lovages on their own.

Physically speaking, the transformed humans were sturdier than the Lovages. However, none of them had witnessed the Lovages' true strength yet, so they couldn't say for sure.

Cillin never understood why the Lovages had so many nippers on their body, and huge ones no less. Most of the animals he saw only had one pair of nippers, which was why he thought that it was a little strange but couldn't figure out why they had so much when he saw the Lovages for the first time.

But now, Cillin finally understood why these Lovages had so many big nippers.

The charging Lovages hadn't swung its nippers around like what Cillin normally saw from other insects. Instead, it suddenly moved three pairs of large nippers when it approached those transformed humans, twisted the joints of the nippers in a bizarre manner, and connected them together to form a round-shaped shield.

Bang!

The transformed human flew far, far away as if it had been rammed by a speeding tank.

Everyone standing outside the battlefield looked a little stunned by this scene.

“Is... is this how they fight?” Cary gulped. If they were ran into like this their bodies were absolutely going to fall apart.

The Lovages didn't stop and continued to charge after they sent the transformed humans flying. They knew that their enemies weren't that weak.

The transformed humans stood up after they landed, and their twisted bodies quickly returned to normal. They seemed to be enraged by the Lovages' attacks and had charged towards them while roaring. However, they seemed to have learned from their lesson and didn't charge straight into the Lovages like before. Instead, they suddenly jumped into the air and attacked the Lovages from above just when they were about to run into that nipper-made round shield again.

The Lovages' reaction towards the transformed humans' attacks could only be described as swift.

Cillin watched as a Lovage beast split out a nipper and swiftly trapped a transformed human's elbow with it. Then, it slammed the transformed human fiercely on the ground again and again. Slap! Slap! Slap!... It sounded like someone was slapping a fish on the ground.

Cary and the others were stunned yet again.

Despite the transformed human's size, it would appear that the Lovages had no difficulty in slamming them repeatedly on the ground at all. Appearances could be deceiving.

Ants were one such example. They were incredibly tiny, but they could lift objects that were 400 times heavier than they were, and drag objects that were 1,700 times heavier than they were across a surface. This was just the capability of a normal ant too. A genetically modified ant was several times stronger than that.

Cillin suspected that a relevant gene in the Lovages' bodies had given them a similar ability.

Cillin and his group continued to observe the battlefield. The Lovages' offensive power was definitely not to be underestimated, and they appeared to have the upper hand in every regard even without counting their numbers advantage.

Any nippers that a transformed human had forcefully torn off a Lovage's body would quickly regrow. The same went with any transformed human's arm that was cut off by a Lovage.

"Monsters x monsters. They're truly a perfect fit with each other," Cary sighed.

"Hey, why don't we make a bet and on how long the Lovage guardian beasts would take to take out all these transformed humans?" Xiao Shang put his gun on his shoulder and looked at Cary.

"Sure," Cary observed the battlefield for a moment before showing two fingers, "Twenty minutes. I bet that they can take care of these pests in twenty minutes' time."

Xiao Shang shook his head and extended three fingers, "Twenty minutes is too short considering how unbelievably strong these transformed human's recovery abilities are. I think they'll take at least thirty minutes to deal with all of them. There's no way they can settle this in twenty minutes."

Cary looked at Cillin, "Hey LC, do you want to make a bet too?"

Cillin didn't answer Cary's question immediately. Instead, he turned around and took out a ultra-low temperature freeze gun from a weapons cache.

"What's that for?" Cary asked in puzzlement.

"Something's not quite right," Cillin pointed at a transformed human that had been cut into three pieces by a Lovage.

The transformed human was cut at the shoulder, torso and beneath the waist. However, the flesh on the cut section of the transformed human quickly contracted while the Lovage was moving onto the next target. Part of its muscle tissues had dissolved to form new cell masses at tremendous speed, and part of the cells in the blood had also gathered onto the cut section and turned into special calluses. Then, these three decapitated masses transformed into three independent bodies that looked exactly the same as the decapitated transformed human from earlier.

The scene was reenacted. The only difference was that Cillin's transformed human was cut in half several minutes before, while this transformed human was cut into three pieces.

“Wha...”

Cary and Xiao Shang withdrew their earlier opinions. If every transformed human could regrow into several independent clones every time they were cut into several pieces, then how on earth were they going to win this fight?

Do they need to blast them into bits to kill them?

Cillin fired his freeze gun at a transformed human.

The transformed human who was shot by the freeze gun swiftly became covered in ice while it was in the middle of a battle against a Lovage. However, unlike a normal human being this transformed human wasn't completely frozen in ice. It could still move, just a lot slower than it used to. Moreover, every movement it made would cause some frozen bits to fall off its body.

The freeze gun only managed to freeze their skin, and the frozen bits falling off its body were just part of its outer skin. Once these frozen outer skin had been shaken off its body, the transformed human regained its former mobility.

Imagine just how painful it would be for a normal human being to have their skin peeled off their body inch by inch.

However, these transformed humans couldn't seem to feel any pain at all. There was only numbness and murder present in their eyes.

But Cillin wasn't testing to see if they could feel pain or any other sensation.

The Lovages' hunting ritual was to take down their enemies, kill them, then come back later to consume them. They would also feed the dead corpses of their enemies to the little Lovages. At first, they were planning to cut these invaders into pieces before feeding them to their newborn. However, the invaders had regenerated to full form just as they turned away to fight another enemy!

The Lovages' fury climbed to a new level.

A transformed human who was suddenly slowed by a freeze beam was cut into a dozen or so pieces by an especially furious Lovage.

However, the same thing happened yet again.

These flesh chunks started regenerating into full clones again. It was just that they took a longer period to regenerate themselves compared to the transformed humans who were cut into two or three pieces.

Cillin raised his freeze gun once more and fired multiple times at the same target.

The transformed human who was shot multiple times by the freeze beams was slowed down massively, and it was shot by Cillin just before it could jump out of the way from a Lovage's shield charge.

Pow——

The frozen transformed human was struck head on and shattered into many palm-sized flesh bits.

Cary and everyone else couldn't help but shudder all over when they saw this.

The bloody flesh bits were stepped all over by the fighting crowd of transformed human and Lovages. In the end, they almost turned into a meat pulp.

“I guess there’s no way it could come back from th...”

Before Cary could finish, several bulges swelled from the floor of meat pulp and grew bigger and bigger. The meat pulp itself was vanishing slowly, however.

“F*ck! What the hell are those things?!” Cary swore.

Chapter 212: Everything Has a Weakness

[Part 2]

Eudy checked the time, “It’s been ten minutes, but the number of transformed humans have multiplied several times over. The Lovages are the ones who are at a disadvantage now.”

“Their numbers may be bigger, but every new clone is weaker compared to its original counterpart,” Cillin said.

“How did that happen?”

“It’s totipotency. The cells of those transformed humans seem to be in a highly active state almost all the time. When a whole entity was damaged, the best cell in the separated part would be chosen for differentiation before the rest of the cells supplies this cell with nutrients and energy. That’s why the mature clones that aren’t cut into too many pieces are stronger than the ones that are. It’s because those clones had absorbed more energy when the cells underwent differentiation.”

It was exactly as Cillin as said. These entities themselves might not realize that they possessed such a flaw. They were simply absorbing the crushed flesh pulp of its kind by instinct and assimilating them into themselves.

“What should we do then?” Cary scratched his head irritatedly.

They had no clue where to start fixing this problem. Meanwhile, the melee between the transformed humans and the Lovages grew more and more intense.

The little Lovages hadn’t gotten close to the battlefield without permission and operated outside the battlefield only. Whenever they saw some transformed humans that hadn’t fully regrown into a mature clone because they were cut into many tiny bits earlier, they would move forward and take a few bites.

But it was thanks to these gluttonous little Lovages that these

flesh bits weren't able to regrow into a full clone before they were eaten completely by the little Lovages. As a result, there were fewer clones compared to before.

When Snowball saw this scene from a far distance, it tilted its head sideways and looked to make sure that Cillin, Tang Qiuqiu and the others weren't paying attention to itself. Then, it charged forwards and gulped down a transformed human that was differentiating into a whole entity at the outer ring of the battlefield.

“Come back, Snowball!” Tang Qiuqiu said urgently.

No matter how powerful Snowball's adult form might be, it was just a fledgling right now. Neither his ability nor his mind were up to par. It would be one hell of an experience if it was struck by accident by a Lovage's nipper, or stabbed by a transformed human's claw.

Snowball was just a glutton who happened to see the little Lovages feeding and felt a bit of craving. It wasn't completely unaware of the limit of its own abilities, and it was a tiny bit afraid of dying too. That was why the white fatso had ran back swiftly after it took a bite; chewing the meat in its mouth while it did so.

Cary and the others felt their mouths twitching at the sight. Fatso, the meat you're eating is human flesh! It is still human flesh even if they're now transformed! How dare you eat human flesh right before us!

The second Snowball went back, Tang Qiuqiu immediately pulled its ears and beat its fat butt with the barrel of her rifle repeatedly. Dias had taught her that disobedient kids must be spanked in the butt.

But the white fatso obviously paid Tang Qiuqiu's fierce-looking but weak beating no heed. Plus it wasn't afraid of pain, not to mention that Tang Qiuqiu was so physically weak that she couldn't even pull a single hair off its body.

Snowball willingly presented its butt to Tang Qiuqiu to smack while it enjoyed the taste of the flesh inside its mouth.

“How does it taste?” The gray cat said with blinking eyes. It was obvious that it was going to taste the transformed humans itself the second Snowball answered ‘yes’.

“Hmm... chewing sound...” Snowball grinned after it swallowed the chewed meat, “It’s not bad.”

The gray cat took off and charged right into the battlefield to satisfy its belly.

Snowball looked at the gray cat’s departing figure and turned to look at Tang Qiuqiu with pitiful eyes. However, Tang Qiuqiu’s hold on Snowball’s ears hadn’t relaxed even a little.

There’s no use playing pity!

Cillin walked over while Snowball was showering Tang Qiuqiu with an aggrieved look.

Snowball wasn’t afraid of Tang Qiuqiu, Cary or Shawton, but it was afraid of Cillin for reasons it couldn’t understand itself. Although it wasn’t afraid to fool around and play with Cillin in the norm, it was afraid to face Cillin if it committed a mistake. Therefore, Snowball’s entire body froze when Cillin walked towards it. It immediately lowered its round head.

Cillin crouched down to his feet and looked at Snowball.

Snowball turned its head sideways.

Cillin grabbed Snowball’s head and turned it so that Snowball was facing him directly.

Snowball’s eyes moved sideways and avoided all eye contact with Cillin.

Whoosh!

Cillin’s wrist blade popped out.

Snowball shivered the moment it heard this sound, and it clutched its head with its thick, fat hands, “I’m sorry, I shouldn’t be greedy...”

“I’m not talking about that,” Cillin said while he tugged Snowball’s fat cheeks. It was a bad habit he formed after following Mo Heng for some time, “Be good, and give it a lick.”

Snowball blinked. It didn’t understand what Cillin meant.

Cillin waved the wrist blade on his hand once and pointed at Snowball’s tongue again, “Lick the blade once, or better spit some saliva on it. Didn’t I see you play spit with Dough that one time? Spit plenty on the blade.”

Dough was revelling in Snowball’s misfortune atop Eudy’s shoulder when it heard this and felt its tail shudder. It turned its head sideways, afraid to look at Eudy. How did he find out that we were playing such a retarded game?!

Snowball began spitting on Cillin’s blade pitifully as it was watched closely by Cillin. Snowball checked out Cillin’s expression every time it made a spit. It was ready to clutch its head and escape the second Cillin showed even a bit of anger. However, Cillin really didn’t look like he was angry, so the white fatso spat more and more vigorously on the blade.

The rest of the team didn’t understand what Cillin was doing. It was only when Eudy had pointed at the differentiating transformed human Snowball had taken a bite from that they finally understood what was going on.

The transformed human that had been bitten by Snowball still hadn’t regrown into full form even now. The part where Snowball had taken a bite from especially hadn’t changed at all.

These transformed humans were capable of differentiating into new entities quickly even if they were cut in half, so why was there a bite mark on that transformed human’s body? Moreover, it

didn't look like it was recovering any time soon. It would appear that the reason this clone couldn't differentiate into a new entity was Snowball.

Cillin had checked out the transformed humans the gray cat had taken a bite from too. Although the gray cat's bite was showing some inhibitive effects too, it was not nearly as effective as Snowball's.

Snowball didn't have a poison sac like snakes do, so this meant that the inhibitors probably existed in Snowball's saliva. That was why Cillin had told Snowball to spit on its blade.

Once his wrist blade was completely covered in Snowball's saliva, Cillin adjusted his equipment and charged into the fray alone. Like lightning, he cut a transformed human who was battling a Lovage in half swiftly before withdrawing from the battlefield. He didn't stay to fight.

The group observed the transformed human who was cut in half by Cillin. Unlike the transformed human that was cut at the beginning of the battle, this decapitated transformed human hadn't started differentiating and recovering immediately. The two halves of the body was shuddering, and the cut section hadn't formed any callus whatsoever. In fact, the greenish, seemingly coagulated blood that previously clung tightly to the flesh slowly melted and seeped out of the wound.

Everyone's mouth turned into an 'O' shape before they turned to look at Snowball with sparkling eyes in unison.

Snowball shrank into Tang Qiuqiu's lap once, then once more.

Cary grabbed his own big blade, ran and stopped in front of Snowball, "Spit on my blade, Snowball!"

Once Cillin had taken down a few more transformed humans and confirmed its effectiveness, he withdrew from the battlefield and told the observing Sigma, "Please tell the Lovages that we'll help

cut down some of these transformed humans later. All they need to do is to provide us cover and eat those transformed humans. The faster they could eat, the better.”

Everyone knew that Sigma could communicate with the Lovages, not to mention that Sigma was the controller who injected their chips. Therefore, he had given Sigma the task to communicate and discuss their movements with the Lovages.

Sigma assured Cillin that he would complete its mission after listening to Cillin’s brief explanation.

“Are you guys ready?” Cillin asked Cary and the others.

“We’re ready. Rikulab has already taken some saliva samples and went back to the base to research them. He’ll probably have something for us very soon.”

Everyone’s weapon was covered in Snowball’s saliva. Snowball literally spat its mouth dry in order to cover all these weapons in saliva. It had to drink a lot of water to quench the dryness in its mouth.

“Alright,” Cillin made a hand gesture and signalled for the operation to begin.

Everyone raised their blades and charged straight into the battlefield. They had been waiting for this moment after being held back for such a long time.

Cillin observed the battlefield for a moment. There were no problems as long as they could slow down the speed at which the transformed humans were differentiating. The Lovages would be able to eat them before they managed to differentiate into a whole entity.

Now that this problem was solved, Cillin readied himself to investigate another matter.

It was obvious that this attack was premeditated. These transformed humans were specifically developed as human-shaped

weapons, and the spaceplane they were on board was targeted the planet the Sixth B Squadron had stationed themselves in. What Cillin wanted to do right now was to investigate who it was that had sent these things to attack them.

The people involved in this plot would definitely have covered and wiped out all traces of their handiwork, but Cillin still wanted to give it a look. If he wasn't mistaken, that spaceplane would be gone by the time they had taken out all these transformed humans. When that happens, it would be even harder to find clues.

Cillin approached the spaceplane while passing through the Lovages and transformed humans in high speed. His movements were as quick as a flash, and his figure was extremely difficult to catch.

The holes on the spaceplane where the round capsules were discharged from had been sealed tight, and there were no gaps of entry that could be found whatsoever. After circling around the spaceplane one time, Cillin summoned the gray cat who was happily biting every transformed human it could reach to his side.

“What is it?” The gray cat lifted its mouth, crouched in front of Cillin and licked its paws.

“Try opening up the door, and make sure that its system doesn't detect any traces of hacking.”

The gray cat paced back and forth for two steps before it crouched at a particular spot of the spaceplane. Characters began to flash before the gray cat's eyes.

Chapter 213: Mist? Or Merciless? [Part 1]

The gray cat looked up at Cillin in just a moment.

“It’s done, Cillin.”

It’s done?

Cillin looked at the spaceplane. I don’t see any opening though?

“Its main entrance is at the belly of the spaceplane, not the sides,” The gray cat said.

By belly, the gray cat meant the bottom of the spaceplane. But wasn’t the entrance of a spaceplane with this kind of shape normally at the sides?

Entering would be difficult if the entrance really was at the bottom of the spaceplane.

Cillin looked at the gray cat, and the gray cat began digging a hole on his own initiative. The cat thought that it was no easy feat to possess such an advanced hole digging skill. That was why it had always been proud with its hole digging skill.

With the gray cat’s help, Cillin was able to enter the interior of the spaceplane very quickly.

He could see everything inside the moment he went inside.

This spaceplane was used almost solely for the purpose of storing those round capsules. That was why it looked incredibly spacious after those round capsules were injected.

Cillin took out his scanner and probed around for a bit. The scanner found no special reactions whatsoever and indicated that everything was normal. But Cillin couldn’t shake the uneasiness in his mind. He remembered the rabbit: Was the rabbit really reacting to those transformed humans only? A shame that that rabbit couldn’t speak.

The gray circled inside the spaceplane once while twitching its

nose.

“There’s a familiar smell in this place.”

“What smell?”

Cillin couldn’t smell anything. If their mysterious opponent hadn’t cleaned this place he could’ve picked up the smell himself. This meant that the person who was here must have cleaned the spaceplane before they left.

The gray cat walked around the spaceplane again and narrowed down its observations to a particular route. Then, it pointed at a spot where a bit of smell was left over, “There are a lot of scenta here, but one of them smells very familiar. These are the few spots where I can detect this smell.”

If their opponent had also performed scent elimination before they left, then these places with leftover smell were probably places where that person had hung around for an extended period of time too. It could also be places where body fluids had dripped off the person’s body.

“Ah, I remember now!” The gray cat exclaimed, “I’ve picked up that scent once when we went to that grade one prison back then. It came from those really disgusting rat-like things. I slapped a few of them to death but ate none of them because they smelled both terrible and disgusting. They turn into sticky stuff that looks like a pool of liquid after I took them out.”

Rat-like things? Turns into sticky stuff that looks like a pool of liquid after they were killed?

“Wait a second. Can you see if this is the thing you’re talking about?” Cillin took out a small bottle from his leaf patterned ring. He had collected a partial sample back then, but he hadn’t performed any in depth analysis to this day.

The gray cat never took a step closer. The gray cat cried out loudly the second the bottle was opened just a little, “That’s the

one! Now move it away already, it's so disgusting!"

I thought so!

This proved that the enemy wasn't from Grim Reaper or some other forces. It also proved that they were either Mist or Merciless.

That guy... Cillin remembered him. At the time, they had brushed past each other without any fighting, but that didn't stop Cillin from sensing the darkness inside that man. Which force did he belong to?

Speaking of which, what were the rest of the inconspicuous smells the gray cat had detected.

Cillin analyzed the spots where there were leftover smells and went to a couple of places after imagining how the people inside the spaceplane would have walked, but came up with nothing.

At the end of his analysis, he narrowed down the potential routes to just three. The path Cillin was currently treading would save him a bit of time towards a certain point. Then, Cillin's uneasiness grew stronger when he reached this intersection point.

This is the spot!

Cillin didn't doubt his own intuition in the slightest.

"Wheeze, how many people have stopped by this area?" Cillin pointed at the spot and drew a circle in mid air with his finger, asking.

"Hardly any at all. There was only one person who hung around here close by. Over here," The gray cat walked towards a particular spot and patted the ground with its paw.

"Then that must be it. Come back first, will you? Don't get close to that spot," Cillin carefully walked over to the spot the gray cat had mentioned and pressed a finger against the wall.

There was a surprise hidden behind it.

He could detect a tiny amount of radioactive substance emanating the wall. It was such a small amount that it wouldn't cause any discomfort to the human body, and the walls here were also made of anti-radiation materials. It was no wonder that the scanner couldn't pick up the radioactive substance hidden inside the wall at all.

It was obvious that the placement of this radioactive substance was premeditated. Once the atomic nucleus had decayed to a certain extent, the box inside the wall would open up and allow its content to flow out of the box. Once its content had fused together with the decaying radioactive substance, it would transform into a high-energy bomb.

This bomb was powerful enough to rip the 'skin' of the land across an extremely wide area. If the bomb were to explode now, then the Lovages and the Sixth B Squadron fighting outside would be caught by the shockwave. Even if a few of them survived, they would be grievously wounded after the explosion.

Cillin observed and calculated roughly the time left before the bomb would explode. There were still ten minutes left in the clock.

Cillin hadn't contacted the base immediately while he was still inside the spaceplane. He waited until he had crawled back out before he activated his communicator. There was no telling if there might be other 'surprises' that would quicken the activation of the high-energy bomb.

Shawton immediately piloted a large spaceplane over himself after listening to Cillin's short debrief on the situation.

By now the transformed human situation were more or less under control, and the battle would end in around thirty minutes time. Therefore, Shawton no longer needed to supervise the battlefield. With the spaceplane, he worked together with Cillin to carry the soon-to-explode vehicle out of the planet.

Because the spaceplane was stuck inside the ground, it was

impossible to lift it into the air immediately. Therefore, they had to dig out all the stone and soil surrounding the spaceplane.

The commotion they caused to dig out the spaceplane obviously attracted everyone's attention, but they couldn't look away for too long because the transformed humans were completely dealt with yet. The fact that Cillin and Shawton had did what they did meant that something wasn't right with the spaceplane, and that it had to be thrown to outer space. As members of the squad, what they needed to do right now was to complete their own missions.

Shawton controlled two large clamps with his spaceplane and grabbed onto the foreign spaceplane. Then, he carefully carried it out of the planet and sped up once he exited the atmosphere. He also fired a couple of propellers onto the foreign spaceplane and used them to propel it towards a faraway distance. Then, Cillin and Shawton returned to the base on their spaceplane.

Ten minutes later, an fiery explosion went up in space. It didn't affect their planet because it was pushed far enough already.

Chapter 213: Mist? Or Merciless? [Part 2]

Cillin told Shawton about his analysis, but Shawton wasn't familiar with either Mist or Merciless. Therefore, he couldn't tell which one of the two forces had done this either.

One thing was certain though, and that was that their enemy had set their sights on them. Either one of the two forces were extremely dangerous, and the Sixth B Squadron's strength alone wasn't enough to fight them. Therefore, Shawton had reported the situation to the A Squads. They would solve this once the A Squads had sent over some men to inspect the construction progress of their base.

By the time Cillin came out of the spaceplane once more, the battle situation had already become very clear. There were only a few transformed humans left struggling on the field while the Lovages were scrambling to snatch them for themselves. Meanwhile, the rest of the Sixth B Squadron members were watching the show from the sidelines not far away.

Unlike how they attacked the transformed humans earlier, the Lovages didn't try to cut them into several parts this time. Instead, they took bites off their enemies and ate them little by little.

“What's going on?” Cillin asked while he was walking over.

Cary lifted his chin at the little Lovages who were staring pitifully at the last few transformed humans before turning towards the final battlefield, “It seems that the more those transformed humans differentiated and cloned themselves, the less the Lovages liked eating them.”

It was like a very tasty bowl of soup where a few spoons of water were added before a little of it was drunk, then rinse and repeat. After the process had been repeated for a couple of times, the soup would have become so diluted that its taste must be poor.

In the end, the remaining transformed humans were all eaten. The Lovages had eaten and licked the last of the cells before they could differentiate.

There was no doubt that these Lovages had a fulfilling meal, and some of the little Lovages were now an entire size bigger than they were before. The speed of their growth astounded everyone.

After the Lovages had returned to their nests, Shawton told his men to comb through the area thoroughly and destroy all hidden threats.

Although this incident was resolved successfully, the danger it brought caused Shawton to be deeply unsettled. It wasn't until the A Squad's men had arrived that his unease had subsided just a little.

The people the A Squad sent over were unknown to Cillin, but they were all elder level members like Songba Leruo. They hadn't put on too much of airs when they spoke with Cillin though. They had only called him over briefly to speak about his findings during the battle and nothing else.

Cillin had no idea what the A Squad's men had discussed with Shawton after his departure, but he was in no mood to know anyway. Right now, he was working hard in researching a few things; things that might soon come to protect his life.

The A Squad left behind a group of troops to guard the planet. The base was of great value to them, and they had even arranged some technical specialists to inspect it. They were all full of praises towards this base.

In reality, Cillin, the gray cat and Czedow knew that Sigma was one of the reasons the base had maintained a high standard of functionality today. Sigma had spent countless years in maintaining, perfecting and improving the base.

Cillin took a look at the trees planted around the base. They were

genetically engineered species that were brought in for the purpose of improving the planet's environment. Now, these trees had completely taken root and producing new shoots from the ground.

Not far away, a group of little Lovages ran behind Snowball's butt while the gray cat bumping over a ball. They caught the ball before bumping it into the air once more, looking very happy as they played. These little Lovages hadn't turned hostile towards the Sixth B Squadron just because they had finally tasted flesh. The chip inside their body was what separated them from the common beast.

"What are you looking at, Cillin?!" The gray cat jumped in directly through the window and climbed up Cillin's shoulder in a familiar fashion, asking.

Cillin scratched the gray cat's chin and answered, "Just watching you guys having fun."

The gray cat raised its chin so that Cillin could scratch it as it said lazily, "They're just a bunch of kids."

Cillin's mouth twitched. Other than its age, the gray cat was pretty much the same as them.

"So? How are you doing after cooping yourself for days inside the workshop?" The gray cat swung its tail and asked.

"The results are showing, but, hmm. Wheeze, I have a question to ask you. How much chance do you think you have if you fought against Barthus and Songba Leruo?"

The gray cat stretched open its narrowed eyes. It thought for a moment before replying, "I don't know."

In reality, the gray cat knew very well that it would be at a disadvantage. It was confident that it could beat Barthus and Songba Leruo in a head on battle, but fighting was never just a mindless brawl. Tactics were always involved, and it was obvious at first glance Barthus and Songba Leruo were two old foxes who

had fought hundreds of battles in their lives. Although the gray cat possessed a powerful brain, it couldn't think of many crafty plots or machinations at all. It had no idea how to lie, and was so bad at it that Cillin could identify one of its lies in a single glance, much less those old foxes.

“Are you going to fight against them? We can work together. You use your brains and I use my claws. There's no way we can't beat them together,” The gray cat said.

Cillin shook his head, “They're not my enemies, but my enemy is stronger than them both combined.”

The gray cat's ears flicked, “I know who you mean now. You're talking about those people we met at the prison. They are very strong, and cunning as well. Oh right, are they really going to attack our base?”

The gray cat didn't need to ask the Sith B Squadron to be able to learn things. The base itself was Sigma's eyes and ears.

“I think so.”

“There's no need to be afraid. I've discussed this with Sigma before, and Sigma has been recently planning to renovate the base a little more as well as adding a couple of batteries outside. It's not like we don't have the materials to build them. Eudy even said that he's going to install the batteries with us tomorrow.”

The gray cat had gotten excited while talking, so Cillin didn't interrupt it. He continued to scratch the gray cat's chin while staring towards the faraway distance, thinking to himself.

Two days later, another squad mission had landed on their laps. The two rank C planets they detected earlier contained a rich amount of precious metal resources, and it was just what they needed since they were about to build new defensive facilities at the base.

Cillin's squad and Zaya Kasa's squad went out to mine the ores.

Each squad was responsible for one planet.

The gray cat was currently engrossed in building the batteries and didn't follow him. Cillin left Czedow behind to supervise the construction and prevent those fellows from messing around without a clue in their heads.

On the starship, Cillin sat quietly on a chair as he listened to Cary, Beaver and the others chatting about the construction of the defensive facilities at the outskirts of the base.

He couldn't shake this uneasiness inside him.

Cillin was not a person to act without preparation, but he was still feeling very uneasy despite all the preparations he had made.

Tico walked over and stopped in front of Cillin. She looked at Cillin with a bit of worry in her eyes.

“What's wrong? Is there something the matter?” Cillin asked.

“I'm fine. What I want to know is what trouble you're in, or rather what trouble you think you'll be in, LC.”

