

STAR RANK HUNTER

BOOK 02

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 101: Absorption, The Chip's Changes

Dias squeezed back the way he came from and ordered his men to start with an aggrieved look on his face. This wasn't going to be an easy place to perform mining. When Dias thought that they had so many so-called technical professionals, and yet none of them could match up to a dim-witted cat, he could not help but sigh on the inside. As for Cillin, he and everyone else had always thought that the guy was born with the ability to shift his bones and physical appearance however he wanted to.

Cillin went further inside after the gray cat, and Dias did not stop him. There was no harm to have someone follow after the cat and get a grasp of the situation.

As the one man and a cat walked deeper inside, they reached a point where even the thinnest normal person might not necessarily be able to squeeze through the gaps successfully. Many times, Cillin would slip through the narrow gaps by dislocating his bones before relocating them back to normal. If Dias and the others knew that Cillin could 'play' with the bones inside his body like a jigsaw puzzle, their jaws would probably hit the ground in shock.

"Aha, this is the place!" Not far away, the gray cat cried out from the front.

Cillin shifted a couple more steps forwards, and he abruptly discovered that there were no more trees from thereon out. The ground here was covered in a layer of rock, and it looked about the

same as the rocks from other areas. Cillin took out a blade and stabbed the ground with it, finding that the rock layer was so tough that he could dig for half a day and not get anywhere with it. He might even snap the blade itself if he tried to force it.

According to the gray cat, there was another stratum layer beneath these rocks, and the red-and-black energy ores were right beneath them. Even Cillin could sense that this place was different from others, since a certain factor inside his body was starting to grow restless.

If this area was the heart of the red-and-black energy ore deposit, then it was hard to imagine why the strength of the energy field in this vast jungle and its surroundings would be almost identical to each other. The fact that the strength of the energy field generated by the ores was so even over such a wide area only further exemplified its uniqueness.

This area of rocks was hidden from its surroundings. Overhead, there were densely packed tree branches that concealed this place completely, which was why the orbiting satellite probes failed to capture a picture of this place.

There was a dug hole at the center of this area of rocks. It was the gray cat's handiwork. Cillin walked to the edge and looked inside. The stratum was about 15 meters deep, and the red-and-black energy ores were supposedly started after that depth. But that was just what Cillin had gleaned from the cave walls. In this particular hole, the gray cat had annihilated the energy ores between fifteen to thirty meters beneath the ground singlehandedly.

Right now, the cat had jumped into the hole and began its meal yet again, chewing on the ores like it was chewing on ice. If Cary saw this he would probably fall into another bout of worship. Even the most intelligent animal in the world would not be able to eat energy ores as food, and with such crunching ease no less, would they?

Cillin jumped into the hole and touched the red-and-black walls with his fingers.

When the gray cat had spat that small piece of red-and-black energy crystal into his palm earlier, Cillin did nothing to the crystal since there were plenty of watchful eyes around him. In reality, a series of internal changes had occurred inside his body the moment he came in contact with the energy crystal, seemingly desiring to absorb the energy inside the crystal completely into his body. If Cillin hadn't forcefully repressed the change, the fingernail-sized crystal would probably have shrunk to the size of a rice by the time it fell into Dias' hands.

Cillin could feel the desire for this energy from the agitated factors inside his body. He did not know what would happen after he absorbed it, but he knew that it could only be beneficial to him.

When he touched the red-and-black energy ores on the cave, the icy cool touch on his fingers did not last long before it was replaced by a rebounding, scorching heat.

Cillin felt as if his body had transformed into a whirlpool that was sucking frantically at the energy contained inside the red-and-black energy ores.

The energy caused the chips inside his body to awaken and stimulate the metabolic cycle in his cells. Cillin could sense acutely that the information transcribed by his DNA was different every time even though his original genetic information remained unchanged. This meant that his genetic information would automatically recompile themselves so that the final transcribed information was different during each transcription. The whole process felt like an experiment of sorts, powered by the energy he just absorbed. At the same time, the chips used the energy as a point of contrast so that each experiment result would reach closer and closer to the golden ratio of the energy. Then they compiled it into the chips so that certain recessive zones inside his genes could be stimulated to begin their expressions as well.

Right now, Cillin felt like he was being ‘painted’ again and again as the paint seeped into his body. But it wasn’t just his skin that was being ‘painted’, but also his internal organs, his tissues and his cells. The strengthening experiment was conducted throughout his body again and again until that optimal point could finally be found.

The gray cat who was clinging onto a wall and chewing at energy crystals suddenly sensed something amiss and turned its head.

Holy mother of cats!

In that instant, the gray cat was so shocked by Cillin’s condition to the point that it slipped and fell off the cave wall. Luckily, it was a cat, so it simply twisted its body in mid-air and landed steadily on four limbs. Then the gray cat immediately ran near Cillin, but did

not approach him. This was because Cillin's entire body had turned red-and-black in color, and there was a strange aura surrounding him. Moreover, the color was deepening to the point where it was nearly indistinguishable from the energy ores.

The gray cat circled around Cillin twice before lying down helplessly. While holding itself upright, the gray cat stared unblinkingly at the red-and-black Cillin, who was touching the wall with one hand and closing his eyes with a frown.

Where Cillin's fingers touched, the wall began to depress inward. Then, the hole slowly grew bigger and bigger as it spread towards the surrounding. The gray cat knew that the phenomenon was due to Cillin absorbing all of the energy inside the energy ores. But even the gray cat itself could only eat the ores first before digesting and absorbing them into its body. Its own absorption rate was pretty fast too, but even then it wasn't nearly as fast and efficient as this guy, was it? What happened to him? Why was he using so much energy?

After staring at Cillin for some time, the gray cat gradually fell into deep contemplation. Or at least, that was what it thought it was doing. By Cillin's standards, it was no different from daydreaming.

Pain. Intense pain. Cillin felt as if every cell in his body was being torn apart and rebuilt once more.

Cillin had always thought that he might need to improve his physical capabilities or genotype to Rank A in order to activate the remaining chips inside his body, but there was one thing that he

overlooked all this time. It wasn't just a matter of increasing his strength in order to activate the last and the most important part of the chips; he also needed a huge amount of energy.

But the kind of energy that could stimulate the activated chips to begin their 'experiment' on their own and upgrade their host to the most optimal point must be anything but ordinary. At least, every energy ore had come into contact up to this point except the red-and-black energy ores Cillin, be it the excellent ones or the inferior ones were all unqualified.

Chapter 102: Rank A Genotype

The chips conducted the ‘experiment’ again and again inside his body, testing Cillin’s endurance with wave after wave of pain that only got more and more terrible over time. Cillin was very happy with this outcome, however. He knew that this phenomenon wasn’t a bad thing, and that it was the most important opportunity he had gotten ever since he was injected with the chips over a year ago!

He did not know how long the pain lasted, but in the end everything suddenly became clear at once, filling him with an instant surge of pleasure. At the same time, the red-and-black color on his body gradually faded until it was gone completely. On the surface, Cillin looked just like he was before.

Cillin moved his elbows around for a little. He felt good, very good. Even without tensing up his body, he believed that it could endure even greater blows now.

He knew very well about his own condition. Although some of the chips inside his body were activated, just like before, it was an imperfect activation. Still, Cillin was satisfied with this result. After more than a year had passed, this opportunity had enabled him to evolve his genotype yet again.

He was now a Rank A genotype!

Yes, it was the Rank A genotype that countless people had dreamed of! Achieving Rank A genotype was but a distant dream

back when he was still an unwelcome Shadow Hunter in that poor town and backwater planet. But ever since he encountered Horay and was used as a test subject to inject those chips that one time, his genotype had since skyrocketed to Rank B. Now, it had even evolved one step further and became Rank A.

But Cillin wasn't completely drunk with success just yet. This situation was only temporary, and it remained to be seen whether the chip was ultimately a boon or bane.

Cillin exhaled deeply before glancing at the gray cat, holding up its forelimbs and sitting there staring absentmindedly into the air. He knew immediately that the little guy was woolgathering again.

"Wheeze!"

The absentminded gray cat immediately jumped into the air with a puffed back. It was completely caught off guard by Cillin's shout mixed with some disruptive sound waves in it.

Cillin held back his laughter. The little guy was completely frightened.

After the gray cat landed on its feet and breathed heavily for a couple of times, it turned its head away and clung to a wall, biting at the energy ores as if it was venting, and expressing its current feelings clearly – I am mad!

It was most likely that the gray cat was catbarrassed to have

jumped reflexively in shock to Cillin's shout, especially when it knew that it happened only because it was daydreaming. It was why it was in a bad mood right now.

"Alright Wheeze, don't be angry anymore. Come on, let's go find the lieutenant and the others." Cillin said.

The gray cat ignored him and continued to dig in while hugging the red-and-black wall.

"Wheeze?"

Its ears flicked once, but the gray cat continued to ignore him.

Cillin sighed. Even though it was a cyborg, there was no escaping the fact that it was nothing more than a cat, and cats had always been a little headstrong. It obviously heard him, but it simply refused to acknowledge him and acted like a spoiled child, and let's not forget that cats were more than capable of holding a grudge.

Cillin walked over and peeled the gray cat directly off the energy ores before jumping out of the hole while holding it in his arms. Although the gray cat had the words 'go away' written all over its attitude, pointing its tail at Cillin and had to be carried out of the hole like a stubborn kid who was held by the collar, it only put on a token struggle to indicate its displeasure before relenting. Wheeze wasn't stupid; it knew that this wasn't the right time to eat the energy ores without a care for the world. If Cillin would show him the stairs, then the gray cat would very kindly give Cillin face and walk off the stage as invited. That was what the cat believed at

least.

Chinese saying and metaphor of giving someone an excuse to extricate themselves from an embarrassing situation with dignity.

When Cillin and the gray cat met up with Dias once more, the man was discussing with the technical staff on how to mine the ores. A half-chopped tree lay at the side with no one bothering to finish it at the moment.

Dias and the men were just finished making a decision when Cillin reached them. They would drill a mine shaft from the periphery where the trees were still sparse, then bore underground towards the ores' position all the way to the heart of the ores the gray cat had mentioned earlier. When that was done, only then they would begin the large-scale mining project. Otherwise, it would be a terrible loss to get only the 'inferior' ores after spending much effort in the task.

There was one more thing that prompted the decision. Dias was worried that chopping off all the surrounding trees would expose the fact that there was a mineral resource in this area. After all, the Vanguard Sixth Squadron wasn't the only Hunter regiment to have entered Sector Z. If by any chance some random Hunter regiment was to accidentally and effortlessly discover this mineral resource before they had a chance to report to the A Squadron, then the Sixth B Squadron might as well run their heads into a wall.

Shawton agreed with the plan after Dias had notified him. These energy ores were too special, and it would be in their best interests to conceal them as best as they could.

Cillin went over to have a private chat with Dias and told him that the gray cat could eat energy ores. Otherwise, how was he going to explain that huge, empty hole in the ground?

It's not like Cillin hadn't thought through this before making the decision. He believed that Dias must've heard of the gray cat from Cary and knew that it was a cyborg. Since he knew about it, naturally someone as smart as Shawton or Dias should understand exactly what kind of value and potential a cyborg represented. This was the perfect timing for the Sixth B Squadron to work hard at expanding themselves. If it wasn't, they would not have tried to absorb various talents so urgently.

However, Cillin's own secrets could not be revealed, so he could only ask the gray cat to take the shot for him. Of course, Cillin had discussed this with the gray cat before about using it as a 'scapegoat', and the gray cat kept quiet and neither said yes nor no because it was still unhappy. Cillin understood that this was in fact a silent yes from the little guy though, and he touched its head and said, "When it's time, they'll come look for you to seek out a couple more mineral resources."

The gray cat's ears straightened. Of course it understood the hidden meaning behind Cillin's words. It could eat again once it found the resources!

Dias' team was incredibly excited from mining. The entire team had shaken off the depression from before and became motivated. The discovery had also improved everyone's attitude towards the gray cat, since they knew it was extraordinary and that it was thanks to it that their team became the first out of the six

dispatched teams to discover a mineral resource and begin mining.

"Lieutenant, the commander's looking for you!" One member came over on a hoverboard and passed a communicator to Dias.

The closer they were to the minerals, the stronger the signal interference became. Therefore, it was inconvenient to use any kind of communication equipment in this particular area. If they wished to communicate wirelessly, then they could only fly into the air and keep away from the ground. This was different from the forest when they were getting on and off signals. Here, no signal could get in or out at all.

Dias accepted the communicator and flew up to the air on a hoverboard. Before long, he came back down with a smile and said to Cillin, "You and Wheeze will go meet up with the other teams; they aren't doing too good with the scans as well. A spaceplane will come and pick you guys up later. Is that fine?"

"It's perfect!" The gray cat answered impatiently before Cillin could say anything. It looked like it was itching to get on with it already.

Dias moved closer and whispered beside the gray cat's ears, "When you eat, make sure to be a little less obvious and alternate between each meal. If anything happens, go look for Commander Shawton."

The gray cat's round eyes were bright as it answered with a duh tone, "Of course!"

Five minutes later a spaceplane came, and Cillin and the gray cat went up with a hoverboard.

After the spaceplane had left, Beave said in puzzlement, “Cillin’s a little strange, don’t you think? He feels... different from before.”

“Of course,” Dias smiled very brightly, “He’s a Rank A genotype now.”

Cillin had not intentionally hid his strength. Rank As shared a kind of miniature resonance with each other, and this resonance did not exist below Rank A genotypes. As long as the person did not hide it intentionally, and the other party was very sensitive to this kind of miniature resonance, it was possible to detect it.

“This is good news! Our squad is going to be famous. That guy is already Cary’s equal back when he was still a Rank B, and now that he’s Rank A, tsk tsk. You know lieutenant, I think that Cillin is our squad’s lucky star.” Beaver said.

Dias held his head up high, “But of course. Who do you think found him?”

Chapter 103: Jade Green Energy Ore

On the space, Shawton was very happy at the data displayed by the energy analyser in his hand. He promised the gray cat repeatedly that he would not mistreat it as long as it could seek out the energy ores. In fact, he even added more than ten thousand GAL credits into the promise. Although this amount of money was too little in Wheeze's opinion – its measurement of money had always started with the unit 'hundred million' – but a penny saved was a penny earned, which was why the gray cat very graciously accepted it. The most important thing was Shawton giving it permission to openly enjoy its meal anyway.

When he discovered that Cillin's genotype had evolved to Rank A, Shawton simply congratulated him cheerfully and did not ask too many questions.

The first team they were headed to was the cool beauty Asiya's. Previously, Asiya's team had landed on a place where many rivers crisscrossed each other, so when they looked from the sky, there were green rivers everywhere.

Unlike the life forms in the jungle region, there were very few creatures that were covered in hardened skin in this river strewn area. Some small mammals that looked like rabbits could be seen in the surroundings. All the living creatures in this place shared a common trait however, and that was their bodies were on average green in color.

These river life forms were nothing to be trifled with. Just like the little green lumps Cary had run into earlier, these creatures

were all deadly poisonous. In fact, one of Asiya's team members nearly died from poisoning in the hands of these little lumps. In the river, these jade green lumps appeared to be as flat as tree leaves, but when they discovered a prey on the surface, they would fill the inside of their bodies with air, float up to the water surface, swim to its prey and inject poison into their prey's local tissue, causing it to soften and become easily consumed.

There were plenty of hidden dangers inside the river. A jellyfish-like life form in particular could extend its long tentacles out of the water to capture nearby life forms on land. Them and a couple more amphibians were Asiya's team's top priority to watch out for.

When Cillin and the gray cat arrived, Asiya and her group were just resting at a spot farther away from the river shore. Shawton had told them to stop whatever they're doing and simply await their arrival. Their group had made no progress with the detection of the energy ores, and just ten minutes ago, they'd even battled a dozen or so huge creatures that looked like frogs.

Despite exploring for a long time, Asiya's team continued to find itself at a dead end. The technical personnel sweated blood and tears, tweaking the scanner's parameters constantly to match the environmental conditions as best as they could, but the effects were just far from meeting expectations. It was only when they heard from Commander Shawton that he had a plan that their rest became less troubled. However, they could never have imagined that the so-called 'plan' they were anticipating so much about was a cat. They had heard that Dias' team had a cat, and that said cat was always causing trouble together with Dough.

Asiya glanced at the gray cat sniffing everywhere on top of Cillin's shoulders with a frown, and said nothing.

Shawton said to Asiya, "Have everyone get ready, we're about to start hunting for ores. All members with hoverboards shall hop on their hoverboards, and those without shall get on the spaceplane. Don't forget to ready the weapons as well, in case those things in the river gets frisky again." Then Shawton turned around and smiled at the cat, "Wheeze, if you please?"

The gray cat ignored him. After sniffing the air and locking on to a direction, it jumped right off Cillin's shoulder and ran towards it.

Cillin extended his hoverboard and followed behind Wheeze. Shawton motioned for the others to follow, but had not gone up the spaceplane himself. Instead he took out a hoverboard from his back and chased after the gray blur with Cillin.

Right now, the gray cat only wanted to find the energy ores as fast as possible, so the path it selected was also the shortest possible – a straight line.

Be it on land or water, the gray cat's path was always a straight line. That was why the crowd was completely surprised by it.

At first, Shawton was going to ask his men to assist the gray cat by cleaning out the stirring little green lumps around it, but Cillin told him that it was fine, and that the little fellow could handle it no problem. What happened later on also proved that Cillin's words were not unfounded.

Fuck this cat can swim, and holy shit it's swimming even faster than the fishes themselves!

Bloody hell, how the fur is it swimming through all the little green lumps and be perfectly fine after a casual shake on shore!

In most cases I would translate this as 'hell' or 'fuck' or 'heck' you get what I mean, but in this particular case the literal word fits, so.

Holy mother of God! Just what breed is this cat to be able to stroll through this dangerous land so leisurely like it was here to play!?

When those jellyfishes stretched out the tentacles, those above the sky would open fire and shoot them down. Although the crowd was aiming at the jellyfish, most people would've been scared witless by the jellyfish's appearance and bullet hail. At the very least, they would've panicked a little. Not the cat. It continued to swim with perfect calmness while turning a deaf ear and a blind eye to everything that's going on around it. They looked at Cillin, and the same impeccable coolness on his face was truly like master, like cat.

a play of words on the idiom like father, like son

Before long, the gray cat stopped on a piece of dry land between the intersection of two rivers and began burrowing into the ground. Its forelimbs clawed against the ground like a drill bit, and shortly after the little guy had completely vanished from view.

The corner of Asiya and the others' mouths twitched

uncontrollably at the sight. Not only this cat could swim like a fish, it could burrow into the ground like a mouse as well!

Shawton motioned for the team to wait in the sky. Cillin glanced at his surroundings.

There were neither trees nor tall plants on this land whatsoever. Instead, it was covered in a thick layer of moss-like plants. A technical personnel measured them with their equipment and discovered that the photosynthesis conducted by this moss-like plant was actually two hundred times greater than normal moss!

Earlier, they had already discovered that the oxygen level in the air of this river area was pretty high, but at the time it was still within acceptable limits. But the oxygen level in this place was so high that if they were exposed to it any longer, it was only a matter of time before they fell to oxygen poisoning. So, the group put on their masks. The mask would regulate the oxygen level they breathed in and kept it within acceptable limits.

About an hour later, the gray cat jumped out of the hole and spat out a jade green chunk of something in front of Cillin. It was such a small chunk, and yet it radiated with such exuberant life that it was as if they could see a verdant and lush world from it.

When she saw the jade green energy ore, even the usually cool and collected Asiya could not help but grow excited. This was a type of energy ore that she had never seen before, and this was exactly the energy ore they were looking for!

Although only an hour or so had passed, it was enough for the gray cat to enjoy a great meal underground.

Now that they knew that there was an energy ore deposit in this place, Shawton, Asiya and the others began formulating a plan to mine it. From time to time, they would consult the gray cat's opinion. The gray cat answered lazily while it licked its claws and rubbed its whiskers.

"What does the ore tastes like?" Cillin asked.

The gray cat licked its mouth and said, "Not bad. Figuratively speaking, if we say that the red-and-black energy ores are meat, then these jade green energy ores are vegetables. Just like how I would occasionally eat vegetables to relieve inflammation, eating this type of ore is beneficial to me in certain areas as well."

It was true that a cat would sometimes eat grass.

The gray cat jumped onto Cillin's shoulders and spoke beside his ear, "We can reach those energy ores from the bottom of the river."

Cillin gave it some thought and walked over to Shawton, saying, "Commander, Wheeze and I would like to take a look beneath the river. It said that we may be able to reach the energy ores from there."

"That's a good idea. It may be harder to mine them from the

river, but it will also be a lot more obscure. Do you need someone to help you?" Shawton asked.

"It's fine. Wheeze and I can handle it."

"Mm. Be careful."

After Cillin and the gray cat had jumped into the river, Asiya asked Shawton, "You trust him that much?" In terms of both ability, and character.

Shawton gave her a smile and said, "I trust Dias."

Asiya turned quiet at this, but her locked eyebrows relaxed a lot.

Chapter 104: Green Pearls

Cillin followed the gray cat and swam to the bottom of the river.

With his current physique, he could dive underwater without relying on a mask to breathe and endure the water pressure for a long time. Therefore, when some of the people on shore saw Cillin jumping into the river just like that without wearing any protection suit, mask or even utilizing a mini submarine, they were stupefied. This might just be a river, but it was deep enough to stop many people in their tracks.

The deeper they went, the lesser the light that penetrated the water. At the beginning, there were still some lush water plants on the stone walls, enabling some plant feeding fishes to forage for food nearby.

But as they swam deeper, the water plants grew fewer and their surroundings turned darker. The change in the environment also caused the killing intents hidden within the darkness to become sharper than before, capable of causing both fear and anxiety. However, Cillin and the gray cat felt neither of these emotions.

Cillin did not need an underwater searchlight to see. With just a speck of light, he could see everything around him as clear as day, and this light source came from some glowing bivalves attached on the stone walls. The bivalves were utilising this magical-looking light source to attract their preys. It was possible that the energy ores' presence in this place was what caused the bivalves to evolve a special sucker to become attached on the walls.

It would be a mistake to treat them as normal bivalves. Horizontally, these bivalves could stretch between one to five meters. Moreover, Cillin saw clearly that there were some barbed teeth hidden within the bivalves' shells. When a prey closed in on the bivalves, their sharp teeth would sink into the prey's body and cling on with deadly persistence. Coupled with the shell's clamping force, there should be very few prey who could escape after falling into their trap.

Cillin turned his head, and discovered that the stupid cat had gotten itself sandwiched by a bivalve except for its hind legs, a tail and a fat ass.

Knowing that there was no one around here, the gray cat immediately turned angry and transformed its entire head into mechanical form – the enlarged type no less – and swallowed up the entire bivalve. Then it transformed back into a little cat once more.

Not far away, there was a fish almost ten meters long that was eying this area covetously, ready to sprint in and capture its prey. When it saw this scene though, it immediately turned tail and ran away.

Looks like the animals here are all pretty smart.

The gray cat shook its head looking very unhappy to be sandwiched earlier. It had only gotten closer because of its curiosity, and just as it thought that the bivalve's flesh looked tasty enough to take a bite, it was already caught between the shells. Turning around, the gray cat swam two steps forward, paused, and

spat out a green colored bead. It was a thing inside the bivalve.

Cillin caught the pearl before it sank to the bottom.

A pearl?

Cillin looked at the green pearl. While he couldn't sense any energy reaction from it, it felt full of life energy. It obviously could not shine on its own, and yet it reflected the bivalves' glow at the side and gave off a fantastical sheen.

"What's that?" Even underwater, the gray cat's speech was not impeded whatsoever.

Cillin made a hand gesture. It was a hand gesture that the gray cat was familiar with: money. So he means that this thing is worth a lot of money!

Now the gray cat wasn't in a hurry to seek out the energy ores. After closing in on the pearl and giving it a sniff, it undulated its limbs and began searching for the pearls along one bivalve after the other. This time though, it didn't act stupid to approach the bivalves directly. They might do no damage, but it was still very catbarassing to be caught that way.

"Nothing here, nothing there... Oh, there's one here, but it's too small..." Any bivalves with green pearls in them would be swallowed whole by the gray cat directly before it spat out the pearl after the act. Eat bivalves, save precious. Later on, the gray

swallowed all of the bivalves with green pearls inside them before spitting out the pearls all in one go for Cillin. These were items that it could use to repay its debt. It didn't take long for the gray cat to finish its patrol. Cillin counted the pearls and found that they numbered twenty or so in total. There were many bivalves that did not have green pearls in them, not to mention that most of these pearls were pretty small. There was only five big ones in total.

Cillin kept all the pearls in his leaf-patterned ring. This was the gray cat's personal effects, but they were now his after they were used to repay the cat's debt.

After beckoning to the gray cat, the duo continued to dive deeper towards the bottom. As they dove further, Cillin could feel clearly the energy ores hidden within the rock layer. Perhaps the reason he could sense the energies was because his genotype had evolved to Rank A under the effects of the red-and-black energy ores. Previously he had said nothing, and it was the gray cat who guided everyone to the ores from beginning to the end. But in reality, Cillin himself could sense the energy ores as well. It might not be as clear as the gray cat's, but he did have a concrete sense of direction. Not even the gray cat knew about this.

The Sixth Squad only needed the gray cat to be the being that could sense the energy ores. This way, the gray cat's importance could be made more prominent, and its status within the team could be elevated as well.

"Ah, it's here it's here it's here! But the quality will get better if we go deeper." The gray cat dove straight down to the bottom.

Cillin did not stop either. It was only when he was close to the river bottom that he finally stopped. The quality of the energy ores here was already pretty great, and although there were more deeper down the river, there was no need to go there.

“Go and absorb them. I’ll watch out for you!” With its back facing Cillin, the gray cat stared excitedly at the huge, lumbering body swimming towards them from the faraway darkness. This guy here seems pretty tasty!

Cillin tore open the solid rock on the outside directly with his bare hands, gradually revealing a palm-sized object that was glowing with green light.

Cillin put his hand on it; the factors inside his body already rioting for the ore. The second Cillin unlocked the shackles, the energy inside the ores began to pour madly into his body.

The changes that occurred when he absorbed the energy was similar to last time. What’s different was that the green energy ore could incite the chips to generate the best memory point that stimulated the human body to recover its vitality with incredible efficiency. What that meant, was that if Cillin’s life was in danger, this memory point would become active and trigger his self-recovery to become much greater than before. The effects would also be a lot better.

This time, Cillin’s absorption had ended pretty quickly. When he opened his eyes, there was already a hole where his palm was

touching. Sigh. Let's put this blame on the cat as well.

On the surface, Shawton read the data collected by the scanner put into the hole that was borrowed by the gray cat and said nothing. However, the fact was that he could hardly contain the joy that was bursting inside his heart. They had finally seen the gentle light after suffering in this stifling stagnancy for such a long time.

Splash –

A huge dozen meters long fish with dark green patterns on its body jumped, no, was tossed out from the river and onto the shore. When the group got a closer look, they discovered that the fish's tail was missing, or it would have to be at least twenty meters long. The fish continued to toss and turn on land even after it was tossed to the surface, and its wound were bleeding profusely with green blood.

The gray cat jumped out of the water and charged straight towards the fish, laying on top of its body and crunching down on its half-eaten meal. As long as the fish was still alive and its flesh was still fresh, then it was going to eat as much as it could before the fish expires (T/N: SAVAGE!).

The bizarre scene and distinct size discrepancy of the one cat and one fish caused everyone to feel a shudder up their spines. Everyone had their own guesses as to whether Cillin was the one who tossed this fish into the air or something else, but since the top priority right now was to mine the ores, no one attempted to explore their questions further.

Once Cillin went upshore, he explained to Shawton about the situation beneath the river, “The bottom of the river is this big fish’s domain, so we’ll probably have to utilise some underwater tools this time.”