Tico pulled over a chair and picked out the little rabbit inside her big pocket. She passed the rabbit to Cillin.

The little rabbit's ears were drooping, and it was obviously staring at Cillin with great worry.

Cillin had never seen such a look from the rabbit. He could also sense the reluctance to part besides worry.

Cillin didn't know why he was able to decipher the meaning behind the rabbit's eyes. He simply knew that those were the emotions it was conveying through its eyes. The rabbit's mouth might not know how to speak, but its eyes did.

“It's been like this ever since we left the base, and it wasn't looking at anyone else like this except you,” Tico stared straight at Cillin, “What on earth happened? What haven't you told us?”

Cillin rubbed his hand across the table surface.

Inevitable. In the end, it was inevitable.

He knew what he was going to face from the rabbit's look now.

Cillin didn't answer Tico's question. Instead, he closed his eyes and tapped his finger against the back of the chair.

Five minutes later, Cillin opened his eyes and stood up. He rubbed the rabbit staring at him once he looked back at Tico, "It will be fine."

Tico didn't believe Cillin because she understood the rabbit in her hands all too well, and she knew every meaning its eyes were conveying. It was why she dropped the table knife in her hands out of sheer shock earlier when she saw the look the rabbit was giving Cillin.

The look meant that Cillin was very likely to die soon. The rabbit wouldn't have worn a look of worry and reluctance to part otherwise.

Cillin went to look Eudy. Dias wasn't around to hear him, so he had explained some of his plans to Eudy instead. After all, Eudy was one of those people who could calmly analyze a problem, and had greater say in the entire Sixth B Squadron. He was the most suitable person to hear this right now.

Decisiveness was necessary in certain times.

By now their starship had flown rather far away from their base planet, and they were just about to reach the planet with rich metal resources they'd registered in their chart. But not only did Cillin not give the order to descend, he even told them to get their weapons ready, and the personnel inside the control room to assume their positions. He told them to inspect their energy supply and defense systems.

Cary opened his mouth, but was shut up by a single glare from Eudy. Right now, Cary was feeling extremely gloomy and puzzled. His heart itched like it was being scratched by the gray cat's claws,

but even worse was the fact that he was not allowed to ask.

“Are we ready?” Cillin looked at Eudy.

Eudy nodded, “We’re ready.”

“Good. Begin!”

Eudy laid down the orders the second Cillin said so.

The starship that was flying towards the resource planet suddenly made a U-turn, activated its defensive shields and flew away like it was running from something.

Cary seriously couldn’t hold it his annoyance any longer as he shot a glare at Eudy. The amount of energy blocks that they were going to waste was going to be astronomical considering that the ship’s defensive shields were activated to the fullest extent, not to mention that they were using the special energy blocks too. Was he still not going to give an explanation now?!

Cary opened his mouth and attempted to ask. His voice didn’t escape his throat before the starship suddenly shuddered.

“We’re under attack!”

From the display, the squad could see many laser bullets being fired at their ship. Behind them, a starship slowly revealed its true form.

A starship was actually waiting to ambush them!

What was even more shocking was the fact that their scanners and probes hadn’t detected anything at all!

Right now, that enemy starship was pointing all of their cannons at their starship. If it wasn’t for the shields, the starship would probably be half paralyzed by now. At the very least, there was no way they could’ve continue flying at their current speed.

“Who are they?!” Cary asked.

“I want to know too,” Cillin left the control room after staring at

the starship pursuing them closely from behind.

Chapter 214: Oskulos is Coming [Part 1]

Cillin walked to the entrance of the control room before turning around to look at everyone, “With my authority as the lieutenant commander of this squadron, I will transfer this starship’s control and this operation’s command to Eudy effective immediately.”

Although Hunters were not as strict as the army when it came to ranking, obedience was still expected during critical moments. It would’ve been a mess otherwise. That was why everyone would self-consciously obey the ‘commander’ with the highest authority during a critical situation.

Everyone was a little caught off guard when they heard Cillin’s declaration though.

Why had Cillin transferred over his power to Eudy at this time?

Since Cillin had transferred the command to Eudy, every member in the squadron was expected to obey Eudy’s orders for the remaining period of the operation. It was obvious that that starship chasing behind them was a threat at first glance.

“But LC...” Cary went over and tried to get to the bottom of this.

Cillin closed the control room’s door with a button wordlessly before Cary could catch up to him.

When Cary opened the door once more, Cillin was already riding inside the elevator heading towards the spaceplane parking zone.

Cillin looked at the starship behind them. He could sense that person on that starship.

It was inevitable that they would meet. He just didn’t think that Oskulos would appear so quickly.

It would appear that Mist or Merciless had cooperated with Oskulos and attracted part of the army’s attention. That was how Oskulos managed to shake off the army’s supervision and came

looking for Cillin.

He chose a small spaceplane, brought a few energy ores with him, checked his equipment once quickly before piloting his chosen vehicle out of the starship.

Even though the small spaceplane might not have the deadly weaponry of a bigger spaceplane, its strength lay in its agility. Big spaceplanes attracted too much firepower and were difficult to control by one person only.

At the starship behind the Sixth B Squadron's starship.

"He went out."

The person who spoke was none other than the person Cillin and the gray cat were talking about earlier; they guy who brushed past Cillin back when he was traversing the prison passages. Next to him was the woman wielding a blue blade who almost killed Cillin back then.

Oskulos let out a small smile as he leisurely drank his wine while sitting on top of a recliner. He drained every drop of wine, stood up and walked out of the room immediately.

Not long after, a spaceplane departed from the starship and chased straight towards Cillin.

At the team's starship.

Everyone in the control room saw Cillin piloting a spaceplane and leaving the starship. Tico and Eudy stared at the vehicle that was gradually moving further and further away from them worriedly and sighed.

"Hey, can anyone tell me what on earth is Cillin thinking? Also, who are those enemies behind us?" Cary was just about to blow his top.

"This is not the time to speak about such things," Eudy turned back to look at the main control panel, "We absolutely mustn't

slow down, and we absolutely mustn't descend at any nearby planets. Raise the energy shields and increase all thrusters to the max! We are retreating back to the base at top speed!"

Cillin had warned Eudy to never slow down or descend at any nearby planet in an attempt to fight those people. It would just be plain suicide. That was why Eudy had ordered the team to return at top speed. Any other choice would only result in their own destruction.

Cary grabbed Eudy's collar and roared out, "Can you f*cking tell us the reason already?! Is it fun hiding things from all of us? F*ck!"

Eudy gave Cary an expressionless stare before he removed his hands and said, "I'm just performing the mission the LC has given to me, and that is to bring everyone back to the base safely."

"F*ck that shit!"

Cary kicked the chair next to him violently. It crashed into the wall and broke into pieces.

Bang bang bang!

The attacks coming behind them were as fierce as ever. Although the energy shields were holding up, the starship still wobbled under the shots' impact.

"F*ck! Who the hell are they? Do we have to run like this all the way back to our base?!"

Cary wasn't the only person to have this thought, there were a lot others who thought the same too. How embarrassing would it be if people heard that members of the great Vanguard was openly thrashed, and the only thing they could do was run all the way back home without retaliating even once! It was just too stupid and cowardly to escape all the way back to the base with their tails between their legs!

When Eudy saw that everyone was slowly losing control of their emotions and being tempted to pilot a fighter or pick a fight at

some place, he finally loosened his mouth a little. If he were to keep them too much in the dark then the opposite effect would happen instead.

“Can you guys take on either Mist or Merciless?” Eudy looked at Cary and everyone else.

Everyone in the control room fell silent when Eudy said this.

Could they take on either Mist or Merciless?

They couldn't! They couldn't take on any one of them!

They weren't afraid of death, but they were afraid that their death would be worthless. Being brave didn't mean plowing head first into certain suicide.

Eudy swept a glance across the board before he finally turned around, “Follow my earlier order and return at full speed!”

No one displayed any indignation this time as they consciously performed their respective responsibilities. The best aid they could provide the squad was to do their own things properly.

Cary made several deep breaths before he asked with bursting emotions that he barely suppressed, “Cillin...”

“Cillin has his own plans,” Eudy said nothing after that. He brought up the star chart and laid down orders to adjust their course from time to time.

Judging from how the enemy was pursuing after them, it was obvious that they had analyzed this whole region before. Eudy didn't think that they could shake off the enemy behind them, so all he wanted was for the squad to return to the base safely. Cillin had told him that the enemy had known about the base since a while ago, and that they were the ones who sent the transformed humans to attack them. Even if they hadn't flown out of the base and gone on a mission, these people would still have attacked the base. The reason the enemy hadn't lobbed a bioweapon at them or used any explosives that could cause permanent destruction was all

because they wanted to preserve that base.

There was one more thing that Eudy refrained to say when he was answering Cary's question.

The title Star Rank Hunter Oskulos was too big of a morale blow to unveil. The name Mist and Merciless had caused enough pressure within the team already, and Eudy suspected that the revelation of Oskulos would have sent these people straight into negativity. That was why he had avoided the subject even when someone brought up their doubts regarding the enemies that had gone after Cillin's spaceplane.

Eudy was seriously caught off guard when he heard Cillin's thoughts on the matter. No one knew why someone at Oskulos' level would lay his eyes on Cillin.

Cillin flew his spaceplane straight towards a planet of his own choosing. This planet was one of the two underripe rank B planets the Sixth B Squadron had found when they were searching for a planet to establish their base on at the beginning. Cillin had analysed the planet's environment and living creatures, and he came to the conclusion that this planet was his biggest chances of survival.

Cillin had considered fighting Oskulos in space and taking him out with his spaceplane, but Oskulos was a bonafide Star Rank Hunter. Even excluding his experience, the tools and materials Oskulos possessed must be far better than Cillin's. Although Cillin was using the special energy ores they found earlier, and they increased the defensive capabilities of his spaceplane's shields by several levels, Oskulos's energy shields couldn't be too far behind even in the best case scenario. Moreover, Cillin's chances of a reversal would only decrease once they flew out of Vanguard's territory. That was why Cillin had chosen this planet decisively while he was plotting his flight course earlier.

If he could delay Oskulos long enough, the gray cat and the

others would eventually show up to reinforce him. He would be saved if he could survive until that moment. After all, Oskulos was alone in this place.

Chapter 214: Oskulos is Coming [Part 2]

Cillin continued to plot his latter actions while avoiding Oskulos' attacks behind him.

Oskulos was simply getting some entertainment out of the pursuit because he was bored. He didn't expect to be able to take down Cillin's spaceplane with these attacks.

But although Oskulos wasn't prepared to kill Cillin in space, he didn't want him to run too far away either. He didn't have that much patience to spare.

Oskulos glanced at Cillin's spaceplane once before pressing a button.

Nine rivet-like projectiles were fired from his spaceplane in a row, and they were all high sensitivity homing projectiles. They flew straight towards Cillin's spaceplane, and although he managed to avoid eight of them the last projectile still struck his vehicle.

The rivet-like projectile seemed capable of absorbing energy, and it was causing the energy on the shields to drain away faster than normal.

It would appear that Oskulos couldn't wait any longer. He hadn't been feeling too well because he was tied up by the military for a very long time.

Cillin looked at the falling line of the energy gauge and made more calculations inside his head. He dodged yet another round of fire behind him.

Finally, Cillin saw the planet he was heading to. He was just about to make his spaceplane land at the planned landing spot when two energy absorbing rivets suddenly struck his spaceplane with a boom once more.

At the rate his spaceplane was losing energy, there was no way he

could reach his planned landing spot before it gave out.

He made his way down to a forest with great difficulty. The spaceplane broke god knows how many branches along the way, and the branches shook the spaceplane strongly before he finally landed.

Cillin didn't wait for the spaceplane to come to a complete halt before he opened the emergency exit and ran inside the forest.

Meanwhile, Oskulos' spaceplane descended steadily on the high ground next to the forest.

The hatch opened, and Oskulos walked out of the spaceplane. He was wearing the same outfit Cillin saw him in during their first meeting. He cast a glance at the forest and the spaceplane that just came to a halt and jumped down a cliff. Although the cliff was more than five hundred meters above the ground, Oskulos' falling speed was different from one's normal speed when free falling.

Oskulos cast a glance towards a particular direction in the forest before he waved a hand once and changed his footsteps. His speed hadn't changed, but his direction did. The man began descending towards the direction where his feet were carrying him to.

While running, Cillin sensed a psychokinetic energy ripple charging towards him. He had only ever detected an energy ripple like this from Jiada.

Too fast. Cillin was moving at his top speed already, but the man behind him was rapidly shortening the distance between the two of them.

No wonder Jiada said that it wasn't easy to escape from Oskulos' grasp at all.

Sensing the rapidly shortening distance between the two of them, Cillin took out his gun. The gun barrel was crushed and snapped off before he could even turn it around, however.

Cillin felt like he was punched by a massive fist, and he slammed

hard into the stone wall behind him. His entire body was sank inside the stone wall.

Before Cillin could recover his senses, a hand had already grabbed onto his neck and pulled him out of the wall. His feet couldn't touch the ground.

Oskulos stared at Cillin's bloodied head and torso while he was lifting him in mid air before saying slowly, "So sorry to have left you alive for so long."

Bang!

Cillin was slammed against a hard object once more, but this time he was pressed into the ground instead.

Cillin's constitution was pretty strong, and there were plenty of rank A combat personnel who couldn't compare to him in terms of physical strength. However, bones in multiple parts of his body were crushed in just one smash, and he felt like his muscles were being torn apart by force.

Oskulos was obviously a man of great experience. He knew which bone he should crush to take out his prey's mobility.

Jiada once said that Oskulos was a man who loves to torture his prey to death.

Cillin listened as his bones were being crushed by Oskulos, but he didn't lose his train of thought to the waves of terrible pain. In reality, each time the chips activated the pain it was no less painful than having his bones crushed like this.

"It would seem that this level of pain is nothing to you," Oskulos said slowly.

The fact that Cillin wasn't screaming out in pain dissatisfied Oskulos greatly. A thin, long blade about the width of a person's finger stretched out of Oskulos' wrist.

"To tell you the truth, I hate Jiada a lot. He wanted to replace me

so badly, but he always manipulated others to attack me instead of doing it himself. I don't understand is why that fake medium is willing to spend energy on you though. How do you think I should repay you for all the woes I've suffered under the military's supervision?"

Oskulos sounded like he was speaking with an old friend, but his blade was cutting towards Cillin's direction.

Inside the Sixth B Squadron's base.

The gray cat and Sigma was arguing over a design diagram, and Snowball butted into the conversation despite knowing nothing about designs. Czedow had no room to interrupt the conversation at all.

But every hair on the gray cat's body suddenly stood on their end. Its eyes looked as deep as a whirlpool inside the sea.

Sigma quickly cut short its unceasing explanation of its reasoning after it noticed the gray cat's abnormal reaction. Beside them, Dough and Snowball retreated in unison because the gray cat was giving off an extremely unpleasant feeling. They felt like the gray cat was going to kill someone in the next second.

Animals have extraordinary subconscious minds. The little Lovages who were originally fooling around the area went away in a flash to seek out their adults' protection.

At the same time, Eudy's starship finally returned to the base.

The alarm resounded inside the base, and everyone swiftly entered into a state of combat. This time however, the Lovages hadn't come out. They were all hiding inside their nests. The little Lovages were shivering unconsciously even as they pushed themselves against the adult Lovages' body as hard as they could. It was as if the action could give them some sense of safety.

Thanks to their earlier preparation, the squadron was currently operating at high efficiency. Shawton instructed his men to cover

Eudy's descent and attack the starship. The enemy absolutely mustn't be allowed to descend on the planet.

Thankfully, the enemy starship didn't look intent on forcing their way onto the planet. They were simply flying back and forth in space.

When Eudy and the others finally landed safely on the planet, Cary told Shawton everything about Cillin in a hurry.

"Please send someone to reinforce Cillin ASAP, commander! He'll be in danger if he's alone!" Cary volunteered himself to be part of the rescue team.

Shawton looked at Eudy, "What did Cillin tell you to do back then?"

Eudy sucked in a deep breath to calm himself down as much as possible, "He told me to leave first and get reinforcements later."

Shawton obviously thought deeper into things than Cary did, "Who was the guy who chased after Cillin?"

"It... it's Oskulos..."

"Oskulos who?" Cary was a little puzzled by Eudy's answer.

However, Shawton and the few A Squad members present in the meeting nearly jumped on their feet.

"What?! Oskulos? Are you sure? Is it really... that person?" Shawton pointed a finger above him. Everyone except Cary knew exactly who this 'person' Shawton was mentioning.

Eudy nodded, "That's what Cillin said."

"But why did Oskulos had his eyes on Cillin? It doesn't make sense. Oskulos normally sets his bar pretty high..." An A Squad member muttered to himself.

When Eudy heard this, he wanted nothing more than to kick him out of the room.

“This isn’t the time for reactions, commander. Let us form the rescue team and save Cillin already. I’m worried that he won’t last long if we dally any longer,” Eudy urged.

“Hey, who on earth is this Oskulos that you guys are talking about?” Cary was still confused by Oskulos’ identity.

Another member of the A Squad explained, “Oskulos is Lone Wolf, the Hunter with the most twisted personality out of the Six Stars of Hunt.”

Cary would’ve thought of that unusual Star Rank Hunter if they had mentioned Lone Wolf’s title earlier. He just didn’t know about Lone Wolf’s true name.

“What!?” Cary was stunned for a second before he grabbed Eudy by the collar and lifted him into the air, yelling, “Why the f*ck didn’t you say this earlier? He’ll die!”

Both Cary and Eudy volunteered to join the rescue team, ignoring even the somewhat disdainful gazes the A Squad members were throwing their way. The problem was there were still a couple of old fools who were looking oh-so-serious as they began analysing the cause of the whole situation.

Motherf*cker, should we be looked down upon just because we’re not a member of the A Squadron?! These condescending old fools! Cut the nonsense and let’s save Cillin already!

Xiao Shang and more Sixth B Squadron members volunteered themselves to partake in the rescue team, but they were all turned down by Shawton. Their opponent was a Star Rank Hunter, so the best candidates of the rescue team was naturally the A Squad. The B Squad wouldn’t be able to help even if they all went there.

While Shawton was building a rescue team and instructing his men to attack the starship circling outside their planet, a loud noise suddenly erupted from the base’s direction.

At first Shawton thought that they were being attacked, but

when he saw the gray cat in its metal form he immediately told his men to put their guns away.

The gray cat's roar was so powerful that the surrounding people nearly fainted because of it. They should be thankful that the sound wave wasn't directed at them, or they would've died a long time ago.

The gray cat was aiming its roar at the starship flying outside the planet. When the starship was struck by the gray cat's sound wave attack, its monitors and displays all turned into static. The gray cat roared again when they had finally recovered from the attack, but this time a white beam was also fired from its mouth straight towards the starship.

The white beam actually punched a huge hole in the energy shield that was protecting the starship!

However, the gray cat obviously wasn't planning to meddle with them for long.

An unmanned spaceplane flew out of the base automatically.

A figure dashed towards the spaceplane and reached it in just a couple of jumps. It wasn't a jumping ability that any normal person could possess.

The gray cat jumped into the spaceplane too after Czedow had gone inside.

Chapter 215: Destination Reached, Operation Begin [Part 1]

Neither Czedow nor the gray cat had touched the control panels, but the entire spaceplane moved on its own anyway as every key and every command behind those keys were executed orderly.

It was the result of the gray cat's control.

Just now, the gray cat was suddenly assaulted by a huge, sudden wave of oppression and panic. It had nothing to do with itself, for the factor that triggered that emotion wasn't at where it was right now. It knew then that Cillin was in trouble.

The gray cat didn't like to think, but it immediately recalled how unusual Cillin had been acting as of late the moment it started. After connecting the dots and remembering its previous dialogue with Cillin, the gray cat strongly regretted not accompanying Cillin on his trip back then. Who cares about something stupid battery!

Czedow realized the reason behind the gray cat's abnormal behavior after noticing the signs and communicating with it through the unique interaction method between robots. Therefore, he resolutely decided to act together with the gray cat.

Although the gray cat wanted very much to destroy the invading starship, it was in a hurry to locate Cillin right now. I'll destroy them later.

And so the gray cat and Czedow left the planet under the watchful gaze of both the Sixth B Squadron and the invading starship. They departed at top speed and without paying any attention to the invading starship at all.

"Something might have happened with Cillin. Those two share a connection with each other," Dias said worriedly.

"Then let us send someone over to reinforce him already. The

rest of our men should be a match for the enemy starship,” Shawton turned around to mobilize his men.

At the rank B planet.

Cillin’s situation was bad. Really bad.

After being thrown twice by Oskulos, every bone in Cillin’s body felt like they were going to fall apart at any moment. Some of his joints were crushed too, so he couldn’t even stand up right now.

There were knife wounds around Cillin’s arms near the arteries. Blood wouldn’t stop pouring out of his body.

Cillin didn’t bother asking Oskulos if he could him live if he gave up his Aurelio starmap pieces. It was already highly debatable if someone like Oskulos would show his enemies mercy, not to mention that the man himself never planned to ask Cillin about the Aurelio starmap pieces to begin with. The starmap pieces would reveal themselves once Cillin dies, so Oskulos was simply enjoying the pleasing process of torturing someone right now.

Oskulos was a crazy man. He had killed innumerable people, and most of them shared no grudges with the man at all. Almost everyone who perished in his hands died horribly, for they were all tortured to death.

In the past, Cillin couldn’t understand why no one – be it the other five Star Rank Hunters, the Heavenly Edict Generals, or GAL’s political organizations – had tried to deal with people like Oskulos. After all, a person like him was simply too dangerous. It didn’t matter if someone was from the military or the great four; anyone who ran into him was going to have a field day. Bad luck was something that could happen to anyone, and this guy was a ticking time bomb.

Therefore, Cillin and Czedow had worked together to hack into some databases to find an answer. They had hacked into many essential databases of major organizations except the military and

the great four's most essential databases. Although they hadn't found any information that directly answered his question, Cillin still managed to come to a conclusion from the scattered tidbits of information he found here and there.

There were some violent groups behind Oskulos' backs. Of course, these organizations were nothing but dispensable tools to Oskulos that sometimes could be used to even the odds. Their existence didn't change the fact that he was still an egoistic and extremely solitary person. He had neither friends nor allies, and the only people behind his back were a bunch of violent groups that couldn't even be considered loyal to him.

However, it was these violent groups that comprised a huge threat and hidden danger to the entire GAL. After all, there were only too many such violent groups in GAL, and not every region in GAL was in a state of peace. There were a lot of war torn planets out there such as the ones in Sector V. This was where Oskulos came into play. The military and the politicians would often negotiate with Oskulos to quell the unrest of these violent groups. This was also a kind of balance.

Just like what Jiada had said earlier, Star Rank Hunter didn't only possess great strength, but great influence as well. Every Star Rank Hunter was extremely influential, even for someone who was called the most solitary of all Star Rank Hunters, Oskulos.

Oskulos licked his blade even though there was no blood on it. His blade was made so that blood wouldn't cling onto the weapon's body. Not a single blood stain could be seen on the blade.

“I heard that you're the one who took out that little skull.”

Little skull?

Cillin's pupils abruptly shrank.

Did he mean the Skull King Carranio?!!

“You recalled?” Oskulos drew yet another bleeding wound on

Cillin's legs with his blade.

"I was hoping that that little skull would cause some trouble, but he was killed by you before he managed to start anything," Oskulos sounded like he was reminiscing about a pet he used to raise.

Cillin couldn't see any hatred or rancour from Oskulos' eyes. He only saw a bit of regret; the kind that regretted the fact that Cillin had taken out Carranio too soon, and a pig that was cooked before it was properly fattened.

"Are you – cough – trying to take revenge for him?" Cillin spat out a bit of blood and asked.

"Revenge?" Oskulos careless flicked his long blade around and cut a new wound deep enough to see the bones on Cillin's leg.

Right now, Cillin would scream every time Oskulos cut a wound on Cillin's legs. His pained wails satisfied Oskulos greatly.

"Did you think someone like him is worthy of my revenge? That useless trash."

When Carranio and Oskulos met each other, Carranio wasn't yet the Skull King, and 'Poison Fang' didn't yet exist in the world. Carranio had ran into Oskulos while he was committing brigandry when Sector V didn't yet belong to any particular violence organizations.

Since Oskulos was feeling pretty good that day, and he saw that Carranio's bloodline was a little special, he didn't take Carranio's life. In fact, he even strengthened Carranio's constitution and told him that he would punish him if he failed to take control of that region in a year's time.

After that, Oskulos went away to someplace else to search for more fun. He wasn't a person who would stop for any power or organization to begin with. A year later, 'Poison Fang' ruled that entire region and integrated all surrounding violent groups into one body. He killed off all dissenters and emerged as a new power.

That was how the Skull King Carranio was born.

Cillin had noticed that Carranio's body was artificially 'sculpted' into what it was since back then, but he never realized until today that it was Oskulos' handiwork.

Chapter 215: Destination Reached, Operation Begin [Part 2]

While he was talking, Oskulos jabbed his blade into Cillin's stomach again before slowly pulling it out. Blood dripped off the blade before it eventually became shiny and bloodless once more.

Cillin let out a loud cry of pain and began convulsing all over. By now his boy was scarred with dozens of knife wounds, and the ground was splattered with his blood. Although he wasn't going to bleed to death from these wounds, it was still incredible pain.

It was probably time to disembowel his prey, wasn't it?

Oskulos seemed to find the situation very amusing, so he jabbed his blade at Cillin for another two times.

Again, and again.

But just as Oskulos was jabbing downward once more, Cillin turned around in mid convulsion and caused Oskulos' blade hit Cillin's belly button instead.

Swoosh!

A clump of needles as thin as chicks' feathers suddenly shot out of Cillin's belly button straight towards Oskulos' face.

Oskulos jumped back and swung his blade to block the needles.

While Oskulos was performing a block, metallic belts suddenly appeared and wrapped around Cillin's body. Then, a flat board unfolded behind Cillin's back and carried him away at tremendous speed.

Cillin had spent a lot of extremely rare materials and brain cells to develop this device. The tricks' advantage lay in their advantage of surprise; if the enemy had noticed them beforehand then they would be of little use.

Cillin had been waiting for an opportunity like this all the while. From what he learned about Oskulos through Jiada, the Lone Wolf often bled and disembowel his enemies while he was torturing them. Killing his enemies immediately was not his style. That was why Cillin had set up the needle device on his stomach.

Considering how powerful Oskulos was, there was no way Cillin could use even a speck of psychokinetic power to trigger the trap. The same could be said about triggering the trap by hand either, which was why the best way to do this was to let Oskulos trigger the trap himself.

Cillin's seemingly painful and uncontrollable wails of pain and convulsions were all but a performance to lull Oskulos into carelessness. Plus, Oskulos seriously didn't consider Cillin to be an opponent worthy of his attention, not to mention that that he had crushed some of Cillin's joints and drew a lot of wounds on Cillin's body. Therefore, Oskulos was a little careless at the time.

When the blade was jabbed at his stomach, Cillin pretended to be turning away out of pain and panic, allowing the tip of Oskulos' blade to touch the device's trigger.

One of the most important things a human could do was to figure out their own limits.

Cillin knew that he would be caught by Oskulos, and that his only chance of hurting this Star Rank Hunter for real was to make the attempt when the distance between them was almost zero. Moreover, there was no way Oskulos would let down his guard unless he let him injure him for real.

Cillin was also certain that Oskulos wouldn't injure an important part of the human body at the beginning of his torture. He was sure that he wouldn't even hurt his internal organs, and at worst he would make Cillin bleed a little more than usual. After all, Oskulos' singular hobby was torture.

The reason he endured all those knife wounds was to lower

Oskulos' guard as much as was possible. While Cillin allowed Oskulos to cut him up all he wanted, he was also waiting for the best timing to arrive.

Everything Cillin did and every stage of the trick had been planned carefully and practiced many times in Cillin's own head.