“Mm. Thank you for the hard work. Get some rest, and we’ll go to the next stop about an hour later.”

The larger specialised underwater tools were all on board the starship, so Shawton needed to set up some things.

Cillin walked up to the large fish. The gray cat’s feeding speed was like swarming locusts passing through a field. The big fish was no longer struggling too much and was at the brink of death.

Cillin cut open the fish’s stomach and looked inside it.

“What are you looking for?” The gray cat licked its mouth and stopped eating. If there was time, it was going to go catch another fish and eat it directly in the river before coming back up.

“Something.” Cillin continued to search without lifting his head.

Chapter 105: The Planet's Parasite

Cillin used a folding knife to pick through the fish's stomach. By now the big fish was completely dead, and the inside of its body was undergoing a transformation.

Mm?

Cillin's hand paused, and a black shadow shot right out of the stomach. Cillin's other empty hand caught it like lightning.

It was a strip of something dark green in color and about the length of a finger. It was dark enough to be mistaken as black colored at first glance. A huge mouth opened from its head area, and it let out a shrill cry that caused pain to people's ears. There were plenty of busy people whose attention was drawn by the thing in Cillin's hand.

"Wah, what's that? It looks like it's pretty tasty!" The gray cat was planning to run to a side and fall asleep, but after it discovered the thing it came back eagerly to Cillin's side.

"Find one yourself if you want to eat. There's more inside the fish's body." Cillin said.

The gray cat sniffed the worm-like thing's scent, and with a complete disregard for cleanliness, dove straight into the fish's stomach to hunt for food.

“What’s that?” Shawton came over and asked.

“This is probably a kind of parasite. I’ve read before that some people had found parasites inside deep sea fishes. Although this fish doesn’t live beneath the sea, the right conditions are almost all there. I’ve heard that the parasites who live inside of the bodies of deep sea fishes are pretty powerful.” Cillin observed the struggling parasite in his hand and put its mouth to a rock at the side.

Pop——

A hole appeared on the rock where the parasite had bitten. Everyone who saw this sucked in a cold breath. Could something this powerful really be just a parasite? If it had lived inside a human body, then wouldn’t that person be as dead a dodo? There were no human bones tough enough to be gnawed on by it.

The parasite actually struggled for a while longer before finally coming to a stop after Cillin had cut off its head with his knife. From this, one could see exactly how tenacious the parasite was.

Cillin picked up his knife and began searching inside the fish’s stomach once more, but the parasites inside the fish had almost all been eaten by the gray cat. The fellow was a pretty fast eater.

“Hey, wait up, will you? Leave some of those things for me.” Cillin tapped the gray cat’s head with his wrist knife and said.

The gray cat that was just about to bite down on the thing inside

its mouth spat, “These things are pretty tasty.”

“Of course. These parasites feed on its host’s essences.” Cillin picked out many round balls the size of mung beans and stored them inside a special container. These balls were the parasites’ eggs.

Cillin kicked the gray cat who had slipped into the fish’s stomach and made a mess of green blood all over itself into the river for a bath. He forbad it to come up shore until it had completely cleaned itself.

After he was finished with the arrangements, Shawton again took Cillin and the gray cat to the next team’s location. It was a land of snow and ice, and it was also the coldest place in the entire planet. There was ice and snow as far as the eyes could follow.

The gray cat found two types of ores in that location. One was transparent, and the other was white in color.

The transparent ice ore could be considered a special kind of ore. It wasn’t an energy ore, and it could not provide any power whatsoever. However, it was incredibly dense and was made almost completely out of H2O. It was a compressed high density water crystal that would expand to about fifty or a hundred times its current volume if it was converted into liquid form. On the other hand, if it was subjected to an ultra low temperature environment, then it would absorb the surrounding ice into itself, assimilating them and ‘growing’ bigger slowly over time. One could say that it was a fabulous crystal that could be used to store water, and it was very useful to the Squadron’s long journey.

The other white colored ore was an energy ore. It could be stimulated to let out a cold beam, and any object that was shone on by it would instantly become frozen.

Prior to the discovery, the squad had cold beam guns and airborne cold beam cannons, but no greater cold beam weapons that would fit on a starship. However, the white ores could achieve the level of lethality they were looking for, so the technical team was currently preparing to utilise them and develop a whole new freezing weapon.

Excluding these places, the ore deposits at the remaining teams' locations were more or less the same. By the end of it, the gray cat could not be bothered to even lick those ores. It was tired of them already.

Everyone was excited now that they had learned about the ore deposits' locations. However, Cillin did not participate in the mining, and instead returned to the starship and slept for two days straight. Absorbing the energies had caused a huge effect on the chips inside his body. While his genotype had evolved, Cillin also had to seize control and master these changes instead of letting them transform him whenever and however they wanted to. Otherwise, there's no telling if he would transform into a monster.

Shawton had already reported the planet to the A Squadron, and the A Squadron immediately responded by sending their people to the charted coordinates Shawton gave them. What the Sixth Squadron needed to do was to keep mining while they were waiting for the A Squadron's arrival before handing over the

planet. After that, they would continue on with the mission. The plans they had for Sector Z were not done yet, and although these energy ores were enough to raise their influence within the Vanguard, it was a given to finish what needed to be finished.

It must be said that Shawton had made the right choice when he first charted their path. From the moment they began travelling until now, they had not run into anyone of the same trade except at the start of their journey when they were still around the periphery of Sector Z. Moreover, the deeper they went, the less likely it was that they would run into another Hunter regiment, and up to this point, they hadn't run into another exploration team like theirs around this planet.

Sector Z was huge. No one could say for sure the things they would encounter, the sacrifices they had to make and the rewards there was to gain in the future. But no matter what lies ahead of them, it was the path they had chosen, and they would tread it to the end.

Meanwhile, the logistics team took advantage of the time gap to stock up on food. With energy and food supplies, the latter part of the trip would become smoother.

There were technicians who surmised a conclusion based on the variable data: Due to the effects of the energy fields on this planet, there was a limit to how much they could mine from this planet; a break-even point. If they tipped the balance, then this planet would fall into chaos, and humans would become unable to live on this planet for long. If the situation was serious, the planetary habitability of this planet might even fall from Rank B to Rank C,

or worse.

After sleeping for two days, Cillin once again returned to the planet.

“Hey Cary, have you seen Cillin around?” Beaver asked. The dude who slept for two days straight had suddenly gone missing.

“That fellow’s obsessed with parasites recently. He went out to look for more of those things with Enji.” Cary could not help but shiver at the thought of those disgusting worms.

Right now, Cillin was watching Enji dissecting a crab. This crab was something they encountered by chance beside the green river. It was about five meters width, and it was covered in thick green hair. At the side, the gray cat was currently breaking open its pincer and gnawing happily at its flesh.

Enji clipped a worm hidden inside the crab’s lungs.

“Oh, I didn’t think that we would actually find one.” Enji smiled and pulled it out into the open.

“I’ve seen a parasite inside a normal crab before, but not this one. It should be almost the same, though. We can research it when there’s time. This kind of parasite has a high rate and degree of infection. It lives inside the host’s lungs, and it will stimulate and damage the host’s lung tissue, causing coughs and hemoptysis. Some would even invade the brain and cause paralysis.”

What Enji had just described was just the normal parasites. The one he's holding right now was probably a lot more scarier.

"Normally, we would not bring a parasite inside the starship easily. It is just too risky, and if we lose control, then everyone on the ship is at risk of losing their lives. Never look down on this wee bit of thing."

Cillin and Enji's communicators rang in the midst of their conversation.

Cillin turned on the communicator, and Cary's huge face filled the hologram above it, "Cillin, the A Squadron's here!"

Chapter 106: Don't Be Scared, We'll Cover You

While Cary was speaking, Cillin saw a spaceplane entering the planet from outer space, flying towards Dias' mining spot.

"Cillin, do you want to go and have a look?" Enji asked.

Before Cillin could answer, his communicator rang. It was Shawton.

"Cillin, come over for a second. Dias is here too. Bring Wheeze with you as well."

"Alright, I'll be there right away." Breaking off the connection, Cillin turned his head towards Enji and said, "Let's go together."

Enji nodded, putting away the tools in his hand. The gray cat ate faster and finished all of the crab meat, and just as it was about to jump up Cillin's shoulder, Cillin caught it in mid-air, "Go take a bath first."

If his guess was correct, the A Squadron's key focus of this trip would be the energy ores, and the gray cat.

There were many people inside the Sixth Squadron who either overlooked some of the gray cat's performance, or simply had not thought about it due to their lack of knowledge towards cyborgs.

But Cillin believed that there were plenty of people in the squad who were guessing towards that direction already. Although Cillin thought that the A Squadron's outlook of the gray cat was positive, they had not actually declared their stance yet after all. He believed that they would know where the Vanguard's top management stood in regards of the gray cat during this meeting.

Before he led Cillin up the spaceplane, Dias patted Cillin's shoulders and said, "Don't worry, everything's going better than you think."

Naturally, Cillin understood the hidden meaning behind his words. He gave him a smile and and made a 'got it' hand gesture.

This spaceplane did not belong to the Sixth B Squadron. Although its structure was similar, the symbol on the spaceplane was not entirely so. It was still a dagger symbol, but there were also additional patterns that were missing from the Sixth Squad's.

Someone was already waiting for him at the hatch. When the person saw Cillin, he came over and led the way cordially. Cillin did not recognise anyone they ran into along the way, so they were probably people from the A Squadron. These people paid little attention to Cillin before moving their gaze to the arrogant-looking cat on Cillin's shoulders. It was a rather interesting sight.

Cillin was led to the entrance of a meeting room, "This is the place." The man knocked on the door before yelling, "Boss, I've brought your man!"

“Got it. Now get lost!”

Cillin had never heard this voice before.

The man continued to smile ingratiatingly and opened the door for Cillin, saying, “Well, I’ll be getting lost now. Just go in.”

Cillin entered the meeting room. It was a small-sized meeting room with a small table seated with three people at the side. He recognised Shawton, but not the other two people. He had a feeling that these two strangers were pretty strong, not to mention that they both had rather distinguishing qualities. One of them had a very long chin. He did not look like a normal human, and his beard was almost long enough to reach his stomach. The other person wore a big, black hat on top of his head, and the hat’s brim covered nearly half his face. His eyes were hidden just like his emotions were, and his silence and motionlessness only caused greater pressure to the people around him. The only people chatting inside the meeting room were beardy and Shawton.

“Come here, Cillin. Let me introduce you to these two seniors,” Shawton pointed at beardy and said, “This is Barthes, former commander of the Eighth B Squadron.” Then Shawton pointed at the other person sitting on the chair and said, “This is Songba Leruo, former commander of the Second B Squadron.”

In Hunter regiments, the older generation would often be addressed deferentially as senior. This was because many people of the newer generation were brought up by them, which was why anyone with the title ‘senior’ had large influence within their Hunter regiments.

“Good day, seniors.”

“Like hell it’s good. We travelled all the way here and Shawton isn’t willing to even make tea for us.” Barthes complained while toying with his long beard.

Shawton was familiar with Barthes’ character since a long time ago, so he directly ignored this line of complaint.

“Hey, why so shy? Come here and have a seat.” Barthes pointed at a chair at the side.

Cillin looked at the chair, then at Barthes before walking to a different chair that’s not the one Barthes pointed at and sat down. Barthes’ face immediately contorted while Shawton laughed most cheerfully at the side.

Songba Leruo, who had been quiet all this time let out a short laugh and spoke with a deep and low voice, “Hey beardy, you bet you pay, so you either pay up or sign me a promissory note right now. I still have loads of Vanguard bills with me anyway.”

Barthes humphed, “It’s only two hundred thousand GAL credits, how can I not afford such a small amount of money? Why on earth would I sign something as shitty as a promissory note?”

With a bang, Barthes slapped a debit card on the table and said, “There’s more than two hundred thousand credits in this thing.

You two split it among yourselves and return the rest of it to me."

"This card sure looks familiar." Songba Leruo said, "Did you steal Manny's card again?"

"Tsk! How would someone with my morals possibly steal her card?!" Barthes folded his arms together and said looking pleased with himself, "She forgot her card again during lunch so I brought it for her in passing. She only has so many passwords, so just test them all until you get the right one."

Cillin: "..." These people sure have 'amazing' morals!

Barthes turned his head and looked at Cillin, "Hey brat, you made me lost my bet. How are you going to compensate me?"

Barthes pointed at the chair that was tampered with. Anyone who sat on it was guaranteed to have their asses blown apart, but most people would not have noticed the trap at all. Only those with incredibly good observation skills or sensory skills would know it.

"What do you want?" Cillin asked.

Barthes stroked his long beard and pointed at the gray cat on Cillin's shoulder, "I want it."

"Sure, this little guy still owes me a debt. If you can clear out its debt, then you can have it no problem." Cillin nodded.

The gray cat stared bright and round-eyed at Barthes. Debt settlement? That's great! Once it's paid it could regain its freedom.

"How… how much?" Barthes asked.

Cillin showed five fingers, "Five hundred million. GAL credits."

Barthes put on a straight face and said, "Alright, that's enough banter. Let's talk about business!"

That line of conversation changed pretty quick.

"It was only four hundred million, you bastard, wait, it was only three hundred plus million!" The gray cat slapped Cillin's face with its front paw and corrected his mistake.

Barthes looked at the gray cat, and his solemn expression immediately blossomed like a flower once more, "Hey, little cat, come here and let's have a chat."

The gray cat glanced at the guy who had zero intentions to settle its debt at all, walked over with elegant steps and, jump!

Under the quartet's gazes, the gray cat clung onto to beardy's beard and swung back and forth like it was a toy. It even pulled at it as if giving vent to its anger.

“Ow, be gentler, little cat. Listen here. A person of integrity should pay their own debts, get it?” Barthes said.

Both Shawton and Songba Leruo looked at him from the corner of their eyes: Integrity? Are you sure you have such a thing?

The gray cat cocked its head in ponderment. He’s right. It’s just too catbarassing to let someone else pay its own debt, and it’s beneath its dignity!

Releasing Barthes’ beard, the gray cat jumped back up Cillin’s shoulder.

“Hey, don’t be angry little cat. If anything happens in the future you can just come to us. We’ll cover for you. There’s nothing to be afraid of even if it’s those bastards from the military!”

Barthes sounded like he was joking, but in truth his words also represented the Vanguard’s bearing in this matter. Cillin smiled and nodded towards Barthes to indicate his thanks.

They didn’t ask too many questions and chatted casually for a moment. The only thing that was important was to transmit their stance. Before long, Cillin departed from the meeting room.

After Cillin had left, real seriousness finally replaced Barthes’ cheerful outlook, “Shawton, we received intel when we came that Poison Fang has entered Sector Z.”

Chapter 107: Change Of Plans

‘Poison Fang’ was a very unusual group. There were Hunters, killers, traitors and even veterans among them. But these people – hailing from complicated backgrounds of their own – shared a common trait, and that was madness. A madness to completely disregard of one’s life, be it their own or someone else’s.

Poison Fang’s symbol was a bloody skull, and there were two sharp teeth on the skull’s head that gave it the appearance of a devil. Every Poison Fang member would have a bloody skull symbol on their person, and this symbol was made with a certain bone inside their own bodies.

Poison Fang originated from Sector V and was a literal compilation of every kind of lunatic. Carrying with them Sector V’s cruelty and bloodthirst, Poison Fang would do anything to achieve their goals. In their eyes, the army or the four great Hunter regiments were equal in the fact they were all targets to kill.

If their madness was blind, it would not have been a problem. But what’s troubling was that they weren’t stupid. There was no lack of geniuses among Poison Fang, and even if they were extremely twisted characters, one could not deny that their brains were the real deal. Weapons of mass destruction, highly radioactive nuclear reactions and so on were their bread and butter, and they had all the space in Sector V to test out their new weapons. It was also why half of their numbers were inflicted with radiation sickness.

“Not long ago, Poison Fang tested out a new nuclear weapon and literally polluted a planet until it deteriorated from planetary habitability rank B to rank C. The people who barely survived the disaster were all tortured and executed as well. In response, the GAL army sent their troops to hunt down Poison Fang at Sector V, but what’s strange is that Poison Fang did not fight them head on this time. Instead, they gathered their men, hijacked some warships and fighters before leaving Sector V for Sector Z. Some people said that they were forced to leave, But I believe that things aren’t that simple.” Barthes said.

“Mm. I’ll keep an eye on this.” Shawton could not be careless if Poison Fang was involved.

“You are here at Sector Z to complete your mission. But if you ran into them, then escape as far away as possible. This may sound be a bit demoralising, but if you wish to avoid unnecessary casualties, then don’t fight them head on. We are not the army, and we do not have so many strict rules. Deal with this flexibly. Do not be like Heaven’s Birth.”

Just like Vanguard, Heaven’s Birth was one of the four great Hunter regiments. A few years ago, a Heaven’s Birth B Squadron attracted Poison Fang’s attention while they were headed to Sector V and fought them head on. While their losses weren’t big, they definitely weren’t small either. After all, anyone who could make it as a central fighting unit within the B Squadron of the four great Hunter regiments were naturally elites. It was a loss to lose anyone of them. At the time, while both sides were battling against each other, Poison Fang had thrown five seismic bombs in succession at the location where the majority of the fighter aircrafts were gathered. Out of the thirty or so fighters that were blasted into

smithereens, nine belonged to Heaven's Birth, and twenty or so belonged to Poison Fang. This was how crazy they were.

Naturally, Shawton knew about that incident. If the Sixth Squad ran into 'Poison Fang' now...

Shawton's head hurt at the thought.

"My suggestion will be for you to begin your return journey right now and leave Sector Z. After all, you've discovered several unusual energy ores in this place, and this is already enough reason for Poison Fang to go wild at you. The news hasn't leaked out yet, but it's still better to be safe than sorry. If you ran into Poison Fang now with your current strength, you may suffer huge losses." Barthes' expression was heavy.

After a moment's thought, Shawton said, "I need to discuss this with my lieutenant commanders before coming to a decision."

After exiting the spaceplane, Cillin returned to the starship along with Enji. Enji led Cillin to his own workshop, and he found that there were several parasites stored in the room. However, they were all dead specimens.

"They may be dead, and they left no eggs behind, but their genetic material is still intact." Enji pointed at one of the parasites which he discovered during a cleaning of the starship, "Their genetic material is different from a human's DNA, and are not of the purines and pyrimidines humans or some other common lifeforms have. Their genetic makeup is something else."

Cillin accepted the document Enji handed to him. This was Enji's research findings that he made while he was free, however it was only some basic researches and not in-depth. After all, Enji wasn't a specialist in this area.

While speaking, Cillin's communicator rang. It was Cary again.

"Cillin, where the hell are you lazing about?! Get over here already!"

"What is it?"

"Get over here and help us move these energy ores. The haulage robots went haywire the second they touched them, so we have no choice but to move them ourselves. The commander told us to be quick since there's going to be a different arrangement later."

"Okay, got it. I'm coming right away."

Cillin broke off the connection and apologised to Enji, informing that he needed to go to move some ores.

Enji waved his hands and said, "It's about time the team begin the latter part of the operation. Go busy yourself with your work, I'll be checking the starship in a minute."

When Cillin returned to the mining spot on the starship, he saw

that Cary was carrying some ores. The red-and-black energy ores caused his entire person to be cast in dark colors.

After he carried the energy ores into the transport spaceplane, Cary wiped his sweat and said, “This thing is heavier than it looks. Hey Cillin, I heard that our plans are about to change.”

“Hmm?” Cillin gave him a questioning look.

Cary looked at his surroundings and whispered secretively, “I heard this from the lieutenant, although the reason is unknown. They were all summoned for a meeting just now, and it’s probably to figure out this matter.”

Seeing no response from Cillin, Cary poked Cillin with his elbow, “Aren’t you curious? With the commander’s personality, there’s no way he would give up on his original plans easily!”

“Yeah, continue.” Cillin rolled up his sleeves and walked up to an energy ore, lifting it up and carrying it to the transport spaceplane.

Cary also carried a block of his own, although his attention was obviously somewhere else, “That’s to say that there must be some special reason behind it. Why don’t you guess what it is?”

“How would I know? We’ll know when they finish their meeting.There’s no point for you to feel anxious about it now.”

Cary was going to reply something when Tang Qiuqiu hopped out

of an spaceplane and came over.

“Brother Cillin, brother Cary, let me show you something!”

Tang Qiuqiu ran over cheerfully, and there seemed to be something pocketed inside her clothes.

The gray cat’s nose moved, “Tasty!”

Tang Qiuqiu carefully unwrapped her jacket to reveal an egg about the size of two fists. There were many white circular patterns on the egg, and it looked very beautiful.

“Yo, not bad. I guess that’s an extra meal for dinner tonight!” Cary smiled.

“I want to eat too!” The gray cat gathered over.

“No way. I found this not far away from where Uncle Lu Suo and the others were mining. See, doesn’t it look like cream candy?”

Tang Qiuqiu was bored and had nothing to do, so she went to all of the mining spots to have a look. While she was idling and digging the ice with her tools for fun and warmth not far away from the mining spot of the land of ice, she found the egg. Normally speaking, Tang Qiuqiu had no special interest towards eggs, but this one in particular looked a lot like the creamy lollipop she loved to eat. The circular white patterns looked just like the rings of cream painted on the surface of a lollipop, so Tang Qiuqiu

fell in love with it on first sight. Of course, if the egg had looked average, then it would probably stew in the frying pan.

Chapter 108: What Happened?!

“What gave birth to this egg?” Cary poked at the egg Tang Qiuqiu was hugging and asked.

“I don’t know. Uncle Lu Suo said that they ran into a few types of alien beasts earlier, but he wasn’t sure which one this belongs to. Although, I’ve recorded all of the alien beasts Uncle Lu Suo told me.” Tang Qiuqiu took out an electronic notebook and showed Cillin and Cary the pictures.

“Hmph, there’s no need for such trouble. I only need sniff it once to know what it is!” The gray cat said disdainfully.

“Really?!” Tang Qiuqiu’s eyes lit up, “I saw that there are some alien beast claws or furs or something that Uncle Lu Suo and the others killed on the spaceplane. Can you really sniff out what it belongs to?”

“Of course!” The gray cat raised its head and looked incredibly pleased with itself.

While Tang Qiuqiu led the gray cat inside the spaceplane, Cary asked Cillin, “What do you think is inside that egg? The alien beasts Lu Suo’s group ran into were pretty scary. Whichever it may be, It should be pretty dangerous.”

“It’s also possible that it belongs to neither of those beasts.” Cillin said.

When Cillin had analysed its isotopes when he touched the egg earlier. Although there were no accurate comparisons, Cillin could assert that the egg was at least five hundred years, or even one thousand years old. It was even older than the gray cat, and the strangest thing was that this egg was ‘alive’. Although the life inside the egg wasn’t strong, it was easily detectable in close range.

As expected, not long after Tang Qiuqiu and the gray cat exited the spaceplane, the young girl wore a puzzled look on her face. The conclusion was, “They’re all wrong.”

“When we go back we’ll put it in an incubator and wait. Maybe we’ll know what it is not long after.” Cary suggested. What Cary was thinking right now was that it better not be a second Dough that jumped out of the egg, or he might as well not bother to stock up anything inside his cabinet any longer.

“Okay. But I’ll still visit it often!” Tang Qiuqiu caressed the egg in her lap and smiled joyfully.

At the end of the meeting, Dias summoned the man for another meeting to inform them that there was a change in plans, and they were to leave Sector Z and be set on a return journey.

Going by the GAL Standard Calendar, the Sixth Squad had entered Sector Z for several months now, and by the time they head out, it’d be about a year in total. It was a lot of gain to discover a rank B planet and these ores in just a year, but still, there were some people who were unwilling to discard all their

original plans and head back so suddenly. Usually, they would not stop here just because they had had a very productive run. But they wouldn't complain about the decision either; naturally, the commander and the lieutenant commanders' decision wasn't founded on nothing.

When Dias was finished with the briefing, he requested a few core members to stay behind and continued the meeting, briefly explaining the matter with 'Poison Fang'.

The moment the group heard about 'Poison Fang', they immediately understood what was going on. It was no wonder that the commanders would make such a decision. After all, who would want to run into those lunatics at such a time?

After loading a portion of the energy ores into the starship's energy warehouse, the Sixth Squad left the planet. The A Squadron would take over the remaining duties on the planet, and the Sixth Squad no longer had to do anything any longer.

For the return journey to leave Sector Z, Shawton did not retrace their footsteps from the way they came from. Instead, they would return through a different route. This was also the joint decision he and the lieutenant commanders had arrived at after the meeting. While the route had been explored by someone else before, the exploration process was incomplete. Therefore, if they could discover something that the previous explorers missed, then it would balance out everyone's feelings and curb any dissatisfactions.

They had to say that the planets along this route were pretty

great. It didn't take long for them to discover an unmarked and unreceptive planet with planetary habitability of Rank C.

Hence, the Sixth Squad stopped by the planet as Shawton sent out the men to explore it.

Right now, Cillin, Cary and a few other members were chatting idly at the lounge outside the control room.

"Cillin, the commander's looking for you!" Cary yelled on his chair without turning over.

Cillin saw Shawton coming in through the door the moment he turned his head around. He could've just called him through the communicator, but since he had arrived personally then it probably meant that it was no simple matter.

"Cillin, I just got wind from Barthes that there's something they need Wheeze to deal with. Luckily, we're not too far away from them yet, so it should take you less than two days to reach them in a long distance spaceplane. If there are no problems, then please go with Wheeze meet up with them. It's probably something with the energy ores. Our exploration will probably take another five or six days, and when you come back we may not even be done yet, so there's no need to be too hasty." Shawton said.

This planet was huge, and someone had just reported that they'd discovered some energy ores. Although it was just normal energy ores, it was still a good haul, so the squad had sent out more than just a small team this time around. Judging from the current

outlook, the exploration would probably be taking some time.

“Okay. I have nothing to do now anyway. We can depart immediately.”

“We’ve prepped the spaceplane, the pilot and other support staff for you already. You will not have to pilot it yourselves.”

“Wait a second, can I go with them? Commander?” Cary moved closer eagerly. He was just regretting the fact that he forgot to stock up on food, and he remembered that there were plenty of unique fruits on that planet. If there was time, then he would like to hunt a few beasts and make them into jerkies as well.

“I want in too I want in too!” Tang Qiuqiu jumped over. The egg was already put inside the egg incubator, but Eudy said that they were still missing some parameters. Although these parameters could be calculated slowly, there was no harm to go back and test out a few variables.

“No problem.” Shawton had no objections to their requests.

“Alright, go pack up your things and get ready to leave then.” Cillin informed Cary and Tang Qiuqiu, lifted the gray cat who was bullying Dough, and headed towards the spaceplane Shawton had prepared for them.

Although a spaceplane’s top speed was incomparable to a starship, Shawton’s estimation that they would arrive in two days

was not incorrect.

When Barthes and the others acquired new parameters and reperformed their calculations on the planet, they had deduced that there might be a few more mining spots on the planet. However, they could only come up with an approximate range, and not a precise location. Even the optimised scanners could only reduce the range by a bit and not determine an exact spot. Coincidentally, the Sixth Squad hadn't left too far away yet, and they ran into a Rank C planet that they needed to stay behind and explore for a time as well. So after discussing with Shawton, he requested for Cillin and the gray cat return directly.

The scanners couldn't detect the exact location, but the gray cat solved the problem very quickly the moment it arrived. There were energy ores in these locations, but the deposits were small, and their quality was far lousier than the ones the gray cat had consumed, which was why the gray cat paid them no heed in the first place. Since Barthes wanted them, the gray cat assisted him in discovering all of the mining spots. In return, Barthes purposely gifted the gray cat a huge energy ore of exceptional quality, which the gray cat hugged and bit at occasionally when it had nothing to do.