While the metal board was carrying Cillin away from Oskulos at top speed, Oskulos noticed that there were many holes of corrosion on the ground and the edges of his clothes where the needles had brushed past. With a flick of his wrist, he cut the air twice and scattered the corrosive air around him. Then, he beckoned a hoverboard in the shape of a round disc to fly over and stop beside his legs with a hand wave.

Oskulos stepped on the hoverboard and chased down the direction Cillin was escaping to.

Cillin wasn't idle while he was being flown away. He was looking at the surrounding environment, and when he saw a particular patch of forest delight lit up in his eyes. He was not far away from his premeditated landing spot.

Cillin took out an object from the leaf patterned ring and tossed it into the air. Then, he put on a gas mask.

The object exploded with a bang after it flew into the air.

In an instant, a smoke that covered one hundred thousand square kilometers* of the sky appeared, creating a haze that severely impacting visibility.

*I'm aware this number is way too big, but that's what the author wrote. It maybe that he accidentally wrote ten square kilometers into one hundred thousand square kilometers. Please bear with it.

Oskulos obviously didn't expect a trick like this when he was chasing Cillin from behind. Although he had encountered some small fries who used smoke bombs in the past, Cillin's 'smoke bomb' was a little too big, wasn't it?

If someone was looking from outside the planet right now, they would find that this entire region was completely covered in haze.

The haze was too widespread, and not even Oskulos could clear it out completely in a short time.

Oskulos stopped moving and probed the surroundings with his thought. The boy did well to hide his own presence, and Oskulos wasn't able to detect him beyond a certain distance.

He checked his scanner, but the scanner was also affected by the haze. Although Oskulos had no idea how Cillin managed to create a haze weapon like this, he had to give it to Cillin and admit that he was a bit more capable than he expected. Not only did he possess a lot of devices, he also pulled out a huge trick like this one.

Oskulos wasn't angry. In fact, he was overflowing with interest.

Interesting. This was the kind of hunt he enjoyed. A hunt where his prey just keeled over and died would've been too boring and dull, but if some twists and turns were mixed inside then it was a whole different story.

After the haze bomb had detonated, Cillin had tossed out a some small jars prior to making his way to his destination. The jars shattered after they hit the ground and sank into the soil along with their contents.

The needles, the haze bomb, these small jars and a couple more things were all life saving items that Cillin had researched and came up in a short time according to his analysis of Oskulos' behavior and conduct. Reality had proven that his efforts were useful, although it was not without losing some blood and having his bones crushed. Still, they were small prices to pay compared the loss of one's life.

Cillin's chosen destination was no safe area. In fact, it was one of the most dangerous places that existed on this planet. This was due to a dangerous species that lived within this forest, the lizards.

Here in this forest, there were some big fellows about 1.5 meters long and more than 200 kg heavy. They sat at the absolute top of the food chain of this place, and they were the biggest poisonous animal to exist in this region. Even giant pythons had no choice but to make a detour when they ran into these lizards.

Despite their apparent sizes, these lizards pounce at their prey with extraordinary ferocity. They had extremely quick running speed too.

These giant lizards had a powerful neck and many sharp teeth, enabling them to unleash a series of fierce attacks. Their skin was thick and coarse, and there were a lot of bumps around their body. Its back had protruding thorns and gray black colored scales, and its mouth was grown full of huge and sharp teeth. These violent and ugly cold blooded animals sent shivers into every person who met them.

However, Cillin was absolutely thrilled when he finally saw them. Thank goodness these lizards haven't scattered completely. As for their numbers... alright, it's pretty impressive.

When Cillin saw the mountain behind these big lizards, he knew that he had reached his chosen destination.

These giant lizards weren't the only things that Cillin had depended on. After all, these things were at best normal preys for Oskulos, and that man had the ability to come and go freely even if he were to face down an entire nest of lizards.

That was why Cillin was planning to give them some 'help'.

Cillin had used almost all of his energy into recovering one arm. At this point, the arm he was recovering could hold a gun steadily already.

He took out a modified gun, controlled the board's flying direction and fired the gun in his hand in bursts.

The first shot hit the side of a giant lizard's mouth. The bullet

blasted its thick skin into shreds, and a small amount of liquid flowed out of the shattered bullethead.

The giant lizard let out a strange respiratory noise angrily after he sensed that it was attacked by something.

The lizard's cries were very hoarse and strange. It sent chills down people's spine.

Cillin's shot went wide since the wound on his arm was still affecting him. However, he quickly adjusted his aim and fired the second bullet straight into its crying mouth.

When the first giant lizard let out a furious cry, the rest of the giant lizards also opened their mouths and did the same. This was how this species interacted amongst themselves.

Cillin's next few shots all went into the mouths of those crying lizards. However, there were two giant lizards that Cillin found no opportunity to shoot because they never opened their mouths.

The giant lizards chased after Cillin while making their odd cries. Some of them didn't need to, because Cillin's goal was the cave that was the giant lizards' nest.

There were six to seven giant lizards lying at the cave entrance, and they were all staring at Cillin with icy and brutal eyes. Their tongues flicked against the air from time to time.

Cillin made sure to move the metallic board away from these giant lizards' claws. If he was struck by these gigantic limbs then his life would definitely end here.

A huge claw swiped towards him, and Cillin maneuvered the metallic board out of the way. The giant claw only managed to catch the furthest edge of the board and drew a scratch on its surface.

Cillin had analysed the offensive power of these claws before, and he learned that they were pretty powerful. It was also one of the reasons he had chosen them in the first place.

The foul stench of the giant lizards' mouths brushed past him with inches to spare as Cillin opened fire and maneuvered the metallic board to fly in between the two lizards guarding in front of the cave entrance, entering the lizards' nest.

The moment he entered, Cillin immediately sprayed some chemicals onto his body. It could cover up his scent and make him smell very similar to the lizards around him. At the same time, Cillin had pressed a button on the metallic board that caused both Cillin and the board to vanish slowly into thin air.

Of course, he hadn't actually vanished. It was the device distorting the surrounding air and disorienting the eye, turning him invisible. Moreover, Cillin lowered his body temperature until it was the same as the environment. This way, the lizards wouldn't be able to discover him, the outsider, easily be it through heat or the reflection of light.

He had already sealed up his wounds earlier with liquid spray, so blood was no longer seeping out of them. Cillin remained quiet inside the lizard's cave as he watched the lizards charging in furiously, searched around for a little and left. He breathed carefully through his face mask, because even one unusual huff of breath might cause these big fellows' to grow alert.

Patter!

Pitter-patter!

The sound of rain striking against leaves rang from outside.

It was like the voice of heaven to Cillin's ears right now.

The rain in this region was came and went unpredictably. A smile was drawn across Cillin's lips as he stared at the rain falling outside right now, however.

Although he calculated that this region would rain everyday, he couldn't estimate exactly when during a whole day it was going to rain.

What a timely rain this was!

Chapter 216: Death of the Lone Wolf [Part 1]

Every time it rained, there would always be new characters who would step onto the stage that was the forest. They might be nobodies at the beginning, but they often climbed the food chain steadily and eventually amazed the world.

The rain that was growing bigger and bigger captured the particles suspended in mid air and fell to the ground, washing the fog away. The blurry sceneries slowly grew clearer and clearer.

The giant lizards seemed to like today's rain a lot. They were all hanging out on the outside and allowing the rain to pour over their bodies.

On the other side of the forest, Oskulos walked unhurriedly without riding a hoverboard or piloting a spaceplane.

Oskulos' strength lay more on his acute perceptivity. He could always, always find the prey he was seeking for. This was the perceptivity only a top class Hunter possessed.

Oskulos liked solving problems using a primitive method.

Jiada once said that Oskulos was a cruel and very conceited person. The only time he tinkered with machines was when he was absent minded, and in fact he trusted in his own abilities far more than he trusted any other. No person or machine could change his mind even if he was in the wrong.

It was why the leaders of violent groups who were connected to Oskulos – the Skull King Carranio for example – more or less picked up this habit from Oskulos.

Oskulos didn't use any machine. He simply covered his head with the head cover of his jacket and walked alone in the rain. He thought that machines were irritating objects that just wouldn't stop chattering.

Cillin would've been impressed if he knew of Oskulos' ability to

understand the machine language. However, Oskulos was not a person who accepted the counsel of others.

Oskulos put away his blade. He disliked having his blade being touched by anything but blood, and these 'dirty' raindrops especially were completely out of the question.

Oskulos' footsteps weren't quick, but they had a clear purpose behind them. He would walk down a certain direction he chose without ever wondering if he had made the wrong choice, or if his prey was there. The direction Oskulos chose to walk towards was exactly where Cillin was currently at -the lizard nest.

Right now, Cillin was concentrating on recovering while hiding inside the lizards' cave. The fast-acting medicines he had prepared since a while ago had already been injected, not to mention that his recovery speed was already astonishingly quick even without the agents.

The many big and small blade wounds that riddled Cillin's body were starting to recover. In fact, the smaller and shallower wounds were starting to form scabs already. The bigger and deeper wounds were swiftly recovering as cut muscles became connected, folded, and fused into one just like before.

The broken nerves at several spots inside his body were also extending, linking and connecting with each other by themselves. Blood began to flow normally inside his blood once more.

His crushed bones were healed in silence. Every step was perfect, and every recovery was on point like they were calculated and executed like a program.

Respiration, Genya once said. Humans had different respirations for different situations, and one could determine a human's physical condition just by checking their respiration.

The human body had a best respiratory pattern when it was conducting spontaneous healing. The fastest recovery was

achievable with the use of medicine only when the human was breathing under this pattern. Many people who had experienced life or death situations wouldn't purposely try to regulate their breathing patterns while they were recovering. Instead, they would obey their instincts and respire naturally, especially after experience had trained their bodies to get used to this rhythm. Cillin was one of them.

He didn't need to change it on purpose. His breathing naturally switched into another frequency.

Cillin checked every wound on his body and how they were recovering by feeling while his eyes were closed. He perceived his surroundings through the information conducted by every pore and every hair on his body.

Heartbeats. There were a lot of heartbeats around this area, and Cillin's was not the only one.

There were plenty of lizard eggs inside this lizard nest, and heartbeats of different strength could be heard from them. Cillin was hidden amidst this lizard eggs, and their heartbeats provided the greatest mask for his.

As for the lizards outside the cave, the agents Cillin had fired into their mouths had seeped into every part of the giant lizards' body. The effects of the agent wouldn't be too obvious in such a short frame of time, however. As long as these giant lizards' weren't experiencing strong emotional turmoil, the agents wouldn't reveal their effects immediately.

Still recovering, Cillin suddenly opened his eyes and stared towards a certain direction outside the cave.

It wasn't long before the giant lizards outside the cave also looked down that direction. Their long tongues flicked, and their icy cold eyes stared straight towards it. Their natural instincts informed them that a troublesome fellow was heading their way.

The forest rain came as quickly as they came. Sunlight shone through the clouds and into the forest.

Lively green sprouts appeared on the meadow stretching all the way from the forest to the nest. A drop of water fell off a tender leaf and caused a ripple to appear on a puddle.

A spider-like insect that was even smaller than a sesame climbed down the leaf, dragging a sparkling and translucent thread behind its back.

Rustle. Rustle.

A figure slowly appeared from the shadows of the forest. It was Oskulos.

He didn't conceal his tracks or footsteps in the slightest. The fear that permeated from his prey when they heard his footsteps pleased him.

Oskulos looked at the lizards in front of him. These ferocious-looking creatures were nothing but tiny preys in his eyes; the kind of prey he could take out with the mere flick of his blade.

“Did you think that you can escape me by hiding inside these little reptiles' cave?” Oskulos laughed softly. His laughter was neither loud nor oppressive, but it made Cillin feel like the sky was painted with blood out of nowhere.

The outermost lizard crawled towards Oskulos, spitting its long tongue and swinging its large tail left and right in the process. The grass all around it were crushed into bits.

Oskulos didn't move out of the way even though the lizard was crawling towards him. In fact, he was watching his pitiful prey's movement with interest.

The lizard crawled faster and faster, scattering mud as its claws struck against the ground.

A metallic white flash cut the lizard in half just as it opened its

big mouth full of teeth and attempted to bite Oskulos. Blood sprayed everywhere as it became mixed with the puddles that hadn't yet dried on the earth.

Cillin closed his eyes once more, concentrating on recovering as quickly as possible. He ignored Oskulos, who wasn't far away from the cave entrance currently.

The hunt had just begun.

The lizards grew angry when they saw their companion being killed, and the blood stench in the air awakened their innate ruthlessness even more. They howled out hoarsely and climbed swiftly towards Oskulos.

Oskulos narrowed his eyes this time, however.

The lizards were changing, swiftly and all-encompassing as if someone was inflating their bodies with air. They grew bigger with every step they took, and as their cells were stimulated by the agents to divide more and more the lizards grew bigger faster and faster as well. Their thick, rough skin was also getting thicker as the thorns behind their back protruded like long spears.

The earth shook stronger and stronger with every step they took.

When the lizards made their way to Oskulos' front, they had swelled almost ten times their original size already.

Oskulos cut down five lizards in five hits during the time he lifted his blade, but this time they were not decapitated in half like the very first lizard. The wounds he inflicted on the five lizards quickly healed and stopped bleeding. Moreover, they had grown even bigger during the short time he spent to cut them down.

Oskulos swept a glance at his surroundings. More than 80% of the lizards were starting to swell up, and they were all turning ruthless. The remaining lizards that hadn't transformed were bloodily eaten by the giant lizards.

Oskulos didn't know if the lizards' changes had something to do

with Cillin, but one thing was certain: he chose to hide here because he knew that these giant lizards would undergo such a transformation.

The agent Cillin had fired into the lizards' mouth was in fact the biomass he extracted from the giant tree of that plant only planet. A few relevant tweaks later, the biomass was modified into the agent that was acting on the lizards right now. These agents granted the lizards tremendous physical boosts, but also robbed them of their self awareness. The unnatural transformation made them ruthless and bloodthirsty, which was why they had attacked their untransformed kind.

The dozens of transformed lizards charged straight towards Oskulos. Naturally, this wasn't an easy battle even for Oskulos.

This absolutely didn't mean that Oskulos couldn't cut these giant lizards in half, however.

Inside the cave, Cillin's eyes were still closed. But there was a gun in his hands that was being manually loaded right now.

Although Cillin's movements were very quiet, Oskulos could hear them clearly outside the cave. His danger intuition was especially active right now. Cillin had prepared that gun purposely to deal with Oskulos, and Oskulos himself could sense a great danger coming from the weapon. That was why he was especially attentive of Cillin's movements.

The moment the giant lizards pounced towards Oskulos, Cillin abruptly opened his eyes, raised his hand and fired every bullet inside the gun chamber.

The lizard cave wasn't shaped like a straight line. Technically, there was a small curve that kept Cillin from seeing outside from where he was. But not only did Cillin's bullets travel along a strange, curved trajectory to exit the cave, they slipped through the gaps between the giant lizards perfectly to hit Oskulos' guard.

Oskulos waved his blade and blocked every bullet that came at him. Oskulos didn't want to use an energy shield even though possessed one; he felt like it was an admission of weakness if he were to use it. Moreover, an energy shield would slow him down, not to mention that he trusted himself more than an energy shield.

Had Oskulos been someone else – had he been Cillin himself – he wouldn't have the time to fight those pouncing lizards and block the bullets at the same time. After all, those giant lizards could crush a human being with a single foot.

But Oskulos could.

His blade flashed to block the bullets and cut the foremost giant lizard that tried and failed to flatten the tiny Oskulos in its eyes in half at nearly the same time.

The lizard was now a hundred or so meters long, not five meters. And yet Oskulos cut it in half all the same.

This slash shouldn't be underestimated under any circumstances. It contained too many factors to account for such as a powerful concentration, a perfect fusion between the mind and the blade, a skillful, consummate and unhesitating blade technique, and many more. Although the blade only entered one third of its body, the wound split open towards the other side by itself as if a powerful energy was literally tearing this gigantic body in half.

The blade moved so quickly that it was impossible to see. The only thing that was left was a decapitated giant lizard.

And this was just the beginning. Before the rest of the giant lizards could react, Oskulos decapitated them one after another. No matter how many layers of hardened skin they added, no matter how much tougher their muscles and bones became, they were all just pitiful little preys beneath Oskulos' blade. That was all.

The blood covering the ground grew thicker and thicker. They

started to spread towards the surroundings.

Absorbed in the excitement of blade cutting through flesh, Oskulos didn't notice that some of the grass in the surroundings were starting to grow at a frenzied rate towards his direction. Moreover, thin, weightless threads where a tiny, spider-like creature the size of half a sesame was clinging to one end were gliding by along with the wind.

Some of these spider-like creatures landed on the ground, but some of them had landed on Oskulos' body instead. Even those that had landed on the ground were crawling towards Oskulos.

The dozens of transformed giant lizards were decapitated before a breath's time was even over. Their giant bodies spasmed on the ground as blood gushed continuously out of their wounds.

Oskulos was going to seek out Cillin after the lizard decapitation when his footsteps came to a sudden stop. He watched his surroundings vigilantly.

Whoosh whoosh whoosh!

Vines rolled in from every direction as if they had found a most delicious animal to feed on.

Oskulos had seen many strange plants in his life, and he knew that plants were in many occasions deadlier than animals. That was why Oskulos had cut them all apart.

But these plants were grew way too quickly. They looked like they could grow endlessly unless he were to pull out their very roots.

Oskulos slashed at the vines and sent both soil and vine flying into the air. However, he quickly discovered that these vines weren't like the ones he saw that died the moment they left the ground. These vines didn't stop growing even after they were thrown into the air, and they quickly regrew their roots the moment they landed back on the ground. Moreover, a vine that

was cut into several chunks simply regrew into multiple vines.

That one vine that landed on the halved giant lizards had grown especially quickly after it sank its roots into the giant lizard's body.

Oskulos cut down the attacking vines while he searched for an opportunity to butcher the brat hiding inside the cave.

It was at this moment a tiny bit of sound came from inside the cave. Oskulos could sense that Cillin was walking towards the cave entrance.

Hmph. Is that kid trying to mount a sneak attack?!

It wasn't that Oskulos looked down on Cillin only; he looked down on anyone who wasn't a Star Rank Hunter or Heavenly Edict General. To him, this scheming and tricky little bastard was just a young lad who had experienced neither much of the world nor life and death situations.

But although he looked down upon Cillin, Oskulos still split part of his attention on Cillin while he cut down the frenziedly growing vines.

The second Cillin walked out of the cave, Oskulos abruptly turned around, sped up, and sent a slash right at Cillin. He was swift, but Cillin was prepared for the attack since a while ago. He activated the energy shield on his body.

However, the energy shield was shattered almost as quickly as it started.

The fact that Oskulos' blade was able to cut through the energy shield powered by a special energy ore and remain perfectly intact showed just how excellent its materials were.

But although Cillin's energy shield was shattered, Oskulos' movements were ultimately slowed a little. Cillin took the opportunity to fire another round of fiber needles at Oskulos, and when Oskulos moved his blade to block the needles he seized the opening to hit Oskulos once. The strike didn't hit Oskulos' vital

spot, and Cillin couldn't find a second opportunity to try the same thing again, so he had no choice but to move on to Plan B.

Although Cillin managed to deal a hit to Oskulos' arm, his own waist was cut by Oskulos' blade. A new injury was inflicted upon his body before he was able to recover in full.

The wound at his waist didn't slow Cillin down. He ran quickly away from the area.

After he had blocked the fibre needles and cut apart the vines catching up to him from behind, Oskulos exerted strength into his legs and chased after Cillin.

But just as his blade was about to reach the back of Cillin's heart, a daze suddenly assaulted his senses.

Oskulos was a veteran after all. He quickly realized the abnormality in his body and the tiny things that had crawled into his flesh.

He never realized that these tiny things that he initially thought were forest spiders were in fact parasites until now. In fact, they were poisonous parasites!

Oskulos stopped chasing after Cillin temporarily because he knew just how deadly these little things were. He mobilised his muscles and even some internal organs inside his body.

His muscles abruptly clenched tight and squeezed all the parasites inside his body to death.

Cillin, who hadn't yet ran far away from Oskulos couldn't help but feel amazed by the sight. To this day, Oskulos was literally the only person he saw to possess such capabilities. Forget squeezing a parasite to death inside one's body, no one else he met could even stop the parasites' from advancing.

You definitely can crush the parasites inside your body, but can you endure the toxins they secrete, Oskulos?

Chapter 216: Death of the Lone Wolf [Part 2]

Unlike the parasites that preferred to cling onto a living host, these parasites preferred dead bodies over living organisms. Therefore, they would kill the living host after they'd selected it in order to absorb the substances that would enable their growth from the dead host's body. This substance would only appear when the host was rotting.

The giant lizards also possessed some of these substances, but if they went there they would be competing against the vines for nutrients. That was why Oksulos was the most attractive host in this area.

Compared to viruses, a parasite's strength lay on its independent thinking.

This parasite was among the samples Barthus had gifted him earlier. Cillin then created them after he made some minor adjustments to their genes.

The poison secreted by these parasites could swiftly lower the host's blood pressure and prevent blood from coagulating. An average host – even one with rank A genes – would black out immediately before they had a chance to struggle. After that, the host would continue to bleed out for several hours until death arrives. A normal wound wouldn't have had such an unnatural reaction. A normal wound would've stopped bleeding very quickly.

By now Oskulos could sense clearly that his concentration wasn't as strong as it was before. That one wound Cillin had inflicted on his body hadn't healed immediately as well. It was still bleeding even now.

The vines surrounded Oskulos once more.

Cillin didn't dare to move far away from this place because it had everything he relied on. There were no other regions that sported

such an amazing amount of vines and excellent vine growing environment.

Oskulos must be wishing really badly that Cillin would leave this place right now, so he mustn't fulfill his wish.

Cillin moved between the vines and used both them and the giant lizards as cover for himself. The moment he found an opportunity, he would shoot fiber needles at Oskulos and create trouble for him.

Oskulos found the vines' attention very strange: why had they ignored Cillin and attacked him only? He was absolutely certain that this abnormal focus had something to do with Cillin.

Cillin himself was very impressed by Oskulos' constitution. He didn't think there existed a constitution that could resist the parasite's toxin for so long.

Oskulos continued to block all of the fiber needles Cillin had shot at him, but he was under great pressure as more and more parasites flew towards his direction, and more and more toxin entered his body. There were a few times he almost managed to hit Cillin, but the slippery boy was able to dodge out of the way somehow.

As for why the vines kept chasing after Oskulos, the answer was something that Oskulos would never figure out on his own.

The fiber needles Cillin shot at Oskulos didn't just contain a highly corrosive substance, but also an agent that caused both the vines and the parasites to grow excited. Just like how Udoze's blood had caused the vines to go into a frenzy, the medicine had stimulated both the vines and this particular breed of parasite into a frenzy as well. Not even the blood that was flowing out of the lizards' bodies had attracted them as much.

Cillin himself couldn't tell how much effort and brain cells he spent to create this agent. He even experimented the toxin on himself and found that it was incredibly difficult to defend against

even with his unique constitution. He even had to spend some time just to remove the toxin from his body. That was why he dared to use this parasite against Oskulos.

With preparation comes confidence, and with confidence comes opportunity.

Oskulos had been blocking the needles with his blade all this time, so naturally the scent of the agent had clung onto his blade. As long as his blade remained intact, the scent wouldn't go away.

Oskulos disliked using guns because he couldn't kill all of his trophies with the same bullet. Oskulos liked his blade a lot because he could use it to reap his trophies' lives and have their blood brush past its surface. It felt like his trophy's very life was dripping off the blade.

That was why Oskulos never laid down his blade easily nor washed his blade. He would never imagine that the vines and parasites' unusual actions were all caused by his blade.

Right now, Oskulos had to focus on doing three different things at once: One, he had to get away from the vines; two, he had to stop the parasites from entering his internal organs and brain; and three, he needed to stop Cillin's occasional attacks!

Oskulos was a person who hated dodging out of the way of his troubles. That was why his first reaction cut apart the vines when he encountered them. But now, he was pushed so far that he actually had no choice but to dodge out of the way.

It had been a long time since Oskulos had felt this angry. Right now, Oskulos' entire body was enveloped in a thick murderous aura that would have repelled the average people like a magnet already. Unfortunately for him, two out of the three living beings he was currently fighting weren't human at all! Even the one guy that was a human was an oddball among his own species!

Cillin only had one objective in his head, and that was to drag out

this battle as much as he could!

One of Oskulos' flaw was that he was too set on those he labeled as his prey. Moreover, he was currently enraged and looking like he would never stop unless Cillin was dead.

It was exactly the kind of reaction Cillin wanted from Oskulos.

A person's mind would always be affected by their anger.

He had to admit that Oskulos' attacks when he was enraged were fearsome though; the man had turned a giant lizard's corpse into smithereens with a single strike. Cillin had his own quick movements and the lizard cover to thank, or he would've been crushed to bits already.

Cillin took out a gun from the leaf patterned ring while he was dodging another one of Oskulos' attacks. On the surface, it looked no different from the gun he used earlier. The bullets contained inside the chamber were different, however.

Oskulos was feeling a bit of regret right now. Since when did the parasites start invading his body?

Yes, it was during that time. When the boy made noises while he was plugging bullets into his gun, he had done it on purpose. That was why he became alert and put more attention on the bullets rather than the parasites flying towards him at the time!

The toxin secreted by these parasites was just too damn powerful even with his constitution. He understood that he would die if he allowed the toxin to keep deepening like this, and that he would have to leave temporarily if he couldn't take out that boy in two minutes. He was unwilling to give up like this, however. If those bastards in the military learned that he, a Star Rank Hunter was forced to such a state by an unknown boy like this, if they saw the state that he was in right now, he would absolutely become their laughing stock!

While Oskulos was thinking, Cillin hid between those vines and

fired his gun at him once more.

Eight bullets flew towards Oskulos from eight different directions. They almost had the man surrounded.

Forcing me to back off, are you?

I refuse! It was at this moment that Oskulos' obsession caused him to make the worst decision of his life.

Cillin hadn't fired eight times in a row when he used his gun earlier, but Oskulos wasn't thinking as much right now. He didn't stop to think if these eight bullets might have been different from the ones that were fired at him earlier, and he swung his blade to block all of them.

However, the bullets exploded when they made contact with his blade. Although the explosions were pretty small and happened within five meters of Oskulos, the close impact still affected him pretty badly. Wounds cracked open on his body as blood bled out of every one of them, and because the parasite's toxin had enlarged his blood vessels and suppressed the hemostasis process, Oskulos lost a lot of blood even though the wounds were tiny at best.

Oskulos' blood stimulated the vines even more as they surged towards him.

Oskulos was still just a man and not a metal beast. His wounds worsened, Oskulos knew very well exactly where his final limit lay. The new wounds caused the toxin to spread even further than it was before, so he needed time to nurse himself and force out the toxin inside his body. The amount of blood loss he suffered was also starting to cause hypoxia, so his movements were a lot slower than it was before.

After Oskulos destroyed a vine that pounced towards him with a single slash, he saw Cillin standing amidst the lively vines and corpses of giant lizards. It was a sight that chilled a person even more than icy environment of polar regions.

Cillin also noticed the look in Oskulos' eyes and knew that the man had decided to retreat temporarily, but didn't let down his guard. He constantly moved around and gave Oskulos no chance to take advantage of.

The devil is in the details, and Oskulos was a devil that Cillin couldn't afford to be careless around for even an instant.

Oskulos' spaceplane flew over. The man turned around and jumped up to his vehicle.

Oskulos disliked retreating, which was why he turned around and showed his back to Cillin as he departed this place. He wasn't afraid that Cillin might attack him from behind; it was hard to determine if Oskulos was overly confident or conceited.

Whatever it might be, Cillin ultimately didn't attack Oskulos. His own body was about to reach its limit, and he had injected himself with three of Rikulab's excitation agents in order to maintain a state of high alert while dodging away from Oskulos' attacks. Rikulab told him that three was the theoretical limit a human being could endure, and people like Cary could endure two injections at best. Anymore and it would exceed the user's limit and cause them to explode.

Oskulos leaped off a treetop and entered the door just as it opened.