Cary went to hunt a few alien beasts with some members of the A Squadron. He roasted them and made them into jerkies, and in passing, he even acquired some fruits that were stored in an extra large preservation package to be taken back to the spaceplane. Under the guidance of Barthes' men, Tang Qiuqiu headed to the land of ice and tested the parameters Eudy said that they had missed, so that the incubator could be calibrated to simulate a more suitable environment.

After a day's time, the group finished all that needed to be done on the planet. Cillin and the others did not stay for long before they went back to the spaceplane and left the green planet, flying towards the squadron.

The round journey and the one day they stayed on the green planet added up to a total of five days. For the Hunters who often fly back and forth between Sectors, this really was just a short time. But it was in this five days that a great change occurred to the Sixth Squad.

When Cillin and the others arrived at the squadron's parking spot, the first thing that greeted them was many fighter wreckages floating in space.

"Wh... what the hell happened?!!"

Chapter 109: Heaviness

The scattered wreckages caused everyone on the spaceplane to feel ice-cold all over.

What happened? Even though they'd already guessed it, there was still a voice in their hearts roaring in denial of that answer.

There was the familiar pattern, familiar color, and familiar symbol amidst the scraps of the wreckages. They'd all piloted such a fighter once, but now the fighters had turned into many broken pieces scattered amidst this cold and endless space. With the universe as their backdrop, they appeared especially tragic and desolate.

Some of the scraps clearly did not belong to the Sixth B Squadron, but exactly who they belonged to could not be confirmed just yet. From the sheer amount of wreckages that entered their eyes, they knew exactly how intense the battle had been.

The Sixth Squad's main starship was parked quietly at the same spot, with the B Squadron's starship parked right beside it. Be it the main starship or the B Squadron's starship, they were all tattered with nicks, dents and holes. Something had obviously rammed into them fiercely in what was almost certainly a swarm attack. The engineering robots were seen rushing repairs.

Cary slowly lost control as the spaceplane gradually approached the starship. He had been sending a transmission to the main

starship and the B Squadron's starship all this time, but there were no response whatsoever. Finally, the transmission went through.

Shawton's exhausted face appeared on the comm screen, "We'll speak on the ship."

He then cut off communications immediately. Cary then sent a comm request to Dias' team repeatedly, but there was just no one to pick it up. Cary ignored what the others were saying in the spaceplane. He just kept pressing comm button.

Tang Qiuqiu sat on the chair while hugging her little backpack. She was so quiet it was scary. There might be a lot of things that she did not understand, but she was born on Sector V after all. She knew very well what a battle of this scale meant. Tang Qiuqiu buried her face into a bag, afraid to know the results for the first time of her life.

Cillin stared expressionlessly at the scene outside displayed by the image panels. His fingers caressed the gray cat's back repeatedly, and the gray cat stayed obediently quiet.

The moment the spaceplane landed on the starship and came to a stop, Cary immediately ran out, "Everyone... where's everyone? Beaver? Eudy? Where's the lieutenant?!"

Cillin followed him slowly from the back. When the spaceplane had entered the starship, he understood that there was no way they could fly out again. Multiple layers of steel had sealed the flight passage behind them. This was probably Shawton's act in

fear that they would fly out there impulsively in a fighter or a spaceplane.

Afraid that they would act on impulse? Was the situation so grim already?

Beaver, Eudy, Little Eight, Xiao Shang, Dias… no one was here.

Ba Dao / Eight Claws

They had come through from the B Squadron's starship. After they entered, the B Squadron's starship docked with the main starship.

Normally speaking, every time a spaceplane returned from space, they must be inspected routinely. This was to prevent anyone from carrying a threatening lifeform from outside into the starship unknowingly. The person in charge of the inspection had always been Enji, but today, the person who showed up was Enji's assistant instead. Although the assistant was wearing a protective mask that concealed his expression, Cillin realised that his hand holding a cleaning tube was still shaking.

It was silent. It was so silent that it was oppressive; so silent that they could not breathe.

After Shawton had his men lead them to the main ship, he began briefly explaining the whole incident.

A day after Cillin and the others had left, the Sixth B Squadron

encountered Poison Fang. This was exactly what Shawton had been trying to avoid all this time, but ultimately failed to. No one could have thought that Poison Fang would pass through here. They did not hide their tracks, seemingly wanting to tell everyone exactly where they're entering Sector Z from, where they're passing through, and where they're headed at.

Poison Fang themselves were surprised that they would run into the Vanguard's Sixth B Squadron, but the unexpected encounter also kindled their bloodthirst. Whenever they ran into the four great Hunter regiments, their modus operandi was to fight them without giving any chance of reconciliation.

Technically, the Sixth Squad should not have fallen into too much of a disadvantage even though their new energy weapons weren't developed yet. But unfortunately for them, when Poison Fang arrived, there were a few teams who were exploring on the planet and thus were cut off from the starship. Therefore, when Poison Fang had unleashed a fighter swarm, the situation was incredibly disadvantageous to the Sixth Squad.

Poison Fang's men had attacked suicidally with absolute disregard of the consequences, so it was imaginable just what kind of attack the exploration teams had suffered on the planet.

The people who returned safely from the planet were less than half the number. Dias and Lu Suo were seriously injured and were still under observation. The two lieutenant commanders Akai and Wa Qing, and more than thirty members were taken prisoner. As for why they were taken prisoner and not... dealt with a different method, Shawton did not say.

There were also a few members who returned to the starship with serious injuries and were in critical condition such as Beaver, Eudy, and more.

Although Xiao Shang and Ba Dao were hurt, their injuries were not serious. They had been staying on the main ship's medical floor.

The entire medical floor was filled with hasty medical staff and members who were waiting anxiously outside the emergency rooms.

When Cillin came up, he saw Ba Dao and Xia Shang standing outside the door of an intensive care unit. Their expressions were heavy, and their entire beings were enveloped in thick gloominess. After Cary spoke a few lines with them, he lifted his hand and covered his eyes, leaning against the wall.

Feeling someone grabbing his hands, Cillin turned his head to see Tang Qiuqiu grabbing her backpack with one hand and his hand with the other. It was as if she was clinging on for life. Up until now, Tang Qiuqiu had not said a word or cried a tear. She simply stared blankly at the sickroom. She could not see clearly who was inside the sickroom, and she was afraid to know who they were. Her legs were rooted as if they were nailed to the floor.

Cillin crouched down and carried Tang Qiuqiu. The closer they were, the tighter Tang Qiuqiu's grip became.

Through the transparent screen, Cillin saw the patients inside the sickroom. There was Eudy, Beaver, and a few other people of the same team. They lay quietly inside the ICU, and from the instruments connected to their bodies and the numbers displayed on the monitors, Cillin knew that they had not escaped critical condition yet. There was no telling how long they would stay like this, and who would survive at the end.

“Where’s the lieutenant?” Cillin looked towards Xiao Shang.

“He’s… in that… ward.”

Xiao Shang pointed at a sick room, his voice still shaky and repressed. However, when Cillin saw the sickroom Xiao Shang was pointing at, he let out a sigh of relief. Those sick rooms were for people who had escaped critical condition.

While carrying Tang Qiuqiu, Cillin walked to the sickroom Xiao Shang pointed him to and saw Dias through the screen. He lay on a bed, looking like he was asleep. Asiya kept watch beside him, her eyes red and her face haggard.

It was only after Cillin and Tang Qiuqiu had entered the sickroom that they realised he lost an arm.

Seeing the stable numbers on the instrument, Cillin rubbed Tang Qiuqiu’s head and said, “The lieutenant is fine. He’ll wake up after a good nap. Stay with lieutenant commander Asiya and keep the lieutenant company, while I go look for the others, okay?”

Tang Qiuqiu lowered her head and nodded. Asiya got up and pulled Tang Qiuqiu gently over for a seat. Her movements were incredibly light, seemingly afraid that the noise would disturb Dias.

Other than Dias' sickroom, Cillin asked for directions yet again and headed towards a sickroom in the ICU.

The condition of the people in this section of the ICU was even worse than Eudy's and Beaver's. At the very least, Eudy and Beaver still had a fighting chance, whereas the people here had basically been given the death sentence. Treating them was simply to keep them alive in this world for a little while longer.

Non-medical personnel were not allowed into this sickroom because they carried germs with them. Cillin simply stood quietly and watched the person inside it.

The person lying on the sick bed and was almost completely covered in medical instruments seemed to notice something, and raised his hand to pull off the instruments above his head. The medical staff at the side tried to stop him, but was pushed away instead. It was unimaginable that he would have this much strength in his condition.

"Come in, Cillin."

Chapter 110: There Is A Kind Of Person

Cillin put on the isolation gown the medical staff handed to him and walked into the ICU.

It was only after entering the room that Cillin realised that Enji only had a pair of hands now. The other two were gone. Enji was already thin in the first place, and now he felt even more like a skeleton hanging on to the thread of life and death.

The medical staff had told Cillin earlier that Enji's injuries were too serious, and his genotype was not up to par. Even if they prolonged his life as much as possible with the machines, he would not last more than two days. The biggest factor, however, was because Enji possessed no will to live.

Cillin walked beside Enji and sat down, leaning closer to hear closely to Enji's words. Enji could hardly even breathe now, and every word he formed took him a lot of energy. However, even though Enji's words were slow and soft, his pronunciation was very clear.

"Bring... me... the... journal..."

"I'll get it right away!"

Cillin got up and ran out quickly. Naturally, he knew exactly which journal Enji was referring to. It didn't take him long before he presented Chamonidine's journal to Enji.

“The… last… page…”

Cillin flipped to the last page of the journal. There were a lot of blank pages in between, but there were words on the last page. It was a poem.

Enji looked towards a direction. There was a cabinet outside the room, and it was filled with some of the items the patients took with them when they were sent into the ICU. Among them was Cillin’s small toolbox.

Cillin took the toolbox into the room. The medical staff tried to sterilise the toolbox, but Enji waved his hands and said, “It’s fine!”

When Cillin raised the toolbox to Enji, he raised his hands and grabbed it tightly. Caressing the toolbox gently, he opened it and swiped his finger once on a small square inside the toolbox. Once it was unlocked, Enji took out a key from inside the small space. It was the key to Enji’s workshop. There were very few people who did not use digital code door locks on this ship.

Enji passed the key to Cillin and placed it on his palm. He could not feel at ease if the things inside his workshop were left to anyone else but Cillin. Enji thought that Cillin was the only one who understood how precious the things inside his workshop were.

Since he had taken off the life support apparatus on his head, Enji’s breathing had become extremely difficult. Cillin wanted to

put it back onto his head, but was turned down by Enji, “If I wear this… I won’t be able to hear them.”

Enji caught his breath and pointed at the journal, saying, “I remember that you are from Sector X. Do you know the Sector language of Sector X?”

Cillin nodded.

Enji’s eyes smiled, “It’s been a long time since I heard Sector X’s language. Please read me the poem at the back of the journal with Sector X’s Sector language, will you?”

When Enji said this, his tone was almost flat. Cillin felt that Enji was using the last of his energy to speak. But somehow, his eyes were bright as if he had seen the distant stars.

Chamonidine was originally someone from Sector X just like Cillin, and his former dream was to become a free poet. Later on, Chamonidine’s home was affected by war, and it was then he encountered the Third B Squadron’s commander Nata. He was then introduced in the Third B Squadron by Nata and became a member of the Third Squad. But even after he had become a part of the Third B Squadron, Chamonidine still often wrote poems, and every journal and diary he owned more or less had a couple of poems in them.

Back then, Enji and a few people in the Third Squad had often listened to Chamonidine reading his poems with standard Sector X’s Sector language.

However, those people had all perished in that incident back then. The only reason Enji was saved from that catastrophe was because he was transferred to the Sixth Squad prior to it. But if Enji had a choice, he would rather turn into cosmic dust like them.

By an Octopus human's standards, Enji was only at a third of the average lifespan. However, he was already satisfied with his life.

Cillin sat beside Enji's sickbed and turned to the last page of the journal. Then, he began to read slowly.

"Hail to thee, blithe Spirit!

Bird thou never wert,

That from Heaven, or near it,

Pourest thy full heart

In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher

From the earth thou springest

Like a cloud of fire;

The blue deep thou wingest,

And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning

Of the sunken sun,

O'er which clouds are bright'ning,

Thou dost float and run;

Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even

Melts around thy flight;

Like a star of Heaven,

In the broad day-light

Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight,

Keen as are the arrows

Of that silver sphere,

Whose intense lamp narrows

In the white dawn clear

Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

…”

He spoke with the perfect dialect of Sector X’s Sector language. The medical staff did not understand it, since they were not from Sector X. They only needed to know GAL language for space travel, and they used to think that any other languages that were not native or GAL were difficult and awkward. But when they listened to Cillin’s voice now, they had a feeling that was like a gentle breeze sweeping across a sandy land, rolling up dust and carrying it straight towards the blue horizon.

The light in Enji’s eyes was very gentle. It’s as if he had met an old friend after many years.

Enji's genotype rank wasn't high. An octopus human's average genotype rank was rank C, but Enji's genotype rank was only at rank D. It might be because he was exposed to too much radiation. Moreover, Enji was pitifully thin as compared to the average healthy octopus human. Perhaps the happiest days of Enji's life were when Chamonidine had led him across the galaxy.

I see. It has been almost fifty years already…

"…

As, when night is bare,

From one lonely cloud

The moon rains out her beams, and Heaven is overflow'd…"

When he was finished reading, Cillin closed the journal, stared at Enji, who had closed his eyes with a smile on his lips, and bowed.

"Godspeed."

The heart rate monitor indicated that his heartbeat had already stopped.

Ba Dao was standing outside Enji's sickroom when Cillin came out. There was no telling how long he had been there.

Ba Dao felt like he did not understand Cillin. Ever since Cillin

came to this floor, whether he was seeing Beaver, Eudy and the others inside the ICU, Dias who had escaped critical condition but lost an arm, or Enji who had just passed away, the man was frighteningly calm. Just what exactly what he thinking on the inside?

Ba Dao did not think that Cillin was a heartless man. But in comparison to Cary or Xiao Shang, Cillin was so calm that it made his blood ran cold. His face was indecipherable, but somehow his eyes caused Ba Dao to feel an impulse to shrink away. Ba Dao remembered something his seniors told him: There is a kind of person who looks no different from normal when their emotions had reached a level of extremity. They had told him to avoid provoking someone like him, or he wouldn't even know what killed him.

"Cillin..." Ba Dao wanted to say something, but he couldn't form a word after speaking Cillin's name.

"How is Eudy and Beaver doing?" Cillin asked. His voice was so calm that not a trace of emotion could be heard.

"The medical staff said that they're improving. They only need to endure the next two days, but they're completely on their own. The staff can't do anything to help since the medicine may cause some adverse side effects. Unless it is absolutely essential, no one dares to medicate carelessly."

Cillin nodded and walked over to Eudy's and Beaver's ICU for a look. Dough was stuck on the screen, and it looked like it hadn't eaten for several days.

After having a look around, Cillin walked outside.

Chapter 111: Ransom

Shawton sat in the meeting room with his palm pressed to his head and his eyebrows locked firmly with each other. He looked incredibly tired. The only one out of the six lieutenant commanders, Lalo, who was relatively well and safe sat beside him. Dias and Lu Suo were severely injured, and Asiya had been guarding by Dias' side all this time. With Akayi and Wa Qing captured by the enemy, Lalo was the only one left in the group.

Both Shawton and Lalo had been keeping quiet ever since they entered the meeting room. They weren't sure what to say. Should they say something like, put their hopes onto the A Squadron?

Shawton wiped his face with his hand. He hadn't slept for a second in the past few days.

In the end, the Sixth Squad's numbers were just too few. The former Sixth B Squadron commander was an extremely capable person, but he was also very much a loner. In reality, despite their weak numbers, the reason the Sixth B Squadron did not completely fall behind the other nine Vanguard B Squadrons was thanks to the former Sixth Squad's commander, Seru. Seru was so individually gifted and all rounded that many tasks within the Sixth B Squadron were carried out by him personally. Since no one could work as efficiently as Seru, and Seru was a person who strove for efficiency excessively, it became a habit for many people within the Sixth B Squadron to rely on him.

When Seru was transferred to the A Squadron, and Shawton succeeded him as the commander, the Sixth B Squadron's flaws

were finally exposed little by little. Thankfully, they still had Dias, and Dias always had a great eye for people. During this period, Shawton quickly filled up the gaping hole Seru left within the squad after his promotion. Right up to the moment Cillin's batch of new talents arrived, Shawton was full of confidence for both the present and future. However, recent events had caused Shawton to become hesitant. If a 'Poison Fang' was all it took to force them into such a disastrous state, then Shawton seriously did not know what he could do to fix the situation. Right now, he did not even have someone who could come up with ideas and share the burden with him.

The meeting room's doorbell rang, and Shawton brought up a holographic screen. When he saw Cillin standing outside the door, he paused for a moment and let out a long sigh. Then he pressed a button and opened the door.

Shawton pointed at a chair and said, "Sit down."

Cillin pulled a chair over and did as he say. After looking at lieutenant commander Lalo and the weary looking Shawton, he asked, "Can you tell me exactly what happened?"

Shawton removed his hand from his forehead and brought up a display screen, moving it in front of Cillin, "This is the footage of that time." After that, Shawton fell silent and said no longer.

Cillin watched the footage from the appearance of the warships, to the clash between the two sides' starships and fighters, and finally the exploring team's emergency return under the fighters' cover. The most obvious takeaway from the video was Poison

Fang's suicidal ramming. The crashed fighters were like fireworks that blossomed suddenly in the night sky, and it was both a helpless and tragic situation. Cillin could feel what the others were feeling at the time. No one would have had a good time going up against a bunch of lunatics. Their usual tactics and techniques were just plain ineffective against them.

The Poison Fang members were experienced, skilled, and bat shit insane. The footage itself was enough to make one disbelieve their own eyes. No wonder the military and Hunter regiments were reluctant to go up against Poison Fang. While Poison Fang could afford to go crazy, they could not.

To avoid repeating Heaven's Birth mistake, the Sixth Squad's fighters kept a good distance from each other so that it'd at least be easier to maneuver out of the way in case something unexpected like Heaven's Birth tight formation being bombed to hell by Poison Fang's seismic bombs happened. However, it appeared that Poison Fang was not planning to do something like that at all this time, and their men simply attacked at random and rammed suicidally into other fighters. It was an incredibly stifling attack.

Later, the lucky ones made it back to the starship, and the unlucky ones were forever left on the planet. There was also a group of people who was intercepted and captured by Poison Fang.

Dias, Eudy and a few others were the lucky ones, but even they had to pay a heavy price for their luck.

Shawton and Lalo had been observing Cillin's expression ever since he began watching the footage. But to their surprise, Cillin's

expression didn't change much from beginning to the end. There wasn't even any killing intent at all...

When Shawton had sent the footage to Barthes, they could feel Songba Leruo's and Barthes' killing intent even through their recorded reply. However, the young man before him was so calm it was scary.

After watching the footage, Cillin turned his head and asked Shawton, "Why have they taken them prisoner?"

Those who were familiar with Poison Fang knew that the organization basically never took 'prisoners', and even if they did, it was purely for the purpose of torturing and executing them. But what was strange was that they hadn't received any news that their people were tortured and executed up till now.

Shawton tapped the table with his finger habitually and pondered for a moment, seemingly considering how best to speak of this matter.

"Poison Fang was going to torture and execute them, but they learned about the energy ores and demanded a ransom. As for how this is going to play out, we are still waiting for their reply."

They were Vanguard, one of the famed four great Hunter regiments of the universe. Setting military and politics aside, any other Hunter regiments would have shown them some respect at least. Since when was a squadron of the four great Hunter regiments ever forced into such a terrible state, much less extorted

by their tormentors? Shawton felt deeply ashamed at himself for failing his sacrificed squadmates, Dias and others who were still on the sickbed, and the entire Vanguard itself.

Cillin understood his meaning. The fact that Poison Fang had learned about the energy ores did not necessarily mean that there was a traitor in their squadron. There were a lot of ways to induce someone who had never received any special training to reveal all sorts of secrets, let alone the fact that they were carried out by a bunch of well equipped lunatics. They would only have crueler methods that could induce the prisoners to reveal all they knew without realising it one bit.

“Where have they gone to?”

“We don’t know.” Shawton shook his head. After the disjointed battle, there were simply too many things to process, and the hostages were under Poison Fang’s control as well. Since Poison Fang forbad the Sixth Squad from following them, Shawton did not send out anyone to do such a thing. He knew that the second Poison Fang discovered that they were following them, there was no telling how many out of the thirty or so lives would remain.

“What is your plan, commander?” Cillin asked again.

“Barthes had been notified of the matter, and the A Squadron happened to have some reinforcements heading to the green planet to be stationed there. He told us to standby for now, and once the reinforcements had arrived he would send over some men to aid us.”

Everyone in the four great Hunter regiments would know that the difference between an A Squadron and a B Squadron was like the difference between heaven and earth. The B Squadrons were where the squad members were tested, and only a selected few would be able to enter an A Squadron. No B Squadron would want to call the A Squadrons for help, since it sent out a message that meant that their B Squadron was incompetent. They would look like a child who needed their parents' help when they ran into a problem they could not solve. But for the Sixth B Squadron's sake, Shawton still decided to inform Barthes about their situation. It did not stop Shawton from feeling pained and stifled however, even with Barthes' consolation that Poison Fang was a special organization that no ordinary B Squadron could handle. The moment he saw the wreckages floating outside the starship, and the squad members still on the sick beds, Shawton could not help but feel a deep sense of exhaustion.

"Please inform me if you've received any information about the extortion, commander."

Cillin stood up and got ready to leave. Suddenly, the emergency communicator beside Shawton rang, "Commander, an unmanned transport is headed towards our direction! We've also received an unknown signal!"

Chapter 112: I'll Go

When he heard the news, Shawton immediately brought up a monitor and had his men communicate the exact situation to him.

The holo screen stayed suspended above the meeting room table as it displayed a small transport with the symbol of a bloody skull on it. At the same time, the transport transmitted a signal that appeared to be a recorded footage after they accepted the transmission.

The holo screen displayed a savage-looking person with blood colored patterns painted on his face. These patterns made up the exact symbol of Poison Fang, and that was a bloody skull. Moreover, this person did not look like the average human since he had a huge mouth and a pair of fangs each protruding from the upper and bottom half of his mouth. He looked incredibly ferocious.

"Dear sirs and mesdames of the Vanguard's Sixth B Squadron, I, the Skull King Carranio, leader of Poison Fang, hereby greet you all a good day on behalf of my poisonous underlings." the Skull King Carranio smiled smugly at this point and stretched his fangs outwards as if he would swallow his prey.

In Sector V's Sector language, 'Carranio' meant 'skull', so one could guess exactly where Poison Fang's skull symbol came from. However, neither Shawton nor Cillin had ever heard of this name. Perhaps the name Skull King would be more notable.

The screen switched to display the thirty or so prisoners captured by Poison Fang. Among them were the two Sixth Squad lieutenant commanders, Akayi and Wa Qing. Although they were trapped inside transparent chambers and had lost their consciousness, they could see that they were still breathing. The sight relieved Shawton from his worries quite a bit.

"I heard that your squad has recently lucked upon some small fortune? As you know, Poison Fang aren't doing too well with the military on our tails and our energy running low these days. So for the sake of my underlings' welfare, I'll not beat around the bush with you any longer. These thirty seven lives – oh wait, thirty six, since I accidentally killed one yesterday. Oops." Carranio spread out his hands innocently, "There are several containers on this transport, and all you need to do is to fill them up completely. With the Vanguard's reputation, We trust you that will not use fake energy ores to try and fool us, will you? Ka ka ka ka..."

Carranio's strange laughter had a shivering quality to it.

"There is also a contract inside the transport. For fairness' sake, you can send a person to guard the energy ores and sign the contract along the way. Of course, personally, I would very much like to meet commander Shawton himself, ka ka ka ka."

The footage ended here.

Both Shawton and Lalo fell into silence after watching the footage. Surprisingly, it was Cillin who spoke up with the same cool and indecipherable tone, "I'll go."

“No!”

“No!”

Shawton and Lalo voiced their objections at the same time. In Shawton’s case, he thought that Cillin might not survive this journey. Cillin was a rare talent after all, and Shawton was unwilling to use him this way. In Lalo’s case, he simply didn’t trust Cillin. Adding these sentiments to Cillin’s age, neither men were willing to let a twenty years old kid bear such a task on his shoulders.

“I’m not proposing to you, I’m informing you what I’m going to do.” Cillin said, “You can’t go, commander. If you go, then the Sixth B Squadron is dead. Lieutenant commander Lalo can’t go either. We’ve already lost four lieutenant commanders worth of combat strength, if we are to lose another one, then the Sixth Squad’s morale will drop to the rock bottom. As for the others outside this room and are combat capable, who do you think can keep cool head?”

Shawton and Lalo were silent.

After a while, Shawton stood up, “Let’s go see the transport first before making a decision.”

The fact that Poison Fang could send a specialised transport to their doorsteps so quickly spoke a lot of problems. Among them one point was certain, and that was Poison Fang should not be far

away from them. They should be able to obtain some answers from the transport.

When the trio arrived at the end of the passage, the technician was processing the data.

“How is it?” Shawton asked.

“The transport was probably set up to follow a fixed navigation path. It has about every kind of scanners installed, and there are monitoring devices at every corner. Plus, most of the system’s programming was fixed, and any alterations would result in self-destruction. The power of the explosion is enough to destroy our whole ship. The transport was even fixed with a countdown timer, and judging from the displayed time, it took fifty two hours in total to reach us from its origin point. Right now, there’s only sixty hours left on the clock.”

Even as he listened to the technician’s report, Shawton had to admit that these lunatics were ridiculously intelligent. But just the same, it was a damn pain in the ass to have such intelligence grow inside a lunatic’s head!

These lunatics had given them almost no time to prepare at all. In fact, Shawton even suspected the authenticity of the time displayed on the time board, but it did not matter. What mattered was that they had less than eight hours left before the time of departure!

With just eight hours left on the clock, the A Squadron’s units

would not arrive in time to aid them. Without any reinforcements, the only people they could rely upon was themselves.

As he stared at the contract with a blood colored skull symbol on it, Shawton sucked in many deep breaths and did his best to cool down his head. He had not been commander for long, and he had never run into such an incident for as long as he could remember. Such a thing never happened even when Seru was still commander! Just what the hell should he do?

While Shawton was thinking, there was a beep from his communicator. After reading the text message, Shawton frowned and requested the technician to continue with their analysis. Then he turned a corner at the passage entrance and saw Cillin standing right there waiting for him.

Cillin did not go close to the transport. He did not want the monitoring devices on the transport to capture him.

“Go and prepare the energy ores. Give me five hours. Five hours later, I will present you with a complete action plan.” Cillin said.

Shawton was going to reply something, but Cillin waved him off, “Commander, there’s not much time left.” After that, Cillin turned around and left the place.

When Cillin left the passage and returned to the B Squadron’s starship, he took out the key Enji gave him and entered Enji’s workshop. The gray cat also went inside before closing the door behind them.

No one knew what Cillin had done inside. Shawton was still staring at the data analysed by the technicians, and neither LC Asiya or LC Lalo could give him any useful suggestions.

LC = Lieutenant Commander

Dias was still asleep, Lu Suo was still in the ICU, and Eudy and the others were still in critical condition. Xiao Shang, Ba Dao and Cary stood guard outside the sick rooms, and at this moment, they did not know that a transport had entered the main ship's port, did not know that Shawton was killing himself over the contract, and did not know that the energy ores they mined were being moved up the transport.

Five hours later, Cillin walked out of Enji's workshop and sent Shawton a message. He spoke with Shawton in the meeting room for a whole hour, and the content of the meeting was not known even to Lalo. Lalo only knew that at the seventh hour after the transport's arrival, Cillin had gone up the transport.

Coincidentally, Dias had awakened the moment the transport left. Both Eudy and Beaver had also overcome their critical conditions.

When Cary went to Cillin excitedly to notify him of the news, he discovered that Cillin was already gone.

Chapter 113: I Am Cillin

Dias lay on the sickbed with many tubes and instruments attached to his body. However, his spirit had recovered quite a bit, and after he awakened Asiya had left his side. Right now, Tang Qiuqiu and Cary were the only ones accompanying him.

Tang Qiuqiu pursed her lips and said nothing for a long time. Dias had finally awakened, and both Eudy and Beaver were also out of danger. But Cillin was gone, and what's even more depressing was that both Cary and Dias refused to tell her where he went to. Tang Qiuqiu might be young, but it didn't mean that she was ignorant.

Dias sighed once and said, "Qiuqiu, Cillin is just out on a mission. He'll return in a few days, so don't worry, okay?"

Tang Qiuqiu continued to keep her head low, "You told me before that a person will look you in the eye if they're telling the truth. But Cary and the others didn't look at me when they talk to me."

At a side, Cary turned his head away to keep Dias and Tang Qiuqiu from seeing the emotions brimming in his eyes. He was in deep regret. While they were busy guarding the patients and drowning themselves in sadness and anger, Cillin had wordlessly picked up that heavy burden.

Still lowering her head, Tang Qiuqiu picked at her fingers and asked in a soft tone, "He won't be coming back, will he?"

“Cillin is super strong, you know? He took a shot from you and walk away perfectly fine afterwards. Of course he’ll come back.” Dias said with as much certainty as he could muster.

Tang Qiuqiu did not show her face, but her tears dripped one by one on her fingers.

“Come here, Qiuqiu.” Dias raised his remaining arm and wiped the tears off her face, “Be a good girl, and go take a nap. It’ll be okay. Everyone will be here when you wake up.”

He was just finished when Tang Qiuqiu lay still beside Dias’ sickbed. Dias had a mini syringe in his hand. He had taken the opportunity to inject her with anesthetic at her neck while he was wiping her tears.

“Cary, take her to bed, please.”

“Lieutenant, Cillin, he…”

“It’ll be fine. Cillin is much stronger than you all think.”

At the same time, inside the transport, Cillin sat on the only chair of the cockpit and had his eyes closed. He appeared to be asleep.

He did not need to navigate or perform any tasks on the transport himself. Everything had been preset. There was a map coordinate

inside the system, but the technician failed to obtain it safely due to the time constraint. Therefore, the Sixth Squad could neither learn where the transport was headed to, nor follow it rashly.

Sector Z was an unexplored zone. Other than the outermost area, there were no long distance cell sites anywhere else in Sector Z, so signal propagation and connection was inconvenient. But this was not necessarily a bad thing for Poison Fang.

Cillin knew that every one of his movements were captured and transmitted to Poison Fang through the security monitors. This was so that Poison Fang could understand better the messenger that's headed their way. Poison Fang did not fear death, but they were not idiots either. They knew what the sayings 'know yourself and know your enemy' and 'to capsize in a drain' meant.

When an hour remained on the timeboard, Cillin saw through the display window a reddish planet. The most obvious feature of the planet was the gigantic skull on its surface that could be seen even from space. The crisscrossing dark and light red patterns that delineated the contours of the picture showed that Poison Fang had sunk quite the effort into developing this planet.

Besides that, the planet's location was rather obscure. Either it was never discovered by outsiders, or those who did discover it were all dead.

Perhaps this was Poison Fang's true base of operations. To them, Sector V was none other than a hunting ground and a place to absorb recruits. It was no wonder that they showed no restraint whatsoever in Sector V; they cared nothing for any of the planets

in Sector V in the first place. As long as this planet in Sector Z remained hidden, then their safety was guaranteed.

It was at the same time Cillin realised that Poison Fang never planned to return the thirty or so prisoners alive at all, and this included Cillin himself inside the transport. Poison Fang did not believe in promises; they believed only in dead bodies. But this was something Cillin had guessed earlier, and it was most likely that Shawton and the others knew about this as well. But Shawton would still have sent the ores as demanded, if there was even a thousandth possibility that they might be returned alive.

Three spaceplanes and more than a dozen or so fighters flew towards his direction. There was probably someone among them who could control the transport ship, because Cillin discovered that its speed had slowed down accordingly.

When a spaceplane had docked with the transport, a few people came through the connected bridge. The leader of the group was a brawny, two meters tall man with his hair braided into a queue. When the man saw Cillin, he chuckled, “To think that the Vanguard Sixth B Squadron would send a reckless brat to be their messenger. Is everyone on the ship dead or something?”

He obviously knew that both sides had exchanged fire not long ago, and that the Sixth Squad had suffered grave losses. There was only one reason he would choose this occasion to say such a thing on purpose, and that was to sound out Cillin’s reactions and guess his personality from them. Cillin was sure that someone on the planet was watching him this very moment.

Cillin stood up and raised his hands to show that he brought no weapons with him. Of course, the transport ship itself had scanners in the first place, so they should've known about this a long time ago.

Someone came from behind Big Q and nodded. By that he meant that they had taken all that needed to be taken, and that no abnormalities were detected on the ship.

Cillin handed over the contract in his hands, but Big Q had thrown it to the floor the second he took it. He even stepped on the contract twice. Cillin frowned and stared at Big Q.

Big Q and the several people around him laughed arrogantly. Then, he raised his hand and pressed a gun barrel to Cillin's head.

"Alright, kid, your mission's over. Better say your last words now before it's too late for regrets."

Big Q loved to watch the personages of famous Hunter regiments, military or great business families begging for his mercy. Their pitiful appearances and despairing looks were always a feast to enjoy.

But Big Q did not expect Cillin to continue frowning and staring at him before speaking in a calm tone, "I thought you would ask me why the Vanguard Sixth B Squadron would send me over."

"Mm? Interesting." Big Q chuckled and tapped Cillin's head with

his gun. Then he pressed it against Cllin's face and said, "Why, pray tell, have they sent you over then?"

"I am Cillin."

"I don't give a damn if you're called Cillin or chillin..." Big Q was about to give Cillin a big welcome with his gun when the communicator in his hand suddenly rang.

When he saw the message displayed on the communicator, Big Q narrowed his eyes and removed the gun barrel from Cillin's face. Then he spoke to the people beside him and said, "Take this brat away. King wants to see him."

Cillin was led onto a spaceplane. The energy ores that were on the transport had all been taken away, and after the spaceplane had flown a distance away, Big Q pressed a button in his hands.

Rumble——

The transport ship exploded into floating scraps in space. If there were any signal devices or people who were hidden on the ship and had not been discovered by Poison Fang, they would all be cosmic dust now.

Chapter 114: Welcome To My Kingdom

If Poison Fang could pry out the info about the energy ores from the prisoners, then they must know how the Sixth B Squadron had discovered the energy ores as well. That meant that they must know about Cillin and the gray cat. If the energy ores could attract the Skull King Carranio's attention, then Cillin's worth would surely fall under Carranio's purview as well.

When the spaceplane had landed on the planet, Big Q and a few other Poison Fang members surrounded Cillin at the center to prevent him from playing any dirty tricks he might have.

Cillin looked around him. Looking at its conditions, it would seem that this planet's planetary habitability was at Rank B as well. It was pretty difficult to find a Rank B planet in Sector Z, but judging from the surrounding buildings, it was obvious that Poison Fang had occupied this planet for quite some time already.

Cillin didn't get off the spaceplane for long before he was told to pass through a door frame-like device before exiting the port. He had seen this device in all sorts of places in other Sectors. It was a device that detected subspace containers.

After the device was activated, the center of the device became blurry and distorted. Cillin stepped into that area. The device beeped continuously during the inspection process, and at the same time, the display monitor at a side indicated that there was a spatial abnormality at a certain body part.

After Cillin had passed through the device, Big Q walked towards him yet again. This time he did not use his gun however, and instead lifted a smile that did not reach the eyes and said, “Don’t do anything dumb. Give it to me.”

Cillin took off a bracelet from his wrist expressionlessly and threw it to Big Q. Big Q pressed a switch on the bracelet and dumped everything inside the bracelet on the floor.

As he stared at the scattered rations and water bottles, Big Q clicked his tongue and crushed the food rations to bits, grinding them twice against the ground. However, he kicked the water bottles to the people beside him. The water could be used if they passed through the inspection.

Big Q pushed Cillin and said, “One more time!”

Cillin followed orders cooperatively. The second inspection went through without any problems.

“Let’s go.” Big Q beckoned the men at the side and they led Cillin to where Carranio was.

Meanwhile, a small, metallic lump that looked almost identical to its surroundings moved away slowly from the bottom of the spaceplane without anybody noticing. It soundlessly sneaked out of its cover and attached itself to the bottom of another spaceplane that was about to take flight. When the spaceplane had taken off, the small lump released some half transparent balls about the size of sesames that were incredibly difficult to distinguish without a

closer look.

No one at the port noticed the small balls that were rolling along the dust and soil. They continued to talk and laugh loudly about a certain slaughter.

Cillin was led to a building over twenty meters tall. It could not be considered grand, but it was definitely unconventional to say the least. The building was painted in a blood-like red color, and the pillars were hung with some large emblems of Poison Fang. Outside the hall, there were three people who were stripped and nailed against the pillars. They hadn't drawn their last breath, but they were just inches away from death. There was no doubt that this was torture.

The clothes of these three bloody people were placed beside them. They were the uniforms of the Sixth B Squadron. One of them belonged to a combat personnel, while the other two belonged to the technicians. Cillin remembered everyone he met before, and he recognised these three people as LC Akayi and LC Wa Qing's subordinates.

Big Q and some of the surrounding Poison Fang members let out pleased chuckles at the sight. Cillin picked up some broken rock shards from the ground and flung them at the trio before Big Q and the others could react.

Better dead than to live in such agony.

Big Q and the surrounding men raised their guns at once at Cillin.

However, Cillin turned his head and spoke to Big Q as if he hadn't realised what he just did and said, "Lead the way."

Big Q narrowed his eyes, wrinkled his nose and let out a low, animalistic roar. But he quickly calmed down and said, "Don't get cocky, brat. When the time comes, I'll skin you alive and nail you to the pillar! I'll cut your flesh out bit by bit and feed it to my adorable pets!"

Up to this point, Cillin had put on a calm act and did not pretend to be weak or frightened. After all, to do so would be no different from burying his head in sand. Poison Fang might be lunatics, but they were not idiots. They knew that there was no way the Sixth B Squadron would send a weak and cowardly thrash to negotiate with them. To pretend so would only result in the opposite effect and draw even greater suspicion onto himself.

Although Cillin had only seen Carranio once through the video footage, he had a feeling that he was a person who desired to dig out your secrets the harder you tried to hide them. This coincided with Cillin's own wishes. This way, he could better ensure that things developed the way he planned it to be.

"Welcome to my kingdom!"

Carranio the Skull King sat above the main hall, looking down on Cillin as he walked towards him. When he spoke, his fangs stretched outwards and gave him an even more savage appearance than before.

Cillin looked at Carranio seated at a high spot and said, “I am honored to be able to see the legendary Skull King with my own eyes, and I believe that you have checked as to who I am. So, should we cut straight to the chase?”

Carranio smiled and pointed at a chair not far away from Cillin, “There’s no rush. Come, take a seat first.”

There was a huge spider beneath Carranio’s hand, and when Carranio put his hand on its back, it was less than one fifth of its size. There was also an unknown animal lying at Carranio’s feet with many pairs of legs and covered in a layer of dense scales. Its tail was curled upside down, and two pairs of eyes – one big and one small – stared at him with an ominous glint behind them. This was probably an original species of the planet.

The moment Cillin sat down, he said, “I can tell you more about those energy ores. But I wish to see my companions first and confirm that they’re alive.”

Carranio looked to be in a good mood as he turned his head and spoke to the Poison Fang members beside him.

Cillin frowned at them. They were not speaking with the GAL language.

Cillin had frowned god knows how many times ever since he arrived here, and Poison Fang was very happy to see this reaction. Carranio and his men had conversed using Sector V’s language.

After he was finished instructing, Carranio looked towards Cillin once more and said, “I heard that you have a talking cat who can search for the energy ores.”

Ever since he learned about the gray cat from the prisoners, Carranio had been planning to attack the Sixth B Squadron a second time and capture the cat. However, that plan was still in the planning phase, so Carranio had to admit that it was exciting news when he learned that Cillin was the Sixth Squad’s messenger. From what he gathered, the ore seeking and talking gray cat belonged to Cillin. If he trapped Cillin here, then it would be a lot easier to obtain that cat.

Cillin nodded, “Yes, I do. But I have not brought it with me for this trip.”

While speaking, a Poison Fang member carried a man inside and threw him directly on the floor. The person had both his hands and legs cuffed and his mouth sealed. He looked to be still regaining his breath, and his eyes were a little out of focus. But when he finally recovered and saw Cillin’s figure clearly, he struggled in attempt to climb up to his feet. The person beside him kicked him down on the floor once more.

When Cillin saw him, he immediately stood up from his chair and swiftly knelt beside him, saying, “LC Wa Qing, are you okay?”

While caressing the big spider’s back, Carranio smiled and stretched his fangs outwards when he saw Cillin letting out an obvious sigh of relief after inspecting Wa Qing’s condition.

“King, what have you called me here for?!”

It was at this moment a young man stepped into the hall.

Chapter 115: Explanation

The newcomer was an average human with long bangs, and he appeared to be around twenty-six or twenty-seven years old. He did not have any tattoos, but he had a lot of mini mods on his person. Cillin knew that the mods were deadly even without knowing what their functions were.

Although the young man also addressed Carranio as king, his tone was more casual, and not as fearful and reserved as Big Q's. However, it would seem that everyone in Poison Fang was used to his tone and behavior, and even Carranio himself did not express any displeasure as he chuckled at the young man.

"Come, Emmus, quickly. Let me show you something good." Carranio smiled until his fangs were sticking outwards. Beckoning, he pointed at a chair and motioned for Emmus to sit down.

The chair Carranio pointed him at was closer to the throne than Cillin's, but Emmus did not head over immediately and instead looked Cillin up and down first before slowly making his way to the chair. Sitting down casually and crossing his legs, he stared interestedly at Cillin and the crowd.

Footsteps rang from outside the hall, and before his underlings could announce their arrival, Carranio had already invited them in loudly, "Come in!"

A dozen or so people came in right after his invitation. The three leaders of the entering group were probably around the same

status as Big Q's, and they sat at the side just like Big Q after saluting the Skull King.

Judging from their looks, it would appear that they were not pure humans. Well, that was to be expected. A chaotic place like Sector V had all kinds of races, and without a stable enough social system and population distribution, multiracial individuals were not an unusual sight.

The Poison Fang members who followed behind the three leaders were carrying a few boxes of energy ores with them. They placed the boxes at the center of the hall before retreating to the back and standing still. Unlike the rest of the people in this place, small fries like them had no courage to take a seat without the King's permission.

"Eh?" Emmus' eyes lit up as he swept a glance at the boxes that were still closed. The mods on his person were already reacting to what's inside.

"Haha, it looks like Emmus is already getting impatient!" Big Q laughed.

Carranio moved his finger and motioned for the people at the back to open them. The glow of the red-and-black, green, white and translucent ores immediately captured everyone's eyes, and Emmus had even darted right off the chair and walked circles around the energy ores. His eyes burned with so much passion that it was as if he had met his lover.

“This is some good stuff!” Emmus touched an energy ore and sighed.

Big Q and the others were unable to hold back as well as they got up and caressed the energy ores. They looked like they couldn’t wait to hug them all in their arms.

On the ground, Wa Qing stared wide-eyed and disbelieving at Cillin before turning to look at the energy ore inside the box. He closed his eyes and shook his head repeatedly. Wa Qing understood that the Sixth Squad planned to use these ores to exchange their lives, but he knew better. Poison Fang never planned to release them in the first place, and not even the messenger who delivered the ores, Cillin, would leave this place alive. There was no such thing as ‘trust’ in Poison Fang’s dictionary. The only things they worshipped were domination and slaughter.

“King, these energy ores are different from the ones we usually use!” A person beside Big Q looked and touched the ores all over while exclaiming in great excitement.

“Of course they are!” Carranio laughed twice loudly before inclining his head towards Cillin, “Now, let us have the discoverer of these ores, Sixth B Squadron’s Cillin, explain these energy ores so that everyone can understand them better.”

Wa Qing abruptly opened his eyes and stared straight at Cillin. The aggressiveness in his eyes stated that he would go down with him if he dared say a word.

Cillin gave Wa Qing a smile and said, “Don’t worry, LC Wa Qing. It’ll be fine.”

Like hell I can not worry. Like hell it’ll be fine!

Words could not describe the anxiety in Wa Qing’s heart. They should not have revealed anything about the energy ores even if all thirty or so of their lives were completely sacrificed in the process, much less bringing them over. Wa Qing himself was wrought with both remorse and shame. Now, this kid was even going to explain to them exactly how the energy ores worked?! Seriously?!

Wa Qing consoled himself by thinking that Cillin was probably employing some sort of tactic to fool Poison Fang. What he revealed to them would probably all fake.

But Cillin disappointed him. He almost couldn’t catch his breath and blacked out upon listening the very first piece of content. This bastard is actually telling the truth! How foolishly young and inexperienced was he! Just why did the commander send someone like him over to negotiate?!

Wa Qing made a lot of muffled noises on the ground, but since his mouth was sealed and Cillin did not tear off the tape on his mouth, all he could do was wriggle and groan. In contrast, Cillin was giving the performance of his life as he explained brilliantly and excitedly to the Poison Fang members with spittle flying all over the place. Not even at the Sixth Squad had he seen the kid talk this much before.

While Big Q was stretching his neck and listening closely to Cillin's explanation, he felt that his thighs were a little itchy and gave it a careless scratch. Then he continued to listen to Cillin's explanation.

At the same time, the big spider beneath Carranio's hand noticed that there were many half translucent little balls rolling towards it. These little balls gave it a very bad feeling, but at the same time they also seemed very tasty. It was a paradoxical feeling. While the spider was still hesitating, the little balls had already rolled to its body and became stuck to its hair.

Meanwhile, the little balls had also rolled into the local creature's mouth snoring beneath Carranio's feet. Some of the balls were sucked into its mouth while it was breathing.

Carranio was listening quite enthusiastically to Cillin's explanation and imagining in his head just how powerful his weapons would be if they were powered by these energy ores. To his surprise, the big spider beneath his palm suddenly moved intensely and escaped from his grasp before running off somewhere. If this was any other time, Carranio would have sent someone to look for it. But right now he simply wasn't in the mood with nearly all of his attention caught by the things that Cillin were describing. He was distracted because these energy ores were capable of satisfying his ambition.

The information Cillin revealed were easy to understand, and Carranio had learned some of these information from the captives already. However, the minute details that Cillin described had made Carranio even happier, such as the red-and-black ores

capable of inducing certain life forms to evolve hardened scales on the skin. Every time Cillin introduced a new type of energy ore, he would give out some examples on how to apply them. Although Carranio had thought up some of these applications himself, Cillin's explanation was more vivid and attractive just like a monochrome painting given color. Plus, Carranio was sure that what Cillin had told them was true.

It was also why Wa Qing's face grew more and more ashen while Big Q and the others grew more and more excited.

Meanwhile, Emmus continued to caress the energy ores as he listened to Cillin. His long bangs hid his eyes and kept them from being seen.

Chapter 116: The One Who Shot From The Back

After Cillin was finished speaking, Emmus then investigated some formulas and parameters with him. They even debated over a formula within a parameter.

Big Q and the others were not ignorant to examples, but when it came to stuff like formulas and parameters, they became staunch illiterates. Emmus' and Cillin's conversation didn't last for long before someone beside Big Q started to complain, "Emmus, you're just asking for a beating, aren't you? Just cut the nonsense and keep things simple and understandable!"

Emmus neither got angry nor bothered to address the complainant as he turned his head back around and continued his discussion with Cillin. The Skull King continued to smile on top of his throne and did not stop Emmus. Even if Carranio himself did not understand the discussed content, but it was fine as long as Emmus understood, wasn't it?

Emmus was an excellent weapon modder, and his skills were among the absolute best within Poison Fang's technical team. During the time Emmus arrived at Poison Fang, he had created quite the amount of great weapons for them. This was also why Poison Fang was able to run amok at Sector V for a time without fear of the GAL army, the Hunter regiments and the great GAL families. Therefore, the longer Emmus' discussion was and the deeper his understanding of the energy ores became, then the more unlikely that the weapons he modified would disappoint Carranio.

“Ahem, er, Skull King, do you have water here?” Cillin paused the discussion and looked at the Skull King. His eyes seemed to say: I’ve been talking for more than an hour, and yet you’re so stingy that you will begrudge me of a cup of water?

Perhaps it was because they were too excited about the energy ores, but when Big Q and the others heard that Cillin wished to drink some water, they too felt a little thirsty and dry.

Carranio clapped his hands and personally informed his men to prepare Cillin a fruit tea. The fruit used to make the tea was an local plant on the planet. Cillin watched the blood red liquid inside the cup and gave it a sniff. There was the fragrance of a herbaceous plant,

“This tea is pretty good.” Cillin said after taking a sip.

“Well, you can always drink it if you want to.” Carranio seemed to be hinting at something.

Cillin smiled, “I will return once I complete this mission.”

By that he meant to turn him down gracefully.

On the floor, Wa Qing sighed in his heart. What a thoughtless answer; he’s still young I suppose. Cillin should not have answered like this, for it was no different from cutting off one’s last chance of survival. No matter how you looked at it, he should have chosen

a more tactful answer at least.

After he drank the fruit tea, Cillin then continued the discussion with Emmus. Emmus seemed completely absorbed by the energy ores and did not drink even a drop at all.

Seeing that Cillin and Emmus had begun their ‘high level’ discussion once more, Big Q and the others were back to scratching their heads in confusion. Big Q wasn’t sure if it was just his imagination, but he felt a little suffocated. He blamed the disconcerting feeling on Cillin and Emmus’ discussion. Personally, Big Q thought that it was enough knowing how to fire a gun and pilot a fighter. Just what was the point of learning so many ‘high level’ problems? Big Q looked down on Emmus on the inside. A person like Emmus only knew how to hide in the backlines and toy with his weapons. In the end, he was still trash on a battlefield, wasn’t he?

After the discussion, Emmus took out his dedicated daggers. These daggers were not high energy density cutting tools, but a kind of special alloy blended and forged under a certain ratio. It could be used to cut energy blocks within a localised area, and was every technician’s favorite tool. This was because a tool like this would not overly wear down the energy inside an energy block.

It would seem that Emmus truly was a professional talent.

First, Emmus cut a small piece off the red-and-black energy ore. Then, he freed out some fingers to press at a mod covering his other arm to pop up a semicircular item with a small notch in it. Emmus put the cut energy piece into the small notch, closed it and

put the semicircular item at the empty space at the center of the hall. Finally, he pressed a button on top of the semicircular item, and a red-and-black energy shield instantly covered the semicircular item inside.

Cililn's eyebrows lifted. It certainly was an intricate item belonging in the hands of a professional. No wonder Shawton had commented that Poison Fang's equipment were pretty good. It would be stranger if they did not have good equipment with such talent, not to mention that there should be more than one such person in Poison Fang.

Big Q and the others self-consciously retreated as Emmus operated the mod on his arm. A launcher appeared, and a white beam struck the semicircular item. However, that item was not damaged in the least.

On top of his throne, Carranio's eyes lit up. Even Big Q and the others could not help but take a step forwards.

Emmus pressed yet another button on his arm and took out four more launchers. There were now five launchers in total, and every launcher was firing three shots in rapid fire. A total of fifteen beams struck the semicircular item, but it was still perfectly intact.

"Wonderful!" Carranio could not stop himself. The energy shields created by these energy ores were just too good!

Big Q and the others went forwards for a closer look, "King, this thing is just too awesome! With this, we have no need to be afraid

of those damn soldiers any longer! We'll fuck them all over the next time we run into them!"

"That's right. When the time comes, we shall show them exactly how powerful Poison Fang truly is!" Carranio collected himself and looked at Emmus, "Test the remaining ores! Show me their efficacy!"

Emmus nodded and walked beside the green energy ore while holding his dagger. He was just about to cut it when they suddenly heard Cillin muttering, "How... how can this be?"

Everyone turned to look at Cillin, and Carranio's pupils shrank. Right now blood was flowing non-stop from Cillin nostrils, and no matter how he tried to wipe it away, it just wouldn't stop. His hands were already covered in blood, and there were a few droplets that hit the floor already.

Carranio did not plan to execute Cillin this quickly at all. At the very least Cillin was of great use to him now, so who the fuck poisoned him before he gave the order?!

"Someone! Heal him this instant!" Carranio roared.

Cillin seemed to be completely frozen in fear as he pushed away those people who were came forward to examine him. Then he started coughing harder and harder to the point where after covering his mouth and coughing for a few times, he uncovered them to find that they were completely drenched in blood. He wasn't just bleeding from his nose but also coughing blood out of

his mouth!

Cillin stumbled for a couple of steps and sat down weakly beside the boxes that were filled with the energy ores. He was still coughing when he took his seat.

Big Q and the others appeared to be struck dumb by the situation. The guy who looked like he was going to set the world to rights and arouse a new era of knowledge moments ago, had suddenly turned into a serious patient who looked like he would pass through death's door at any moment. Just what was going on?

"What the hell are you waiting for?!" Carranio walked down from his throne and roared.

The examiners quickly walked beside Cillin and began preliminary inspections, "King, he's poisoned! But he should've been poisoned for two hours at best. We'll need to look into this further to know exactly how bad his condition is."

"Then do it!" Carranio's entire body was brimming with killing intent as he swept a glance over the people inside the hall. Two hours... Cillin was already brought here about two hours ago, but it was possible that he had already been poisoned before he arrived. Just who had poisoned him?

"King, the captive!" Big Q yelled in surprise.

Carranio looked over and saw that Wa Qing was beginning to

spasm on the ground. Blood flowed out of his nostrils, and he looked like he was trying to cough, but since his mouth was sealed, the excess blood sprayed out of his nostrils instead.

"What... what the hell is going on?"

"Hey, I feel... I feel like I can't catch my breath!"

"Me too!"

While Big Q and the others were speaking, Warning bells suddenly rang in Carranio's head as he exerted force into his legs, caused a pair of deep depression on the ground and jumped backwards. But he was still a little too slow. He had been shot at the arms, thighs and the back.

Big Q and the others were not so lucky. Both their heads and chests were shot. It was a fatal blow.

Someone was shooting at them from their backs!

Who was it?!

There should not be any other outsiders in this place except Cillin and the captive on the floor. There should not be any outsiders; there should not be anyone at all, unless...

That's right. There was one person who could fire so many shots

without a word and hit their targets at the same time!

“Emmus! You… traitor!”

Chapter 117: Who Are You

Big Q and the others never thought that Emmus would shoot them from the back. They had always thought that someone like Emmus was most suited for the backlines, where he would be tinkering with technology, making weapons and exploiting resources for their sake. To put it bluntly, they never thought that Emmus would have the courage to shoot them from the back, and thus this contempt resulted in a technician who had never left the bosom of his formulas, parameters and calculations; a man who was no taller, no stronger, and no more imposing than them delivering them the ultimate fatal blow!

But where did he get the courage from?! Did he not know what betraying the Skull King meant?!

There weren't many people inside the hall since Carranio did not like having too many guards around him. However, he did like raising pets, and sometimes he would punish a person by feeding them to his pets. Carranio loved to watch the scene where his pets tore and consumed a person, and the reactions of the surrounding Poison Fang members towards the bloody scene as well. Be it fear or excitement, it was something that Carranio was glad to see.