With Oskulos' temperament, he wouldn't use the weapons system of the spaceplane to attack Cillin. The more Oskulos hated someone, the more he wanted to kill them with his own hands.

Cillin spat out the mouthful of blood he was holding as he watched the spaceplane flying up to the sky. Cillin's blood didn't excite the vines because he had injected himself with a vaccine. The vaccine was currently still operating inside his blood, and he had sprayed some agents around his body too. That was why neither the vines nor the parasites were attracted to Cillin.

After Oskulos had left, the vines and the parasites switched targets to the dead giant lizards.

Cillin never thought that he could kill Oskulos in one go when he made his plan in the first place. Oskulos might be a twisted person who obeyed only his own laws, but he was also a Star Rank Hunter. His individual prowess was there for all to see. Cillin had a clear recognition of the gap between him and a Star Rank Hunter after today's bout.

Cillin sat down next to a giant lizard and exhaled once. Suddenly, he looked up to the sky and broke into an involuntary smile.

Your luck today is absolutely rotten, Oskulos!

Oskulos set the spaceplane to autopilot mode after he entered the spaceplane. Then, he started the process of self recovery. Oskulos disliked using medicines because his body would automatically build up its own resistance every time he successfully endured a certain kind of drug or toxin, thus perfecting his constitution even more. He liked this feeling a lot.

Just as Oskulos calmed down and got ready to eject the toxin from his body, he abruptly opened his eyes and spread his psychokinetic field wide. It wrapped around his entire spaceplane.

If Oskulos was in his normal condition, he would've been able to guarantee his own safety absolutely. However, at his current state he was just a tad too weak to prevent the powerful system hack that was spreading from small areas to large areas; thrusters to control panels!

Oskulos stared rigidly at a particular direction where a spaceplane suddenly burst out of the clouds. It was none other than the gray cat and Czedow's spaceplane.

Right now Oksulos had to defend his spaceplane from two master hackers. The second the gray cat and Czedow broke through his defenses, he would lose control of his spaceplane over to those two

enemies.

The gray cat attacked Oskulos' spaceplane as green, glowing characters flashed across its eyes, and Czedow worked just as hard his appearance wasn't as flashy. The task wasn't easy because Oskulos' psychokinetic field had disrupted the magnetic field around the spaceplane that in turn obstructed their work.

On the ground surface, Cillin held up a hand held micro electromagnetic cannon and aimed it at Oskulos. He had never thought of using this weapon against Oskulos until now because it could never lock onto someone of Oskulos' ability. But now the opportunity to do so had arrived.

If Oskulos moved out of the way of the electromagnetic cannon, he wouldn't have the spare energy to continue defending himself against Czedow and the gray cat. Just the same, if Oskulos continued to hold the gray cat and Czedow at bay, he would have to risk the bombardment.

What will you choose then, Oskulos? At your current state, you can only make one of the two choices!

A white beam flew straight towards Oskulos' spaceplane. In the end, Oskulos chose to avoid the attack.

Unfortunately for him, the gray cat destroyed the spaceplane's energy system before he could wrap his psychokinetic field around his transport right after he moved it out of the cannon strike's trajectory.

Boom——

The explosion that ensued was so bright it overshadowed even the natural sunlight. It shocked the animals on the ground and caused them to scurry everywhere.

Cillin had to say that Czedow and the gray cat's timing of arrival was just too perfect, giving Oskulos no time to recover at all. If

Oskulos could recover even a bit of his strength, he would have had the chance to escape from this place, but the god of luck was obviously not on his side this time.

Cillin remembered Jiada. Did he tell him that because he had already predicted this outcome?

Cillin ran towards the predicted crash site as the exploding remains of the spaceplane fell from the sky. He couldn't relax unless he confirmed that Oskulos was truly dead.

The spaceplane crashed into the forest while burning. The small downpour from before did little to alleviate the fire that continued to burn the trees and evaporate all water within range.

A figure pushed aside the uneven steel plate above his head and stumbled out of the fire. Both his skin and his clothes were scorched black, but blood continued to bleed unnaturally out of his wounds despite this. This sudden turn of event had caused the toxin to seep even deeper into his body, and his blood vessels had expanded to the point where it critically threatened his life. His wounds hadn't clotted much either.

It would be an understatement to say that Oskulos cut a sorry figure right now. No one would believe that this person was the Lone Wolf Oskulos who struck terror in any person who knew his name.

Although there wasn't a single part of his body that was unhurt, Oskulos continued to hold his cold, gleaming blade. The explosion did nothing to change this in the slightest.

Oskulos turned his head a little stiffly down a particular direction and began walking towards it. His footsteps grew faster before he broke into a run, tearing his wounds wider with every step he took. Logically speaking, what he needed to do right now was to find a quiet place to recuperate ASAP. He absolutely shouldn't be moving as he was doing right now.

But his own life did not fall within Oskulos' concern. When he sensed that that cunning prey was approaching closer towards him, the only thought left in his mind was that that prey must die!

Cillin immediately turned around and ran the second he noticed Oskulos' activity. He seriously couldn't imagine how Oskulos was able to run as quickly as he did at his current condition!

The distance between the two of them shortened constantly even though Cillin had already tried slipping into places with many trees in hopes that they would obstruct Oskulos' way. But even on the verge of death Oskulos remained unimaginably agile.

He moved like a black ghost whose only proof that he had passed through an area was the blood on the ground.

Right now Oskulos felt like a reaper who had climbed out of the depths of hell itself. The aura surrounding his body was terrifying to say the least.

Oskulos was getting closer and closer. Cillin could already feel his hair standing on their end in fear because of his approach.

He couldn't escape.

If he couldn't escape, then...

When Oskulos' blade slashed down on Cillin, Cillin abruptly turned around and sped towards Oskulos instead. His wrist blade also accelerated to strike Oskulos down.

Pu!

Two kinds of noises overlapped one another. It was impossible to tell to whom the flesh and blood that sprayed everywhere had belonged to.

A wound as deep as ten centimeters and more stretched from Cillin's left shoulder to his chest area.

Cillin's wrist blade was stuck on Oskulos' neck.

Drip, drip...

Big droplets of blood fell off Cillin and Oskulos' body.

Cillin had wanted to cut off Oskulos' entire head, but he never imagined that his neck would be so hard that he couldn't cut through. He only managed to open a wound on Oskulos' neck, and the blade was even stuck there and wouldn't budge. The good news was that his neck artery was severed.

The amount of blood that sprayed out of the artery was small. That was how much blood Oskulos had lost to the point where his blood pressure was about to slip down the final line. But even then, he still had the strength to swing his blade once at Cillin!

A huge claw penetrated Oskulos' heart and went right out of his chest, while two pairs of hands held onto Oskulos' blade. One of them belonged to Cillin, and the other one Czedow.

If Czedow's hands weren't there to hold the blade, Oskulos' strike would've cut Cillin in half already. If the gray cat's claw hadn't penetrated his heart, Oskulos would have the strength to swing a second time.

It was a victory that was hung by a thread, where even a single missing factor would've resulted in Cillin's death.

Pu!

The gray cat grabbed Oskulos' head and crushed it like a watermelon.

Despite losing both his heart and his head, Oskulos continued to stand as straight as a statue. The hands that held the blade trembled once, but never relented. It held onto the weapon tightly as if it would magically come to life and swing at Cillin once more.

Oskulos was a legendary figure. He belonged to no power, and he borrowed strength from no organization. He had walked through all obstacles in his life alone, and more than half of the violent groups and underground organizations that existed in GAL had his shadow behind them. In fact, one could say that Oskulos created

them by making them seize power from their elders' cold, dead bodies and transform into GAL's special underground organizations.

But Oskulos had never paused his footsteps for anyone during his wake of life. He was the lone wolf who came covered in blood, and went away just the same.

A person like him living in an era like this was fated to end only in tragedy. Even if he didn't die by Cillin's hands today, he would've perished by the military or the devious politicians' hands regardless.

The reason Oskulos was allowed to exist was so that the leaders of those underground powers could be controlled. Those people neither feared the military nor the four great Hunter regiments. There was only one person they feared, and that person was Oskulos, but now that Oskulos was gone, every underground powers was soon to fall into chaos. What would happen to GAL when that day arrived?

Cillin lay slumped on the ground. Although Oskulos failed to finish off Cillin with his final strike, he still dealt him a severe blow. If someone else had taken the strike in his place they might have been dead already.

The gray cat kicked the headless Oskulos away and transformed back to his biological form. It then rushed towards Cillin and ran circles around him.

“Are you okay, Cillin? Will you die? Do you need a blood transfusion? Do you want...”

Czedow sprayed some medicine onto Cillin's wounds. He couldn't go wrong by stopping the bleeding first.

“It's okay, just leave me for now. I'll recover on my own.”

Once he said that, Cillin shut his eyes and looked like he had entered into a slumber.

The gray cat sat next to Cillin before looking at him once. Then, it carefully moved closer to him and listened to Cillin's pulse and breathing for a little. Its ears drooped right after the inspection: It didn't look or sound like Cillin was doing okay.

It curled its tail a little dejectedly before it suddenly recalled something. Then, the gray cat quickly ran to the body it just kicked away.

Oskulos was still holding his blade tightly like before.

The sound of tearing flesh could be heard for a moment, followed by some ripples of energy. There was a bang before the gray cat's frustrated voice rang.

“What on meow is this blade!”

Chapter 217: 'Shortcut' Opens [Part 1]

Czedow was just analysing the tissue sample of Oskulos he snatched from the gray cat's mouth, when he heard its cry and turned over.

A cat's tooth was lying on the ground while the gray cat was circling around the blade.

Oskulos had already been turned to dust, but the blade he left behind was still intact. The gray cat gave it a bite and accidentally lost a tooth as a result.

A blade that could break this cat's tooth must be extraordinary. It absolutely must be a very special blade.

Czedow analysed the blade for a moment. One of the main elements that composed the blade didn't exist in his database.

Czedow himself was created out of some very special materials, but this blade had nearly cut off his arm entirely. Of course, he could reattach his arms quickly even if they were cut off.

"Let's decide what to do with this blade after Cillin wakes up," Czedow set the blade aside and continued to analyse Oskulos' genetic information.

Oskulos' genes was far superior to any other Rank A genes he had seen so far. His constitution was several times stronger than even Rank A+ constitution, and it actually looked a little like Cillin's genes. His DNA was more helical than others, and he had a lot less recessive genes.

Czedow cast another glance at Cillin while analysing Oskulos gene sample. Although Cillin was already starting to heal, his recovery was very slow probably because of the boosters he used earlier and his very severe wounds. Still, at least his vital signs were somewhat stable.

Not far away from Vanguard's allocated zone, there was another

starship that was parked in place.

Two people were seated next to a table inside a room.

The younger person of the duo was playing with a yoyo while staring at the man flipping and reordering cards on the other side of the table. It wasn't like he understood what the man was doing; he was simply looking at him play because it was a novelty to him.

Suddenly, the man withdrew all of the revealed cards on the table, put them together, and picked up the topmost card of the deck. He flipped it open.

The person playing a yoyo grabbed his toy and paused for a second. Then, he asked, "What does that mean?"

He didn't know what the patterns of the cards meant, but he had seen this card once in the past. When this card appeared last time, someone important in the army had passed away. So who was this unfortunate person this time?

Jiada said indifferently as he stared at the card, "Oksulos."

Crack!

The yoyo was crushed into bits.

The person shook off the crushed pieces of the yoyo and asked seriously, "Are you serious?"

Jiada cast a glance at him, "Since when have I joked about this thing?"

The person sucked in a deep breath, "If this is true, then first, congratulations, because you'll be replacing Oskulos as one of the Six Stars of Hunt immediately."

For balance's sake, the hole must be replaced with a new Star Rank Hunter. Neither the Six Stars of Hunt nor the Four Heavenly Edict Generals could lack a single member.

Jiada didn't express any joy at the person's congratulations.

The person continued, “Second, this is seriously some good news. GAL is about to be thrown into disorder.”

Jiada set down another card as he said this. The man stared at the patterns on the card and frowned.

“How could this be?”

“How could what be?” The person asked curiously when he saw Jiada’s frown.

Jiada didn’t answer his question directly. Instead, he said, “Shortcut can be opened now.”

“That’s great news, I’ve been waiting for this for a long time already!”

When Cillin woke up, it was already night time on this planet.

Czedow had parked the spaceplane nearby while Cillin was sleeping, but both him and the gray cat stayed next to Cillin and watched over him.

When Cillin woke up, the gray cat happily rushed over to rub its ears on Cillin’s body before showing him the broken cat tooth on its paw, “Cillin, that blade broke one of my teeth!”

Cillin sat up and glanced at the blade Czedow was holding once, saying, “This is a pretty strange blade.”

Cillin then opened the gray cat’s mouth to give it a look, “Your new tooth’s grown already?”

“But of course!” The gray cat answered cockily.

Cillin rubbed his own head and pondered about his own condition. He had recovered a little, although a full recovery likely take some time still. The final blade wound especially was healing very slowly.

“Thank you for making it in time, both of you. If you were any later, you’d be attending my funeral instead.”

The gray cat immediately grew excited when this topic was brought up. It told Cillin how it felt that he was in danger, how it managed to identify where he was with its extraordinary senses, and what happened back at the base.

Cillin scratched the gray cat's chin and asked, "How's the base doing?"

"They're okay. The starship left not long after we did," Czedow answered.

"Didn't you say that there's a rescue team? Why hasn't it shown up yet?" Cillin looked at the time. He had fainted for two calendar days straight.

Czedow's eyes flashed once, "I only told them that you are safe." He meant that he didn't tell them their exact coordinates.

It was no wonder the rescue team didn't show up.

"That's not a bad idea. There's no need for too many people to know what happened here."

Cillin stood up and inserted the blade into his leaf patterned ring. Then, he looked around him once. Although it was night time, the small amount of light coming from the spaceplane's direction still allowed him to see everything clearly.

"You're the one who destroyed Oskulos' body, so did you find the starmap pieces?" Cillin asked.

The gray cat opened its mouth and stretched out its tongue. There was a dull, gray, and completely average looking ring on it.

"A subspace container? You treat it like this and the subspace didn't collapse?" Cillin accepted the ring and flicked the cat's ears once.

"Do I look that stupid?" The gray cat lifted its chin proudly.

Cillin twitched his mouth in his mind: Now that, is a question.

Cillin took only the starmap inside the ring before tossing it back

to the gray cat, “Keep this ring for your fish biscuits, but don’t move the memory cards and materials inside it carelessly. Trouble will visit us otherwise.”

If the military discovered that they were the ones who took out Oskulos, they would absolutely put them under tight observation.

The gray cat smiled so happily that its eyes turned into slits, “Okay!”

“Let’s go. It’s time to head back to the base. Come and lend me a hand, Czedow.”

Czedow lifted Cillin and supported him all the way back to the spaceplane because he was still a little wobbly on his feet. The gray cat walked in front of them with a raised tail.

However, all three of them looked up into the sky just before they got up the spaceplane.

“Who is that?” The gray cat flicked its ears once while looking up.

“It’s definitely not the Sixth B Squadron no matter who they are,” Cillin said.

Czedow’s eyes flashed once, “We have an incoming transmission from an outside source.”

“Connect them through.”

Jiada’s voice rang the moment the call came through.

“How do you feel?” Jiada asked smilingly.

Cillin stared at Jiada’s image and let out a sigh, “A Hunter should never allow their prey to have too much time to prepare, nor allow their prey to know them too well either. Otherwise, they may die an infuriating death one day.”

Cillin wasn’t the one who knew Oskulos well. Jiada was. Had Jiada not told Cillin so many of Oskulos’ habits, then there was no way he could’ve escaped from under his blade, much less turn the

tables around and kill him.

Jiada didn't say anything except that one line. He was simply informing Cillin that they were coming.

“I guess going back is starting to become an increasingly unlikely possibility. Czedow, is it possible for you to get in touch with the base?”

“There are interferences. I cannot link up with them,” Czedow looked at the sky, “Something outside is jamming the signal. Should we try hacking into their systems?”

“Forget it. Jiada must have his reasons if he dares show his face like this. Let's see what happens and decide later.”

Chapter 217: 'Shortcut' Opens [Part 2]

Even though Cillin knew Jiada only for a short amount of time, it still wasn't hard to guess that his systems would be hard to hack even with the combined strength of the gray cat and Czedow.

Jiada walked out of his transport while being followed by two other people after the spaceplane descended on the ground. Cillin recognized one of them; it was that invisible man. This meant that they belonged to Grim Reaper.

It would appear that they were very familiar with each other. Cillin didn't expect Jiada to share such a good relationship with 'Grim Reaper'.

Jiada tossed over an item to Cillin. After Cillin took in and gave it a look, he discovered that it was a starmap piece. It wasn't a piece of the starmap he was assembling, so it was probably the one Lung was looking for.

"It is time for you to fulfill your promise."

"We're opening 'Shortcut' now?" Cillin asked.

Jiada nodded.

This meant that the remaining the starmap pieces of 'Shortcut' were all in their hands.

Looking at their appearance, Cillin understood that they weren't going to let him contact the Sixth B Squadron.

"Don't worry," Jiada seemed to know what Cillin was thinking, and he said, "I've already contacted Ji Feng, so you should be seeing him pretty soon. This is a cooperation, so it's only natural for us to display our sincerity."

Having witnessed Oskulos' power himself, Cillin grew some confidence in Ji Feng's abilities. There was also no harm in having a Star Rank Hunter to back him up.

“Can I talk to the admiral?” Cillin asked.

“No, you cannot. But I can pass on a message for you.”

“Alright, please tell him to bring Sigma along to.”

“Sigma, is it? I’m not sure who you’re referring to, but I can permit this request.”

Jiada cast a glance at the guy playing a yoyo next to him, and the latter returned him a helpless look before walking back into the spaceplane.

It didn’t take long for the person to come back out of the spaceplane once more. “It’s sent.” Then, he went back to playing with his yoyo.

It was daytime when Ji Feng finally arrived.

Ji Feng brought five people with him to this expedition. They were all core members of the A Squadron.

Those core members behind Ji Feng were all staring at Cillin, the gray cat and Czedow like they were living ghosts because they knew that they had killed the Lone Wolf, Oskulos. But Ji Feng only smiled and said, “With Oskulos’ temperament, it’s only a matter of time before he meets his end. Speaking of which, congratulations on becoming one of the Six Stars of Hunt, Jiada.”

So everyone knew that this would happen all along.

Ji Feng’s eyes were causing chills to crawl up Cillin’s spine, however. He suddenly reminded him of Elder Mo for some reason.

Sigma kept its silence throughout the journey to this planet. This was the first time he exited his base after so many years, and the one reason that motivated it to do so was the words ‘for Shortcut’ uttered by Ji Feng.

However, Sigma’s silence was shattered the moment he saw Cillin, Czedow and the gray cat. It immediately started chatting with the gray cat in machine language, which no one else

understood.

Learning that what Ji Feng told it was true, Sigma was so happy that the blue strip of its faceplate turned into big waves.

Cillin produced three starmap pieces from his possession, while the yoyo guy from 'Grim Reaper' named Xin Zhao produced two.

The five starmap pieces were greatly attracted to each other the second they were taken out of the subspace containers. After the five starmap pieces had joined into one, they immediately displayed the complete image of a starmap. However, no coordinates were displayed on the starmap. It was impossible to tell which Sector this place belonged to either.

A key with the word 'Shortcut' hovering above it appeared inside the image.

The spinning key ultimately stopped and pointed at Sigma, who was currently jumping in excitement.

"It's not possible to know the exact coordinate without the 'key'," Jiada said.

No one realized that the key referred to Sigma. They all thought that the key was down the direction Sigma happened to be at.

Jiada barely finished his words before Sigma shot out a ray of light. It was the projection of a starmap, and the two starmap holograms overlapped one another.

The starmap was now complete, and one of the planets were blinking constantly. That was their destination.

"This map..." Ji Feng frowned in thought for a moment, "I think it's somewhere around our regiment."

"It is," Xin Zhao said, "Juno had investigated this starmap just now, and he confirms that it is a region around your territory."

Cillin's pupils shrank. Juno?! Did he mean the creator or Aier?!

Jiada smiled, "That's convenient. I was wondering what to do if

it were some other powers' territory.”

“Haha, I'm going home! I'm going to find master!”

Sigma was so happy that it moved around in circles non stop, drawing the attention of everyone from Vanguard. They asked Sigma some questions, but Sigma only replied with a simple explanation. It didn't tell them any details at all.

Still, considering the occasion, no one minded that Sigma was withholding some information from them.

After the starmap was recorded, Cillin got onto the spaceplane with Ji Feng. Jiada had also gotten onto Ji Feng's spaceplane. The rest of the Grim Reapers went back to their own starship on their own spaceplane.

Inside the spaceplane, Ji Feng chatted with Cillin about his takedown of Oskulos for a bit. He looked very pleased with Cillin's performance, and his eyes started to resembling Mo Heng more and more.

At the same time, Cillin also learned from Ji Feng that the group that attacked the Sixth B Squadron's base belonged to 'Mist'. The base was mostly intact, and no casualties were incurred during the attack.

“Expect chaotic battles to happen all around GAL after the news of Oskulos' death had spread. All those people who were once shackled by Oskulos' power would definitely start making their own moves. Everyone must make preparations to face the impending battles.”

Ji Feng's words were for Cillin to hear. He was the one who made most of the decisions inside the Sixth B Squadron anyway. Shawton's influence within the B Squadron was slowly but surely growing smaller due to Cillin's presence, and in fact Cillin had surpassed Shawton in the eyes of many A Squadron members.

Ji Feng's attitude also showed that he valued Cillin a lot. He

would've pulled Cillin over already if Cillin himself hadn't been unwilling to accept the offer to be promoted to the A Squadron.

The coordinates shown in the starmap wasn't far, so they quickly arrived at their target destination.

The target planet was a small and extremely unassuming rank D planet. The environment was so bad that even Ji Feng and Jiada had to put on a protective suit.

Sigma and the gray cat ran ahead of the group and drew everyone's envy.

It was one of the advantages for being nonhuman.

The group didn't need to scan and analyze about for an exact location. The gray cat and Sigma quickly found the place they were looking for.

It was an entrance. It was only after they had entered the entrance that they realized that the planet itself was a machine that could create jump points.

The entity to activate this machine was Sigma. It knew some of the commands because they were stored inside its memory since a long time ago.

Sigma was filled with excitement knowing that it could return home and seek out his long lost master very soon. At the same time, however, Sigma couldn't help but feel a strong sense of regret. For some reason, it felt reluctant to part with this place. It was a feeling that it wouldn't have experienced had it not encountered the Sixth B Squadron beforehand. Perhaps this was what humans meant by 'conflicting emotions'.

While Sigma was busying itself, Ji Feng, Jiada and the members of the Grim Reaper asked a few questions about the 'Shortcut'.

They came to the unanimous decision to test the functionality of the jump point and its safety for human travel before sending someone in. It wasn't a preparation that they could skip or make

poorly.

“Are you sure that this jump point is a two-way?” Ji Feng asked Sigma.

Sigma was so busy that it didn't even turn back to answer Ji Feng, “Of course. How else did I get here in the first place?”

Everyone knew by now that Sigma didn't originate from GAL, but Ji Feng still couldn't shake the feeling that something was a bit off. It wasn't something was amiss with the jump point, he just had a feeling that things wouldn't develop the way he think it would.

Ji Feng cast a glance at Jiada. He knew at least some of Jiada's abilities. However, Jiada was currently closing his eyes and thinking god knows what in his head.

At a side, Cillin stood together with the gray cat and Czedow. There was no longer any need for them to do anything. In a sense, if Cillin didn't possess the starmap pieces, and if Ji Feng and Jiada weren't here to protect him, the Grim Reapers would've chased him out of the place long ago. They might even have acted to rob the starmap pieces he possessed.

“Cillin, can this ‘Shortcut’ really connect to a whole new star system beyond GAL?” The gray cat asked.

“I think so,” Cillin couldn't be sure because he hadn't seen a new star system himself.

The gray cat licked its lips, “I sure hope that the world on the other side of ‘Shortcut’ is one that's filled with a lot more food and a lot less mad scientists.”

Cillin scratched the gray cat's chin and said nothing. Every system had its own way of existence and complexity. For example, GAL had places that were peaceful, war torn, prospering, or failing. There was no telling what kind of state the world on the other side of ‘Shortcut’ would be. Still, Cillin was more curious

than anything else about the world that could create an existence like Sigma. There was also one other thing that Cillin was mulling over his mind.

Cillin had spent many years investigating the Elder Tree Fuji Gen Family to no avail. Perhaps he might find a clue on the other side of 'Shortcut'.

"Ahh, it's ready!" Sigma cried out loudly.

Everyone felt spirited when they heard this.

"Let us check if this node is stable first," Sigma said.

It didn't take long before Ji Feng, Jiada and Xin Zhao's communicators rang.

The person on the other side of the communicator exclaimed in excitement when Ji Feng accepted the transmission, "Admiral, a space-time vortex just appeared outside!"

"Let's head out and have a look," Sigma led the way and moved outside.

Everyone followed suit seeing that Sigma had gotten out of the place.

Suddenly, a strange feeling struck Cillin.

When the crowd has gotten to the open, they could see the time-space vortex hanging on the atmosphere-less sky. Moreover, it was growing larger and larger.

"So this is 'Shortcut'!" The gray cat let out a gasp of surprise and turned to look at Cillin.

What it saw caused every hair on its body to stand on its end.

Chapter 218: Imperial Capital Accent? [Part 1]

The magnetic changes occurring around Cillin were growing stronger and stronger. In fact, space was literally starting to distort around him.

Cillin finally understood what that strange feeling he had been feeling was.

The time vortex was reacting to the leaf patterned ring on his fingers. It was pulling Cillin in with great force.

More accurately speaking, it was trying to pull the leaf patterned ring in, but the leaf patterned ring was completely stuck on Cillin's fingers right now. Therefore, Cillin was pulled along into the time vortex.

Green light appeared from the leaf patterned ring and wrapped all around Cillin.

Cillin stood at the back of the group. He consciously chose such a position because he knew that people like Jiada and Ji Feng should be at the front. But because everyone was looking at the time vortex in space right now, this also resulted in no one noticing Cillin or the anomaly when it first started.

When the gray cat turned around to look at Cillin, the light had just stretched out of the leaf patterned ring and wrapped around Cillin. The light frightened the gray cat greatly. The gray cat was an animal of instinct, so a single line appeared in its head the second it saw the light: Cillin's about to go to the other side of the time vortex!

The gray cat immediately jumped over to Cillin, clinging to his arm with both paws and tail.

Despite appearing in this world for many years already, Cillin was the only person the gray cat ever truly trusted. Not even the

members of the Sixth B Squadron had gained its full and unconditional trust. But what would happen if something were to happen to Cillin, or if he were to suddenly disappear? Would it be captured and dissected by those mad scientists? If Cillin was around then it wouldn't starve, but if Cillin wasn't around then it would have to return to its former life.

That was absolutely unacceptable!

In reality, the gray cat's actions were faster than its thoughts. Everything came to its mind only after it held onto Cillin.

Czedow was a step too slow compared to the gray cat. The light had wrapped around Cillin and the gray cat completely by the time he tried to reach them. He was pushed away by the light immediately.

Not even Ji Feng and everyone else was able to get close to Cillin. By now the magnetic fluctuations surrounding Cillin and the gray cat was getting stronger and stronger, and their figures were starting to blur out of existence. Therefore, the group gave up trying to approach them by force.

Seeing that Czedow was pushed away by the light, the gray cat spat out the ring in its mouth so it could leave something behind for it. It wondered if Czedow would be lonely if Cillin and it weren't around, if Czedow would be taken advantage of by the other members of Vanguard, if Czedow would go hungry and so much more. Regardless, the items inside the ring should be enough to support Czedow's independence.

It was amazing this cat could think of such things during a critical moment like this. In fact, the gray cat was thinking that Cillin = food for life, so its life would definitely be better than Czedow's no matter what. That was why it thought to help Czedow, especially since Czedow was its 'own kind'.

Originally, the gray cat wanted to say something to Czedow, but it wasn't even given the chance to speak at all.