Normally, his pets would be the first to charge out in response to any abnormalities. After all, pets were often more loyal than humans. But something was wrong today. It was only now that Carranio noticed that he was careless. Although his pets would not normally reveal themselves, they were all hiding at a certain corner in this hall. But where were they now? Not a single one of them could be seen except the native beast sleeping beside his feet. Wait, that's not right. How could it possibly sleep through such a

big commotion?

Perhaps things were already awry from the moment his spider had escaped from his palm. But at the time, Carranio was engrossed in Cillin's presentation, and his mind were filled with future plans to realise his ambition. Ultimately, he had been too careless!

As Poison Fang's leader, Carranio was a man with true abilities. Moreover, he trusted no one, and even when faced with the demise of an underling who had worked under him for tens of years, he would at best lament the loss of a helping hand. He would not grieve, and he would definitely not commemorate the dead in any way.

The first thing Carranio thought after Emmus' betrayal wasn't why, but of dodging out of his attack range as if he had planned it all along. Carranio was a person who would find out about his underlings' behaviors and be on guard against them, and he was always on guard against the people around him no matter what the occasion. Therefore, even when he relinquished the high ground and stepped down from his throne, he did not enter anyone's optimal attack range. This was also one of the reasons why he was able to prevent his vital spots from being shot at.

While Carranio was retreating in haste, he activated the shields and backed away to a spot closer to the throne. A metallic wall rose to cut off the throne area from the hall at the bottom.

Emmus knew that he no longer had a second chance to kill Carranio after failing for the first time. With Carranio's level of

caution, he must have prepared a multitude of escape routes for himself. Right now, Carranio had probably retreated outside the hall and summoned his men to attack it. This was also why Emmus did not bother going after him. Instead, he pressed a few buttons on his arm mod before the people outside could charge in and tossed out a semicircular beam shield. A ray of light shot out of the semicircular beam shield and swiftly enveloped the few of them inside.

He did not content himself with such a measly amount of defense. Three more semicircular balls flew out in succession as the man skilfully cut a few small pieces out of the red-and-black energy ores and installed them into the balls, reinforcing the shield twice, thrice, four times in total. The series of movements were performed in an extremely short amount of time, and when the people outside noticed that something was wrong and attempted to charge in, four whole layers of shield had already been risen.

The red-and-black energy shields had completely enveloped the entire hall. For a short time, the people outside would not have a way to break through them.

At this time, Carranio was probably summoning his men and preparing to follow up on the matter. Carranio had no mercy for traitors. Of course, Carranio had no mercy for anyone either.

“Alright. From the looks of it, there should not be any problems for half an hour, but after that, I can’t say. Carranio must be mobilising the heavy weaponries right now, and he’s not someone who would hesitate to raze this place to the ground to kill us.” Emmus leaned against the boxes with the energy ores and said.

They were the only three people left inside the energy shield, and Emmus had no intentions of leaving his back to either Wa Qing or Cillin.

Cillin, who looked like he was about to depart from the world just now stood up and wiped away the blood beneath his nose leisurely. The blood was no longer flowing out of his nose, and he looked healthier than a fit person. The same thing was happening to Wa Qing on the floor as his breathing gradually stabilised. Wa Qing stared at both Cillin and the Poison Fang traitor in confusion: What's going on?

Cillin pulled out a gun and fired thrice at Wa Qing. All three bullets landed at the same spot and shattered his handcuffs with a resounding ring.

The recovered Wa Qing moved his weakened hands about and accepted the gun that Cillin had tossed to him. Then, he broke the legcuffs too and tore away the tape on his mouth, grimacing in pain during the process. Poison Fang probably never thought of tearing his tape at all, so the tape they used was so sticky it might as well had been a second skin.

Emmus' eyelid twitched when he saw Cillin pulling out the guns. He could not see where he was taking out the guns at all, and it was most depressing when Cillin pulled out yet another gun for himself after tossing one to Wa Qing, and he still failed to notice where the weapon had come from. Although Cillin's side was blocking the view, he must have made some kind of movement when taking out the guns, right? In reality thouh, Emmus could not see any such extra movements at all. The man raised his hand casually, and the

gun was already there.

Emmus was completely puzzled. Logically speaking, Cillin must have been inspected multiple times before he was escorted to this place, and yet somehow he still managed to carry so many guns on his person after the inspection! Therefore, the threat represented by Cillin just rose a level higher in his heart.

Cillin looked once at Emmus indifferently, but he did not raise his gun. Instead, he asked, “The reason?”

Cillin himself did not expect something like this to happen within Poison Fang, and it was only during midway that he had changed his plan. While discussing formulas and parameters with Emmus, Emmus had introduced a code that only a certain number of professional technicians would understand. After he decrypted the code, Cillin discovered Emmus’ plan to betray the Skull King and hence tweaked his latter plans just a little. This was also why he was leaning against the boxes with the energy ores. The boxes could block beam shots, and Cillin did not fully trust Emmus. He had no intention of being shot at by ‘accident’ whatsoever.

Emmus shrugged his shoulders and said, “I want to live, and I want some time to explain myself.”

In order to save himself from being toyed to death by Cillin just like Big Q and the others, Emmus had detached himself from Poison Fang just in time and expressed his sincerity along the way by killing Big Q and the others before Cillin could.

Even before the fruit tea was served, Emmus had already found out that this man, who was even younger than him was beginning to exact his vengeance. If he hadn't installed a special mod on his person, he would have completely failed to notice the things that entered his body without any signs at all during that time.

No wonder Cillin had spoken so animatedly just now. It wasn't that he was too naive; he was simply acting to draw everyone's attention to him. Even if someone was to suspect that he was intentionally drawing their attention for some nefarious plan, it was undeniable that Cilllin's explanation of the energy ores was incredibly attractive and evocative. It was no wonder that Carranio himself had grown careless.

"Who are you?" Cillin asked.

Emmus smiled, "If I tell you the truth, will you extract the things inside my body?"

"Sure."

He understood that Cillin was telling the truth after looking him over once seriously. Then, Emmus made a hand gesture that every Hunter was most familiar with.

When he saw this hand gesture, Wa Qing, who had just gotten back on his feet immediately felt cold sweat pouring down his back.

Chapter 118: Concerted Attack From Within And Without

“You don’t seem to be surprised. Have you expected this earlier?”

Emmus looked at Cillin in surprise. Cillin appeared as indifferent as ever as compared to Wa Qing.

“It was one of my guesses. I’ve never underestimated the army.” Cillin said.

When Cillin was still a Shadow Hunter, a rather famous Hunter on Planet Brown Earth who was detained by the local military and sent to jail once said: never underestimate the army, for they might have planted their spies long before you realised it.

Cillin did not know if this line was meant for his Hunter comrades hidden amidst the crowd, or simply his own monologue. Regardless, Cillin accidentally heard this while he was passing through and had since etched it into his mind.

The army was formidable not only because of the Four Heavenly Edict Generals. It only appeared that way on the surface.

Cillin tossed a pill at Emmus, “Here. Pesticide.”

Emmus looked at the pill in his hand and asked, “You have a subspace container with you, don’t you?”

“What do you think?” Cillin answered the question with a question.

Emmus said nothing. He thought yes, but his scanners did not pick up any abnormalities at all.

“Keep hesitating. Those things will soon enter a period of exponential growth in another minute and thirty seconds.”

Emmus’ face twitched. Everything was within the kid’s calculations. After staring at the pill for another two seconds, he raised his head and swallowed the pill resolutely.

“I’m not telling you to die. Stop looking like you’re going to die a martyr.”

“I must thank you for your mercy then!” Emmus said through gritted teeth. He hadn’t drunk the fruit tea because he was sure that they were mixed with something as well. He wondered how Carranio was feeling right now.

Wa Qing listened to their conversation vacantly, “What… what’s entering a period of exponential growth again?”

“Worms.”

Wa Qing: “…” Didn’t that mean that he was infected as well?

“You’re fine. I’ve already injected the meds into your body.” Cillin added knowing what Wa Qing was thinking about.

It was only then Wa Qing recalled the moment when Cillin had walked towards his side quickly when he was first brought into the hall. At the time, Cillin wasn’t just inspecting his condition but injecting him with meds. No wonder he felt as if his back was stung by something back then. But how on earth did Cillin manage to pull it off?

After a pause, Wa Qing said again, “Cillin, Akayi and everyone…”

“They should be on a spaceplane headed for the Sixth B Squadron right now.”

The connection he shared with the gray cat informed Cillin that everything was progressing smoothly. He had planned to act separately from the gray cat in the first place. While the cat would act stupidly sometimes, it should not have any problems assessing time as a cyborg as long as everything was planned out properly beforehand. Plus, it wasn’t difficult for the gray cat to track down people. By sticking itself onto a spaceplane, it could conduct deep scans and biosign verification to the building complexes beneath it from high altitude. All it took was a spin around the area to know exactly where the hostages were imprisoned at, and even if it failed, it could still analyse and determine the best approximate location. This was without accounting its super sensitive nose.

“How’s the Sixth Squad doing?” Wa Qing had been anxious the

entire time; he could still remember clearly how the battle went that day.

"You'll know once you get back."

Wa Qing did not ask further seeing that Cillin wasn't willing to tell more. Cillin was too extraordinary, and to be entirely honest with himself, Wa Qing was a bit afraid of this kid who hadn't even hit the twenty years old mark yet.

Emmus looked at the timer on his hand and asked Cillin, "What do we do next? Do we just wait for the things you 'planted' to work?"

Cillin shook his head, "That will be letting them off easy. I've specially prepared them another gift."

"What is it?" Both Emmus and Wa Qing asked at the same time.

"Bird of Paradise."

They did not know what Cillin meant by 'Bird of Paradise', but when they saw his eyes, they both felt a chill travelling down their spines. It wasn't because that Cillin had revealed some sort of dark emotion, or because he was overflowing with killing intent; in fact, Cillin still wore the usual indifferent and inexplicable expression with eyes that were as calm as the stars of the deep universe, but utterly indecipherable. That was why it was even scarier.

Somewhere in a building outside the hall, Carranio injected himself with a kind of suppressant. He did not know how much longer it could suppress the things inside his body, but as long as it worked, it was acceptable.

There were plenty of surrounding Poison Fang members who were beginning to display symptoms of discomfort. Moreover, the discomfort only worsened over time, and it was only after a medical inspection that they discovered that a huge number of tiny parasites had appeared out of nowhere inside their bodies and were feeding on their internal organs!

The few mad enthusiasts within Poison Fang were already beginning to research it, but surely no good news could be expected within a short time. Therefore, Poison Fang could only inject themselves with suppressants for the moment and wait. Their virus resistance was good, but they had nothing on parasites at all. They once spread viruses on Sector V, but they had never researched parasites and thus could not endure a parasitic attack.

Carranio's feelings were really, really terrible at the moment. Right now, he finally understood that Cillin had been planning to delay from the beginning. That was why he purposely acted like he was in a hurry unconsciously at times. The brat was sure that Carranio himself would take the opposite standpoint and conduct the latter business in a leisurely manner, and so he delayed whenever possible, such as when he sent his men to to bring Wa Qing or the energy ores over. Not only that, the brat might not necessarily be ignorant to Sector V's language!

The more Carranio thought, the angrier he became. His let out

bursts of low, animalistic growls from his throat.

It was fake, it was all fake! Everything about that brat was faked from the start!

“King, the prisoners are gone! The guards have all fallen unconscious!” someone reported.

“King, a spaceplane had flown away from the planet. The guards tried to focus their firepower and shoot it down, but they received some sort of unknown interferences and were unable to aim properly. It has now escaped beyond the planet. Should we pursue them?” another person reported.

“King, six fighters had exploded for some unfathomable reason…”

Carranio let out a bellow of rage as he listened to the streams of reports from the communicator.

The fact that the guards had only fallen unconscious and were not dead meant that whoever did this took measures to preserve their lives, even though they obviously had the opportunity to kill them outright. Just like that Cillin kid, this person was keeping them alive because they wanted to torment them!

The GPS system must’ve been tampered by Emmus, which was why they could not lock down the enemy from long range right now. If they wanted to attack the hall, they could only physically

carry the weapons over now. As for the weapon system aboard the spaceplanes and fighters...Now that he thought about it, all these things were more or less related in some way to Emmus. Emmus was probably in cahoots with Vanguard, or there was no way they could've coordinated so well with each other.

The fact that the prisoners were saved meant that Cillin must have a second companion. But they had checked and confirmed that he was the only one who arrived on the planet. So that meant that there was still another traitor in their midst! Carranio's mind went wild the second the doubt began. He began to doubt everyone around him. It was a shame that the prisoners had escaped, but the most important thing right now was to sort out the internal strife.

At the same time, the gray cat continued to emit the soundless high energy sound waves to affect the spaceplanes and the fighters in air after the spaceplane Akayi and the other prisoners were safely away. Then, while holding mini grenades in its mouth it began playing a game called 'BANG!' and blew things up wherever it went, causing every Poison Fang members to worry both for the parasites inside their body and the mysterious explosions that came without warning.

The scanners could not detect the gray cat. When the gray cat rescued Akayi and the other prisoners, it also found some grenades and some good stuff that would entertain it for some time. These little tricks were the only thing it could pull off to entertain itself in order to keep itself from being exposed too quickly.

After counting the time once, the gray cat hid itself in a safe place and spat out an oval-shaped ball about the size of a quail egg. The

shell of the oval-shaped ball slowly melted after it came into contact with air, slowly revealing the contents inside it. There were many small worms about a centimeter long each. They did not wriggle on the ground and instead moved swiftly by bending their bodies and bouncing forwards.

While watching the worms running far, far away, the gray cat stuck up its butt and stretched.

Mm, it’s time to go look for Cillin.

Chapter 119: Bird Of Paradise

Inside the great hall, Emmus watched the live images being projected on his palm. As expected, not only did Carranio chose not to directly launch a long distance attack against them, he did not even mobilise the spaceplanes and fighters to attack the great hall's energy shields. This was thanks to Cillin's parasites disrupting the combat power of the personnel in this area and buying them more time.

"Carranio is probably sending his men to acquire the energy absorption weapons from the arms warehouse right now. If the energy absorption weapons are mobilised, then we won't be able to hold out for long no matter how many energy ores we have." Emmus tapped out a control panel from his arm and operated it, "I've disrupted part of the long range weapons and the spaceplanes' weapons, but that is all I can do. We have about twenty minutes left on the clock."

"Where is their arms warehouse?" Cillin asked.

Emmus reduced the map scale on the projector and pointed at a location, "Here, at the scarlet desert area."

"Scarlet desert area?"

"Mm. It's called scarlet desert because the sand is all red. In fact, the majority of this planet is made up of scarlet deserts with extreme radiation. Even a rank B genotype would not be able to live over 40 years old in such an environment. This was why I

refrained from going outdoors, and if I had to, I'd spray a layer of insulative paint on my body beforehand. This was also why they looked down on me," Emmus shrugged, "No matter how strong your genotype is, there's no reason to take an unnecessary risk. The crazies in Poison Fang may not treasure their lives, but I do, and I fear quite a lot for my life actually. I've been spying on Poison Fang for a very long time. If you guys could take out Poison Fang, then I'd be able to go home as well. What awaits me after this will be a shiny future where I would be promoted to a ranked officer, and maybe even a general before I'm forty years old. For the past twenty years or so I haven't been able to enjoy life at my leisure, so I have no intentions of being sentenced to death at such a young age."

Cillin thought for a moment before saying to Emmus and Wa Qing, "I'm heading out. Reduce the area covered by the energy shields later and stay inside. If Carranio fails to mobilise the energy absorption weapons to this place, then stay here until the energy ores inside that device is finished." Cillin pointed at the four semicircular objects. The energy ores powering it should be able to hold out for another twenty hours or so, and by then everything should be more or less over. There would be no need to switch to a new power source.

"You're going out alone?" Wa Qing frowned. He might be a little weak right now, but he could still fight.

"It will do. You'll only die if the two of you head outside."

Cillin's words might be a little ugly, direct and hurtful, but neither Emmus nor Wa Qing raised an objection because they

recalled the ‘Bird of Paradise’ Cillin had mentioned earlier. They did not know what it was, but it was probably a lot deadlier than those parasites.

“Aren’t you afraid that I’d harm LC Wa Qing?” Emmus smiled.

“It’s fine. I left you a ‘Bird of Paradise’ too.”

“Oh dear, please don’t. I swear I won’t harm LC Wa Qing in any way, so please?” Emmus raised both his hands to show his determination.

“If everything goes well, you can go straight back to the army. This will be a collaboration.”

“Deal!”

Emmus recalibrated the energy shields and allowed Cillin to go outside. The moment he calibrated the outermost energy shield and opened it, the guards observing outside the energy shields from the dark immediately focused their firepower onto the unprotected Cillin. However, Cillin was faster, and he swiftly vanished into the hall after a few quick dodges. The beam shots struck the outermost shield and caused tiny ripples to appear on it, but the other three energy shields on the inside were perfectly untouched.

When Cillin had vanished, Emmus propped his chin and asked Wa Qing, “Cillin must be pretty influential in Vanguard’s Sixth B

Squadron, isn't he?"

Wa Qing said nothing. Ever since he learned that Emmus belonged to the army, he had decided not to say anything. The army and the Hunters had always disliked each other, and it was not uncommon for both sides to try screw each other over in secret.

Suddenly, Wa Qing's eyes narrowed as his face slowly turned pale. Sweat poured out of his forehead as if he had just seen something terrifying.

Emmus followed Wa Qing's gaze and immediately felt a chill crawling up his spine all the way to the brain.

Although the energy shields were in the way, the distance was not so far that they could not see what was going on in the hall beyond the four energy shields.

Big Q and the people who were killed by Emmus were still at the same spot where they were killed. They were not taken away for a proper burial or cremation. This was Poison Fang's brand of cruelty, where camaraderie was non-existent. However, both Emmus and Wa Qing found the tiny worms slowly boring their way out of the men's bodies were far crueler and disgusting right now.

Emmus felt his stomach churn at the sight of the rice-sized worms boring out Big Q and the others' bodies. It was unthinkable what would've happened if he hadn't eaten Cillin's 'pesticide'. In

fact, now that he thought about it, if he hadn't killed Big Q and the others earlier they would probably still be alive when the infestation happened. It was a kind of destruction to both the body and the mind.

The Poison Fang guards on the outside obviously saw the scene as well. They had all been injected with suppressants, but it was not the antidote after all. If the suppressant lost its effect before the antidote could be researched, then they would become just the same as Big Q and the others.

It was at this moment indescribable panic truly began to invade their hearts.

Poison Fang, was thrown into disorder.

Although Emmus, Wa Qing and the guards outside had lost Cillin's trail, Cillin had not in fact left the hall yet. Instead, he entered the elevated area that was cut off by thick metallic walls (T/N: Uh... I guess it was either unlocked after Carranio left, or Cillin can walk through walls); the place where Carranio escaped had from and where his throne was.

The native beast continued to lay beside the throne as if it had fallen asleep, but in reality it had completely lost consciousness. Its resistance was obviously stronger than Big Q's, and it hadn't drawn its last breath so there were no worm boring out of its body just yet. Then, suddenly, the native beast began to tremble all over as the first, second, and third parasite began to bore out of its body...

Seeing that it was almost ready, Cillin overturned his hand and took out many oval-shaped balls the size of quail eggs from his leaf ring. They were identical to the ones the gray cat had spat out of its mouth.

Many centimeter long little worms were revealed after the oval-shaped balls' outer shell had dissolved into the air. These were the 'Birds of Paradise' Cillin had mentioned earlier.

Although Cillin had named them 'Birds of Paradise', they were nothing like birds at all. In reality, they were a kind of half parasite that Cillin had modified and created from the parasite found inside the big fish's body deep within the rivers of the green planet. He also added a few cosmos parasite genes into them so that they would better fit his purposes. He had taken the name 'Bird of Paradise' from the title of a poem written in one of Enji's diaries.

Cillin left after he had released the little fellows.

The 'Birds of Paradise' seemed to smell food and instantly zipped towards the native beast beside them. The 'Birds of Paradise' that had just exited their shells immediately tore the worms boring out of the native beast's body to shreds and consumed them. To these 'Birds of Paradise', these worms were no different from an extraordinarily rich feast, and they grew bigger and bigger as they cut open the beast's stomach and ate. In less than five minutes, they had grown ten times their original size, and ten minutes later they had started to lay eggs. The native beast's corpse was completely devastated beyond recognition at this point.

Chapter 120: Eve Of Hunt

Two Poison Fang members were holding guns and leaning against a fighter, conversing.

Another two fighters descended, and the person who came out joined in on their conversation.

“You found that bastard who’s tossing bombs everywhere yet?”

“Nah. I got yelled at by the boss several times already.”

“I heard that Cuo Fu and the others got fucked up?”

Cuo Fu was Big Q’s name.

“Yeah, he was ambushed by that traitorous son of a bitch Emmus.”

“…”

While the group of people were conversing, one of them suddenly turned around and looked behind himself.

“What’s wrong?” The person beside him asked.

“I had a feeling that we’re being watched.”

“Ceh, you’re just frightened by today’s events.”

“Maybe… Ah!”

That person let out a miserable shriek, “Something… something just entered my body!” Then waves of griping pain washed through him as a couple more screams followed.

The trio beside him noticed a tiny, bloody hole behind his back and were just about to say something about it, when they themselves felt a sharp pain at their back, abdomen and other body areas and saw the same bloody holes.

People came to them after they heard the noises. Then, the screams multiplied and showed no signs of stopping as the foreign entities bore into their elbows, thighs, shoulders, necks; any body part that was exposed on the outside.

Among these people, there were some who were already greatly frightened by the terrible scene of Big Q’s death earlier. Now that something similar had happened, the person thought that the worms were about to bore out of his body and was so scared that he’d nearly fallen into despair. He wasn’t afraid of death, but he didn’t wish to end up like Big Q and the others. Therefore, he raised his gun and pointed it at his own head.

Bang!

Blood splattered all over the floor.

There was another person who lifted his knife and stabbed into any parts of his body that had bloody holes in them, mutilating himself greatly. But even then, hel wasn't able to find the thing that had burrowed into his body.

Some people pulled the trigger and strafed the surroundings amidst intense pain. They did not know where this so-called 'enemy' was, but they did it because the sound of gunshots made them feel more at ease. As for whether they would hit friendlies, they were too occupied to care about that while blinded by pain. The blind sweep killed many of their own, especially in places where people were congregated.

Panic filled the air, as chaos began to spread.

As he watched the scene unfold from a dark corner of a building, Cillin lifted the corner of his lips a little and said, "You done?"

A gray shadow flashed, and the gray cat jumped onto his shoulders, "Hehe, of course. Who do you think I am?"

After Cillin had learned the address of the weapons warehouse, he then notified the gray cat to intercept, throw down a bunch of grenades and swallow the energy absorption weapons whole.

"Wheeze, why do I feel like you've gotten heavier?" Cillin looked at the gray cat licking its paws.

“Did I? I have no idea. I suppose I ate quite a lot of stuff just now. Besides the energy absorption weapons you mentioned, I ate about three quarters of the stuff inside that arms warehouse.”

The corner of Cillin’s eyes twitched. Did it have a black hole in its stomach?

“How is the scarlet desert area?” Cillin asked.

“The little worms are showing their worth. The guards at the arms warehouse are so busy screaming about being eaten alive that they had no time to care about the weapons at all. So? I did a good job, didn’t I?”

“So-so.”

“How can you call this so-so?” The gray cat swiped its paws at Cillin’s face, “I spread the parasite eggs further than you did, and I rescued the prisoners perfectly as well!”

“Yes, yes, oh-mighty cat, you’ve worked hard and done well. Did you leave a message on Akayi’s spaceplane?”

“...” The gray cat’s paw abruptly stopped in mid-air before it withdrew it and curled itself into a ball, refusing to answer.

The answer’s no then.

The situation was like this. At the time, since Akayi and the others were unconscious and the gray cat could not wake them, it held them in its mouth and carried them up the spaceplane one after another. Then, after copying the modified navigation program obtained from the transport Cillin arrived on into the spaceplane's autopilot program, the gray cat then watched the spaceplane depart while disrupting the surrounding spaceplanes and fighters at the same time to prevent the enemies from locking onto the hostages. That being said, there weren't many spaceplanes or fighters that attacked the hostages in the first place. This was because the spaceplane had already flown sky high by the time Poison Fang realised that it wasn't one of them who was piloting the ship. When a number of fighters finally reacted to chase them, Akayi and the others had already flown out of the planet already. It's not like Carranio issued the order to continue pursuing them either.

The hostages were unconscious when they were brought to the spaceplane, and they had no idea where the spaceplane was set to head to. If they woke up later and made a mess of the controls then... they would probably get lost.

Previously, Cillin had told the gray cat to leave them a message so they wouldn't touch anything carelessly after they woke up. The gray cat had forgotten about it, however.

"Alright. In that case, we can only pray that Akayi and the others do not wake up too soon." Cillin pulled the gray cat's exposed sharp ears and said, "Let's sleep here for a while. The hunt will begin in five hours."

The reason Cillin chose this place was because that it was safe for the moment. Even if there was danger, they would notice it in time.

Right now Poison Fang was in chaos, and their attention was shifted to the 'Birds of Paradise'. Bloodcurdling screams could be heard everywhere, causing those who were aboard spaceplanes and fighters already to stay on air and afraid to return to the ground. From the look of things, the situation on the ground was a lot more severe than on air, not to mention that they would only be landing themselves into a predicament if they landed before the antidote was researched.

While clad a protective suit, Carranio led a group of men and entered Poison Fang's research base. There were plenty of people who were working inside. He walked into a laboratory and saw a finger-sized worm through the containment screen.

"That's the thing that's been causing all this commotion?" Carranio pointed at the worm inside the containment box and said.

"Yes." A researcher who was also clad a protective suit answered with a mad glint in his eyes, "We've never seen this worm's DNA before, not even among species that are similar to it. Their genetic makeup is somewhat special..."

Earlier today, the researchers here were only dressed in standard lab attire. But when the worms bore into two researchers while they were researching them, thus turning the researchers into

their colleague's test subjects, every researcher within the research base had begun putting on heavy protective suits. Since they had mostly hung around the research base, most of them were not infected by the parasites. The latter 'Bird of Paradise' breakout had not reached them yet either.

As he listened to the strings of incomprehensible professional terminologies, Carranio raised his hands and grabbed the neck of a researcher who was talking incessantly to himself, "We are not here to listen to your ramblings!"

Carranio finally let go of the researcher and set him down after his eyes rolled upwards and his neck was about to snap, "How goes the antidote?"

"Cough cough... cough cough cough..." After the researcher had recovered, he answered, "It will take around five more hours before the initial analysis can be completed."

Carranio let out bouts of low growl. He was obviously very dissatisfied with this answer, "What can we do about these new worms?"

"N... nothing for now. They move so very quickly..."

"Enough!"

Carranio interrupted him and ordered the men behind him, "If they make no progress in the next five hours, then kill them all!"

“Yes, King!”

The researchers were scared. Carranio was serious this time. Originally, they were planning to obtain a few more infected people as test subjects, but now they had to no choice but to give up their initial plans and work faster.

There were a lot of things that could happen in just five hours.

Five hours later, the ‘Birds of Paradise’ had reached a frightening number and hit Cillin’s estimated exponential phase.

When Cillin opened his eyes, they were completely cold. He flicked the ears of the gray cat sleeping soundly in his lap.

“Wheeze, it is time to hunt.”

Chapter 121: Cross Field

Cillin hadn't been on this planet for even ten hours yet, but it was in those ten hours that the entire planet's situation had changed.

Right now, the Poison Fang members who were usually unwilling to wear combat suits or hazmat suits had all wrapped themselves within extra thick protective suits that were made in haste.

It was undeniable that Poison Fang had a lot of talents. Under Carranio's threats, the researchers at Poison Fang's research base had upgraded the suppressant so that it would better suppress the mini parasites' growth in their bodies. While the antidote wasn't developed just yet, the fire on their eyebrows had been extinguished. Moreover, the combat suit could now better protect them from the 'Birds of Paradise's' attacks. However, they were still in a tense situation since the tiniest hole in their suits would immediately turn them into the 'Birds of Paradise's' targets.

It was impossible to keep oneself wrapped in a protective suit for the whole day, however. They could not avoid eating, drinking, shitting or pissing, which was why Poison Fang had set up special isolation units that allowed an entrant's entry only after they had been scanned multiple times and confirmed clean of those dangerous worms.

A few hours had passed, and the amount of the 'Birds of Paradise' had reached a frightening number. Although Poison Fang had not made a precise calculation, the rough estimation still made them feel infinitely panicked. They had tried a series of countermeasures

such as burning, freezing, chemical warfare and more, but none of them were effective. These worms were just too quick and resilient, and the researchers at the research base even suspected that they were very intelligent. If this was true, then the war between man and worm would probably be very disadvantageous for the man. These worms were just too good at seizing the opportune moment.

Right now, Carranio hated both Cillin and Emmus to death. He dared say that all this disaster were brought forth by either Emmus or Cillin, and no matter who it was, Carranio was going to make them regret the day they were born!

When Carranio learned that the weapons inside the arms warehouse had disappeared without a trace, his already black feelings immediately boiled up like a storm as he murdered the reporting men to vent his anger.

Dissent was beginning to happen within Poison Fang's ranks, and there were some people who wanted to mutiny just like Emmus. However, they were all put down mercilessly by Carranio, painting the red planet even redder than before.

When Carranio learned that Cillin was not at the hall, he sent out the order to kill Cillin and promised that whoever succeeded would become the next Skull King!

When the words spread out, everyone in Poison Fang grew extremely excited. It quelled much of the panic brought by worms as Poison Fang set out to look for Cillin.

Inside a warehouse, three Poison Fang members were holding their guns and chatting to each other. They had just finished their patrol and finally got the chance to sit down and rest.

“Those hopping worms are about to drive me insane!”

“This protective suit is so goddamn awkward to wear. I suddenly feel like a fat pig who’s surpassed an entire tonnage.” another person complained.

“I’m personally fine with this outfit. It can’t be worse than being eaten alive by those hopping worms.”

While they were speaking, three cold gleams suddenly shot towards the trio. they did not deal any direct damage, but they were more than enough to alert the trio.

“Who is it?!” a person raised his gun and looked warily at his surroundings.

“Dead… we’re dead…”

“What are you talking about, let’s find that attacker already!”

“N-no, I mean… Our protective suits a-are… torn…”

There were no abnormalities and no killing intent. The three

cold gleams had appeared out of nowhere and cut their protective suits before they could react.

The trio looked at the tiny hole on their shoulders and felt cold sweat dripping down their necks. The ‘Birds of Paradise’ who had been watching them from the dark began to stir restlessly.

The three bloodcurdling screams that tore through the silent warehouse caused everyone nearby to gather towards that direction hastily.

Swish. A shadow flashed by so quick that it was near impossible to capture with one’s eyes. Naturally, it was even more impossible for the Poison Fang members who were much slowed by the thick protective suit to catch it.

A person raised his gun and pointed it towards his surroundings. He looked around and did not find any abnormalities, but all the other members who rushed over suddenly retreated a few steps away from him after they arrived. Everyone was wearing a mask, so he could not see their expressions, but he knew that whatever they’re wearing on their faces could not be good.

“What happ… Ah——”

He hadn’t even finished a sentence before a terrific pain came from his back. He understood what this meant. Despair and fear flooded over him. No wonder everyone else was backing away. I, I refuse to accept this. Why are you guys backing away? Why am I the one who got my suit cut? Why should I become those worms’

sacrifice? If I'm going to hell then I'm dragging you bastards with me!!

Bang bang bang! The person pulled the trigger and fired at the people around him non-stop. Even if the average bullet could not pierce through the reinforced protective suits, the rapid fire of laser beams was enough to riddle them with holes. The excited 'Birds of Paradise' took advantage of the madness and joined the fray. Dusts, curses and blood filled the air. It was like a scene from hell.

Meanwhile, on the other side, the plaza Poison Fang used to execute sinners was surrounded by crosses bound with corpses that had expired for many days. Now, the center of the execution plaza was erected with many special crosses under Carranio's command once more. These crosses were fire resistant, cold resistant and corrosion resistant.

Unlike usual, this time it wasn't the sinners, but the planet's native animals that were tied to the crosses. As if sensing the upcoming danger, the wild beasts struggled and howled with everything they got to break free, causing the metallic chains to clang repeatedly.

While seated on a high spot, Carranio propped his head and looked at the activity happening below him.

There were no mini parasites inside the dead bodies since they could not provide them with good nutrition. The same goes with the hopping worms as well. Therefore, Carranio thought up of a plan that could work as a good way to raise the spirits of his army

at present point, even if it was a little stupid. The incessant waves of panic had caused everyone to become somewhat unstable, so naturally the Skull King had to stand up and play the role of a leader.

After tying ten native beasts to the crosses, the men swiftly retreated to the spectator stands.

Amidst their hopeful gazes, the hopping worms began to converge on the native animals tied to the crosses one after another.

Worms of all kinds of growth stages and sizes had appeared on the execution plaza. Since every Poison Fang member was wearing reinforced protective suits, the ‘Birds of Paradise’ could not bite through the material in a single try. In fact, they might even be caught in return. Therefore, all ‘Birds of Paradise’ with a certain level of intelligence would only attack those men with holes in their protective suits. But with a few hours gone by, it wasn’t so easy to find someone like that. The ‘Birds of Paradise’ were reproducing way too quickly right now, and there were plenty of worms that did not receive sufficient nourishment around. Therefore, the native beasts released by Carranio were without a doubt a most enticing meal.

The native beasts let out torn, anguished wailings. As he watched the worms boring into the native beasts’ bodies one after another, Carranio felt immense satisfaction and admiration for his own foresight. When he first discovered this breeding ground, he had given it many layers of protection. Originally, he was just thinking of using them as meat provisions, but it would seem that these

meat provisions were pretty useful.

When he saw that it was almost time, Carranio pressed a button beside his hand. A transparent cover suddenly appeared from the ground and enveloped the entire cross field.

Chapter 122: Base Desertification

The worms trapped within the transparent cover were beginning to feel fretful, and some that were originally boring into the native beasts' bodies had charged out and slammed into the cover in attempt to break through it. Some Poison Fang members saw very clearly the worms biting right through a body part packed with bones and coming right out. Their gaping maws and shrill cries could be heard even through the transparent cover.

The ripped flesh and broken bones were incredibly striking, and the Poison Fang members who saw them shuddered unconsciously at the sight. No wonder the people who were bitten by the worms had screamed so wretchedly; no wonder some of the victims had killed themselves unhesitatingly the second they were infected. It was better to die than to suffer such terrible pain.

Carranio pressed another button, and a couple of spray tubes appeared inside the cover. Scarlet flame gushed out of the tubes and instantly filled the insides of the transparent cover. Someone moved closer to report what happened at the warehouse to Carranio, but Carranio waved his hand and motioned for the person to wait for a moment. At the same time, he turned on the communicator and said something before reassuming his previous posture, watching the scene below unfold from above.

The transparent cover might have cut off any entry or exit, but in reality there were air vents in all four corners of the cover. These air vents allowed air to pass through, but forbad the worms inside from slipping through it and escape. The Poison Fang members laughed arrogantly as they smelt the burnt smell of the worms and listened to their sharp cries. It was the best laughter they had had

for the last couple of hours, but they did not know that it was going to be the last laughter of their life.

At the same time, Cillin and the gray cat were hiding at a spot close to Poison Fang's research base.

The research base must be destroyed if they were to cut off Poison Fang's hope. Cillin knew what kind of place Poison Fang's research base was; it made him recall the short time he spent at the laboratory beneath the slum. They were both cold, merciless, and filled with twisted and crazy people.

While lying on the ground and covering its ears, the gray cat stared blankly at the research base not far ahead. It only needed to 'listen' to know that the research base's defenses were pretty strong. If they went in rashly, the defense system would definitely blast them to smithereens. It turned its head around and was just about to ask Cillin what to do when it saw Cillin taking out an object about the size and shape of a lunchbox. The gray cat grew furious, "Cillin you glutton, now's not the time to eat your box lunch!"

Cillin: "..."

You're the least qualified in the entire world to say this, you stupid cat! Box lunch? Who in their right mind would squat at such place in such a situation and eat their box lunch?! You're the only gluttonous cat who would thought of such a thing?!

Cillin pinch one of the gray cat's ears and said, "Good cat. Now,

go dig a hole to the bottom and center of the base, put this there and leave quickly. Make sure to hide and shield yourself from any detection. Got it?”

“There’s no need for question marks for such an easy and simple matter.” The gray cat grabbed the small box with its mouth and begin digging into the ground with its forelimbs like a drill.

After predicting the range of the underground scanners, the gray cat bore directly to the depth Cillin had informed it earlier before moving towards the base. Once it confirmed that it was at the right spot, it then put down the small box and swiftly ran back through the way it came.

The gray cat had just gotten out of the hole and was about to boast about its accomplishments when Cillin swept it into his lap and ran madly towards the distance. He did not forget to throw down a couple of ‘quail eggs’ along the way.

Once they’d retreated out of the danger zone, Cillin stopped and put down the gray cat.

“What the meow is with that run-for-your-life thing, man?”

“They just updated their scanners to scan for bio signatures just now. Any bio signatures outside the base would be eliminated by the defense system without mercy. It’s probably that skull boss’ work.” Normally, the bio signature scan would not be activated because there were guards patrolling the base’s surroundings. But the opposite had obviously happened just now.

“They have a good nose, but lucky for us we’d already escaped. I don’t think they noticed us, did they?” the gray cat looked towards the base. The ‘quail eggs’ Cillin had left behind just now and several worms in hiding were all completely vaporised by the base’ defenses.

“They didn’t. It’s good that we ran early. We would’ve been found out if we were a second slower.”

“All’s good then. But what’s that box all about?” The gray cat asked.

“Something I prepared specifically for laboratories like these.”

The gray cat flicked its ears and continued to stare at the research base. It very much wanted to see exactly what was this thing Cillin had ‘specifically prepared’ for the lab.

Five seconds later, every alarm within the entire base rang.

“The bio signature scanners had been shut down!” Cillin put strength into his arms and tossed a couple of ‘quail eggs’ at the lab’s direction. The lab’s scanners detected the box beneath the base the second he remote controlled it to start, but since he had added some interference devices onto the box’s shell earlier, it took a much longer time for the scanner’s system to analyse its danger level. By the time the analysis was finally complete, there weren’t much chances left for the personnel inside to escape.

The gray cat was about to ask Cillin for the reason, when the base's front door became unlocked. A group of people pushed and shoved their way to the front, even as the entire base began to sink behind them.

The incessant screams of unwillingness, despair, sadness, fear and more were only louder than the next. The people who escaped had to face the 'Birds of Paradise' that had just broken out of their shells in front them, while death was still chasing them from behind their backs.

The gray cat that was at first a little dumbfounded, suddenly froze and puffed up. It watched as the base began to turn into sand from the inside to outside...

The pincer attack between the desertification and the 'Birds of Paradise' was without a doubt a destructive one. The people who were wearing protective suits weren't afraid of the 'Birds of Paradise', but the thick protection also affected their movements and slowed them down enough to be dragged into the whirlpool and be desertified.

The ground within five hundred meters diameter had been completely transformed into sand. As the scarlet desert slowly seeped into the area, it would not be long before this desert was transformed into a part of the scarlet desert as well. There would no longer be a base here. There would only be sand.

Cillin was lost in thought as he stared at the desert. It was as if he

had returned to that rainy night when he had entered into that underground lab, and was tied to the lab bench and experimented on. These people had imposed their madness onto innocent people and earned fame and glory from it. They might have left their names on magazines of high contribution, but had they ever thought of the countless innocent and restless souls they forcefully dragged to the lab bench and left to die there?

Cillin did not have the rights to accuse these crazy researchers. In a sense, Cillin was not much better than them. Who was righteous and who was evil? Who was right and who was wrong? Cillin did not think too deeply into these things. To stay alive, and to live together with the people who treated him well. That was all he wanted.

Cillin sucked in a deep breath and tossed the complicated thoughts to the back of his mind while smelling the sands and the blood mixed within them. He turned his head to look at the gray cat still maintaining its frozen and puffed up appearance, before poking its back with a funny smile.

“MEOW!!”

The gray cat’s tense figure immediately jumped into the air.

See, it was scared witless again. How dumb.

When the gray cat regained its senses, it furiously jumped onto Cillin’s shoulder and slapped his face with its forelimbs.

“Alright alright, it’s my fault, it’s all my fault. I shouldn’t have poked the almighty cat while you’re blanking out.”

“I wasn’t blanking out, I was contemplating! Contemplating!”

“Right, right, contemplating.”

After stroking the gray cat’s fur, the one man and one cat continued to the next step of the operation.

Chapter 123: Highest Kill Order

At the cross field, Carranio's eyebrows furrowed deeper and deeper as he stared at the transparent cover.

The first time they tied the native beasts to the crosses and lured the worms in to burn them with extreme temperature inside the cover, it was very successful, and it greatly raised his men's morale. However, the trap was obviously ineffective the second time. The worms would pace back and forth at the surroundings, but not go inside. More specifically, they would only linger outside the transparent cover and not go past the line where they would be trapped.

These worms were incredibly smart, and this caused Carranio a great deal of frustration. Poison Fang had fought against two kinds of enemies for the longest time, and they were man and virus. Man was something they slaughtered whenever they feel like it, and virus was something most of the Poison Fang members were resistant to after many experiences. However, they had never gone up against this kind of life form before, and Carranio was wanting but incapable of dealing with these worms. He could only hope that the research base would come up with a response plan as soon as possible.

Since just now Carranio had had a bad feeling. One might even call it an ominous feeling.

He couldn't remember the last time he felt this way since he fought his way out of Sector V alone and created Poison Fang.

Suddenly, Carranio's communicator rang, and after he accepted the call a terrified trill came through, "King, the base is destroyed! The research base has been destroyed!"

Carranio felt as if a bowl of ice had been poured right down his head. He felt chilled to the very bone.

Carranio sucked in deep breaths and did the best he could to find his voice, "Didn't I tell you to activate the highest level of security and switch to bio signature scans?!"

Carranio nearly roared out the last words as the clamorous cross field instantly fell into dead silence. Even the native beasts tied to the crosses seemed to have been scared witless and became as silent as a grave. The entire cross field was abruptly enveloped in Carranio's anger and killing intent.

Bang!

Carranio ultimately lost control after he heard the report and crushed the communicator with his bare hands. His two pairs of fangs were outstretched nearly parallel to the ground, and every Poison Fang member recognised that it was a sign that the Skull King was embroiled in great rage. No one dared to even breathe heavily in his presence.

Carranio's eyes were filled with a dark haze as he sat on the chair.

"Keep burning those worms." Once he said that, Carranio got up

and left behind his dismayed underlings.

When Carranio had left the cross field, he arrived at an isolation room and picked up a communicator. The signal went through.

“Are the researchers still alive?” Carranio uttered a few names. They were main personnel in charge of the small parasites and ‘Birds of Paradise’s’ research.

However, the report he received completely swept away any wishful thinking he might have. Only one out of the five researchers who were mainly responsible for researching the two kinds of worms had barely survived. The researcher’s condition was severe in that his lungs was chewed through, and his liver and kidney were both bitten as well. Now one knew how much longer he had to live. The rest of the researchers who managed to escape did their damndest to save him and force out the ‘Bird of Paradise’ inside his body, but they all knew that without any instruments or the corresponding information stored inside the research lab, it was probably impossible to keep him around for long.

The research lab that was used to research the two worms was the deepest and most enclosed room in the entire base. However, it was also the very first to suffer from the effects of the desertification. It was already a great boon that they managed to escape in the first place, but what awaited them outside were hungry ‘Birds of Paradise’ that had just broken out of their shells, anxious to satiate their hunger.

All of the data gathered and research made were not at the final stages, but it had reached a certain point that it was only a matter

of time before the analysis was complete. All of that progress had now turned into sand.

This was exactly what Cillin wanted: to push them step by step toward the edge of despair and have them suffer their punishment in panic and desperation.

By now, Carranio was certain that everything that had happened so far were planned out by Cillin. That young man who looked honest, but was in fact the devil himself had brought upon them disaster. Carranio could not catch Cillin, and he very much wanted to switch targets and attack Emmus and Wa Qing. But he couldn't. With Emmus' abilities, Poison Fang would not be able to touch a hair on his body without the right weapons and equipment. They would only be wasting their combat strength.

Carranio was sank in deep regret. Poison Fang had been relying too much on Emmus these years. It wasn't obvious before this, but after Emmus was cut off there were only too many things that couldn't be operated smoothly without Emmus.

After pondering for a moment, Carranio issued the highest kill order to Poison Fang to set aside everything and hunt down Cillin at any cost. Since Cillin could bring those worms into their planet without harm, it meant that he had a way to deal with these worms. The surviving researcher could no longer be depended upon. Carranio betted his last hope on Cillin and informed every Poison Fang member that the key to exterminating these worms was Cillin. They began to search for him out even harder than before.

Right now, the man who bore Carranio's deep hatred; both Cillin and the gray cat had arrived at a deserted port. The port had been abandoned by Carranio earlier, and there were a few spaceplanes and fighters parked inside it.

"These spaceplanes and fighters all have a self destruct sequence and a remote-controlled bomb inside them. Carranio probably has the master control with him. If we try to fly any of these spaceplanes or fighters, we will blow up as brilliantly as fireworks in less than two seconds." this was a trap set by Carranio after Akayi and the others had left on a spaceplane. By controlling the spaceplanes and fighters, he would be able to prevent Cillin from escaping even if he couldn't catch him.

The gray cat was just about to pilot a spaceplane for fun before Cillin's words repelled it like a physical punch. Right now, the gray cat was fearful of a lot of human weapons, because the more weapons it came into contact with, the better it knew just how many of them could blast an extremely rare miracle of the universe like it into dust.

Cillin walked up to a spaceplane after a moment of investigation. The people inside the vehicles had either all escaped or became the 'Birds of Paradise's' tasty meal. There was a Poison Fang underling at the passageway who failed to escape the 'Birds of Paradise' and had his body consumed beyond recognition.

When Cillin walked to his side, a 'Bird of Paradise' egg had just hatched inside his body. Then 'Bird of Paradise' who climbed out the body grew extremely excited when it saw a living human, but stopped itself in time when it sensed a special aura from the

person. The aura was so scary that it made the worm flinch, and yet so familiar that it might as well have been parental. Either kind completely dispelled the ‘Bird of Paradise’s’ intent to attack. As for the gray cat, there were no ‘Birds of Paradise’ that dared to attack it at all. This abnormal life form was just too dangerous. And so the tiny ‘Birds of Paradise’ obediently crawled out of the body and hopped in search for food elsewhere.

“Alright, let’s go.” Cillin said to the gray cat.

“What did you do?”

“Nothing. I just took the energy blocks inside it.”

The gray cat came to realisation, “I see. Are there anything else valuable in these vehicles? I want to sell them for a good price and pay my debt when we leave this place.”

Cillin smiled and patted its head, “Nah. Come on, let’s go to the next one.”

“Hehe, alright, if I found it first it’s mine!”

“Each to his own. Be careful not to touch any other propulsion devices though. If any of these spaceplanes suddenly activated then I can only erect an extra cross in this place.”

“I got it I got it, you don’t need to tell me about machines.” the gray cat flicked its ears and began searching for energy blocks in

other spaceplanes and fighters.

Poor Carranio. This place was supposed to be a trap, but he wouldn’t expect that Cillin and the gray cat would squeeze every last drop of value even from this place.

Cillin looked at the sky. Going by his original plan, the hunt was about to start. He tore off the skull emblem from the chest of the eaten corpse and walked out of the spaceplane.

Chapter 124: Mental And Psychological Stress

Poison Fang's underlings began to act after the Skull King Carranio issued the highest kill order. Since Carranio also revealed that Cillin could deal with the worms, the little Poison Fangs searched tirelessly for him as if he was their only hope. However, if Cillin had vanished into thin air, they were unable to find even a shadow. Still, there was proof that Cillin was still operating around the area.

"King, he took all of their emblems!" a person reported to Carranio.

Every emblem on the chest of every dead Poison Fang members everywhere had been taken away by Cillin.

Carranio said nothing. He knew that this was Cillin's way of taking revenge. He was taking away the emblem made from the bones of the owner of the emblem as offering to the Vanguard's Sixth B Squadron's members who had perished in that battlefield.

Meanwhile, search squads made of a dozen or so people each had their protective suits cut open by Cillin one after another, but even then they were unable to find the culprit who was doing so. They even accidentally hurt a few allies in the process while searching for Cillin using bio signature scanners. However, no one regretted the decision. At the very least, it gave them some peace of mind.

Cillin had not attacked the search squads personally. He had

installed some traps to do so while he worked outside their scan range.

During their search, one of the Poison Fang members accidentally triggered something and caused flying knives to suddenly shoot out of the ground. The knives were all made from special metals, and they were capable of drawing faint scratches on the protective suit even if they could not cut all the way through. It was already enough to cause panic among the search squads.

Cillin wasn't aiming to cut open their protective suits in a single try, however. He was just piling up the psychological stress they were enduring.

There was no doubt that the Poison Fang members felt like committing suicide as they suffered flying knives, firearms outside the range of their scanners, red-hot smoke grenades and all sorts of other prank-like traps. There was a limit to how far one's nerves could be strained, and when this limit was exceeded, it was inevitable that the person in question would suffer a mental disorder, if they hadn't gone crazy in the first place.

After all, while the protective suit might be able to endure the first ambush, what about the second, third, seventh or eighth attempt? It was only a matter of time before a hole was cut on their protective suits. They just didn't know when the inevitable would happen.

As the group walked around a corner with strained nerves, someone stepped on something yet again and caused a wide range of flames to shoot up suddenly from the ground.

The floor of this area was painted with a kind of chemical substance that was completely harmless on its own. However, the place was also scattered with some tiny balls containing a different kind of chemical substance sharing almost the exact same color as the floor. Therefore, when these tiny balls were stepped on, and its contents spilled onto the chemical substances painted on the ground, an intense combustion was generated within the oxygen filled environment. Naturally, the Poison Fang members tried to jump out of the way in panic, only to step on even more balls and trap themselves in bigger, hotter flames.

The surrounding flames burned at their protective suits. While the protective suits could endure the scalding heat for a time, it was obviously inadvisable to stay amidst the flames any longer. The group swiftly ran towards the exit, but since the entire path had been painted in chemical substances, and the soles of some of their feet were drenched in chemical residue from the ball, fire burned wherever they ran to even though there were no balls along the path they came from.

In the end, the search squad was able to escape the fire, but...

“Ah——”

A bloodcurdling scream resounded, followed by the second and the third scream...

Their protective suits had faint scratches on them in the first place, and they finally fell apart and became cracked after they

were burned by the hot flames. Seizing the opportune moment, the ‘Birds of Paradise’ immediately burrowed into the bodies of the exposed Poison Fang members.

Just when the Poison Fang members were driven to the brink of insanity, the ‘Birds of Paradise’ had slipped through the cracks between their protective suits and attacked them.

A long while later, two lucky fellows whose protective suits weren’t cracked yet remained. But before they could even take a breather, a shadow flashed past them and left behind a cut each at the back of their protective suits.

After the fire’s baptism, the scanner had become a little faulty and failed to warn the duo in time.

Five minutes later, Cillin slowly walked out of a building and cut open the protective suits covering the Poison Fang members who were being eaten by the ‘Birds of Paradise’ to the point they were beyond recognition. He took away their emblems.

As Carranio listened to one vein popping report after another, he grew so furious that he broke a couple of chairs. His breathing was rapid, and his twin fangs could be seen protruding parallel to the ground through the transparent screen of his mask.

“Bring me my pets!”

“Yes sir!”

His underlings ran out to perform his order like they were escaping. It truly was stressful to face the Skull King.

Inside the great hall, Emmus and Wa Qing were chatting on and off with each other while leaning against the boxes containing the energy ores. They were both trying to feel out each other, but since both sides were as cunning as a fox no one was able to gain any useful information. It was at this moment someone walked in and glanced once at the duo inside the four layers of shield. They did not say anything and simply took the chairs inside the hall.

“What are they doing?” Wa Qing asked.

“If I’m guessing correctly, Carranio is probably planning to release his little pets. Tsk tsk, at long last he thought of this method. I guess Carranio isn’t so stupid that his IQ is in the negatives.” Emmus rubbed his chin with eyes flashing with an enigmatic gleam.

Wa Qing automatically filtered out the latter half of Emmus’ words and asked doubtfully, “Little pets?”

“Yeah, Carranio’s pets have a great sense of smell and are able to track down their targets just like a dog would.”

Wa Qing was starting to worry. There were many people who said that an animal’s sense of smell was in fact more acute than a scanner, and the species who were were born naturally with a great sense of smell even more so. Cillin had sat down on the great

hall before and left behind his smell, so it would seem that Carranio was attempting to track down Cillin using the smell on the chair. He wondered if that Cillin kid would be safe.

While thinking, Wa Qing suddenly remembered something and felt his eyebrows relaxed. There was even the trace of a smile inside his eyes.

There was no doubt that Emmus had a keen eye for observation. He immediately caught the smile in Wa Qing's eyes and asked, "LC Wa Qing, you look like you're pretty confident in Cillin. If you thought of something then why don't you tell me about it? This way I won't need to worry about him."

Wa Qing ignored Emmus directly and said nothing.

Carranio's 'little pets' were not actually tiny, and they were all around one meter tall and two meters wide. They were the native four-legged mammals of this planet, and they had both a great sense of smell and danger.

After the 'pets' were fitted with emergency made protective suits, every search squad set out to search for Cillin again with two pets to guide them. They certainly lifted quite a bit of burden off the Poison Fang members' shoulders.

Cillin had run around many places, and it was impossible not to leave behind a single trace at all. In the end, after many twists and turns, the search squads were led to a single location – the cross field.

Chapter 125: There Is No Struggle; There Is Only Despair

Although they had found the way to hunt down Cillin, fear continued to envelop them.

Excluding those who were roaming outside Sector Z, Poison Fang numbered almost one hundred thousand people on this planet. But now, Carranio suddenly noticed that there were only less than fifty thousand people left before he realised it.

No one could've thought that Cillin, a mere kid; a kid who had absolutely no fame in the galaxy at all could destroy more than fifty thousand people on this planet, although of course the majority of that fifty thousand victims had been food for worms. Aside from the 'Birds of Paradise', after the research base had been desertified, upgraded versions of the suppressant were no longer available. This caused the parasites that were initially spread to slowly grow resistant to the basic suppressants. Therefore, it was plain that the infected Poison Fang members would not hold out for long. The 'Birds of Paradise' were not needed here. An infected person was like a live sack of nutrition who would eventually be sucked dry by those tiny parasites.

Plenty of Poison Fang members who chased after Cillin collapsed halfway and never stood up again. With every passing minute, a huge amount of tiny parasites were born in the host's body through asexual division. The tiny parasites that had developed a resistance were like starved refugees who had suddenly found a table full of delicious foods in front of them.

Therefore, the period between weakness to death lasted only a few minutes for the infected, but they would feel distinctly every second of their debilitation as their life slipped through their grasps, as if the devil's own hand had gripped onto their souls and led them slowly towards hell.

There was no struggle. There was only despair.

My research base. The blow was no doubt a stab in Carranio's heart; the biggest slap to the face he had ever endured in his life.