The brighter the light grew, the blurrier Cillin and the gray cat's figure became. Then, the light moved and carried them straight into the time vortex above everyone's heads.

When the light entered the time vortex, the vortex slowly weakened until it vanished completely.

Everything returned to normal just like before, but dead silence had replaced the usual chatter instead. No one was talking, and everyone was staring blankly at the time vortex.

Did the 'Shortcut' they were looking forward to for such a long time just vanish right after its activation?

Czedow cared nothing for everyone else's thoughts. He stretched out his hands and caught the ring slowly falling from the sky after it was spat out by the gray cat. Then, he wrapped his fingers around the ring and gripped it tightly. This ring had been taken off Oskulos' body, and the gray cat had thought of it as its precious for as long as it had it. Cillin was even going to turn this ring into the gray cat and Czedow's reserve 'granary', but now Czedow was the only one left in this side of the world.

Czedow tried to contact the gray and the Cillin once, but he couldn't detect any signs from them at all. He could neither connect to Cillin's communicator, nor communicate with the gray cat. It was as if the duo had suddenly vanished into thin air.

They were just... gone.

He might just be a robot, but a strange feeling he never felt in his life until now suddenly assaulted Czedow's senses. Words couldn't describe this feeling because of how complex it was. The only way he could describe it was that it hurts. It really hurts.

Sigma always expressed its thoughts in full, but Czedow was more reserved than it was. Although his expression was as stiff as ever, his eyes spoke a completely different language. It was just that no one could see it because it was looking down at the ring in

his hand.

“Eh? Eh!!!!” The blue strips on Sigma’s face turned into large vertical bars as it let out a cry of absolute confusion.

Sigma’s cry woke everyone from their daze.

“They... went inside?” Xin Zhao asked.

No one answered his question.

“This shouldn’t happen, this shouldn’t have happened!” Sigma yelled while waving its arms wildly. It then rushed back into the tunnel to check the machine.

Ji Feng and the others followed behind it. They too wanted to know what the f*ck had just happened.

Sigma clutched its head with both arms while the blue strip on its face flashed erratically after it went back into the room. It showed just how upset Sigma was right now.

The energy that powered the time vortex was completely depleted, and some errors had appeared in the node connection program. Some of the machines were experiencing major or minor issues after the activation such as breakdowns or program errors. It would take a long time to repair them to full.

Before the gray cat was sucked into the time vortex, its presence had caused a ‘radiation’ of machine language that affected even the likes of Czedow and Sigma for an instant. However, both Czedow and Sigma had endured the effects of the radiation because they were pretty special existences. The rest of the machines couldn’t say the same, however. Be it the spaceplanes parked near the area or the instruments that made up the planet, they were all experiencing program errors.

Even the Grim Reaper starship that had retreated some distance away from the planet because of the time vortex had lost control for a short period of time.

Sigma 'cried' when it looked at the machines. It turned around and looked at the approaching Czedow, asking, "What do we do? 'Shortcut' won't be coming online for a while."

"How long will it take to open 'Shortcut' once more?" Czedow asked. Ji Feng and the others were paying attention to the conversation too.

"It'll probably take at least three to five years. I can't give an accurate estimate. But..." Sigma stared at the characters and the flashing dot at the center display. In the end, it didn't explain the 'but' part of its sentence and concluded its explanation with a sigh.

Both Jiada and Ji Feng had asked Sigma some questions after that. The conclusion they received confounded them both.

"Cillin and Wheeze may have been transported to the other side of the time vortex, but I don't know why this had happened to," Sigma pressed two fingers together while looking confused and aggrieved. Not only did its wish to go home just went up in flames, even Cillin and the gray cat were gone from this side of the planet. It would be lonely.

Cillin had no idea what the others were thinking after his departure, for he felt as if he was isolated in a different world altogether the moment he was wrapped by that green light. Also, he lost his consciousness the second he was carried towards the time vortex.

A long time later, Cillin finally regained his consciousness. He felt as if he had been put through a grinder before being reassembled at the end. It was about as painful as the imagery would suggest.

There were a lot of noise, the sound of thrusters and flying cars, a yelling voice, the sound of metal hitting the ground...

Things slowly quieted a little.

A while later, Cillin opened his eyes, and looked.

Chapter 218: Imperial Capital Accent? [Part 2]

The scene before Cillin reminded him of his old room at Planet Brown Earth.

It was a very simple and crude room. The word 'wretched' might even fit this place.

A worn out robot with exposed circuits sat quietly at the corner. Judging from the coat of dust that was covering its body, it had probably been there for a very long time.

Cillin tried moving his fingers. So far so good.

Trying to sit up cost Cillin a huge amount of energy and pain, however. Every muscle in his body felt like they were branded by hot iron. He never had the time to recover from the terrible wounds inflicted by Oskulos before he was thrown into a painful trip inside the time vortex. The double injuries hurt Cillin so much that he gasped once for air.

A while later, he finally came to and exhaled. Then, he saw the gray cat clinging to his arm like an octopus.

The gray cat wasn't moving though. In fact, it was completely stiff and not breathing.

Cillin could feel the life inside the gray cat even though it had no heartbeat or breathing. It was still alive.

Cillin flicked the gray cat's ears.

No reaction.

He poked its stomach once.

Still no reaction.

Cillin frowned. Did it experience a system crash or something?

Cillin was still wearing the same clothes as he did before, but his

protective suit was hung on a nearby hanger. The suit looked tattered and worn.

Cillin suddenly noticed something and turned around to look. The peepers shrank back into their hiding spots, but not for long.

One head, two heads, three heads.

Three little kids who looked very similar to each other poked out from behind the door and stared at him with great curiosity. They looked like they wanted to come over, but were too afraid to do so.

They were kids alright. Every piece of their emotions were reflected directly on their faces.

Cillin shot them a smile, but said nothing to them. He wasn't sure what kind of situation he was in right now, and he didn't want to say something wrong due to his ignorance. A smile was enough to express goodwill, not to mention that many kids get encouraged by smiles.

Seeing Cillin's smile, the three kids were given just enough encouragement to return their own.

The fact that the room was a little shabby proved that the master of this place wasn't financially sound, but all three kids had chubby cheeks and displayed no signs of undernourishment whatsoever. This showed that the master of this place valued his children's growth a lot.

One of the children withdrew out of view and ran away, shouting something while doing so. Cillin couldn't understand him.

He was definitely in a strange place alright. He knew every Sector language that existed in all GAL regions, but the one used by the kid was completely unfamiliar to him.

One of the two remaining kids was a little bolder than the other. He slowly walked over and leaned against the bed, looking at Cillin and saying something. Unfortunately, Cillin still couldn't understand him.

The kid tried again, and Cillin made a puzzled expression to express his inability to understand his words. But he was just a kid, so he didn't realize that Cillin couldn't understand his words. He even turned around to speak a few lines with the other kid who was still looking around from behind the door.

Footsteps rang from outside the door while the two kids were speaking. He knew immediately that it belonged to an adult.

The kid who ran away earlier dragged an elderly person wearing a kind smile on his face into the room. He was old and slightly hunchbacked, but he was also pretty healthy and in high spirits. His hands looked very rough and was covered in callus.

He said something to Cillin after seeing that he had sat up, and Cillin returned him a puzzled look to indicate his inability to understand their words.

By now the remaining two kids had pounced towards the old man too and said a lot of things that Cillin didn't understand while pointing at him.

Old Chang was fixing some machines before his grandson ran over. He told him that the person they brought home had already woken up, and that he was smiling at the three of them. Therefore, Old Chang put down his work temporarily and allowed his grandson to pull him to Cillin's room by the finger.

It was the triplets' birthday, and Old Chang had once promised his kids that he would take them around the planet during their birthday. Therefore, he did just that and took them on a twirl around the planet on his shabby little spaceplane a few days ago.

However, people of their circumstances had no right to talk about piloting quality spaceplanes, or conducting long-range or warp travel. This was because they couldn't afford even the energy needed to fly the spaceplane. It was impressive already that a family like theirs was able to keep up with the maintenance fee of even a shabby spaceplane, which was why their trip was possible

only because Old Chang had spent many years accumulating the funds to do so. Moreover, their spaceplane was so terrible that they couldn't stray far away from the planet at all. The so-called spaceflight was really just spaceflight in name. If his grandson didn't have sharp eyes, he would've missed the stranded person floating in space.

Since Cillin was wearing a protective suit at the time, Old Chang automatically assumed that he was a space engineer. Space missions were very dangerous, and one tiny misstep could result in being tossed into space and left for dead. Old Chang had heard a lot of cases like this in his life. He knew that a lot of space engineers had perished in space like this. Wealthy people would just use maintenance robots for such tasks, but the not wealthy could neither afford nor risk purchasing cheap maintenance robots for the tasks they demanded of them. Therefore, they had no choice but to employ space engineers to perform them.

Money of this kind was earned by literally putting lives at stake. It was work that Old Chang himself used to do when he was younger. But age was coming down on him, and he had a bunch of kids waiting for him back home everyday. Therefore, he no longer took on such jobs and focused solely on his current work.

Old Chang sighed when he saw the gray cat wrapped tightly around Cillin's arm. It was rare to find an animal as loyal as this, but nothing could change the fact that the gray cat was already stiff by the time they found Cillin. This meant that the gray cat had died for quite some time already.

If the gray cat knew of Old Chang's thoughts, it absolutely would have puffed up in anger.

Old Chang had never seen the kind of protective suit Cillin was wearing before. Maybe he wasn't a resident of their planet? But despite this, Old Chang was a former worker in the space maintenance field. The fact that Cillin worked in the same field as him gave him a good first impression immediately, and Cillin's age

only tugged at his sympathy even more. He couldn't imagine that a lad this young would go so far as to accept a dangerous job like this. If they hadn't ran into him by accident, or if his protective suit was damaged before they met him, the boy would've been dead by now.

Cillin's protective suit was cut open after Old Chang had saved him from space. They couldn't have provided him with medical aid or even feed him pills otherwise.

His grandsons told him that the lad was a little stupid, but Old Chang thought that maybe he just couldn't understand their language. A moment later, Old Chang switched languages and tried to speak a somewhat shoddy version of the imperial language with a heavy accent. It was also the empire's lingua franca.

“Do you understand this?”

Cillin did, and it shocked him greatly. The language he spoke was very similar to the one Genya had taught him when he was younger. Genya told him that it was his native language, but Cillin never found any traces of it in GAL. He didn't think that he'd be able to hear it at this place.

Cillin said tentatively, “I can. I can understand this language somewhat.”

Old Chang's eyes lit up when he heard this, “Ah, you're from the imperial capital star region!”

Cillin scratched his head embarrassedly. The truth was he had no idea what the heck ‘imperial capital star region’ meant.

Sensing no denial of his claim from Cillin, Old Chang assumed that he was a child born in the imperial capital star region who was forced to perform a dangerous task like space maintenance because of his poor family conditions.

Generally speaking, only those who lived in the imperial capital star region could intonate the language with no accent at all. Old

Chang knew very few foreigners to the imperial capital star region who could do the same since it was very difficult to feign. At the very least, Old Chang never heard of anyone who could speak such perfect imperial language unless it came from media broadcast.

“Are you a mechanical engineer?”

“I guess I am.”

Old Chang showered Cillin with a look of pity. Deriving a living in the capital wasn't easy; the lad must have had no other choice when he came to a shabby place like theirs. Sigh, what a pitiable child.

Cillin continued to maintain a perfect smile on his face, but his mouth couldn't stop twitching when he saw the one third tenderly and two thirds affectionate look on Old Chang's face.

“I am Chang. Just call me grandpa Chang like the kids do,” Old Chang passed over a cup of water and a couple of pills to Cillin.

Cillin swallowed the pills immediately upon accepting. He then thanked Old Chang for his kindness.

Old Chang smiled happily seeing that Cillin had swallowed the pills he gave without any hesitation at all. If Cillin was anyone else, they would've doubted the pills' authenticity and analysed them for half a day.

Old Chang had no idea that Cillin had figured out the pills' composition the moment he accepted them. The only reason he ate the pills without hesitation was because they were just basic supplements. God knows if Old Chang's heart would shatter if he knew about the truth.

“I am Cillin.”

Cillin didn't say much about himself. He only said that he was currently alone.

Old Chang chatted with Cillin for a moment, allowing Cillin to

know a simple outline of their family circumstances.

The three kids Cillin saw earlier were five years old triplets. They were the sixth, seventh and eighth children of the family, so Old Chang called them Six, Seven and Eight directly. They had no other names.

The town they were in had bad standard of living. The survival rate of children in each family was terribly low, so everyone tried to give birth to as many children as they could. The children's high mortality rate was also the reason why they weren't given official names. They would only be given good sounding names if they grew to adulthood or encountered some special circumstances.

Old Chang's partner passed away early, and the one capable son he had had passed away too because of an accident. His daughter-in-law did her damndest to give birth to as many children as possible while her husband was around, but she too wasted away after his son's passing. She went after her husband after she gave birth to the triplets, leaving behind six children to Old Chang.

Why just six? That was because the eldest and the second child didn't survive.

Thankfully, the eleven years old twins Chang Three and Chang Four didn't fail to live up to expectations. They studied hard enough to enroll themselves into a prestigious school, and the reason they weren't around was because they had left this region to study abroad.

Chang Five's life was riddled with difficulties since the day he was conceived in his mother's womb, so he was born with a poor constitution that was prone to illness. He was a pitiable child who was born to medicine his whole life.

Right now, Old Chang works in his own small repair shop and earns a basic living fee for himself and the kids everyday. Almost every family in this particular region of the planet was also doing the same thing; opening a small repair shop of their own to feed

themselves.

Chapter 219: The Cat Isn't A Freeloader After All [Part 1]

The doors of the repair shop were opened early in the morning.

Here in this region, a large majority of the people living here didn't have the money to buy a shop lot of their own. Therefore, they converted part of their own houses into a shop instead. Some people converted their first floor into a shop while they lived upstairs; some converted the front part of their houses into a shop while they lived at the back. The point was shops were basically joined together with the housing, which was why this region was a little cramped and distributed asymmetrically. From the sky, this region looked like irregular cracks opening up on the ground.

The surrounding buildings weren't tall. Buildings that were five or six storeys tall were rare, and most were either two or three storeys tall. Shabby and old flying cars that were comparable to Udoze's as well as small, decrepit spaceplanes that flew above the building complexes were everywhere in the area.

Old Chang's house didn't have a wide surface area, but it did have three floors. The first floor was the shop, while the second and third floor were the accommodation. The house had a lot of rooms probably because of the dense population.

The room Cillin was staying in was one of the bigger ones in the house. It used to be Old Chang's bedroom, but Old Chang forewent it so he could stay and take care of his four grandsons and granddaughters.

Although the triplets were only five years old, they were all very thoughtful kids who gave Old Chang a lot of help despite their size. For example, Chang Six and Chang Eight helped by passing parts and scrubbing machines after Old Chang opened the shop. They also passed him a glass of water when they saw that he was tired.

Chang Eight was a girl; she was the kid who hid behind the door and avoided approaching Cillin at the beginning. She wasn't as open as her two brothers when she was before a stranger, but one only needed to look at her eyes to know that she was just as clever as her two brothers.

“Grandpa, Seven went to annoy that brother and skipped work again!”

Chang Eight passed over a glass of water to Old Chang and complained with a pout.

The triplets used to work together in the repair shop. However, the naughty Chang Seven had ditched his brother and sister again to visit Cillin.

Old Chang patted his granddaughter's head and smiled, “It's fine. I told Seven that he can watch our guest, but not interrupt his rest. Seven will come down on his own once he gets bored.”

Old Chang knew his grandson well. Cillin spent most of his time sleeping because it was the only way he could recover to full health faster. Therefore, Cillin was normally asleep when Chang Seven went to his room. Since no one was around to pay attention to Chang Seven, and Chang Seven himself wasn't an idle kid, Old Chang was sure that he would come back down very soon.

It wasn't that Old Chang was completely unwary of an outsider, he just couldn't help but feel the overflowing sympathy for Cillin. In his mind, Cillin was a young kid who risked his life for money by undertaking a space maintenance job. Old Chang might not be doing well himself, but he would never allow his grandchildren to work in such a place. When he recalled his own life experiences that were similar to Cillin's when he was younger, Old Chang couldn't help but sigh to himself: Cillin's life must be so very harsh.

Old Chang's guess was wrong this time, however. Chang Seven had stayed inside Cillin's room for a very, very long time. Why was

that?

When Chang Seven went upstairs to look at the brother who only ate, slept, and medicated himself everyday again, the first thing he saw upon entering was a gray cat sitting on top of the short table beside the bed.

Old Chang couldn't detach himself from his work the moment he started, so he made sure that Cillin's daily portion of food and pills were put on the table first. This was so that Cillin could eat them immediately after he woke up.

Right now, Chang Seven was staring at the cat that was diagnosed to be dead some time ago burying its face into the food that was prepared for Cillin. Chang Seven's mouth fell open as he fell into a slight daze.

Noticing Chang Seven, the gray cat looked up and cast a listless glance at the kid. After deciding that he wasn't a threat, it went back to chowing down the food.

At first, Chang Seven wanted to call out to his grandpa, Six and Eight to come look at it, but grandpa said that one mustn't be loud or noisy before a patient's presence. He could run back to them and tell them about the cat, but he didn't wish to leave because he was extremely curious about the cat.

He was just a kid after all. He couldn't hold back his curiosity once it was piqued.

Chang Seven slowly shuffled his feet closer to the gray cat as he looked at it. He eventually made it all the way to the table, but the gray cat never once looked up from the food. Its ears were flicking in accordance to Chang Seven's movements though.

Seeing that the gray cat wasn't looking at him at all, Chang Seven bit his fingers and said in a soft voice, "Kitty!"

The gray cat's ears flicked, but it still didn't look up.

There were two reasons behind the gray cat's disregard. One, it

was eating and was in no mood to pay attention to a brat. Two, it had no idea what the hell the brat was saying.

Chang Seven continued to bite his fingers after getting no reaction out of the gray cat even after he called out to it twice. Chang Seven became bold, and he lifted his chubby, dimpled hand to poke at the cat's head!

He immediately withdrew his hand after he poked his head. The brat wasn't that lacking in common sense.

The gray cat finally looked up and cast a glance at Chang Seven. Its eyes were still lazily half closed, and its mouth hadn't stopped chewing. After blinking once at Chang Seven in a lazy manner, the gray cat went back to its war against the food.

Now Chang Seven was stirred up. He tried to poke at the gray cat again after it looked down to its food.

This time however, he failed to poke at the cat a second time. That was because the gray cat had slapped his hand with a forelimb and stepped on it. Of course, the gray cat hadn't extended its claws. It had interacted with humans long enough to know some basic common sense.

The gray cat didn't look up despite all its movements. It continued to work hard at eating while stepping on Chang Seven's chubby hand.

Chang Seven didn't cry because his hand was stepped on though. In fact, he even let out a chuckle: It didn't hurt!

Of course it didn't hurt. The gray cat had neither exerted strength nor extended its claws. In fact, the pad on its paws made Chang Seven feel very comfortable.

Chang Seven's playfulness was piqued now that he wasn't afraid. He withdrew his chubby little hand and covered it on top of the gray cat's paw immediately.

The gray cat finally looked up again and licked its mouth once.

The brat was chuckling at him right now.

The gray broke into a lazy yawn and was about to lick its paw out of habit when it noticed that the situation was amiss. So it pulled its paw from beneath Chang Seven's chubby hand, licked it, wiped its face and put it back on top of Chang Seven's hand once more.

Change Seven was so happy that he giggled out loud. He pulled out his hand and placed it on top of the gray cat's paw again.

The gray cat: "..."

...

When Cillin woke up once more, he saw two childish fellows playing the amazing game of cover-a-paw (hand).

Cillin dared wager that the cat wasn't completely awake yet. There was no way it would be patient enough to play a game like this with a kid otherwise.

Chang Seven looked so happy that he could jump to the sky though. Sigh, immature kids are happier than most.

Noticing Cillin's awakening, the gray cat finally opened its eyes in full and withdrew its paw. It then swiped its tail lightly across the brat's face before jumping to Cillin's side. It didn't dare jump directly onto Cillin's body because he was still in recovery.

"You've finally woken up, Cillin!" The gray cat exclaimed happily while walking towards him. Its head was finally clear.

Chapter 219: The Cat Isn't A Freeloader After All [Part 2]

The gray cat itself wasn't doing very well either when it woke up. It scanned the area and detected a lot of mechanical parts around it. Unfortunately they were all low quality parts that were of little use to it. There was also the problem where it didn't recognize the place they were currently in. At the time it didn't pay too much attention to either of these problems, but now that it had eaten it had recovered a little from its earlier ordeal.

Chang Seven stared at them while biting his finger, not understanding the gray cat's language. This cat's meow is different from others!

Cillin patted the gray cat's head before smiling at Chang Seven, "Seven, do you have anymore food around here? Can you bring some over for me?"

"We do!" Chang Seven grinned and rushed out of the room like the wind. The storage cabinets weren't far away from here.

Chang Seven might not know how to speak the imperial language, but he could listen and understand some of it. Plus, Cillin had picked up a little on the dialect on this place. Basic communication between the duo was no longer a problem.

The gray cat looked at Cillin in puzzlement, "I've never heard the language you speak before."

"This isn't GAL. This is probably a place at the other end of the time vortex. So pretend to be a normal cat before you have learned the language around this place."

The gray cat's whiskers shook, "Are you tell me to meow like a cat??"

Cillin gave it a 'duh' look, "You are a cat."

“Fine. I’m going to learn the language here in no time though,” It would take less than a minute to learn the language here through these machines.

“Oh right, your current appearance is off, Cillin,” The gray cat pointed at Cillin’s face with its paw. If it wasn’t all too familiar to the connection between it and Cillin, it would’ve thought that someone else was lying beside it.

“Off, huh?”

Cillin sat up and stared at his own reflection from a small metallic piece not far away. He couldn’t help but smile at it.

As it turned out, the trip through the time vortex put his genes through phenotype reformation and restored his true appearance.

Right now Cillin looked just like the guy that was on Planet Brown Earth. Even his frame had changed back to what it used to. Cillin rubbed his face once while feeling very satisfied with the transformation. There was simply nothing cooler, more pleasing and comforting than one’s original appearance.

“This is how I originally look,” Cillin said.

“Oh,” The gray cat looked carefully and curiously at Cillin. It had heard from Cary and the others that Cillin used to have a different look. It didn’t realize that the him now was his true appearance.

Cillin roughly explained what happened after they were sucked through the time vortex and into this place to the gray cat. If it wasn’t for Old Chang’s family, Cillin had no idea how much longer they would have floated silently in foreign space.

“The kid playing cover-a-paw with you just now is Chang Seven. He’s one of the triplets of the family.”

The gray cat was about to explain that the reason he played such a childish game with the brat was because it was half asleep at the time when it heard Chang Seven’s returning footsteps. It stopped talking and started ‘communicating’ with the machines around the

area, learning a new language.

Chang Seven had come in while holding a large plate. There was a large piece of meat of some unknown animal and two small fishes beside it on the plate. The fishes were specifically prepared for the gray cat.

Judging from the way Chang Seven was exerting all his strength to hold up the plate, the food were apparently slightly too heavy for Chang Seven to handle. Cillin hastily accepted the plate and patted Chang Seven's head, "Thanks, Seven. Oh, they're warm. Did you make them yourself? You're pretty good, Seven!"

"It's... it's no biggie!" Chang Seven chuckled as it stared at the gray cat.

Cillin took the plate on the low table where Wheeze had just eaten its meal earlier and put the fishes on them. He then spoke the imperial accent with the local accent, "Wheeze, this is Seven's gift to you."

By now the gray cat had almost figured out the language of the place completely, so it understood what Cillin was talking about. It showed its teeth at Chang Seven to indicate its understanding and jumped next to the plate and began eating.

It only needed to sniff at the fishes to know that it didn't taste too well, but it was neither the place nor time to be picky about food. It buried its head and cleaned out the two fishes.

"Aren't you going to eat, Seven?" Cillin cut a piece of meat and passed it to Chang Seven.

Chang Seven shook his head and said, "I'm not hungry!" However his eyes never strayed from the gray cat as he raised and dropped his chubby little hands. He looked like he very much wanted to touch the gray cat.

Cillin smiled and started eating the meat in his plate.

Everything on the plate came from compressed capsules. These

relatively cheap compressed capsules were something everyone in the lowest rung used because they were convenient and saved time. Cooking was a simple matter of putting the capsules into a specialised machine and pressing a button. The meal would be done in just half a minute.

But although the controls were very simple, the fact that a five years old child like Chang Seven could do everything on his own was not. Poor kids often grew independent real quick.

Cillin ate while inspecting the leaf patterned tattoo on his thumb. This thing had operated like a navigation pin and caused him to be pulled into this place. There was no other explanation as to why he was the only one who was pulled over otherwise.

Therefore, the Gen Family was probably at the imperial capital star region Old Chang had spoken to him about.

Differing from GAL's administration system, this planet was in the 23rd star region of the Mist Bodhisattva Empire. The empire ruled over a total of 26 star regions, and this was but one of the many small and insignificant planets that existed in it.

In the former star system, a person's genotype decided their entire future. But here in the Mist Bodhisattva Empire, a person's birthplace triumphed over one's natural talent. There were a lot of people who were rank A humans by GAL's standards that worked as bodyguards for weak noble descendants. Also, life was extremely cheap in this place.

Cillin stared at the food inside his plate. The capsules might be relatively cheap, but it was still meat. The poor simply didn't have the economic source to eat food like this for long. He was sure that Old Chang didn't have many capsules like this, and that what he was eating right now was probably their family's entire day's worth of food.

Old Chang loved his grandchildren a lot; one could see this just from the meals they eat alone. Holding fast to the belief no child

should ever suffer, Old Chang did everything in his power to ensure that they ate well in the family. One of the major reasons the family savings hadn't grown by much was because they had all gone into the children's food expense. Cillin only needed to look at their round figures to know that the kids had almost never starved in their lives.

Chang Seven happily watched the gray cat finishing its meal from the side. One doesn't bite the hand that feeds, so the gray cat gave Chang Seven face and said 'thank you' to him after it was done with its meal. It was a perfect replication of the local dialect.

Chang Seven's eyes grew wide open as he pointed a chubby finger at the gray cat, "You... you can talk!"

The gray cat licked its paws and wiped its mouth, "Why the meow wouldn't I know how to speak?"

Chang Seven didn't respond and simply stare at the gray cat with a stupid grin on his face. Finally, he recalled something and ran downstairs, screaming, "Grandpa, Six, Eight! There's a smart cat in the room!"

The corner of Cillin's mouth twitched incessantly. In the eyes of these children, he was apparently far inferior to this gluttonous cat.

The gray cat categorized Chang Seven as a human of good insight the second it heard the words 'smart cat'. It raised its chin proudly and modeled the appearance of an elite.

Hearing Chang Seven's cries, Old Chang put down his repair work temporarily, wiped his hands briefly and headed upstairs. Chang Six and Chang Eight were long gone the second they heard Chang Seven's cries.

Both grandpa and grandchildren were very much surprised to see the cat they thought to be dead a long time ago alive. Old Chang especially examined the cat critically. Although it looked like an

ordinary glance at a glance, he discovered that it was extremely intelligent at close range.

“Grandpa, grandpa!” Chang Seven pulled at Old Chang’s hand and said boastfully, “The kitty greeted me just now!”

Chang Six and Chang Eight’s eyes were bright. They had met some talking pets on the streets, but they were the precious things of the families who owned them. The triplets only dared to stare at those pets from afar. Therefore, when they heard Chang Seven’s claims, the duo couldn’t restrain themselves from surrounding the gray cat and chatter like a magpie.

While bathing in the triplets’ praises, the gray cat raised its head, pumped its chest and fired a greeting in perfect dialect, “Hello!”

Cillin curled his lips at the gray cat that looked serious on the outside but was probably about to take flight to the air on the inside. Shame!

Cillin introduced Old Chang and the children to the gray cat, “This guy here is a pet I accidentally ran into a few years ago. It has followed me since. It’s name is Wheeze.”