In reality, there were many factors that contributed to the destruction of Poison Fang's research base. The scarlet desert environment had sped up the speed of the desertification process, and the research base had failed to discover the threat in time. By the time the desertification hit the research base it was already too late to stop it. No one could have imagined that there was a cyborg who could burrow into the ground and block the scan signals of this place.

Therefore, Carranio still had no idea how the destruction of his research base could've happened even until now. However, since what had happened had happened, it was too late to question the cause already. Right now, Carranio was pouring every energy he had into hunting Cillin.

Night slowly descended at the cross field. Once, night time was Poison Fang's favorite time of the day. There was nothing more they loved than slaughtering their preys and listening to their fearful and despairing screams under the cover of the night. However, the current situation was far from their expectations.

Cillin was like a silent catcher waiting in the dark and pushing them step by step towards the brink of no return. What would happen then when the night had descended completely?

The Poison Fang members did not dare to imagine the outcome.

The night belongs to the devil.

The difference of temperature between day and night on this planet was huge. Although their thick protective suits could keep them warm, the Poison Fang members couldn't help but feel unusually cold; a cold that made their very scalp tingle. Every one of their pores were permeating with cold air, stimulating their nerves to tighten even tauter than it was before.

The 'pets' had traced Cillin's scent to the cross field, but they halted uncertainly around the edges. They were unable to confirm Cillin's position or even lock down a particular direction to go to. This was without a doubt yet another blow to Poison Fang.

Fifty thousand people silently gathered around the edge of the cross field and surrounded the place in a circle. However, they were unable to obtain any results at all. No matter how hard they searched for Cillin, they could not find a shadow of him even after they rummaged through the entire cross field once.

Like madmen, they searched through every inch of ground within the cross field for Cillin. The failure of their efforts, however, was like a cold joke that's ridiculing their ineptitude.

Pu——

Yet another person collapsed onto the ground.

There were people collapsing every passing second on this cross field. The place felt like a demon's domain that was sucking at their souls at every moment.

Under the dark night, amidst much blood and many crosses, man fell one after another.

The 'sinners' who were tied to the cross but not removed for many days, and the native beasts who were eaten by the 'Birds of Paradise' until all that was left was a couple of damaged bones, laughed scornfully at the people around them through the howling wind, seemingly awaiting them to join them in death.

One hour later, two was subtracted from five, and thirty thousand men remained.

Twenty thousand people had collapsed just like that. There were neither epic gunfights nor bloody slaughter. They had collapsed on the ground just like that.

The Poison Fang members had never experienced such a feeling of helplessness and powerlessness. The hands holding their guns shook for the first time in their lives. They had killed and walked through this bloody desert many times as they watched their prey struggle pointlessly against their fates before perishing under their

guns and blades. They had thought themselves capable of facing hell without fear. But it was only now they realised that true hell need not be filled with desperate screams or embellished with firearms. The hands of the grim reaper could grip their throats in this quiet land and take away their souls just the same.

Half an hour later, ten thousand men remained. The footsteps of death quickened even further.

The Poison Fang members who were still standing were without a doubt elites. Their high genotype rank enabled them to resist the infection for a little longer, but in the end, without the suppressants, they were simply slowing down their footsteps towards hell.

So what if they had rank A genotype? Defeat was the only option before these tiny organisms that were so small one could almost not notice with one's eyes.

The current Poison Fang was no longer an entity that Carranio to control. Poison Fang was an uncontrollable organisation in the first place.

Poison Fang was neither an army nor a Hunter regiment. The reason they had gathered as one was purely to kill and enjoy the satisfaction of reaping another's life. So when Cillin pushed them again and again and again, their taut nerves finally reached a breaking point. The point, of insanity.

The remainder of Poison Fang had turned insane. If they were

going to die regardless, then they might as well enjoy this last bit of madness.

The people flying inside spaceplanes began to open fire towards the ground. Fiery light illuminated the flesh and blood sent flying through the air, and the ‘Birds of Paradise’ hopping amidst them. The slaughter excited the people as the evil grins on their faces grew increasingly madder. Those who lost their sanity raised their guns and either shot at others, or at themselves.

There were perhaps many people who never thought that they would take their own lives with their own hands.

Carranio watched the civil war on the land and on air so quietly it was like he was an outsider. There were shredded people lying on the ground around him, and he wasn’t wearing a protective suit right now. However, no ‘Birds of Paradise’ dared to go near him.

This was the true Carranio. Not even the ‘Birds of Paradise’ dared to approach them.

The Poison Fang members knew that Cillin could repel the worms, but they didn’t know that their king can too.

Carranio knew that Cillin was watching here quietly from a certain spot.

Who was more despicable, and who was more cruel?

Everyone who knew Poison Fang called them a bunch of lunatics, but Carranio thought that Cillin was colder, crazier, and more like the devil than Poison Fang.

Chapter 126: The True Skull King

Darkness, blood, slaughter, and the cold chill between their pores that could not escape from the thick wrappings of the protective suit all stimulated the madness running rampant inside the Poison Fang members' hearts.

To kill, and kill even more until they could no longer move a finger.

The cross mounted at the center of the cross field witnessed Poison Fang's madness.

The ruined cross field, the flesh and blood, the scattering sands, the stone bits, the metallic wreckages and fire...

In less than fifteen minutes, the clamor died down and only the spaceplane and the two fighters dogfighting in the air were still alive out of the ten thousand people.

Cillin and the gray cat watched everything in silence. They were not hiding around the cross field. Cillin had often exploited an animal's sense of smell to set up a trap, so from the moment he stepped into Poison Fang's transport, arrived at the great hall, and finally set up the trap at the cross field, he had been purposely leaving behind a special scent that could be retained for a longer time. This was all to lure all of the Poison Fang members to the cross field area in the very end.

All of the scanners in the surrounding area had been destroyed,

and Carranio's pets had been taken out a long time ago. Cillin and the gray cat were now hiding in a place near the cross field and watching Poison Fang's final madness in the sky.

"Cillin, leave the last three to me." The gray cat had been holding in for a long time already since Cillin forbad it from attacking. It was originally going to show off its prowess, and this restriction disappointed it to no end.

"No. We're already at this stage, so you might as well just stay here. Go check if there are any survivors on the ground and give them the final blow. Take their emblems as well."

Cillin had his own reasons, and he did not wish to expose the gray cat too much.

A minute later, both fighters were shot down, and the spaceplane had exploded in the air as well. Everything returned to tranquility once more.

After a moment's silence, Carranio's voice rang.

"Hehe. Cillin of the Vanguard Sixth B Squadron. You have truly surprised me!" Although he was laughing, there was an indescribable chill crawling behind his voice.

The Skull King Carranio slowly walked out of a half collapsed building looking as relaxed as if he was taking a stroll. The half collapsed building did not seem to have affected the Skull King in

any way.

In a little more than two hours, all fifty thousand Poison Fang members on the planet were dead, and Cillin wasn't even directly involved in their destruction. Their deaths were not quick either. It could be said that these fifty thousand men were forced to go through panic, despair, helplessness, and the painfully slow loss of their lives before they were pushed over the brink of no return. If this was in the past, there was no way Carranio would believe that something like this could happen.

The second Cillin stepped into the cross field, Carranio immediately locked his gaze on him. His night vision was pretty good, and he stared at Cillin firmly in fear that he would escape again in the next moment. However, Cillin did not plan to escape this time. It was time to end this.

To Carranio, the one hundred thousand casualties on the planet weren't actually as devastating as one might imagine. Sure, he lost a hundred thousand men, but he could just take a spin around Sector V and gather droves of new members easily. There were plenty of desperate people in the galaxy. One hundred thousand was just a number.

Therefore, to Carranio, the most important thing right now was Cillin and not the death of his one hundred thousand men. Carranio was going to obliterate this devilish kid!

Swoosh!

Carranio charged like lightning towards Cillin. With the help of some scattered flames, Cillin could see clearly a swollen body with curved fangs around its torso and a great black shadow behind Carranio's back. It was Carranio's tail, a tail with many barbed tips. While he was charging, his tail swayed back and forth to increase both his speed and impact.

Cillin knew that Carranio wasn't your average human, but even he did not imagine that his true self would be something like this. Given that the information Shawton provided him did not include Carranio's true face, he had to admit that Carranio had hidden himself very, very well. It was likely that not even Emmus who had spied on Poison Fang for so many years knew about Carranio's true self.

As Carranio approached, a terrific killing aura assaulted his senses from the front. No wonder the 'Birds of Paradise' did not dare to approach him. Cillin now believed that the tiny parasites did not actually affect Carranio by much. At best, the parasites inconvenienced Carranio slightly at the beginning before he killed them all with his own body later. The reason Carranio wore a mask and a thick protective suit was just to put on appearance for other people. In reality, he did not need the equipment at all!

This was domination; a true domination that completely exceeded an average human and the abilities of those who were of the same genotype rank. Perhaps Carranio did not belong to a particular race, and had several types of bloodlines flowing inside his body. He had absorbed the merits of each races to become the Skull King he was now.

Cillin thought that his own constitution was pretty tough, not to mention that he was in a hardened state right now. However, he could only get a true measure of the Skull King's strength after he clashed against Carranio,

Cillin blocked Carranio's sweeping hand and tail and the same time. His arms were numb from the blows. Just what kind of constitution was this?!

Cillin bent his body and backed away to avoid the two rows of sharp fangs at Carranio's torso biting at his person. To be exact, those 'teeth' was probably some enhanced bones at Carranio's torso.

Carranio looked huge, but was incredibly agile. His swift attacks and his greater physique – both his arms, his legs, the two rows of enhanced bones at his torso area and his tail – actually prevented Cillin from doing anything to him at all.

In a head on battle, Cillin was unable to score any point even with his current strength. Carranio had a rich combat experience, and he knew the human weakness very well. Every one of his attacks were sharp, unhesitating and decisive, aiming to kill his enemies with every blow. As the King of Poison Fang, Carranio's aura was so dominant that the common man would've lost the courage to resist just by standing in front of him, much less fight him.

Cillin retreated step after step while he blocked Carranio's attacks. Carranio's strength was so massive that Cillin had no choice but to step backwards to neutralise the impact, not to

mention the fists and claws that were pouring down on him like a storm or his annoying tail.

After parrying away the sharp fingernails that were stretching towards him, Cillin dodged to the side and leaped into the air. He kicked right at Carranio's sweeping tail and used the impact to leap backwards.

While suspended in mid-air, two guns appeared in Cillin's hands as he opened fire at Carranio.

The bullets flew towards Carranio from both the front and the sides. While chasing Cillin, Carranio did not dodge out of the way and instead compressed his tail into a cloak-like object that shielded his body. The bullets pinged off his tail repeatedly.

The bullets either left a mark or broke through the tail's skin at best when they struck the tail. It wouldn't take long for the superficial wounds to heal completely.

Cillin's eyes narrowed, and he continued to back off when he landed on the ground. This time, he did not shoot bullets, but flying knives at Carranio with more or less the same speed. The projectiles flew towards Carranio from three different directions simultaneously just like before. Therefore, Carranio spread his tail again to protect his body. The flying knives slammed into the tail and shattered against it, but what followed after the noise was the hissing sound of acid.

Chapter 127: The Skull King's End

Cillin never fought someone head on knowing that he was the weaker force. That would just be masochism.

Cillin had specially created these flying knives before he came here. The flying knife wasn't thin, and a powerful corrosive liquid was wrapped inside its brittle exterior. Cillin even used inert materials to prevent the powerful corrosive liquid from eroding through the flying knives' shell.

Cillin's original plan was to used the flying knives' hard exterior to pierce through the enemy's skin, and when the flying knives shattered, the corrosive liquid that spilled out would then play its role.

The actual outcome turned out the way Cillin had planned it to be as well. Hissing sounds appeared appear when the corrosive liquid was spilled onto Carranio's outstretched tail, and the pain enraged Carranio greatly. This brat was cheating again!!

Carranio let out a drawn out roar that sounded like he would vent out all of the anger he had stored inside his chest. The sound wave took out and shattered most of the crosses nearby.

Not far away, the gray cat who was crouching on top of a cross that lost two thirds of its body jumped down to the floor and flicked its ears. This level of sound wave could not harm it, although it would have to find a new viewing spot to observe the battle now.

Carranio's roar spread far, far away, alerting even Wa Qing and Emmus inside the energy shields.

"That's..." Wa Qing said in bewilderment.

"It's the Skull King, I think." Emmus said. Even he could hear the anger contained within that roar. He never imagined that Cillin would be able to push the Skull King to this point. He really was an unbelievable person. According to Emmus' knowledge, the Skull King Carranio was someone who would not let out a howl like this even when he lost all of his subordinates.

Carranio was really angry, and really mad. He had never felt this sullen except that one year when he was wounded by that man.

It was bad enough when he lost a hundred thousand subordinates to this brat. Now, he had even wounded him!

Carranio decided to throw all caution to the wind. In the worst case scenario, he would lose a tail that would regrow itself several years later anyway. The pain he had to endure was only temporary. Right now, all he wanted to do was to utterly obliterate this devious and cunning little brat!

This fight was doable as long as he did not fight Carranio head on and dodged single-heartedly. As he retreated while the other man pursued, Cillin continued to play out his strategy of backing away once and flinging flying knives right after. By now, Carranio's tail had lost an entire layer of skin, and he was numb to the pain

already. He refused to believe that Cillin could keep doing this forever!

Cillin wasn't in a hurry. Right now Carranio was in a state of fury, and that was a good sign because an enraged Carranio would not spare too much brainpower and think further into things.

When Cillin was still very young, he once heard a conversation like this.

"Do you know why a hunter is superior to his prey?"

"Because a hunter is stronger than the prey. The hunter is strong, and the prey is weak."

"No. It's because a hunter knows how to lay traps."

A hunter is an angler. They would throw down the bait and wait quietly for the fish to take the bait.

Those who lived in the forest would use traps to capture large and ferocious animals. Sometimes, when they felt like it, they would even enjoy the trapped beast's final show. They had long since gotten used to capturing their prey while spending the least amount of effort.

Both Cillin and Carranio saw each other as their prey. But who would be crowned with the prey at the very end of this fight?

When Carranio noticed that something was amiss, it was already too late.

The numbness had first started from his tail. Then, it swiftly spread to the other parts of his body.

It was only then Carranio realised that the cunning brat had cheated again.

The purpose of the corrosive liquid was to erode the surface of Carranio's tail so that the poison that came afterwards would act better.

It was the same flying knife and the same mass. However, the contents were entirely different. Carranio aside, perhaps not even Emmus would have figured it out until it was already too late. If the knife's mass was different, then Emmus might have become greatly suspicious and guessed that these particular flying knives were somehow different. However, Cillin had considered even this factor from the moment he began making these flying knives.

A powerful corrosive liquid, and a concentrated neurotoxin. Cillin had considered both their masses from the moment he began mixing them.

However, even if their masses had been different, the current Carranio would probably have overlooked it anyway. The pain on his tail was also a reason why Carranio had consciously ignored anything that's going on his tail, inevitably delaying his realisation

long after the first neurotoxin knife had struck him. When he truly noticed that something was wrong, the poison had already spread to the point where there was nothing he could do to stop it.

After spying on Poison Fang for so many years, Emmus' evaluation of Carranio was that he was a determined, ruthless, and powerful man. However, even though he wasn't stupid, he was still lacking in both smarts and caution.

The Skull King's past successes caused him to overlook too many hidden dangers. He never stopped believing that he stood at the top of the world and had the power to look down on the ants that crawled beneath him. In reality though, he was dragged to the abyss before he was able to truly understand the saying that the one who stands at the top, is lonely.

Cillin had collected the neurotoxin of the vines that once caught Cary off guard, and various other neurotoxins from other flora and fauna on the green planet as well.

Cillin had prepared this concoction specifically for Carranio. When he was in Enji's workshop, Cillin had bred two types of worms, concocted a powerful corrosive liquid, and synthesised a neurotoxin that not even a rank A genotype could resist.

Carranio felt that everything was growing blurry and pulling further and further away from him. He could feel that his sense of hearing, touch, smell and taste were all declining, and every joint in his body rusting away like they were scrap iron. The condition only worsened with every passing second as his movements grew duller and duller.

Every muscle in his body began to convulse. His breathing began to turn rapid and erratic, causing Carranio to feel as if he did not have enough oxygen no matter how hard he tried to breathe in. His brain grew murkier and murkier, and the scattered flames in the surroundings felt like they were burning at his eyeballs, forcing him to look away into the darkness.

Not far away, on top of a heap of ruins, the gray cat watched the battle unfold with open, round eyes. Right now, it was staring at Carranio with a cocked head, who was treading a drunken S-shaped path and dragging his once nimble and flexible tail lifelessly across the ground even though he seemed so powerful and extraordinary just moments ago. Right now, Carranio looked like a drunkard who was lurching unsteadily amidst the ruins.

Cillin stood still a hundred meters away from Carranio as he watched the man taking one step after another towards his direction. However, the neurotoxin had affected both Carranio's senses and his mind greatly, so he eventually veered off course and finally collapsed on the ground; the place where he once punished the sinners and witnessed their executions.

In the past, he, Carranio the Skull King would sit at a high spot and watch arrogantly and disdainfully at the ants embroiled in either bloody battle or torture on this cross field. But now, the roles had been switched.

Carranio felt as if he was lying beneath a gigantic cross, while the devilish young man standing on top of the cross stared indifferently at his embarrassing and silent struggles. His throat

could no longer form the right syllables, and the only thing that came out were indecipherable grunts.

He really was just trying to utter one simple word – devil.

Cillin continued to stand at a distance and stare expressionlessly at Carranio. There was no indifferent detachment, no mocking smile, no joy or relief after having exacted vengeance in his eyes. There was only tranquility.

A while later, Cillin took out a small lump that looked like a marble before flicking it towards Carranio in the ruins. The marble struck Carranio's body and shattered into many bits all over him.

The wind, blew.

The remaining 'Birds of Paradise' within the ruins smelled the scent in the air and flocked towards Carranio.

Cillin closed his eyes and felt the last disturbance happening on these ruins.

It was time to end this.

Chapter 128: The Man Who Sits On The Cross

When the first ray of light sprinkled onto this ruined land, the dust dancing in the air had already settled down. The only thing that continued to drift above the ruins was the lingering smell of gunpowder, flesh and blood.

Inside the great hall, the four energy shields slowly thinned and faded away.

It was time. According to Cillin, they could now walk out of the building and need not reload a new power source after the energy shields had faded away. Moreover, before they knew it, there was no longer a single Poison Fang member to be seen in the entire great hall.

It was one thing to think, and another to act. Neither Emmus nor Wa Qing were unable to take the first step.

They were both veterans. The lingering smell in the air had grown even more distinct after the energy shields had died down, seemingly narrating a story about a distant fear and despair hidden within a dark night.

Emmus and Wa Qing watched their surroundings warily. Emmus was primed to toss out an energy shield at any moment.

One minute passed.

Two minutes passed.

...

Five minutes later, Wa Qing inhaled deeply and took the first step.

Seeing that Wa Qing had made the first move, Emmus followed suit as well.

Both men walked with careful steps. Every monitoring equipment in the area had stopped working, and Emmus could not acquire any images from them. A couple of long dead corpses belonging to Poison Fang lay scattered across the great hall, although their numbers did not extend over ten people.

If he were to trust on his hearing alone, Emmus could confirm that there was no one around them. The man activated his scanners, and it also indicated that there was no other living person nearby except for the two of them.

Emmus knew very well how many Poison Fang members were stationed on this planet. That was why he was afraid to believe the reality before him.

No matter how you looked at it, the great hall was a part of the heart of the base, right? Even if thirty or fifty thousand people was a little stretching it, there should still be at least ten thousand

people here, right? But in reality, the scanner did not pick up even a single living body. At best, there were only the occasional worms hopping past them.

Both Emmus and Wa Qing held an indescribable fear towards the worms. Perhaps it was because the ‘surprise’ Cillin left them earlier was too great, but when they saw some worms hopping by they instinctively tried to escape from them. However, the worms seemed to be uninterested in them, which was why the duo finally relaxed after the realisation.

The relief did not last long before a hole suddenly burst out of a dead man’s chest. The clear sound of breaking bones caused Emmus and Wa Qing to adjust their sights towards that direction immediately. They did not even bother wiping off the cold sweat pouring down from their foreheads as they stared straight at the spot where the sound had come from.

It was then the duo saw a worm slightly bigger than the one they saw earlier jumping out of the corpse’s open chest. After glancing at them once, the worm swiftly hopped out of their line of sight.

Neither Emmus nor Wa Qing missed the instant the worm had gathered itself to attack them. However, it stopped itself at the last second and glanced at them once before finally leaving.

It was only then the duo was able to connect this occurrence with the events that had happened earlier.

Fear, was not instantaneous destruction. It was to take step after

step towards a death that was akin to torture. It was to know what horrors awaited you at the front, but could not avoid it.

Cillin had carried with him these roots of fear to this planet, and Poison Fang was neither able to escape fear, nor death itself.

The duo was silent for a few minutes. Finally, Emmus said, “Let’s go to the cross field to take a look. There was a large scale battle there earlier.”

They had heard of the commotion even when they were hiding inside the great hall. Wa Qing wasn’t able to contact Cillin, so he did not object to Emmus’ suggestion.

They might have mentally prepared themselves on the inside, but it was still difficult to calm down when they saw the actual scene.

It was like an offering; an offering that was padded with flesh and blood and supported with the fire of war. Broken limbs and wreckages were everywhere. There was not a single even place to be found even though the cross field was massive.

Once, this was the bloody execution ground where Poison Fang punished the sinners and made amusement for themselves. Now, it was just a land of ruins. Fifty thousand people were buried at this place, but they were unable to find a single intact corpse at all. In fact, some of the corpses were eaten so cleanly that only the bones were left.

What happened here?! This was Poison Fang! Sector V's infamous organisation of lunatics!

The duo stood at the edge of the cross field and watched the man at the center of the ruins. Their eyes were tangled with mixed emotions.

A lens popped out of Emmus' left eye mod. Through this lens, he was able to see clear the situation inside the cross field and record it at the same time.

There was a vertical cross about five meters tall at the center of the cross fields, and the bottom of the cross was piled with many Poison Fang emblems. Emmus did not know exactly how many emblems there were, but if they were here, then it meant that every one of its owners were dead.

A skeleton lay on top of the pile of emblems. It did not like like the skeleton of an average human, and it even had two rows of enhanced bones at its torso area.

Above the cross, Cillin sat there leisurely, holding a book in his hand and reading it at a slow pace. A gray cat was crouching on top of his shoulders with narrowed eyes looking very comfortable.

Cillin's voice was neither quick nor slow, but it felt like a pleasant, clear wind that swept through the ruins and the scarlet desert, causing one's fretful heart to calm down for some mysterious reason.

Emmus did not understand the language he was using, but the translator had translated the text directly for him.

It was the standard Sector language of Sector X.

“…

Criminals at their deathbeds listening to the honest cries of their heart

Nestling down in the universe

Amidst the ridiculously beautiful stars

Wind and rain usher in a new era

Of Birds from paradise

Passing through the human world…

”

Cillin took no notice of Emmus and Wa Qing, and continued to read at his leisure. Light slowly rose from behind his back, drawing long shadows of a man, a cat, an emblem pile and a cross.

There was a saying in GAL that fifty years makes up the

achievements of an entire generation. It was now almost fifty years since the glory brought about by the previous generation. Was it time for the next generation to rise already?

Emmus smiled. His undercover mission in Poison Fang had come to an end, and if there were no further surprises, then the prime of his life would soon arrive after he returned to the army. Therefore, in this coming dawn, just how many would become the pioneers of this new age?

Regardless, Emmus was thankful that he would live in this new age at his prime. Even if he could not become a pioneer himself, he would still be able to witness this new age's glory.

In comparison to the Six B Squadron's commander Shawton, and the other B Squadron commanders of Vanguard, Emmus believed that Vanguard Sixth B Squadron's Cillin was the one who was qualified to be listed in the Hunters' List!

The Hunters' List was a list created specifically aiming at Hunters, and only senior level personnel within the army were qualified to learn about the names listed on it.

Every person listed in the Hunters' List would be given special treatment by the military, even more so than how they treated the Skull King Carranio. Exactly how this preferential treatment would be, Emmus wasn't sure. But he thought that he might find out very soon.

By now, Cillin had finished reading the poem, and closed the

book. However, he did not jump down from the cross.

“You’ve arrived.”

Chapter 129: Lieutenant Commander?

Emmus and Wa Qing walked towards him.

He was still the same brown-haired, honest-looking young man wearing the same smile as before, but Wa Qing's feelings towards Cillin now were definitively different.

Both Emmus and Wa Qing felt a chill in their hearts at the same time when they faced the current Cillin.

In just twenty or so hours, one hundred thousand people were completely annihilated, but the person who caused all this was still wearing his usual expression and reading his poem leisurely in this very unusual morning. It was as if the ruins and corpses beneath his feet were just part of the background.

Wa Qing swallowed once and asked carefully, "Cillin, about Poison Fang..."

"They're dead, I suppose."

They're dead... they're all dead?

Wa Qing opened his mouth, but wasn't sure what to say. Should he be thankful that the Sixth B Squadron had discovered such a talent?

“LC Akayi and the others had gotten on a ship and left earlier, but how they’re doing right now, I can’t say. The commander would send a starship over soon, although I don’t know when he would arrive. It shouldn’t take too long though.” Cillin said.

“Is that Carranio?” Emmus pointed at the skeleton on top of the emblem pile.

“Yes.” Cillin nodded.

Emmus and Wa Qing both examined the skeleton in surprise. Emmus clicked his tongue in wonderment, “So Carranio had never revealed his true face until now.”

Although Carranio’s skeleton was the only thing that was left, he was able to distinguish just how different Carranio was from the shape alone.

“Hey, can I collect some data from this?” Emmus asked Cillin. Right now, Emmus was obviously more afraid of Cillin than anything else, and Carranio could be considered to be Cillin’s prey. It was only right to ask the hunter’s permission before researching his prey, right?

“Why not. Give me your price.”

G… give him a price?

It took Emmus a long while before he came to realisation and

smiled, “Naturally, the price is yours to offer. The prey is yours after all.”

The inert materials Cillin used to build the flying knives to set up Carranio were very expensive, and the corrosive liquid, neurotoxin and other substances all cost some amount of manufacturing expenses as well. Therefore, Cillin had created a list before he even made these items in the first place. After all, he couldn’t do this at a loss, could he? Mm, he should add labor cost to the list as well.

Cillin stretched out a finger firmly, “Ten million.”

Ten million?!

The words nearly escaped Wa Qing’s mouth. Carranio’s head might be priceless, but all Emmus wanted to do was just to collect some data from this skeleton. And he was going to ask for ten million?

Emmus stared at Cillin’s eyes for a while and understood that the kid wasn’t joking.

“Alright, but I don’t have so much money with me right now.”

“No problem.” Cillin took out Vanguard’s dedicated bill and began writing on it religiously. Then he handed the bill to Emmus and said, “Have a look and see if everything is proper. If there are no problems, then please sign your name here.”

The corner of Emmus' eyes twitched as he stared at the bill on his hand. He sighed in his heart. God knows where Vanguard's Sixth B Squadron managed to find such a monster.

After Emmus had signed the bill, he knelt on the ground and began inspecting the data gathered on the skeleton. After the inspection, Emmus felt a lot better on the inside. It would seem that the data he got was worth ten million credits after all. While it would've been nice if he could have collected data on the skin and flesh as well, unfortunately all that's left of Carranio was a skeleton alone. It was truly unimaginable that that arrogant and tyrannical would fall to such a sorry state.

However, when Emmus was collecting his data, he sensed that someone was watching him all the time. At first he thought that it was Cillin or Wa Qing, but he changed his mind soon after. When Emmus turned his head, he immediately saw the gray cat crouching on Cillin's shoulders and staring at him with its round eyes. The gaze it wore was one that was usually reserved for a thief.