Old Chang didn’t think much into Cillin’s explanations. He simply smiled and watched the triplets surrounding the gray cat and talking to it. He was a little surprised that the cat was able to speak the local language perfectly though.

The explanation Cillin gave was that they’d a run in with some people on this planet earlier, and that the gray cat had picked up the dialect from them.

Old Chang didn’t show any regret towards Chang Seven serving their best meat compressed capsule and two fish compressed capsules to Cillin and the gray cat.

Cillin would recover enough to move around without worry in another two days’ time. When Old Chang inquired about his future plans, he expressed his hope to stay with Old Chang temporarily

and aid him with his work. Cillin was quite familiar with machinery repair and maintenance, and he didn't need a salary. All he requested was a place to eat and stay for now.

For now, the imperial capital was off limits because Cillin hadn't figured out everything about the Mist Bodhisattva Empire. Cillin was not one to act recklessly. That was why he chose to stay here temporarily until his body fully recovered and his plans fully made. After all, Cillin had no patrons to lean against at this place.

Old Chang was very happy that Cillin had decided to stay behind and help him with his work. The house had plenty of empty rooms anyway, and although a new adult and a cat added more burden to the family, they should gain more from Cillin's aid. Old Chang insisted on paying Cillin a salary, however: it wasn't right for a young man or woman to live without some money in their hands.

Cillin and the gray cat's decision to stay gladdened the triplets the most. Now they could play with the kitty everyday!

Old Chang smiled and watched the triplets cheer with great love in his eyes.

Although Cillin hadn't recovered enough to help Old Chang yet, the gray cat was a different story. Since then, a new scene had appeared inside the shop after lunch; three kids chasing behind a gray cat while carrying some parts.

To Old Chang's surprise, the gray cat saved him a lot of effort. In the past, he would have to describe the parts in great detail before the triplets could bring him the right model number of the parts he needed. Now, the gray cat and the triplets would present him with the parts he needed almost immediately when he needed them. The model numbers were always right, too.

Old Chang was very happy with this: The cat isn't a freeloader after all.

Chapter 220: Many Hands Make Light Work

[Part 1]

Two days later, Cillin hadn't yet made a full recovery, but he was able to move freely without problems.

Old Chang had been in a happy mood for the past two days. Although the gray cat looked unreliable, it had high work rate and played a big role in Old Chang's maintenance work with the kids. Before the gray cat showed up, Old Chang could earn at most 100 Mist Bodhisattva (MB) coins per day only, and that was assuming he even had work to do in the first place. Naturally, there was no income if no business showed up.

However, Cillin heard that things had been going well for the past two days. Old Chang received one to two orders everyday and earned an average income of over 120 MB coins. Since Old Chang was happy, he purposely bought a set of fish type capsules and prepared different types of meals for the gray cat everyday.

Cillin helped Old Chang with his work after he was able to move freely.

Old Chang's shop was a maintenance shop. In fact, the entire street of the place was made up of maintenance shops. The Maintenance Street was quite well known among the lower class because one, it was cheap and affordable; and two, most of the shop owners and the customers knew each other. They came from the same class, so they were simply watching each other's backs.

Old Chang's shop was relatively small in the Maintenance Street, and there were plenty of other maintenance shops that were bigger than Old Chang's. However, Old Chang was satisfied with what he had, especially because he had a limited amount of manpower. He knew very well how many orders he could take, and anything beyond that would only serve to frustrate his customers.

Most of the people who visited Old Chang were familiar faces, such as the one who gave him an order today. The car owner had had a close brush with another flying car while he was conducting a delivery, and while it felt like nothing at the time he soon noticed that his vehicle was losing more energy than norm, but not running a pace that matched the energy loss after he came back. Also, it made weird noises every short distance it flew. Thankfully, the car owner didn't need to make a delivery today, so he drove it over to Old Chang so it could be repaired.

The car owner looked at Old Chang after he was done complaining, "Old Chang, you think you can get it fixed today? I have a delivery to rush tomorrow."

Old Chang thought for a moment before answering, "I'll postpone the order I'm working on and work on your car first, since you need it in a hurry. It should be repaired by tomorrow."

"Heh, I knew you're the best, Old Chang. Alright, I've got work to get back to, so call me after you're done fixing, okay?"

Normally, a maintenance shop conducts its business on a first come first serve basis, but regular customers were often given better priority and care. To this car owner, Old Chang's maintenance shop was the best place to obtain cheap loyalty price. The car owner was very satisfied with Old Chang's answer, and he left after ending the conversation hastily.

Cillin just happened to witness the car owner's bidding goodbye when he walked down the stairs, and his gaze stopped at the flying car at maintenance platform. It was a kind of flying car he very rarely saw when he was at GAL, and it looked like it had been used for more than ten years already. The car itself wasn't big, but its interior space was pretty wide. There was also a small carriage connected to its back used to transport a small amount of goods. Cars like this were a common sight at Maintenance Street.

Old Chang was just setting down a machine he was repairing, and

getting up to accept and take a sip from the cup of water his grandson had passed to him when he saw Cillin descending from the stairs. He smiled, “How do you feel, Cillin?”

“I’m doing okay.” In order to prove that he had regained his mobility, Cillin stretched his arms and did some minor exercises. It was definitely proof that he had made a huge recovery.

Cillin then looked at the second hand parts categorized by the gray cat and retrieved by the kids before switching his attention to the newly arrived flying car. He asked, “Is it something to do with its power system?”

Old Chang nodded before pulling at a control stick, moving the flying car deeper into the maintenance platform. A separator then rose from the center of the platform.

Noticing Cillin’s puzzled gaze, Old Chang explained, “Can’t let the kids touch this thing.”

Cillin nodded in understanding after hearing his answer.

Whenever heavy metals or power systems were involved in the repairs, Old Chang would make sure to isolate the vehicle from his grandchildren. An adult might be resistant to their effects, but a child would have their growth greatly affected if they got too close to them. Radiation sickness and heavy metal poisoning were very common around here, and since the people here often lacked the time to perform a medical check they normally didn’t notice it until the symptoms were in full bloom. But by then the illness would’ve been very severe already, and more than eighty percent of the children who died prematurely here were taken away by these two killers. It wasn’t cheap to treat these illnesses, and not every family took care of their children as carefully as Old Chang did.

If a pregnant woman came into frequent contact with these things, the children they birthed were probably going to be born malformed or with birth defects. No children who were born this

way were going to live long. However, everyone in the family had to work in order to survive, so pregnant women helping their families and working were a common sight on this street. Idleness would only earn them scorn; they weren't the noble ladies who lived in high class cities after all.

At this Maintenance Street, the children who were raised as healthily as the triplets were absolutely among the minority. Therefore, it was their fortune to be born into this family.

The triplets were obviously very familiar with the procedure, so when they saw the raised separator they self consciously stayed a good distance away from that place. The platform had specialized tools and parts at the ready, so their aid was unnecessary.

“Let me help you. I've done something like this before.”

“It's fine. You're still recovering, it'll be bad for your recovery if you come into contact with these things,” Old Chang attempted to wave Cillin away.

“It's okay, I've been lying on my bed for so long that I need to stretch some muscles.”

Seeing Cillin's insistence, Old Chang pointed at a cabinet and said, “There are gloves and safety tools in there. Go put them on, will you?”

Cillin walked over and opened the cabinet. Inside he found an entire set of safety clothes including gloves, coat, shoes and so on. Old Chang was already wearing a pair of safety gloves, so this meant that there was only one of every piece of safety equipment except the gloves. It wasn't a surprise; a full set of safety clothes of the repair type wasn't cheap after all.

Cillin put on the pair of gloves, but not the coat or the shoes. Instead, he passed them over to Old Chang.

“Lad...”

“It's okay, I'm used to this and I'm immune,” Cillin let Old Chang

know that it made no difference whether he put on the safety clothes or not. Then, he went up the maintenance platform and started inspecting the flying car.

Old Chang quickly discovered the problem. As expected, there was a problem with the power system.

“All aged parts waste energy, but even then this is a little too much. The power system is defective, but fixing it won’t fix the real issue with this car. The only way to do so is to renew some critical parts, but I doubt that they’d be willing to spend that money. So we’ll ignore those parts for now.”

Old Chang explained as he continued to inspect the flying car. It was one thing to repair the car, and it was another to determine the degree of the repair if he wished to retain his customers.

After living in Maintenance Street for so many years, Old Chang had more or less figured out the people’s mindset. He was able to maximize a customer’s satisfaction without needing the customer to specify them, and it in turn saved the customer a lot of face.

Cillin was good at repairing things, but his experience in repairing according to a customer’s preference was far lacking compared to Old Chang. When he was practicing under Mo Heng, the style that was pursued was completely different. Mo Heng was the type who pursued perfection, and his standard of parts was very high. However, his style was completely unsuitable in this place.

Cillin listened seriously to Old Chang’s teachings and voiced a question from time to time. He also helped Old Chang with his work a lot.

SRH Chapter 220 [Part 2]

Translator's Notes: Half thanks to Z.L. for attempting to kill me along with my bosses by half sponsoring a chapter. I almost forgot the function exist myself.

Chapter 220: Many Hands Make Light Work [Part 2]

The repair of the power system of this flying car wasn't difficult, it was something that could be done perfectly before dinner. But with Cillin's help, the time taken to fix it was shortened by two full hours, and the work itself became a lot easier because he was there to share Old Chang's burden. Old Chang was really happy on the inside, thinking that having a helper made all the differences.

After fixing the flying car's power system, Cillin finally figured out how the vehicle managed to last for ten long years after seeing at the flying car's main and secondary control system. Most flying cars only had one control system, and flying cars with a secondary control system were 'smarter' than others. So he deduced the car owner had invested a lot of money into the flying car when he first bought it.

However, from what he learned while he was lying in bed in rest, the flying car's main and secondary control system had been outdated for a very long time. In fact, the secondary control system dated all the way back to twenty years ago. It was no wonder that a flying car that was entering its autumn years wasn't very agile. Perhaps this was the real reason why the car owner had scratched his vehicle against someone else's. Unresponsive controls would definitely do that to a car.

Cillin inspected the main control system installed in the car for a little. It was impossible to upgrade it in full since it would cost more than the car owner was willing to pay, not to mention that compatibility would be bad too.

Old Chang was very familiar with the repairs that involved parts,

but he wasn't that good in terms of programming as well as the improving and tidying of an internal control smart system. It also wasn't something that the people of this place were conscious about because their education level was relatively low. Therefore, no one bothered to familiarize themselves with the confusing programming instructions.

Both the main and secondary system of the vehicle were very simple, so it took Cillin only ten minutes to clean out all programming errors and the useless instructions caused by the program's inability to keep up with times. He believed that the vehicle would be more agile from here on, or at least better compared to the state it was yesterday.

Old Chang didn't stop Cillin from tinkering with the internal control system and simply sat quiet at the side, looking. He could see the confidence oozing from Cillin's person, and it was a confidence that belonged to a true maintenance engineer. After Cillin was done with the repairs, he started the car and gave it a test run to check the results. As expected, the car was performing much better.

“Impressive skill, lad!”

“I don't know much, really. I only know a little about car repairs.”

“No need to be humble. Come, let's work on the next order and try finish it before dinnertime!”

The separator was lowered after the triplets and the gray cat noticed that Old Chang was done with the repairs. They came over smilingly and continued to help by passing over the tools and parts necessary for the job.

Many hands make light work, so the second order was finished too before dinnertime. Old Chang contacted his customers to come and get their goods while Cillin brought the triplet and the gray cat away to make dinner. The triplets worked as Cillin watched from

the sides. It was a simple capsule dinner as usual.

Old Chang's income today was a total of 200 MB coins, an impressive haul. The car owner could feel that his car had become a lot younger when he jumped into the vehicle and lifted it into the air.

“You're improving, Old Chang! I'm coming back to you the next time I need a fix!”

Old Chang simply chuckled happily and said nothing.

This car owner worked hard to recommend Old Chang's shop to his acquaintances after he went back to his place, saying that his aged vehicle had gotten a lot younger after the repair. However, few people believed him because it was a common thing to attract customers for a familiar face. Therefore, most only responded with a perfunctory answer.

Old Chang gave Cillin 50 of the 200 MB coins they earned today. Cillin didn't – couldn't – turn it down as it was something they had agreed on earlier.

Chang Seven looked very excited during dinner, “Grandpa, grandpa! Five should be returning tomorrow, right?”

“Mm hmm. We'll pick him tomorrow.” Old Chang couldn't help but sigh deeply on the inside when his ill grandson was brought up. Most of the smile were gone when he thought about him.

Chang Five nearly died during childbirth because he was negatively affected during a large scale electromagnetic radiation. It took a lot of effort to save his life. However, this incident also gave him a weak body. As a result Chang Five often got sick and was a frequent visitor of the hospital.

Cilin had seen the image Chang Seven showed him, and there was no doubt that Chang Five was a very frail-looking kid. He looked listless, and his eyes lacked the natural innocence of a kid. There was only silence and gloominess in them, and it painted a

stark contrast between him and the triplets.

Had Chang Five been born in any other family, he would've been abandoned since a long time ago. Old Chang was a person of rare moral to hold onto hope for so long, but even then the people of the street didn't look well on Chang Five's chances. Normally, kids like Chang Five couldn't live past the age of ten if they were not treated fully while they still could. Chang Five was already seven years old, and the risks of illness only grew bigger as time passed. For example, he would have to head to the hospital to receive treatment again not long after his current return. The amount of pills he took exceeded the number of capsule meals he ate.

All of Cillin's knowledge of Chang Five came from the triplets' mouths. The triplets were very understanding of their quiet brother and often looked after him. Unlike Old Chang, they told Cillin a lot about Chang Five.

Right now what Old Chang's life goal was to ensure their basic necessities and to save money for Chang Five's next treatment, delaying the inevitable as long as he could. Regardless of what others might say, there was hope yet as long as he was alive.

Old Chang zoned out inside the workshop after the triplets had gone to bed. It was normal for him to receive an order everyday, and he should thank his lucky stars today for receiving two. Therefore, Old Chang had nothing to do even if he felt like working late into the night.

Inside Cillin's room, the gray cat swayed its tail back and forth occasionally before it yawned, "I think that old man is crying."

The workshop had CCTV, but it wasn't necessarily a system built to watch customers. A CCTV was a basic installation in a workshop, and it had many uses beyond the apparent surveillance. It was through the camera the gray cat noticed Old Chang's current expression.

Cillin scratched the bottom of the gray cat's chin, "We owe them

a favor, so let us do whatever we can do to help them. Tomorrow will be better.”

“Mm, let’s go earn some money. I’m missing my fish biscuits already, I wonder if Snowball and the others sneaked a bite from my cache.” What really caught the gray cat’s attention was Cillin’s final line.

The next day, Old Chang went to the hospital to pick up Chang Five while Cillin was saddled with the responsibility of watching over the shop and the triplets. In the past, Old Chang would lock every door in the shop and instruct the triplets again and again to be careful. Public security wasn’t very good around here, and safety wasn’t a guarantee even if his family was poor.

Today was the first time the triplets were able to sit openly at the shop entrance and wait for Old Chang and Chang Five.

“Eh? Where’s Old Chang?” A flying car stopped in front of the shop entrance. The car owner was obviously someone the Chang family was familiar with as he asked after looking around the shop.

“My grandpa went out already.” Chang Six answered.

“Did he leave to get Chang Five?” The guy was obviously very familiar with the family. After he got off the flying car and walked into the shop, he seized the opportunity to pinch the triplets’ chubby face.

“You’re bullying us again, Uncle Haas!” The triplets pointed accusingly at the man in unison, but with big smiles on their faces. It was obvious that both parties were very familiar with each other.

Haas chuckled and picked up the youngest Chang Eight of the lot, tossing him into the air. Chang Eight was so happy that she swung her arms and screamed.

Chang Six and Chang Seven hastily took a few steps away from Haas.

Cillin was surprised. He knew that all three fellows liked being tossed into the air a lot, so why did they look reluctant now?

Haas put down Chang Eight after tossing her twice into the air. Chang Eight then ran behind Cillin and stuck her tongue at him.

“Yo, showing off your new patron already!?” Haas looked very amused.

He walked to Cillin and asked, “Are you a new assistant?”

“No, no! Brother Cillin is the son of our papa’s friend!” The triplets answered ahead of Cillin.

The lie was Old Chang’s idea. He suggested that Cillin should introduce himself as the son of his son’s friend, and that he had come over to help them out temporarily because something had happened within his family.

“Hello, do you need to repair your flying car?” Cillin didn’t need to open the hood. He knew what was wrong just listening to the way the flying car sounded when it flew.

“There is a bit of a problem.”

Cillin helped Haas push his car inside after obtaining confirmation from him. Later, Haas took out a box of parts from the trunk. It was the spare parts to replace the broken parts of the car.

Haas was a parts seller. He always changed the parts in his car whenever it started coughing on him. He believed that changing parts was the only way to solve a car problem completely.

After conversing for a moment, Cillin understood very well from Haas’ behavior that he didn’t trust his repair skills. He specifically mentioned that he should be contacted only after Old Chang had returned. Only then he would explain in detail what was wrong with the car.

Cillin felt no dissatisfaction at his attitude. They were strangers

to each other, not to mention that Cillin was a very young stranger too. No one would've turned in their beloved car to him to fix because the person they were really looking for was Old Chang. It was only natural for them to feel worried and reluctant to leave their vehicles in another's hand.

After Haas had left, the triplets finally explained to Cillin why they were afraid earlier, "Brother Cillin, do you know that Uncle Haas once failed to catch a kid because he was drunk and broke his leg? We saw it with our own eyes!"

Cillin finally understood the underlying reason as they explained with serious looks on their faces. It was probably something of a blue moon to Haas, missing the catch because he was drunk. Unfortunately for him, the triplets happened to witness the accident, so it dug a deep impression inside their young minds.

The gray cat was currently lying next to the parts shelf and dozing. It yawned disdainfully after giving the flying car a glance: just what's so precious about a trash like that? It curled into a ball and went back to sleep.

When Old Chang finally returned while carrying Chang Five behind his back, Cillin finally witnessed with his own eyes the child who was plagued by many illnesses and obstacles all his life. He looked pitifully thin and pale in the face. He was far lighter than the triplets who were two years younger than him. His eyes were as gloomy as the one he saw in the image, and they brightened for only a moment when he saw the triplets. The gloominess returned again after he saw the stranger, Cillin.

SRH Chapter 221 [Part 1]

Chapter 221: The Fish Says Fine, The Cat Says Unacceptable [Part 1]

It would appear that the kid wasn't completely detached; he only acted that way when he was facing a stranger. Cillin thought that it was understandable. The same look would've adorned the face of anyone who had the same experience. In the slums, kids his age became mature and more sensitive faster than a lot of people.

“Five! Five!”

The triplets ran over to him.

Old Chang felt slightly better after bringing his grandson back home. Plus, he was doing good business as of late, so he managed to buy an upgraded version of a drug needed for Five's treatment. It made him feel less worried about Five's condition.

As Old Chang chuckled at the triplets running towards them, he looked at Chang Five and asked, “Do you want to rest upstairs, Five?”

Chang Five shook his head, “Downstairs is fine.”

It was a revealing sentence. Cillin didn't need to touch Chang Five, he noticed that the kid's lungs were bad just from his voice alone. Perhaps this was why he was so quiet.

“Okay.” Old Chang was used to this already.

The triplets carried out a deck chair in familiar fashion before staring expectantly at Chang Five and Old Chang as if they wanted some praise for the effort. A rare smile sprung onto Chang Five's face.

Old Chang carefully put Chang Five down onto the deck chair before taking out two pills and a medicine bottle, “Take your pills first before you play with them, okay?”

It was natural for children to dislike consuming medicine, but Chang Five was a kid who swallowed more pills than he ate capsule meals. He swallowed the pills and drank warm water to soothe his throat when suddenly, he sensed that a pair of eyes were looking at him. It didn't belong to that stranger.

Chang Five looked up, and he noticed that a gray cat was crouching next to the parts cabinet and staring at him with round eyes. Its eyes looked less like the clueless eyes of a normal cat, and more like the eyes a human possessed. He could sense neither pity nor scorn from its gaze, there was only curiosity. The gray cat had even moved its nose and sniffed the air while swaying its tail at random times. He wondered what it found in the air.

The triplets immediately grew excited when they followed Chang Five's gaze and saw Wheeze. They strove to introduce it before anyone could.

"Five, this is..."

"This is Wheeze, it's very smart..."

"It could speak too!"

"Don't interrupt me!"

"You're the interruptor!"

Cillin "...". He had been completely ignored. It would appear that a cat's charm to children really was infinite.

Old Chang simply watched on while feeling amused. He didn't ask for much, all he wanted was happiness for his grandchildren.

Chang Five was used to the triplets antics already, so he made them stop with a hand gesture. Then, he looked at the gray cat, "Are you called Wheeze?"

The gray cat simply swayed its tail and said nothing.

Chang Five asked again, "Can you speak?"

The gray cat stuck its butt upwards, stretched its back, lumped

up its paws before sitting back down to stare at the four children.

Chang Five to Eight: "..."

Chang Five looked at the triplets. He wasn't doubting their words, he was feeling gloomy wondering if the cat was toying with them.

The triplets were angry too. But before they could point fingers and start reprimanding the gray cat, it jumped down from its original position and ran towards the four children. Then, it gently leaped onto the deck chair Chang Five was in and found a place on his legs to sleep in. Chang Five's legs were covered with a blanket, so it was a comfortable napping spot.

Chang Five didn't know what to say as he watched the utterly fearless gray cat nuzzling and lying down on the sweet spot of his legs. Moreover, this was the first time he came into close contact with any sort of animals. For whatever reason, animals normally ran far, far away from him the moment they saw him. Their actions often made him recall memories of people talking behind his back; it was why Chang Five shared no particular fondness for any kind of animals. This cat however, was an exception.

Cillin's mouth twitched, but he said nothing. The cat was obviously trying to tease the kids. And so he went away to talk with Old Chang about Haas' order. The customer's flying car was already parked inside the workshop, waiting for repairs.

"Oh, Haas, is it? That fellow has high demands when it comes to flying cars, and he is always in a hurry. That's why the parts are changed quite frequently..."

Old Chang more or less understood the situation from Cillin, but he still contacted Haas one more time just in case. After that, he and Cillin wasted no more time and got to work.

Chang Five had frozen for a second when the gray cat jumped up to his legs. He seemed to be a little lost as to how he should

respond as this turn of events was very surprising to him to say the least. It was rare enough to find a cat that didn't run away upon seeing him, and now it was even sleeping on top of his legs.

The triplets didn't mind that the gray cat had chosen to be uncooperative. Instead, they chuckled, "It seems that Wheeze likes Five a lot too."

Chang Seven was stretching a chubby finger and poked the gray cat's stomach gently, Chang Eight was playing with the gray cat's front paw pads, and Chang Six was giving the gray cat a scratch under the chin. The gray cat narrowed its eyes into slits carelessly, allowing them to play to their heart's content. It turned its head sideways to indicate to Chang Six that he could scratch another spot now.

Chang Five frowned at the gray cat for a very long time before he finally gathered the courage to touch its ears one time. It was soft and pretty comfortable to touch.

The gray cat didn't bother with Chang Five's moments. The only reaction it gave was to flick its ears out of habit.

Chang Five failed to withdraw his finger in time before the flicking ear hit it. But his finger didn't hurt. It didn't hurt at all. The lack of pain actually piqued Chang Five's interest as he bravely tried to touch the long hair standing behind its ears. This time the gray cat flicked its ears a little harder.

Chang Five had to admit that he was getting addicted to this.

SRH Chapter 221 [Part 2]

Original and most up to date translations are posted at [volaretranslations](#).

Translator's Notes: Part 1 is very short because it's either cutting it off at 1/3++ or let it run until 2/3 of the chapter. Awkward.

Chapter 221: The Fish Says Fine, The Cat Says No Way [Part 2]

Old Chang took out the new parts left behind by Haas and gave them a look, "It looks like the parts that sold quite well inside the city recently, but I don't know them too well. Guess we have no choice but to give it a try."

Cillin hadn't seen these parts before either, but he could guess what their specific functions were from their shape and the car itself.

"Let's." Cillin said.

"Mm. We definitely can do this together." Old Chang actually thought that Cillin had great knowledge and great insight. His assessment of Cillin was that he was a sensible youth with real knowledge, real abilities and a good heart.

The new parts were new for both of them, but they quickly figured out what they were used for quickly. They then researched the diagram and assembly for a bit.

"Please see where it needs to be modified, Cillin." Old Chang passed the assembly diagram to Cillin.

Cillin didn't point out the faults in the diagram Old Chang drew directly. Instead, he asked Old Chang why he drew the way he did in several spots.

There existed a kind of harmony between parts. Although this harmony might not be obvious when observed locally, Cillin had 'dissected' the car in his head during the time Old Chang was

inspecting the entire flying car. Therefore, he knew very well what part of the car should be paid attention to after the new parts were plugged in, and what were the bigger problems in Old Chang's drawn assembly diagram.

Cillin was socially adept, so he didn't point out the problems directly. However, Old Chang knew from Cillin's reaction that he really did notice some problems with his diagram. He wasn't displeased by this realization, however. On the contrary, he was quite happy at this outcome. Considering his age and the family circumstances he was saddled in, Old Chang wasn't allowed much opportunities to learn new skills at all. Therefore, Cillin's arrival and help was an enlightening experience to him. He had been doing repairs for tens of years, and he knew just how important it was to learn new skills. That was also why he felt invigorated after hearing Cillin's words.

After explaining the reasoning behind his method of drawing, Old Chang looked at Cillin and said, "You don't need to be worry about me, Cillin. Just speak your mind. This is a good learning experience for me too; it's been many years since I learned anything new."

Seeing that Old Chang really meant his words, Cillin stopped beating around the bush and explained everything in his opinion, from the macro to the micro, from the whole to the local, and even the minor problems with the car that didn't need any repairs. At the very least, this knowledge would give Old Chang bigger ideas when he drew his assembly diagram again.

After some amendments, the duo finally settled on the final version of the assembly diagram. Although it wasn't the theoretical best way to repair the car, it was the one that suited the car owner the most.

After the assembly diagram was decided, the duo worked a lot quicker than before. The parts were quickly installed under their joint effort. Just like the previous job, Cillin checked the car's

control system.

Just like last time, the car had a dual control system. However, unlike the last car owner this one frequently cleaned his car's system since it had a lot less unnecessary files in it. Still, there were a couple of bad settings that clashed a little with the newly installed parts, so Cillin manually fixed the programs in conflict. The main setting and controls were kept the same because it was what the car owner was used to, so the car owner wouldn't realized that the control systems were modified unless he performed a full scan. He would only feel that the flying car was running a lot smoother than before. Once he got used to the hidden changes, the flying car would run a lot faster than it used to.

After the repair was complete, Old Chang wiped the sweat on his forehead while wearing a bright smile after testing the car's performance. He learned a lot of new things today.

Old Chang contacted Haas after resting for a moment, surprising the latter during the call. After all, the parts he brought to Old Chang were considered new in this area, and he expected Old Chang to spend a lot of time researching these parts before fixing his flying car. He went to Old Chang only because he was hoping to save some money. Parts switching in the city was way too expensive, and he didn't have that much money to spend.

He couldn't have done a sloppy job, could he? Haas couldn't help but think that even though he knew Old Chang's personality. When he got Old Chang's notice, he was so anxious that he dropped his business and rushed towards the shop.

While Old Chang was waiting for Haas, a couple more people entered the shop.

Cillin recognized the leader of the group. It was the car owner whom Cillin had cleaned up his system earlier.

“Hey, Old Chang! I brought some customers for you!”

“Bender! How’s your car doing?” asked Old Chang, but he was very confident that Bender must be enjoying his car. He wouldn’t have brought customers over otherwise.

Since there were customers, the triplets stopped playing with the gray cat and Chang Five. Instead, they carried over chairs and brought glasses of water for their customers, causing Bender to say ‘what sensible children’ repeatedly.

Naturally, Old Chang was very happy that his grandchildren were praised.

“You seem to be doing well, aren’t you? You’re busy every time I came to your store! Wait, is this car Haas’? Is that guy switching parts again?! What an enviable fellow!” Bender looked around while commenting. However, Bender shifted his gaze the second he saw Chang Five lying on the recliner not far away. At this point Old Chang started talking about their current business.

Chang Five looked down as gloominess shrouded his eyes yet again. However, he felt a lot better after noticing the slight disdain the gray cat was holding for Bender’s group. While copying the triplets’ movements and rubbing the gray cat’s chin, he shot an inquiring gaze towards the gray cat.

The gray cat jumped up to Chang Five’s shoulder and whispered into his ear, “That guy’s both a bragger and miser!”

Chang Five’s eyes crinkled involuntarily into a smile. The first reason was because the gray cat finally talked. The second reason was that it was clever and mischievous.

On the other side, the group was talking about their intentions for coming today. Bender had always serviced his car at Old Chang’s place, and he was especially satisfied with the latest repair. He had a relative who lived at the fringe of the city who had a broken flying car. However, his relative wasn’t willing to spend the money to fix it. After hearing from Haas that Old Chang was quite good with repairs and had fair prices to boot, he decided to

pay him a tentative visit even though he personally scorned Old Chang's abilities a little. The flying car had only been bought for less than 3 years, and it looked pretty fine on the surface, so he wasn't willing to sell it just yet.

“Just be careful when you try to repair it, okay? If you can't fix it it's fine, just don't make it worse than it is already...”

While listening to the car owner's rants the gray cat whispered beside Chang Five's ears again, “See, it's another one of those guys who are stingy and looks down on people. If only he would take a look at his own car; as if that hypocalcemic thing is worth anything!”

Chang Five's face muscles twitched nonstop at the comment. Hypocalcemic? If he remembered correctly, his family's flying car was even worse than Bender's relative's. Still, Chang Five couldn't help but smile at the gray cat's criticism.

From another person's perspective, they thought that that unfortunate boy Chang Five was just having fun with his pet. They would never imagine that they were talking behind their backs.

Cillin cast a glance at the whispering cat. He knew very well what it was saying to Chang Five. Still, even he had to admit that this car owner was a pain in the ass.

But although this car owner's behavior was less than desirable, he was here to give them money, so Cillin had no reason to begrudge him. And so both Old Chang and him listened to the car owner's rants with sincere-looking smiles on their faces, although no one knew what they were thinking at the back of their minds, of course. Cillin was socially adept, and so was Old Chang.

Finally, the car owner left the shop despite turning around to rant a couple times for every step he took. Cillin let out a sigh of relief, exchanged a smile with Old Chang and began researching the flying car in cooperation without a word.

The car wasn't hard to repair, really. It was more or less the same as all the shabby cars that were sent to this Repair Street for repairs with the only difference being a shiner shell and a newer version of the control program. Very soon, Old Chang and Cillin began to work on the car.

As usual, the gray cat ate its meal on the table during dinner. No one objected to this phenomenon, and the four kids even gave it special care. All of them – even Chang Five – gave bits of their food to the gray cat. Old Chang was gladdened by this scene. It was incredibly rare to see Chang Five in a good mood, and today the boy looked to be especially happy.

A person's recovery had a lot to do with their own mental state. Chang Five was born weak to begin with, and it was only natural that his gloominess served to worsen his condition further. There, he needed to be in a good mood to enjoy a healthier physique.

It was night, at the gray cat was planning to play a bit in the children's room. Chang Five had his own room because he didn't sleep too well, and because Old Chang was afraid that the energetic triplets would disturb their sibling. Therefore, Old Chang prepared a small room for Chang Five.

The triplets had gone to take a bath, so the gray cat only saw Chang Five reading on his bed when he came over.

Chang Five put down the book in his hand and patted a spot on his bed, beckoning the gray cat to come. He wasn't afraid that the gray cat would dirty his bed.

The gray cat took him on his offer without hesitation. However, it didn't leave footprints on the bed like a common cat would. The gray cat actually cared about cleanliness a lot.

“What are you reading?”

The gray cat looked down curiously at the book Chang Five was reading. It curled its paws and flipped open the book. It noticed

that the contents of the book were blinking circuits and some programs between diagrams.

If the gray cat was anyone else, they would be shocked by the level of the book Chang Five was reading and call him a genius. It took a person of a certain level of education to be able to understand this kind of book, but Chang Five had practically learned his knowledge all on his own. If he wasn't a genius then who was?

However, the gray cat wasn't even thinking about this at all. It was flipping through the pages swiftly and carelessly with its paw. Even Chang Five thought that it was just playing around.

While reading, the gray cat's whiskers shook once, twice, thrice and... What the meow is this!

The gray cat raised its paws and swept the book down the bed. It said disdainfully, "Pages upon pages of nonsense, this is! Optimal programming my ass, this is literal bullshit! To quote Cillin's words, the less-than-animal who wrote this is an incompetent fool who misguides their readers!"

Chang Five stared blankly at the gray cat who not only threw his book to the floor, but was also spouting expletives with righteous indignation. He could accept it if the gray cat said that the author of the book was misguiding its readers, but what did it mean by less-than-animal? Did you accidentally use the wrong expression while your top is blown, oh mighty cat? He really couldn't understand why the gray cat was suddenly so furious. It was the book Old Chang had recommended to him since a long time ago because Old Chang himself had acquired his knowledge from it.

"Is there... something wrong with this book?" Chang Five asked.

The gray cat looked indignantly at Chang Five and pointed a nail at the book on the floor, "It barely got anything right at all!"

Chang Five fell silent. It was true that the book was at least

dozens of years old, and that the latest book on programming must have been improved a lot since. Also, Old Chang had never been too good with programming, and his main expertise was in repairs. The teaching materials he had on programming were all old versions that were at least dozens of years old, but they were also all Chang Five had to make do with, so much so that he could practically recite them from memory. As for implementing his knowledge for real, he regrettably didn't have the opportunity to do so.

In fact, Chang Five had wanted to upgrade the programs of the old machines in his house. However, ever since he fainted and stayed in the hospital for 10 days while he was upgrading the small cleaning robot, he never touched them again. He only read, and never tried to physically operate the machines since.

The gray cat was an oddball, but Chang Five himself wasn't much better. After all, he didn't wonder immediately why the gray cat could read and understand these things.

After a moment's thought, Chang Five said, "This book is at least dozens of years old. I suppose that it is a little outdated."

"It doesn't matter when it's released, it's still a pack of lies!"

The gray cat was so furious that its whiskers were shaking. Who was it that came up with this book? How dare they trick a young kid! The fish may be fine with this, but the cat says no way!

SRH Chapter 222 [Part 1]

Translator's Notes: Thank you J.F. and Z.L. for sponsoring this chapter!

Chapter 222: One Emperor and Three Kings of Blazing Eagle, Vigor [Part 1]

The gray was furious, but it didn't realize that the book fooled not only a kid, but a lot of adults too.

Chang Five kept quiet as he watched the gray cat growing so angry that its whisker were shaking at the edge of the bed. He should've known that felines are all temperamental. That being said, Chang Five was stunned by the gray cat's words. Although he himself thought that some information in the book was a little far-fetched, 'bullshit' still wasn't the term he would've used to describe it. But now that the gray cat had mentioned it, Chang Five was finding himself agreeing with the gray cat. If even he, a kid who hadn't received any formal education could identify some of the sophistries in this book, then surely there were others who had better insight.

If Chang Five's thoughts were to be known by others, some people might consider jumping off spaceplanes and killing themselves. Not even those who have received higher education might necessarily be able to understand the contents of this book.

The fact is, books like this were circulated within the bottom class only. It wouldn't appear at the upper class at all.

"Do you have a tablet?" The gray cat asked.

"Here." Chang Five grabbed the relic of a tablet he put behind his pillow. It was the one his father used to use until his passing.

The gray cat raised a paw and pulled the tablet over to itself. After stretching its paws for a bit, it started working.

Chang Five wondered how the cat paw looked on the inside as he

watched the gray cat naturally typing symbols and characters into his tablet.

The gray cat moved faster and faster. At first, Chang Five was able to watch the gray cat type and the program it entered into the tablet at the same time. However, Chang Five slowly couldn't keep up with both things happening at the same time. Then, he could barely follow the programs flashing across the tablet. In the end, he only knew that programs and symbols were flashing across the tablet, but not what type of programs they were.

The gray cat's movements were just a cover. It didn't actually need to use its paws to type of the old tablet at all. After Chang Five couldn't keep up with its movements, the gray cat immediately started altering the program directly. Still, Cillin did say to keep a low profile, so it decided to cover it up like this for now.

Ten minutes later, the gray cat pushed the tablet to Chang Five, "Forget that bullshit book and read this one."

Chang Five accepted the tablet and took a look at the detailed parts construction and assembly diagrams, and program analysis. He was startled for a moment. But after that, he quickly became completely absorbed in the data.

Right now, Chang Five felt like he had come in contact with an all new vision that was both refreshing and vast.

When Chang Five was done reading the fifth example, the tablet suddenly turned black. It took him a while before he finally pulled himself back together. He checked the tablet's power and the device itself, but found nothing wrong with it. So why did it switched off so suddenly?

"Save your energy, I'm the one who turned it off. Your body needs rest, and Cillin said that you should maintain a proper sleep schedule."

"But I can't sleep." It was unfair, Chang Five felt. He was having

so much fun reading, but now he was forced to stop. Really?

“Hmm... do you want me to help you then?” The gray cat flexed its paws a bit.

“How are you going to help me?” Chang Five swallowed. He kept feeling that the gray cat’s eyes wasn’t quite honest.

“Cillin said that a human recovers quickly only when they’re asleep. If you really can’t fall asleep I can help you out like this.” The gray cat swung its paws when it said this.

Chang Five: “...” This physical method was a little too intense, he thought. It was probably better to avoid it.

Chang Five touched his own head and felt a shiver, “I guess I’ll just let it happen naturally. I should be able to sleep if I empty my mind.”

The gray cat flicked its ears, “Cillin said that hypnosis will work too, but unfortunately that method will affect your brain nerves; do it a few more times and your memory will fall off. That’s why you should just make yourself sleep. Hmm, Cillin told me that he can solve problems even when he’s asleep. Why don’t you try out his method and implement those programs in your head?” The gray cat had purposely left out a few things when he said this. One of them was that the method was only effective for some people, and that it had the opposite effect for most others.

But Chang Five nodded after hearing the gray cat’s suggestion. It’s such a pretty good idea, he thought, let’s give it a try.

“Alright, that’s it for today. I’m going to bed too.” The gray cat let out a yawn and jumped down Chang Five’s bed. Before it left, it didn’t forget to step on the book one time.

“Good night, Wheeze.”

“Good night.”

After the gray cat left, Chang Five turned off the lights and stared

at the pitch black room. He could vaguely hear the triplets' voices from outside. It was probably Old Chang forcing them into their beds. Sleep was very important for children because they were growing up.

Chang Five smiled as he recalled all the things that had happened today. Then, he closed his eyes and began thinking about the five examples he'd seen earlier. A moment later, he entered the zone without noticing.

“Huh? Wheeze, why are you crouching here for?” It took a long time before Old Chang managed to persuade the triplets to fall asleep. Just as he was going to go downstairs and tidy things up for a bit, he noticed that the gray cat was crouching before Chang Five's room door.

The gray cat hadn't left immediately after it went out. It waited outside until Chang Five had truly gotten asleep. When it heard Old Chang's words, the gray cat got up, shook its body and answered, “I'm leaving now.”

When the gray cat returned to Cillin's room, the latter was thinking about certain things. He asked upon seeing the gray cat entering, “Has the little fellow gone to sleep?”

“Mm. Just like you, he used that method to fall asleep.” The gray cat jumped up to Cillin's side, lay down and continued to speak, “Chang Five may not have a good physique, but I guess he's not stupid.”

“Among humans, that boy can be considered a genius already.”

“Gene mutation? The triplets showed no such signs though.”

“It's probably the electromagnetic storm he suffered while he was still in his mother's womb. His brain cells are a little different from normal people.”

“Can we use enhancement drugs on his body?”

“I doubt it. He needs to be treated thoroughly.”

The gray cat rubbed its ears against Cillin and said irritably, “Doesn’t that mean a lot of money? Why don’t we find someone to rob, Cillin!”

“Off with you. We have no backup right now, so we can’t act carelessly. But... there is a different method we can try. It’s a little slow, but it will also give Chang Five’s body some time to adapt. That way, he’ll have a better chance during the full treatment.” said Cillin while rubbing his chin.

If he wished to nurse Chang Five’s body slowly back to health, he would have to consider the medicines he take seriously. Cillin actually had some spare medicines in his leaf tattoo ring from the time he was at GAL. He had all kinds of medicine in there, and he could add them quietly into Chang Five’s meds while he was consuming them. He would have to pay attention to the concentration and ratio of the medicine, but it was an easy task.

After that, it was a matter of money.

Old Chang’s business was getting better and better, so was Cillin’s bonus. When they worked, they worked efficiently and produced great results. Even better, the frequent customers were introducing more customers to the shop.

Cillin often talked to Old Chang about Chang Five’s medicine in private. They kept it from Chang Five, because the boy was the type who would feel bad if he learned that Old Chang was going to send him for full treatment. So that would produce the opposite effect instead.

Old Chang thought that Cillin’s medicines were acquired from the city. Therefore, their quality must be a lot better and more expensive than the ones in a small place like theirs. He was a bit unsure as to what he should do. Should he pay him back with money? And if so, how much? He doubted that he could cover the full value of Cillin’s medicines even if he were to sell his entire shop. Cillin said that this was repayment to his family for saving

his life, so they were free.

Old Chang didn't try to play humble and turn down his offer. It would be hypocrisy if he did. Sometimes Old Chang couldn't help but think that his accidental act of saving one life had helped not only himself, but also Chang Five.

Since then, Old Chang gave Cillin half of their work's earnings everyday. Originally it was going to be a three-seven split, but Cillin declined.

Today, after finishing the three orders they received, Cillin and Old Chang was just about to eat dinner when the triplets ran over.

"Grandpa, grandpa! We're about to run out of fish capsule meals!" The triplet and Chang Five all looked at Old Chang. Their eyes were practically saying that they would buy fish capsule meals for the gray cat even if it meant going hungry for the day.

Old Chang looked at the sky. It was too late, so Old Chang said, "I'll buy them tomorrow."

"Let me go tomorrow. I haven't been to that place before." Cillin said.

The triplets turned their towards Cillin in unison and looked at him with expectant eyes. It was obvious that they were thinking about going having fun outside. In the past there was only one Old Chang, so they consciously restrained their young instincts. But now that there was Cillin, he could actually take them out to play!

"Not this time. Next time I'll take you all out. I need to familiarize myself with the place first, or it'll be bad if we lose our way."

Although they weren't able to go this time, Cillin had promised to take them out next time. But they would have to take turns from the youngest to oldest, and only one person at a time. The triplets had no objections to this.

SRH Chapter 222 [Part 2]

Chapter 222: One Emperor and Three Kings of Blazing Eagle, Vigor [Part 2]

The next day, Cillin woke up earlier than usual. Old Chang gave Cillin a list of things he needed to buy. It was nothing really, they were just some daily necessities. Old Chang wanted to give him money, but Cillin turned it down again. He had accumulated over a thousand MB coins over the past few days, and the groceries didn't even cost 200 MB coins.

Chang Eight also rose early today. Judging from her appearance, the girl was so excited that she didn't get much sleep. Although she didn't sleep much, she looked pretty spirited. The moment she saw Cillin she immediately ran towards him happily.

The gray cat didn't follow them out. The gray cat was able to learn many things from the many surveillance equipment around the area alone, and since Cillin was just walking around the commoner zone and not the city, it felt no need to follow them. Also, Chang Five's progress required much of its attention and thinking. It finally got to enjoy being another person's teacher, and for now it was an addictive feeling.

When they were outside, all four kids addressed Cillin as their 'cousin'.

Cillin walked on the streets while carrying Chang Eight. Here at the noisy street, shabby flying cars often drove on pedestrian lanes. There was no one to regulate order, and to make matters even worse the drivers often threw trash casually out of their windows. If someone at the pedestrian lane was unlucky enough to get hit, well they only had their bad luck to blame.

The repair shops of Repair Street really were as average as they seemed, fulfilling only the needs of low-end customers. Basically no one from the city would repair their cars here and risk losing

their face. Of course, the city people Bender brought to Old Chang's shop was a different story.

Chang Eight stared at the shops of the street and the cars flying here and there so excitedly that her tiny face was completely red. Despite her age, she could count the number of times she went out to the streets with her fingers. That was why the little fellows were so excited at every opportunity to head out, and why their reactions were so fresh.

Cillin had witnessed bustling cities before, so naturally these sceneries were of little interest to him. He first arrived at the grocery shop to buy the necessities. Then, he looked at the shelves and pinched Chang Eight's tiny face, "Tell me what you want to eat. I'll buy it for you."

Chang Eight pursed her lips and shook her head. She couldn't control her eyes from hovering up across the shelves.

Cillin sighed on the inside. Although Old Chang had bought some snacks for the kids in the past, it didn't happen too many times. After all, there were too many other things that required money. He grabbed some lollipops and biscuits from the shelves, but couldn't find any fish biscuits anywhere. Then again, where would one find such high grade pet snacks in such a place?

Once the items were paid, Cillin carried the groceries with one hand and Chang Eight on the other. Chang Eight eagerly chewed on the lollipop in her mouth.

"I can walk myself, cousin Cillin." Chang Eight felt apologetic because he had to carry a grocery bag and her.

"It's okay, I have a lot of strength to spare." He wasn't willing to let the girl walk on her own because this place wasn't all that safe. Just now, he even saw a flying car flying on low altitude. At least half of them were driving on pedestrian lanes, and he was sure that these people would run as fast as thieves the second an accident occurred. If anything did happen, it would be too late for regrets.

While walking, Cillin suddenly came to a pause. Five meters away, a box fell down from the sky. Someone was tossing trash from their flying cars again.

Cillin continued to walk while teaching Chang Eight about some dangers on the streets that she had to watch out for. A children was inferior to an adult, and their reaction time was comparatively slower. If a kid were to walk on these streets, they would be in greater danger than an adult.

Suddenly, there as a commotion on the sky. When Cillin looked up, he noticed that the insufferably arrogant drivers who were scaring the pedestrians by flying low had suddenly scattered like they were running away. Their driving had also become a lot more subdued.

Cillin also noticed that a lot of flying cars had suddenly stopped in mid air.

“What’s wrong with them, cousin Cillin?” Chang Eight asked while eating.

“It’s nothing. Remember to keep quiet and speak softly later, okay? Don’t be scared. I’m here.”

“Mm!”

Although she wasn’t sure what was going on, Chang Eight still nodded obediently.

Cillin walked for a small distance before looking up to the sky again.

A short while later, a group of flying cars flew by. He knew immediately who the newcomers were from their cars – it was the planetary defense troops!

No wonder those arrogant people were holding still in midair without letting out even a peep.

The planetary defense troops was a term that almost everyone in

the area revered. It was a force that was impossible to shake.

In fact, judging from the looks of things these flying cars were just the vanguard. Another dozen or so flying cars came not long after them.

A while later, a large and beautiful spaceplane guarded by nearly a hundred flying cars and several small spaceplanes appeared on the sky.

This meant that the two groups of flying cars earlier were here to open the way only.

The people couldn't help but think: Just who on earth are these people escorting?

The cowered drivers from earlier were now stretching their necks as far as they could to look at the sky.

While others might not be able to see the tiny drawings on the spaceplane, Cillin's eyes were sharp enough to notice some of them. He could see an insignia on the big, beautiful spaceplane, and it was the insignia of a blazing eagle.

There were one emperor and three kings that ruled over the Mist Bodhisattva Empire. The highest ruler of the empire, the Mist Bodhisattva imperial family aside, the three kings beneath them are one, King Fuji of the Elder Tree Fuji Gen Family; two, King Blazing Eagle of the Blazing Eagle Vogel Family; and three, King Snowstorm of the Snowstorm Wendyska Family.

Of course he had plans for the Gen Family already; Cillin was already planning things step by step for the future. As for the force flying flamboyantly above their heads right now, they were King Blazing Eagle's men. The blazing eagle insignia on the spaceplane was unique to the Vogel Family.

This particular spaceplane was even more flamboyant than the starships or spaceplanes' of the great four. The blazing eagle insignia on the spaceplane was so huge that it was as if they were

afraid that others wouldn't realize that they belonged to King Blazing Eagle.

But why would the people of one of the three kings show up in such a small place? From Old Chang's occasional rant, Cillin learned that this tiny planet hardly saw visits even from a higher class noble. So what was this? He didn't hear anything like this from the planetary media either.

Still, regardless of who this figure was, they represented the Vogel Family all the same.

By now some people had already seen the insignia on the spaceplane through telescopic equipment. They immediately cried out, "It's the Blazing Eagle! The Blazing Eagle!!"

The name 'Blazing Eagle' immediately caused an uproar.

It was the insignia of one of the three kings, the Blazing Eagle Vogel Family!

They were upper nobility!

It was hard to describe how important an upper nobility was. Here, lowborns might not even have seen a third class noble before, and this new visitor was something a third class noble could never rival.

If someone from the Blazing Eagle were to stand right in front of a third class noble and tell them that they were shit, the third class noble would have no choice but to smile and admit it as fact. To them, third class nobles are shit! The planetary defense force are also shit! A commoner only more so!

The cry only drew more cries, and the people who were originally hiding inside their houses all rushed out to the open, "I can't believe I had the chance to witness the Blazing Eagles while I'm still alive! Haha, I can die happy now!"

"The Blazing Eagles! Holy shit it's the Blazing Eagles!" Some people were literally shouting with red faces and flushed necks.

They were so excited that they were shaking like they were afflicted with a disease.

“I wonder if they’re here to recruit someone?” Someone self-hypnotised themselves.

If the Blazing Eagle fancied someone enough to recruit them, it was soundless glory even if the job was to be part of the background. It was a position high enough to make even second and third class nobles second guess themselves before doing anything.

Still, if they were looking to recruit someone then why a tiny and shabby place like this?

Because the streets had suddenly become crowded with people, it was extremely difficult to make their way forwards. Cillin had to shift a little out of the way while telling Chang Eight to close her ears.

Chang Eight didn’t cry like the other kids who were shocked by these mad looking people on the streets. Of course, the lollipop in her mouth also had a great soothing effect, not to mention that Cillin was still holding her close. The little fellow closed her ears after hearing Cillin’s instructions, but her eyes continued to stare curiously at the people acting strangely on the streets. Had they all become sick or something?

To these mad people’s regrets, the Blazing Eagle spaceplane was just passing by this area. They soon departed towards another region.

Although the Blazing Eagle spaceplane had left the place, the commotion it caused still lasted for a very long time. On the way back to Old Chang’s shop, Cillin heard a lot of people who said that they wished to head to the city and try their luck. If they really were recruited by the Blazing Eagle, their status’ would never be the same anymore.

SRH Chapter 223 [Part 1]

Chapter 223: The Unreliable Prince [Part 1]

The atmosphere of the entire area was changed because of the emergence of that spaceplane. Some of the people inside the shops were even packing their things in preparation to head into the city.

This was how the world on the other side revolved, with the hierarchy etched deep into their hearts. Despite not possessing much individual strength, here a lucky person could cling onto an influential noble and rise to the top in one single night. So it was no wonder that the people of this place had acted the way they did. There wasn't a single commoner who hadn't dreamed of becoming rich in a single night.

Cillin was calm, however. He was originally planning to head straight back to the shop, but now he decided to take a stroll around the part selling shop on the other side of the street. There were a lot of entrances that connected the two streets, so it technically didn't count as a detour. It was just a couple extra steps around a corner.

As he had expected, there were a lot of people who were dreaming about being recognized by a noble and were packing their goods. Some people were also in a hurry to sell the parts that were of little interest to buyers. This was why he came here.

After comparing the prices of several shops, Cillin bought a lot of second hand parts at a price that was lower than norm. Since the owners of these particular shops were all hoping to sell their goods as quickly as possible and earn some quick buck to spend in the city, they were taken advantage of by Cillin.

However, just as Cillin was about to leave the Parts Street, a small conflict erupted at a certain shop front.

“Haha, that guy's face is dirty!” Chang Eight pointed at a person currently being pushed out of the storefront while smiling.

At first Cillin hadn't planned to pay attention to the argument, but Chang Eight's words prompted him to turn and look. The guy whom Chang Eight said had a dirty face was covered in concentrated fruit juice. He looked pretty young around twenty years old or so, and his skin looked healthy too.

Right now, the guy was embroiled in a fierce argument with the shop owner.

“Didn't we agree that you'll hire me for 30 days? How can you go back on your words after 2 days' time?!”

“So what if I went back on my word? I'm the shop owner, and my word is law here. Plus, we never signed a contract of any sort so the agreement is void, you hear? Now get lost and stop being a nuisance!”

...

A short while later, the shop owner pushed the young man out of the door and quickly shut the door behind him, leaving the guy outside.

After glaring at the door for a second, the young man muttered while looking a little dismayed, “Why is it so hard to find a job here?”

The young man turned around and looked at the surrounding shops. The onlookers who were originally enjoying the scene hastily shifted their gazes and pretended that they were packing their own parts. Apparently, they were all afraid that the troublesome guy would 'visit' their shop.

Cillin himself was about to leave, but unfortunately for him the young man's stare finally landed on him after a round of inspection. His dismayed expression instantly blossomed into smiles.

Cillin raised his leg and started walking.

“Hey, wait! The friend over there, bro, wait for me!” The young

man swiftly ran towards Cillin and stopped in front of him. He was smiling so brightly that Cillin was tempted to kick him.

Cillin said nothing and simply looked at the young man blocking their way.

“My friend, you must be someone who works in this area, are you not? If that’s the case can you help me out a little? I need to find a short term job that lasts about 30 days, and pay is negotiable. I don’t ask for much, I only wish for a place that covers for meal and accomodation,” the young man said.

Cillin examined him from head to toe. He was dressed about the same as everyone else on the street, and he was covered in the smell and stain of wax. Still, something was different about this man. Cillin couldn’t shake the feeling that this person didn’t belong in this place. That being said, he didn’t sense any danger or malice from the man, so it made him feel a lot more at ease.

“Your face is dirty! Shame, shame!” Chang Eight said while looking at the young man.

The young man simply smiled and wiped his face with his sleeves. “Sorry to make myself a fool in front of you, little girl. There was a half full fruit juice that came out of nowhere and hit me, and I didn’t have time to wipe it just now.”

It was something that happened pretty often around the area. The young man failed to wipe his face clean, though. It was less obvious than it was before.

“Do you want to sell parts?” Cillin asked.

The question made the young man’s eyes lit up. Silence was what he was afraid of, not rejection. Now that Cillin had spoken, the young man thought that there was hope to apply for a job now.

“I’m very familiar with parts, I tell you. I even raced someone in the past before. I maintain my own car, so I’m very familiar with the relevant parts. I’ve also checked the streets and found that

most of the parts sold here involved flying cars, so I dare say that I'm up for the job. You can test me if you don't believe it."

Cillin shook his head. "I'm not a parts seller though. I work in the Repair Street over the other side of the street."

But Cillin's words only brightened the young man's eyes further. He said eagerly, "That's even better; I'm very experienced in repairs. Again, you can test me if you don't believe it!"

After Cillin frowned and fell into silence, the young man thought that the former was about to turn him away. He immediately put on a pitiful appearance and said, "I thought they say that people with kids are all softer?"

Cillin: "..."

Is that so? Even if it is true, do you really have to say it in front of the person?

Chang Eight looked at the pitiful looking older brother first, and then back at Cillin. She kept quiet. Her grandfather once told her that kids should keep quiet when adults were making a decision.

"Come on, take me in already. I'm a hardworking guy, and I don't ask for much pay. I heard that most of the pay here is dependent on performance, and I feel that I'm definitely up for the job. I swear that I'm really good at car repairs, and I know about the latest parts that are out there too. Oh right, I'm also experienced in a few AI control systems that came during the recent years. You can test me if you don't believe it!" The young man said with a fearless expression.

Cillin went around the young man and continued forwards.

"Oh man, come on, don't leave! My friend, please consider me, will you? You really can't miss an excellent laborer like me..."

"We can't go back to the shop without walking, can we?" Cillin said without turning around.

Wait, doesn't that mean he's agreed to take me in? And so the young man hastily walked faster and caught up to Cillin. He even offered to carry the two big bags of parts Cillin was holding.

The young man never stopped talking on their way back. He introduced to Cillin all the things he knew but hadn't mentioned earlier, but didn't say anything relating to his family or hometown. Cillin didn't ask either.

The young man was called Bel. He didn't reveal his surname. After asking for Cillin and Chang Eight's name, he happily talked to no one in particular.

Cillin told Bel that it was up to the shop owner to decide whether he would be taken in. Bel answered saying that he would move the shop owner with real skill. He definitely looked sure of his skills at least.

Normally, there were a lot of people who were willing to take in a laborer like Bel. Unfortunately for him, the unusual event earlier made a lot of shop owners feel like closing shop. Some shop owners were unwilling to take in a laborer who could only work for 30 days too. It was just too short.

SRH Chapter 223 [Part 2]

Chapter 223: The Unreliable Prince [Part 2]

Bel continued to speak with spittle flying everywhere. Then, he cast a glance at the lollipop Chang Eight was licking, then at the bag Cillin was carrying, and finally Cillin himself.

After Cillin passed over the bag, Bel selected a flavor that he liked without hesitation. Then, he began competing with Chang Eight to see who had the longer tongue, who could lick faster and who had the better licking technique.

Cillin was starting to regret his decision to bring this guy along a little. Why was he so stupid?!

Cillin put away the purchased items properly after they returned to the shop. Although he had questions, Old Chang didn't ask why Cillin had purchased so many second hand parts immediately. Bel's presence also made him think better than spilling everything before a stranger.

Cillin briefly talked about Bel before he took the triplets and Chang Five away to split the snacks. The gray cat found the fact that there were no fish biscuits on sale here a little regrettable, and it reluctantly chewed on the kiddies biscuits to grind its teeth.

Back to Bel. After inspecting his work for a bit Old Chang found that the young man actually had real skills and knowledge. He was also quite familiar with the principle and structure of flying cars very well. In the past, Old Chang hadn't hired a helper because he didn't have the spare money to pay their wage. But Bel's demand for wage wasn't high, and he said that Old Chang could pay his final wage after deducting food, boarding and other expenses. Moreover, Bel would only be working for 30 days, and there were empty rooms in the house too. Therefore Old Chang was tempted to hire him. If everything went well, Old Chang might even hire other people to help with the shop after Bel's departure.

Bel was overjoyed to be able to stay, and he urged Old Chang to let him do the repair work. Old Chang nodded repeatedly as he watched Bel working.

At the most prosperous area of the city, inside the luxurious living room of a grand and wide building, a couple of chief personnel of the planetary government were sitting obediently at their seats. Two people were sitting at the high spot of the living room: one wearing a stiff expression, and the other wearing a good natured smile on his face. However no one from the planetary government dared to match eyes with them in case they accidentally trigger their ire.

There were some guards standing around the reception room. They wore identical uniforms, and their clothes had the badge and patterns that identified them as members of the Blazing Eagle. These were real soldiers subordinate to the Blazing Eagle royal family, and it didn't take a genius to figure out who was better between them and the planetary guards.

A few hours later, the people belonging to the planetary government came out with bent backs that couldn't be straightened for a long time until they were far, far away from the place. They all wiped the sweat on their forehead.

“Say, do you think those two really are just passing by for a simple inspection?” One of them asked.

Another person wiped the sweat that had dripped into the corner of their eyes. The good-cop-bad-cop show those two put on just now had seriously scared the wits out of them, and even now they still couldn't shake off the fear, “Who cares? Let's just observe and see if those two decides to do something. We only need to make sure that nothing big blows up for now.”

“You're right. I'll go back and arrange something to show how far our city has developed.”

Meanwhile, after the chief personnel of the planetary

government had left, the two people in the living room shedded the air they were carrying and let out a sigh in unison. They exchanged a glance with each other and lamented the helplessness behind each other's eyes.

“I feel like I've gotten haggard again.” Sigh, why did it have to be ‘again’?

The guy wearing a smile earlier only had a helpless look on his face now.

The guy with a stiff expression didn't look completely stiff now either. He pressed his forehead and said, “He is seriously a troublesome fellow.”

The reason they flew to this commoner area on purpose was to inspect the prince's recent activities. Otherwise, who would be bored enough to patrol such a place?

“We've ran here and there behind the prince's butt for more than ten years, haven't we? Say, when do you think this is ever going to end?”

“I want to know too.”

The current king of Blazing Eagle only had one son and one daughter. Not long after their son grew up he had expressed his lack of interest in the throne and sought to pursue his own personal freedom. As a result, King Blazing Eagle gave his boy a good amount of trashing, but he never succeeded in beating the decision out of his son's head. And so, the tragic life of a certain group of people began.

The person on the throne didn't necessarily have to be the current king's biological son. Anyone who had the blood of Blazing Eagle Vogel in them were qualified to succeed the throne. However, the candidates who wished to succeed the throne must go through a strict and long selection period. No mistake was allowed when it came to the person who would eventually rule

over the entire Blazing Eagle royal family.

Since his son had no intentions of succeeding the throne, and years of encouragement had similarly yielded no result, the current king was given no other choice. The older his son grew, the less he was able to rein him in. In the end, he had to give up and select a few excellent youths to cultivate as a future king.

There was no need to doubt the current king and queen's character at all. King Blazing Eagle was absolutely an excellent ruler, and his queen was absolutely a gentle and ladylike woman as well.

The queen had already been thinking on how to raise her children into excellent people since birth, but reality had unfortunately decided to pour a bucket of cold water with ice on her head instead. Before she knew it, the elegant and graceful daughter she dreamed in her head had dug through a bird's nest, competed in a flying car race, and chased after five meters tall bears in the forest with a stick that was thicker than her own body.

The son she had placed high expectations in had also developed in an abnormal manner. The amount of times he skipped class while in school was absolutely bigger than the times he actually attended them. Sometimes, the odd muscle named 'unreliable' in his brain would twitch and prompted the young man to do things that no one could've imagined until he actually did them.

At first, the prince with high expectations on his shoulders simply ignored his parents' opinions and went to important battlefields to act as a war correspondent. Later on, he actually became a spy on a whim, and what was strange was that no one among the terrorists had ever suspected that he was a spy even after the battle was over. Perhaps even the terrorists thought that someone as stupid as him couldn't possibly be a spy.

While the prince was busy playing spy elsewhere, his peers who were receiving higher education were doing their utmost to score

high marks in the school and pave the road to their future. Was this really how a prince should be acting while the other blood related youths of the royal family were striving to outdo one another?

Forget the current king, even the previous king was so pissed that he wrecked a couple of spaceplanes. But it was useless. The prince's ears had a perfect filter that filtered everything he didn't wish to hear every time he was facing the king, the queen and the other elders. Even beatings were useless because he became immune to them after so many years of the same punishment. One thing was certain, and that was his physical resistance was far better than any other youths within the family.

Anyway, the point was that the unreliable prince had done many things that angered King Blazing Eagle. Neither punishment nor beating proved effective before the prince's absolute stubbornness.

King Blazing Eagle: "Just give up already!"

The prince: "Already! Can I leave now?"

King Blazing Eagle: "..."

An idiocy-induced beating later.

King Blazing Eagle with a frigid expression: "This is the last time, you hear?"

Unfortunately, in most cases his 'this is the last time, you hear' warning was a complete joke. 1 is followed by 2, and 2 is followed by 3. Naturally, the half-dead prince on the floor automatically filtered the words out before it even entered his brain.

Every time the prince was forced by King Blazing Eagle to write a repentance letter, the former displayed astounding literary talent that only improved with each letter. All kinds of figures of speech were fielded in his letters, and if one were to look the writing of the letter alone they would no doubt have given him an A. Unfortunately, the actual content inside the letter was complete

bullshit. No matter how many paragraphs of touching and regretful words were inside the letter, they could never find the line 'I'll never do it again' or something similar inside it.

It was no different this time. Once again, after the exams were over, that prince's brain muscle twitched the wrong way as he made the decision to experience life of a bottom class citizen in a shabby and poor place like this.

What nonsense are you spouting, prince! You already have more life experiences than every one of your subordinates combined!

His poor mother, the queen sighed at least 3 times a day. She just couldn't understand how her son and her daughter had turned out the way they were despite being raised by someone of her and Blazing Eagle's character and within the Blazing Eagle's domain.

In the end, the queen concluded that it was a problem of intergenerational gene inheritance and history. The reason she came to this conclusion was because the prince's grandfather possessed a similar temper, which was why the grandfather had also backed out from his fight for the throne a long time ago.

Naturally, the prince's biological grandfather raised both hands in support of the prince's actions. In fact, the old man had colluded with the prince a couple of times to commit some cases, which resulted in the current King Blazing Eagle and the former King Blazing Eagle to work together and keep the duo separate. These two fellows were seriously the oddballs of the Blazing Eagle Vogel Family, and if they were allowed them to work together then they could turn even the sky upside down!

As long as the prince didn't seek out his grandfather, King Blazing Eagle was content to let him fool around as he wished. And that was how the two guys responsible for chasing after the prince, protect him and dealing with the aftermath grew as haggard as they were.

While the two haggard-looking men were sighing at each other's

fate, the prince with the disease of intermittent idiocy was busy repairing a flying car with Cillin.

Just as Cillin had predicted, a lot of shop owners had gone to the city in hopes of getting lucky. After finding that the familiar faces in Repair Street were gone for the city, a lot of customers had come to their shop for repairs instead. Therefore, all repair shops who were still open were booming with business. At this point no one cared about the price of the repairs; what was important was how fast the repairs were done and how good the work was. If they were late by even a second another shop owner might take advantage of their absence. How could they possibly allow that to happen?

At this point Old Chang's hands were actually shaking from fatigue just from receiving the orders. Cillin and Bel were basically the two guys who were doing all of the repair work, while Old Chang performed the final inspection after the repairs were complete. The good news was that Cillin and Bel had repaired all the cars perfectly, and sometimes their results were even better than Old Chang's own work. Plus, they finished everything in less time than usual.

Before today there was no need to work too quickly, so Cillin didn't go all out in terms of speed. But right now orders were coming in one after another, and he couldn't afford to hide his skills any longer. As a result, the one hour he normally took to fix a flying car was reduced by half. In fact, he could go through a flying car in as short as two minutes, but that would be too obvious. Cillin wasn't a careless man.

Bel's repair speed wasn't slow either. He also fixed a car per half an hour. This result put a big smile on Old Chang's face, and the old man thought that he had picked up yet another treasure.

Personally, Cillin thought that Bel could work faster than the speed he was showing. However, he probably had the same thoughts as Cillin and didn't want to stick out too much. And so

the duo tacitly finished the repairs at about the same time.

There were a lot of people who were queuing for repairs, but they were moving at incredible speed. By now several repair shops had already increased their prices, but not Old Chang's – not so much that it was obvious, at least.

Even the gray cat didn't have attention span to talk programs with Chang Five today. Instead, it calculated today's income with Chang Five. As it stared at the swelling numbers, the gray cat thought that its beloved fish biscuits were swimming straight towards it.

SRH Chapter 224 [Part 1]

Chapter 224: Entering the City [Part 1]

Thanks to Blazing Eagle, Old Chang's daily income was over ten thousand every day. In fact, he even enjoyed a peak of thirty thousand once.

Thirty thousand MB coins might be nothing to many people in the city, but here in this place it was a crazy amount of money. Because of this, an excited Old Chang was unable to sleep properly for several days straight. If this trend continued, Chang Five's medical fee would be ready very soon.

Seven days later, after ending a day's work and eating dinner, Old Chang settled both Cillin and Bel's wage for the past several days. Cillin's wage was decided since a while ago, and Bel's wage was decided according to his performance as agreed earlier.

After the wages were paid, Cillin got 50 thousand MB coins while Bel got 20 thousand MB coins. Old Chang himself had almost 100 thousand MB coins. Originally, Old Chang was planning to pay them more money, but both Cillin and Bel had turned him down. Since he needed to save money for Chang Five's illness, Old Chang didn't insist on paying them more. But he did cover for their expenses etc after that.

The gray cat licked its paws while wondering when would Cillin be able to head into the city and buy some fish biscuits. It was starting to miss those snacks a lot.

“Oh right, I noticed that we're running out of some parts today, and we have a few big clients that need those parts for repairs for the next few days. I can't seem to find them around the area either, so I may have to make a trip to the city.” Cillin said.

The gray cat's ears immediately perked up. It stared at Cillin with shining eyes.

Old Chang nodded and passed twenty thousand MB coins to Cillin immediately. Cillin didn't turn him down either; it wasn't like Old Chang was going to take back the money even if he refused. Cillin inquired if Old Chang had anything else he wanted to buy while he was in the city, and Old Chang made a list after a moment's thought. The most important thing in Old Chang's list was the city's general hospital, however. A few years ago, he had made an inquiry about Chang Five's full treatment and learned that the price was ten thousand MB coins at minimum, and that was without counting the cost for rehabilitation treatment. He wanted to know what the current cost of the treatment was.

“Sure, I'll ask them.”

Cillin had checked on Chang Five's physical condition as of late, and he found that he was doing a lot better since he started the drug treatments. At the very least, the buffer increased the success chances of a full treatment by a lot, not to mention that Chang Five was feeling very pretty good and smiling more and more as of late. These were all good signs.

“Then I guess it's my turn to shoulder the responsibility tomorrow!” Bel looked quite eager. He patted Cillin's shoulder and said, “Leave everything to me, my friend. There is nothing to be worried about. Hehehe.”

Cillin: “...” Why do you sound like you have an ulterior motive?

Upon learning that Cillin was going to visit the city, Chang Seven was unable to fall asleep the whole night. He was even more excited than Chang Eight was the time she went out with Cillin, and the news made both Chang Six and Chang Eight very envious.

It was a visit to the city after all. They couldn't remember ever visiting one since birth.

The next early morning, Cillin went up a public flying transport with Chang Seven in his arm and headed towards the city. They didn't use Old Chang's run down flying car for obvious reasons.

As of late, the public flying transports heading towards the city had an overcrowding problem. Despite increasing the number of transports and raising the prices again and again, every single vehicle was full to the brim. Those who acted even a tad slower had no choice but to stand for the entirety of their trip. In the past it was possible to squeeze in a few more people as long as there was space, but nowadays the city entrances were imposed with heavy inspection points and the transports warned again and again not to go beyond the passenger limit. If the driver was caught, the punishment wouldn't be as small as a fine anymore. Their vehicles would be detained, and their person sentenced for breaking the rules. That was why everyone was playing it a bit safe for now.

Many of the people who went to the city by public transports were hoping to test their luck. Back at the repair shop, Cillin often heard the car owners talking about the latest news inside the city while they were waiting for their cars such as a certain X who got lucky, or a certain Y got into the good graces' of a certain Z. Every new gossip made the surroundings listeners more excited.

Regardless of the authenticity of these pieces of gossip, the number of people who went into the city only increased over time. Even those who had been observing from the sidelines and the repair shops who had been enjoying better businesses could no longer just sit by and do nothing, either packing their stuff or closing their shops before making a run for the city. After all, no matter how good business was, it was still the good business of a shop that had been passed down for generations in a poor and shabby place. Who cares about a small shop if they can win the good graces of a noble and take a shot at glory?

That was why Old Chang's repair shop earned a lot of money. He managed to buy a large sum of parts and other resources at an extremely low price and earn an amazing profit.

Even in the public transport, the passengers' conversation revolved tightly around those few successful cases. They looked so

impassioned that it was almost that they were present at the scene. Their eyes were also filled with unconcealed envy and yearning.

Chang Seven was a restless kid, and since the moment he got on the transport he had been lying against the window and looking at the scenery outside. Even the dullest natural sceneries excited him a lot.

“Look! Look! That’s the Star Tower!” A passenger shouted excitedly.

“Wow, it really is a Star Tower...”

“Let me see! Let me see!”

For a moment, the passengers stopped talking about those successful cases and pressed their faces against the windows to look outside. There were images on display monitors, but naturally they couldn’t compare to the real thing seen with their own eyes. This was something worth boasting only if they had seen it with their own eyes.

The Star Tower was the planet’s highest building and the trademark building of the city. If one saw the Star Tower, it meant that the city was not far away.

Cillin smiled when he saw Chang Seven pressing his face against the window so much that it was about to flatten like a pancake. He rubbed Chang Seven’s head and said, “Why so anxious? You’ll be able to see everything clearly in a moment.”

“Mm!” was Chang Seven’s answer, but he didn’t stop pressing his face against the window and looking outside, “It’ll be nice if Six, Eight and Five can see them too.”

“Don’t worry, we’ll come here together next time.”

“Really?!”

“Really.”

“Yay!” Chang Seven smiled brightly at his response. The bit of

regret and guilt he felt earlier was gone in a flash.

After they officially entered the city, Chang Seven turned silent. Old Chang had taught them not to speak carelessly when they were in the city. But although he didn't say a word, his eyes weren't idle at all. The boy kept looking all over the place.

The public flying transport stopped at the car park at the edge of the city. The car park was purposely set up for flying cars from the commoner zone. People dressed in similar attires stretched all the way to the horizon. It just wasn't obvious from where they were right now.

There were rich people who built their private estates or big factories outside the city, but all those places had their own specific car parks. They were also a lot more luxurious and not nearly as crowded and rundown as this one.

Almost all the shop owners of small shops built around the car park also weren't city people either. Just like the client introduced by Bender last time, they were just people living at the fringes of the city. But even then, they felt an unchallengeable sense of superiority over the people in the commoner zone.

The true city people normally scorned the people who lived at the fringes a little. When they passed through these areas, they would normally choose a circuitous path because they thought that it was a filthy place that undermines their status.

There were a lot of people at the public transport station. The exits especially were filled with people.

Cillin squeezed his way out of the car park while holding Chang Seven. There were no taxis inside the station, and very few near the area too. It was almost as if they were trying to avoid a plague. But as long as one walked further out and took a corner somewhere, they would find more and more taxis nearby.

It wasn't that these people held a grudge against money; they

were just worried about their reputation. After all, what if someone said that they were connected to these people? Cillin had asked about certain things inside the city before he came here, and he learned that preparing a commoner zone ID card wasn't difficult. Cillin easily obtained a fake temporary ID card after spending some money. The commoners inside the city were given more or less the same treatment as those people who didn't possess an ID card, so they probably wouldn't examine and verify a person with a commoner ID card closely.

Translator's Notes: In the raws, the line 'why do you have an ulterior motive' and the line above it is meant to sound like Bel sending off Cillin before the latter departs for his death. However, I wasn't able to come up with a translations that sound that way. In the end, I improvised by making Bel sound like he's plotting to do something after Cillin is gone. Not the best translation for sure, but it is a valid translation technique.

Would appreciate if anyone of you can come up with something that sounds as intended tho!

SRH Chapter 224 [Part 2]

Chapter 224: Entering the City [Part 2]

After authenticating their IDs, Cillin walked out of the public transport station while carrying Chang Seven and walked some distance down the route he inquired about earlier. A corner later, he saw a taxi parked beside the road.

Cillin beckoned the taxi over and gave a location name.

“300,” said the driver without even bothering to look behind and face him.

300... It was no wonder no one from the commoner zone dared to enter the city before this. They couldn't even afford a taxi ride.

After Cillin paid the taxi fare, the driver finally started the engine slowly and with a reluctant look on his face.

Right now, traffic inside the city was controlled very strictly, so it took nearly an hour to reach the place Cillin had mentioned. The hour wasn't particularly long or short, and perhaps the driver himself happened to be bored at the time. Anyway, he found a random topic and started talking with Cillin, and although he was the one who initiated the conversation his tone was truly unpleasant. There was an obvious sense of superiority behind every word he spoke.

“You're here to test your luck too, aren't you?” asked the driver. There was a note of ridicule in his voice.

“We're not, actually. The shop's running out of supplies, and I'm here to buy some parts.” Cillin smiled as he answered as if he didn't notice the driver's discriminatory tone.

Surprisingly, the driver was apparently familiar with his trade because he let out an exclamation of realization when he heard this, “Oh, so that's why you're here. I suppose I should commend

you for being smart enough to stay out of this matter. After all, why will a noble ever choose a commoner to serve them? What a hilarious notion!”

Cillin didn't say anything. The driver then started talking about some troubles the commoners caused due to their 'delusion' after they entered the city as if he was trying to persuade Cillin to not make the same mistake. Cillin simply smiled and gave a non committal response from time to time without expressing an opinion, although it was likely that the driver wasn't actually expecting a response to begin with. He was simply talking to himself.

The flying car finally reached the location Cillin had mentioned; a market that sells parts. To the higher class citizens of the city, this place counted as part of the city center. However, they didn't visit here often because their flying cars were delivered directly to repair shops if they broke down. They couldn't be bothered to care about the parts that were used in the process.

The citizens with lower living standards still bought the important parts personally, however. After all, it was cheaper to buy them separately. In fact, those who were poor would even sneak their way to the commoner zone to get their flying cars repaired.

A repair using the same parts cost up to 3 times higher in the city than in the commoner zone. Therefore, even though the quality of repairs might be better inside the city, the people with low income preferred to repair their cars cheaply if possible.

The parts market was bustling with a lot more activity than the Repair Street. A single glance from outside the market was enough for Cillin to spot many high end parts sold within the shops. Moreover, the shops were decorated a lot more lavishly, and the parts they sold were absolutely expensive.

Cillin's main interest lay in second hand parts. Suppose he

bought first hand parts for Old Chang's shop, Old Chang's customers might actually be turned off by the increased repair costs.

The surrounding people cast Cillin disdainful glances as he walked towards the second hand parts shop.

“It's obvious he's from the commoner zone, so how is he going to buy anything here without money?”

“He's destined to buy second hand parts for life.”

“Tsk, just ignore that commoner, will you? Why don't we talk about the time we went to the casino instead...”

These people's voices weren't obvious amidst a noisy environment, but Cillin still heard them crystal clear. He ignored their comments completely.

Cillin entered a second hand parts shop. To be honest, this shop appeared the same as all the other shops around the area. But if he had to give a reason as to why he chose to visit this particular shop, it would be that he liked the order placement of the parts better than others. There were a lot of parts seller who didn't necessarily understand the exact usage of their goods, so the way they ordered their parts were mostly up to their individual preferences. In short, the parts were put on display however they liked it to be.

But the way this shop owner ordered his parts and put them on display were different from others. From an amateur's point of view, the shop owner's sense of aestheticism appeared to be lacking because the parts were displayed in distasteful order. However, a veteran in the repair trade would realize that these parts were arranged so that they could be put together and assembled in perfect order. This meant that the shop owner truly knew his stuff in terms of repairs.

When Cillin walked into the shop, the shop owner was busy drawing something on the table. He didn't pay much attention to

the customers who just walked in. There were only 2 rough-looking service robots serving the customers, and every part were labeled with a fixed price. They were non-negotiable.

This shop didn't have many customers. In fact, it was less popular than the rest of the shops out there, although the shop owner didn't seem to mind. Cillin noticed that he wasn't drawing on an electronic tablet, but on papers, and from time to time he would frown or break into smiles suddenly. There were a few customers who planned to chat a little while with the shop owner, but when they saw his weird appearance they canceled the thought and left the place immediately.

The shop owner was a somewhat portly middle-aged man. He didn't seem to notice his customers' departure at all as he continued to work on his paper.

When he was outside the shop, Cillin had only given the goods displayed outside a single glance. But now that he was inside, he noticed that some small parts were arranged in a specific order too. It was noticeable that the shop owner was somewhat stubborn when it came to the arrangement order of parts.

Cillin put down Chang Seven and checked out the price of several parts he needed. They were okay; at the very least they weren't expensive as the shops he saw earlier. However, the prices of the parts in those shops were slightly more expensive, but negotiable. Here, everything only had one final price, and there were some parts that shared nearly the same price as the initial prices of those shops. It was no wonder that this shop wasn't frequented much by customers.

A few more people left while Cillin was inspecting the part racks, so he and Chang Seven became the final customers to linger inside the shop. The shop became a lot quieter. The service robots had come over to provide them with service, but they didn't explain the function of the parts put on display.

After surveying the entire shop one time, Cillin told the service robot, “I want an inner box rotator’s number 3 blade, a JVII primary exciter, a coil of PV5 metal contact wire...”

One of the robots started picking up the parts as Cillin told them his needs.

Suddenly, the shop owner who was busy doing his own thing abruptly looked up at Cillin with sparkling eyes. He let out a laugh and put down his pencil, saying, “I see you’re an expert in this!”

The portly shop owner turned around and told the robot that was picking up the parts, “Give him a 20% discount.”

Cillin looked at the portly shop owner in astonishment. He’s an interesting one alright.

The portly shop owner walked over and cast a glance at Cillin and Chang Seven staring curiously at the 2 service robots. He then took out a sealed bag of sweets from his pocket and passed it to Chang Seven. Although the offer caused Chang Seven gulped down his saliva, he didn’t accept it. Instead, he turned to look at Cillin.

“Take it. It’s a gesture of kindness,” said Cillin.

It was only then Chang Seven accepted the bag of sweets and thanked the shop owner politely, “Thank you, uncle!”

“Oh, it’s not a problem at all,” The portly shop owner chuckled while rubbing his own round, fat belly, “I have a habit of eating sweets whenever I’m thinking something since they give me the energy required to solve the questions in my head. That’s why I always put a bag of sweets in my pockets every time I’m drawing. That’s how my belly came to be, hehe.”

This portly shop owner might appear to be cold earlier, but it was obvious that he was actually a lively person the moment he opened his mouth.

Cillin noticed that the sweet wrap didn’t look cheap. Perhaps this bag of sweets was worth the price of one good second hand part

already. It would appear that this shop owner had a bit of background.

The shop owner then chatted with Cillin a little about parts. Normally, the portly shop owner didn't show anyone who knows this trade a bad attitude. He didn't look down on Cillin even after he proclaimed himself to be a so-called commoner from the commoner zone either. In fact, he seemed to regard Cillin quite highly.

“I know that there are some people with real skills in that Repair Street outside the city. My father used to tell me this: the commonfolk is where geniuses lie.”

Cillin smiled and didn't respond to his comment.

The portly shop owner chatted with Cillin about flying car repairs for a little, but his expression suddenly turned gloomy in the blink of an eye, “I actually made a few models a few days ago, but I couldn't show you my hard work now because they were smashed by some people. Maybe you can give me some inspiration when you see them? Inspiration is such a fickle mistress, she never shows during a critical moment!”

Cillin thought that the portly shop owner was quite special as he listened to his complains. He loved flying cars very much, or more accurately speaking, he loved designing flying cars very much. But his family looked down on his hobby and sent people to screw him over from time to time, so the models he spent much work to create were destroyed in the process. The portly shop owner only managed to keep his shop after threatening his family with his own life.

After the robot was done packing Cillin's parts and passing the bag to him, Cillin then bid the shop owner goodbye. He still had things to do. The portly shop owner told Cillin to visit him the next time he return to the city. Perhaps he would be able to show his newly created flying car models then.

After Cillin left, he went to a general hospital near the city center to learn about various things.

Not far away from the hospital, 2 men stood inside a different building. It was none other than the 2 people whom the leaders of the planetary government had treated respectfully earlier.

“Is that the boy?”

“Yeah, our prince is experiencing life in his house right now.”

“Haah, I guess our prince will be experiencing the life of the poor this time. I suppose it’s commendable that the Blazing Eagle royal family has produced a freak that can eat both delicacies and trash.”

“Life of the poor? Not necessarily, no. From what I learned, our visit to the city has caused some noise in the commoner zone, and that repair shop is booming with business as a result. I doubt he’ll be eating poor until the day he leaves.”

“When will the men the prince mentioned be moved over?”

“It’ll happen in a few days.”

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