Thief?

Emmus was bewildered. You're a cat. What the meow are you staring at me for?!

Although Carranio never told Emmus that the gray cat could find energy ores, Emmus had his own network to tap to know such things. Therefore, he knew that this was probably the cat that could find energy ores and speak like a human being. He was surprised that Cillin would bring it to this dangerous place though.

Wasn't he afraid that this cat would go on a one-way journey to death?

The one man and one cat met each other's gazes. The gray cat was now employing a tactic of inactivity versus whatever the enemy was doing or not doing. Since it learned that Emmus belonged to the military, the gray cat had become a lot more careful and did not treat him as casually as the other Hunters.

Seeing that the gray cat was reactionless, Emmus did not say anything and turned his head back to collect his data. However...

"Cillin, he's cheating!" The gray cat suddenly cried out. Its round eyes stared straight at Emmus with full anger.

Emmus spread out his arms helplessly and said, "And how exactly am I cheating?" Although he knew that the gray cat could speak, he was still caught by surprise by its sudden exclamation.

The duo in conversation, Cillin and Wa Qing had also turned around to look at Emmus. If their expressions were to be converted into words, it would say: Hey kid, how dare you try to trick us right beneath our noses? Do you want to join Carranio that much?

Emmus was going to say something more when the gray cat pointed its paw at him.

"He's scraping the... mm..." The gray cat wasn't sure how to describe it.

“You mean sampling.” Cillin understood its meaning implicitly and followed up.

“That’s right, sampling! He must pay more if he wants to collect samples!”

Emmus’s face froze. How on earth was he going to collect more accurate data if he didn’t collect samples?!

Cillin glanced at Emmus once before pulling out yet another bill calmly, “Give me your price.”

Wa Qing, Emmus: “…”

Emmus felt like saying: I quit!

But he had already signed ten million for this shit. If he gave up now then wouldn’t it all be wasted?

And so, Emmus signed yet another one million bill.

“Don’t give me that bitter look. I know that you can report these expenses to your higher-ups. It’s not like I’m taking the money out of your personal bank account.” Cillin said while staring at Emmus’ abused expression. Then he passed over another two bills.

When he saw the number on these bills, Emmus’ eyes went black

for a second before he pointed a trembling finger at Cillin, “This… this is too far! Carranio’s bones aren’t worth this much at all!”

Both bills were written with a ten million credits charge each.

“Since when did I tell you that these two bills are related to Carranio?” Cillin stared at Emmus, “You’ve collected the worms too, haven’t you?”

Emmus froze. He didn’t think that Cillin would find out about this. It was true that he had secretly collected specimens of those two worms without being caught by Wa Qing. Still, based on his own personal evaluation, getting the two worms for ten million each was cheap.

And so, Wa Qing watched Emmus signed yet another twenty million dollar bill to Cillin. Wa Qing roared inside his heart: A genius has appeared in Vanguard Sixth B Squadron!

Five hours later, a Sixth B Squadron starship led by Shawton personally arrived outside the planet. They had come searching by tracking the delayed signal left behind by the gray cat for them. Although a delayed signal was of course, delayed, its advantage lay on its invisibility. It could elude Poison Fang’s signal tracking.

Along the way, they ran into the spaceplane carrying Akayi and the others. Only three of the passengers were put in ICU, and the rest were being rested in normal sick wards. This outcome allowed Shawton to breathe a sigh of relief.

At first, they did not hold much hope for Cillin's operation. Cary, Xiao Shang and everyone had even gotten themselves ready for a hard battle. But no one had expected that things would turn out like this.

When they arrived outside the planet, they saw bits and fragments floating in space.

While people were dying by the droves at the cross field, the Poison Fang members stationed on the starships outside the planet had attempted to escape. Therefore, Carranio pressed a button on his controller that controlled the bombs installed onto the starships. From that point onwards his underlings only had two choices to choose from: They either fight to the death, or they let themselves be killed by the bombs.

Cary and everyone stared blankly at the scraps floating outside the planet. At the same time, the signal receiver received a transmission and converted it into a message displayed on the large screen.

Cillin told them to stay clear of the planet and to send over a manless spaceplane only. He forbad anyone in the Sixth B Squadron to come near.

Although Shawton did not quite understand Cillin's instructions, he did as he said.

When the spaceplane had returned, Cary gave Cillin a hard punch after seeing that he was fine. He had been holding this

grudge ever since Cillin had gone on the operation on his own.

"You're not allowed to do this next time! Even if you have to, you must bring us with you!"

"Yeah, take me and Ba Dao as well." Xiao Shang patted Cillin's shoulders and said.

"Hey, who's that guy?" Cary pointed at the meeting room's door with his chin.

They had seen the stranger who came aboard the ship together with Cillin and Wa Qing earlier. Cary was going to go forward and check the stranger out himself, but Shawton had pulled that man into the meeting room for a secret discussion before he had the chance do so.

"Oh, that guy. He's the enemy of our enemy." Cillin did not utter Emmus' name, because 'Emmus' was most definitely a fake name. As for Emmus' real name in the army, he would probably not inform them.

The Sixth B Squadron did not know exactly how Cillin had caused the utter annihilation of Poison Fang, but one thing was certain: they were all beginning to feel fear towards Cillin. Be it a normal person or the lieutenant commanders themselves, they all spoke carefully when they were in Cillin's presence.

Cillin had scored a great merit this time. He saved the hostages,

recovered the energy ores and even destroyed Poison Fang. Even if Vanguard's A Squadron had been here, they might not have performed as efficiently as Cillin.

Meanwhile, Cillin also told Akayi, Wa Qing and everyone that without the gray cat, he would only have been able to destroy Poison Fang but not save the hostages. Therefore, it was all thanks to the gray cat that Akayi, Wa Qing and the others were still alive. As a result, the gray cat's status in the team had skyrocketed, and every time Wa Qing and Akayi ran into it they would smile about as kindly as you could imagine. This also caused the gray cat to be doted on to the point where its status in Sixth B Squadron had even exceeded the LCs.

Shawton did not ask too many questions about Cillin's actions on the planet. Cillin said that the planet should be listed as a forbidden area for the next hundred years, and Shawton agreed with him definitively. He ordered that no one in the Sixth B Squadron should set foot on that planet for the next one hundred years, and at the same time he also notified Barthus and Songba Leruo about the order as well.

Wa Qing and Emmus did not object to the decision to blacklist that planet either. They knew that the reason the worms hadn't attacked them must have been due to Cillin. If Cillin hadn't left behind some kind of medication or insurance on them, they might have turned into a pile of white bones a long time ago.

After the crowd had returned to the main ship of the Sixth B Squadron, Cillin was called over by Dias before he managed to rest.

“Lieutenant?!” Cillin stared at the smiling Dias on the sick bed. This fellow was looking a lot better right now.

“Nuh uh.” Cillin shook his head and tried to walk out of the room. He had been overusing his brain all this time and was feeling sleepy as fuck.

However, the door had been shut tight, and pressing the lock mechanism yielded no results.

Cillin turned around to look at the one-armed Dias and said, “I’m sorry, uncle, but are you trying to force yourself on me in that condition?”

Chapter 130: Return

“How would I dare?” Dias made an innocent expression, “At best I’m just driving a duck onto a perch.”

driving someone to go beyond their abilities

“My sincerest apologies then, but I am not a duck. Please hire your duck somewhere else.”

“Sigh, you know it, my arm…” Dias looked desolate for a second, but he was interrupted by Cillin before he could finish.

“It’s no use trying to feign pitifulness.”

“Ahem,” Dias straightened his expression and said seriously, “I’ve discussed this with Asiya already. Once we get out of Sector Z, the wounded in the Sixth Squad like me would all be transferred to Sector E. As you know, Sector E is most famed for their medical science, so we will be going there to recover our wounds. The problem is that we do not know how long we’ll be there until everyone recovers. Therefore, after thinking it over for a bit, I’ve decided that you should be the lieutenant commander of our squad, and if you dislike it then you can hold the position temporarily until I come back for another chat. Don’t say I didn’t warn you though, I may be recuperating for a very long time.” The reason Dias had hurt himself this badly was to protect Asiya, but it could be considered a blessing in disguise since his relationship with Asiya had progressed very swiftly since then.

Cillin looked at the hopeful looking Dias and said, “I’m going

back to sleep.”

“Hey, don’t leave. Really, our squad normally has nothing to do, and even when there is something, Beaver’s there to handle it all. Therefore, you can say that I’m freer than the other LCs. It’s just a title, you know? A hat. An LC sets out only when there is something important, so this responsibility is actually pretty idle.”

a label

Dias talked endlessly about the benefits of being a lieutenant commander. If Cillin did not want to manage too many things, then he didn’t have to. It’s not like Dias did much management himself back when he was the lieutenant commander. He would feel a lot more at ease if it was Cillin who had taken over his job. No one would object to Cillin taking over as the lieutenant commander either.

In the end, Cillin agreed to Dias’ proposal. He had his own considerations for accepting the position. As Dias had mentioned earlier, those who held the rank of a lieutenant commander would be given greater power to learn about certain news and come in touch with certain things. That was to say that he would have a greater chance to learn about the High Tree Fuji Gen Family.

Cillin did not doubt in the slightest that the Gen Family was so high up the hierarchy that he would not be able to learn even the superficial information unless he reached that level. At the least, he found no news at all at the current stage.

After Cillin had exited the sick ward, he touched the veined

pattern on his thumb. Genya's coffin was still inside. Just how long would it take before he could send Genya back home?

At the same time, at Eudy and Beaver's sick ward. The duo had already escaped critical condition, and they only needed to recuperate for a while longer before they would fully recover. With their genotype rank, their healing speed was much greater than others.

Right now, Cary, Xiao Shang, Tang Qiuqiu and others were all gathered inside the sick ward. After having their emotions pent up for such a long time, the group finally felt a lot better. Tang Qiuqiu, who had been quiet for several days, had finally begun to start talking again as well.

Eudy was playing an IQ game with Dough on a microcomputer while chatting with the others.

Suddenly, the sick ward's door opened with a clack. There was no one outside, but if you move your gaze downwards then you would see a gray cat with a raised tail entering the room with light cat steps in full arrogance.

The gray cat glanced once at Eudy and Beaver on the sick bed before throwing down a line heartlessly, "Look at your sorry selves. You guys are so weak."

The crowd: "..."

Please don’t compare us to you and that monstrous master of yours, thank you!

Although Cillin did not talk about what happened on the planet, judging from the images they captured from outer space, the scene could only be described as appalling. They never realised that Cillin had such amazing methods until now.

The second Dough saw the gray cat, it immediately jumped out of its seat and ran towards it. On the surface it appeared that it was networking with the gray cat, but in reality it was just casting attention away from itself since it was about to lose the game to Eudy.

After it gave Tang Qiuqiu face and ate a sweet she handed it, the gray cat circled around the group once like a leader inspecting its crew. It nodded in satisfaction: everyone’s looking spirited today!

“Wheeze, why did the lieutenant call Cillin over?” Cary asked.

The gray cat jumped to a high spot on the cabinet and looked down on everyone. Then it said very smugly, “Dias is leaving soon to recover, and he wants Cillin to take over him as the lieutenant commander. Uh huh, don’t worry, as the lieutenant commander it is my responsibility to watch over you lot. If you guys run into trouble in the future there’s nothing to worry about. I’m here.”

So, who was going to become the lieutenant commander, Cillin or the cat? Because right now it looked like it was wearing a lieutenant commander’s title on its head.

The fact that Dias was leaving to Sector E to treat his arm was anticipated by everyone, but they were a little surprised that he would choose Cillin to take over his responsibilities. They had no objections to the appointment though. Cary and the others who were close to Cillin aside, the other members in the Sixth B Squadron would not object to it as well. After the Poison Fang incident, Cillin's reputation was pretty sizable.

Eudy smiled and said, "That's pretty great. Please watch over us in the future then, elder cat."

And he meant it. Everyone had a measure of the gray cat's ability in their heads. It had saved Cary once, and now it had saved Akayi and the others. One day they might need it to stretch them a helping paw too.

The next day, during the meeting at the Sixth B Squadron's main starship attended by both Barthus and Songba Leruo, Shawton announced that Cillin would take over Dias, the squad's former PIC and become a lieutenant commander in Sixth B Squadron. Meanwhile, a new PIC had been appointed for Asiya's squad as well. Her name was Zaya Kasa, and she would take over Asiya as the new lieutenant commander. Asiya herself would be accompanying Dias to Sector E while his arm was healed.

At the end of the meeting, Barthus had purposely patted Cillin twice on the shoulder heavily, saying, "Well done, kid. We'll be waiting for you at the A Squadron."

Songba Leruo did not object to Barthus' words after hearing it. He was obviously approving of Cillin as well.

With Cillin's current performance, he absolutely had the ability to enter the A Squadron. However, they had decided to observe Cillin for the moment and not recommend him the team immediately. It would be awkward to take away the Sixth B Squadron's talent now not long after they'd acquired him anyway.

If no issues were to turn up during Cillin's charge as a lieutenant commander, then Barthus and Songba Leruo would be ready to lift Cillin straight up into the A Squad.

The fact that Cillin was acknowledged by both famous personages in the A Squad, Barthus and Songba Leruo, meant that Cillin's status had risen imperceptibly in the Sixth B Squadron yet again.

The weapons developed based on the new energy ores were officially released and put to use, so this was no doubt a boost to the Sixth B Squadron's confidence as well.

After a period of recuperation and consolidation, the Sixth B Squadron finally stepped on their return journey. They had completed their mission, and they had collected enough data on the planets. They had even found many special energy ores and destroyed Poison Fang's secret base at Sector Z. These achievements were enough for their little Vanguard B Squadron to show their face proudly, not to mention that they had only used half of the original five years time limit.

Barthus had even told them that the A Squadron was ready to allocate a huge sum of funds to the Sixth B Squadron as reward for their achievements. The additional funds would enable the Sixth B Squadron to better develop themselves.

Just outside Sector Z, at a loosely scattered rock belt, there were twenty or so starships parked in the area. Among them were Navigator and Heaven's Birth's B Squadrons.

The reason they were parked there was because this particular rock belt only had one passage, and only one squadron was allowed to enter at a time. Any more and accidents might occur.

So here comes the question. Before Navigator and Heaven's Birth's arrival, the Hunter regiments were already arguing about who should go through the passage first. Neither were willing to give way to another because they all shared the the same mind: Why the hell should we let you go first? (T/N: wow)(E/N: when the top Hunters of the galaxy have the mentality of kindergartners)

Not long after, a Heaven's Birth B Squadron and a Navigator B Squadron showed up at the passage almost at the same time. And so the rest of the Hunter regiments shut up, happily watching the B Squadrons of the two of the four great Hunter regiments arguing with each other on the sidelines.

Chapter 131: A Glimpse Of Extraordinaire

There were a few relatively safe gates around the edges of Sector Z. While there were other unsafe zones that were well hidden and similarly allowed entry, they were a lot riskier to use as well. For example, Poison Fang was one of the few who chose to enter Sector Z through the unsafe zones because they were unafraid to take the risks. Barthus and Songba Leruo's squadron also came through the unsafe zone, but unlike Poison Fang it was because they had better technology that enabled them to shield themselves from the risks.

But those were the exceptions. In general, the four great Hunter regiments' B squads and other Hunter regiments would use the safe passages. The gate of every safe zone had a stretch of rock belt, and every rock belt had exactly one passage established by the government. The rocky areas beyond the passage were extremely harmful to a starship and other flying equipment, so normally only a single fleet was allowed passage at a time.

In reality, GAL could've made the passage wider when they were setting it up. However, for ease of management they did not go beyond the planned width.

There was a planet at the surrounding of Sector Z. GAL had set up a Sector Z base here so they could supervise the rocky areas.

To their surprise, today was a coincidental day where a huge number of Hunter regiments had chosen to gather at this gate at this period of time.

The garrisoned GAL troops on the planet were happy to see the Hunter regiments' argument. In the best case scenario, these Hunter regiments would fight each other to the death so they could fine them accordingly.

When multiple Hunter regiments ran into each other, they often loved to show off their insignia. Therefore, all sorts of Hunter regiment insignias and logos were displayed above every giant starship. It was as if they were afraid that people wouldn't know who they belonged to otherwise. But when Navigator and Heaven's Birth's starships showed up, the rest of the Hunter regiments were obviously inferior. Their insignias alone were enough to intimidate a few Hunter regiments to back off.

The great four truly was the great four. Even their B Squadrons were capable of serving as a deterrent to others.

Both Navigator and Heaven's Birth's B Squadrons blocked in front of the gate and refused to give an inch to the other party. With so many other Hunter regiments around them, neither side could put down their pride and just give the way either. If they allowed the other party to gain first entry, then it likely wouldn't take long before the rumors spread throughout the entire galaxy (E/N: does the galaxy really have nothing better to do). When that happened, not only would they lose status within their own regiment, their Hunter regiment would lose face on their behalf as well.

Since both B Squadrons had taken up half a passage each, if anyone tried to force their way through they would most definitely run into the rocky area.

Meanwhile, inside the GAL base on the planet, the people inside the monitoring room were smiling and delighting at the Hunter regiments' misfortune displayed on the screen. Suddenly, a supervising personnel reported, "Sir, there's a fleet on the other side of the belt requesting permission to come through."

"Oh? Who is it?" The officer raised his eyebrows and asked.

"It's a B Squadron from Vanguard."

The officer smiled. He did not think that three of the great four's B Squadrons would be gathered here today. This is going to be fun. The officer immediately said, "Send them a message and tell them that Navigator and Heaven's Birth had taken up half of the gate each. Therefore, passage is impossible."

"Okay!" The supervising personnel was also looking forward to the clash between the three titans.

Meanwhile, both Navigator and Heaven's Birth received a transmission stating that Vanguard's Sixth B Squadron was coming through from the other side of the passage, and that the both of them should give way.

When the commanders of Navigator and Heaven's Birth had heard about the news, they were both angry and amused. Vanguard's Sixth B Squadron? Who do you think you are?! You want to come out? Sure, go figure it out yourself how you're gonna pull it off then. In any case I'm not budging an inch, and what can

you do about that?

The transmissions from both sides hadn't ended for long before every Hunter regiment and the monitoring room on the planet realised that there was a fleet coming over from the other side of the passage.

They were actually coming their way!

The people's first reaction was that the Sixth Squad had gone insane. Their second reaction was that things are really going to be fun now! Right now every Hunter regiment had received a signal coming from the other side of the passage. It was a signal characteristic of a Vanguard's B Squadron which in normal circumstances would have caused any Hunter regiment who received it to maneuver out of the way accordingly. Meanwhile, the actual situation was that all other Hunter regiments except the three of the great four had backed off, and Navigator and Heaven's Birth were the only ones who were literally going to meet face to face with Vanguard within the narrow path. One on two? Interesting! No matter which side won, this would be a rare and interesting show regardless for the onlookers.

The signal displayed on the screen indicated that both sides were getting closer and closer to each other. Orders had been laid down, and weapons systems had been prepped within the Navigator and Heaven's Birth B Squadrons. If the Sixth Squad tried to force things, then they would not mind opening fire right here and then. They were two B Squadrons of the great four after all. Even if you were looking to one versus two, you should at least see who your opponents were first, shouldn't you, Vanguard?

In many people's opinion, Vanguard's Sixth B Squadron had acted too reckless this time. If they were to put it a little vulgarly, it would be suicidal. However, this opinion was soon overthrown.

Just when Navigator and Heaven's Birth were about to open fire, the Sixth Squad suddenly veered off course, that is to say they had flown outside the passage. However, the Sixth Squad showed no signs of slowing down at all.

What exactly were they trying to do?

There was a white flash, and a combined fleet enveloped in a layer of red-and-black energy shield charged into the open. In fact, they had appeared from above both Navigator and Heaven's Birth B Squadron.

The rocks that were in the way were frozen by the white flash before smashed to bits by the combined fleet enveloped in red-and-black energy shield.

The red-and-black energy shield enveloping the combined fleet appeared even stranger and mysterious than usual in this atmosphere. As the fleet flew out, carrying with it some rock bits frozen by the cold beam, the glints reflecting off the rock bits were immeasurably gorgeous amidst a dark background.

At the same time, six stressed cannon-like sounds of a specific rhythm began to appear in the transmission received by every fleet and the base's monitoring room. Each sound was only greater than

the next, and the interlayered music that like connecting a chain of beads caused the data and images on electronic displays of some poorly secured starships to beat along the same rhythm. The Hunters who heard this music all had a bewitched feeling that their hearts were beating along with it.

The music slowly turned as distant as time immemorial; like a dagger that was interweaved in every space. A massive dagger symbol appeared above the fleet, and although it was just a light projection, it gave off the feeling of an unsheathed blade that had become sharper than before.

The number ‘6’ was projected beside the projected dagger. Together, they represented Vanguard’s Sixth B Squadron!

Although they had not attacked the Navigator and Heaven’s Birth B Squadron, Vanguard’s Sixth B Squadron had flown out right above their heads while wearing Vanguard’s defining dagger insignia above their fleet.

This was a face slap! A face slap before everyone’s eyes!

The four great Hunter regiments had always wrangled with one another, and while open fights were rare, covert maneuvers were plenty. This encounter was one such example. No one fired even a single bullet, but the outcome was more intense than an actual battle.

After the combined fleet had flown out of the passage, it did not attempt to communicate with any parties. The only thing they left

behind was the gradually weakening signal and music.

Just like a king would depart, they left behind only a glimpse of extraordinaire, and that one instant when people looked up to them.

Chapter 132: I'm Back Again

How would the Hunter regiments think? How would the B Squadron of Navigator and Heaven's Birth treat this? And how would the garrisoned troops at Sector Z analyse their actions? Vanguard's Sixth B Squadron could not be bothered with either of them.

The reason Shawton had chosen such a forceful method was mainly due to Barthus' words before he bid him goodbye: Be forceful when you should!

Songba Leruo's assessment of Shawton was that he was excessively cautious and insufficiently aggressive. If he did not improve himself in the future, then the Sixth B Squadron would never improve no matter how big their gains were. Therefore, Shawton chose the more forceful method this time in order to lead the Sixth Squad towards a brighter future. The newly developed weapons gave him a lot of confidence after all.

After two and a half GAL years, the Sixth Squad left Sector Z. Perhaps it was because they had some bad experiences in Sector Z, but after they came out they felt like it was heaven wherever they went. There were irregular magnetic fields, constant iom storms, high radiation and aliens everywhere in Sector Z, thus forcing them to be careful almost all of the time. Now that they had left the place, everyone felt that they were breathing easier.

They did not make the news that they had eliminated the Skull King Carranio public, but those but those within the circle all knew about it. The four great Hunter regiments, the military, and

some great powers all had some knowledge regarding the matter.

However, there weren't actually that many people who knew that Cillin was the true culprit behind the Poison Fang base's demise. It was Cillin's own wish. He did not want to stay in the spotlight for too long, and the less frequent the name 'Cillin' appeared, the better. After all, the name would get on too many people's nerves, and once those people began to move they were not so easily appeased.

After the Sixth Squad came out, according to past convention the remainder period of the five-years mission would be used as holiday for the squad. Some people would return to their hometown and rest for a time before meeting up with the squadron once more. The others would follow the squadron and go to Sector K.

Sector K was the four great Hunter regiments' gathering spot. It was the only Sector in GAL where Hunter regiments were the majority, and for a Hunter this place was literally heaven. This was also one of the reasons Cillin had joined into Vanguard's Sixth B Squadron in the first place.

Every time a five-years mission was completed, the B Squadrons would return to Sector K and meet up with the A Squadrons to report their achievements and exchange certain things.

In the past, whenever the Sixth Squad went to Sector K and networked with the A Squadron and the rest of the B Squadrons, the Sixth Squad would find themselves incapable of standing tall as they self-consciously tried to make themselves invisible within the

crowd. But this time they were confident. If someone like Barthus and Songba Leruo themselves would praise the Sixth Squad, then everyone else should more or less be of the same opinion.

Therefore, the Sixth Squad's crew was a little excited and looked forward to this trip even as they commemorated the dead at the same time.

Other than the energy ores, Shawton had also brought with him the Skull King's corpse and emblems made from the Poison Fang members' bones with him. Carranio could be considered an overlord in his own right, and his death would definitely stir a ripple in the pond. Therefore, the best way to deal with Carranio was to pass him over to the A Squadron. Once they'd processed him, some of the secrets the Sixth Squad did not wish for anyone to know would be wiped from existence. This also coincided with Cillin's own wish.

Emmus would be taken back to the A Squad at Sector K. There, Shawton and the A Squad's men would negotiate with the military for his release. Naturally, the military would have to pay a price to redeem Emmus. It would be up to the A Squad to decide how this negotiation would turn out.

The remnants of Poison Fang on Sector Z was a great opportunity for the military to win some of the people's support. Surely the military would not mind spending a little more to learn more about Poison Fang. Of course, this also fell under one of the Sixth B Squadron's great achievements. Shawton had not forgotten about the development funds the A Squad promised him.

Cillin had been asleep ever since he attended the meeting. He had overused his brain; from the start to the end of the Poison Fang incident, his brain had been calculating at full speed almost completely without rest. Therefore, Cillin had only awakened after the fleet had left Sector Z.

Shawton verified his plans with Cillin, and Cillin gave the question some thoughts. Although he was now a lieutenant commander, the squad did have two years to rest right now. Time was plentiful, and everyone would be more or less free during this period. Therefore, Cillin decided to visit Sector X and all the other Sectors as well. No one knew that that he was the one who eliminated Poison Fang and killed Carranio anyway, so he might as well treat it as a vacation and get around. He would meet up with everyone at Sector K when the time comes.

Shawton did not object to Cillin's thoughts. After briefing Cillin on the ways to contact Vanguard, he told Cillin to be careful and not to be afraid to call them if he was in trouble. The entire Vanguard would have his back.

This was one of the benefits of joining a Hunter regiment. At the least, there would be a big hand to support him.

great power

Cary was going to meet up with some friends from the other B Squadrons at Sector K. Ba Dao was going to go home. Xiao Shang remained with the fleet since he was born in Sector K in the first place. Eudy and Beaver needed to recuperate, so they also decided stay on the starship and go wherever the fleet goes. Dias had taken the wounded with him to Sector E for treatment. The next time

they would meet him, he would be a whole person once more.

Tang Qiuqiu decided to follow Cillin, however. She thought that it would be more fun with him.

After making his decision, Cillin greeted Shawton and spoke of his intentions with everyone in the team. Then, while bringing Tang Qiuqiu and the gray cat with him, Cillin piloted a small spaceplane and departed for Sector X's transit planet while the fleet was passing by Sector X.

After passing through the space port's identity and danger level inspection, the spaceplane then landed on planet X-C100. Planet X-C100 was an important transport interchange and the hub of Sector X. It had special ports that allowed parking for private spaceplanes and other air vehicles, and it offered supervision services as well.

After Cillin parked the spaceplane at an empty space, handled the procedures and paid the respective fee, he then joined Tang Qiuqiu and the gray cat to hunt for food.

Tang Qiuqiu heard that it was here where Cillin had run into Dias, so she requested strongly that they would visit the restaurant near the spaceport.

Three years had passed, and the restaurant looked just the same as before. The place was still serviced by both human and robot waiters, but the waitress was no longer the one he remembered, and Cillin himself no longer looked the same as before.

Cillin told Tang Qiuqiu how he met Dias that year, and the girl giggled so hard that she couldn't find the time to wipe a piece of ice cream on her nose. On the other hand, the gray cat could barely find a spark of interest in those past stories at all and instead, stared with round eyes the flying cars travelling everywhere outside the window with great interest, thinking about how fun it would be if it could slap them all down from the sky.

Cillin was not going to fly a spaceplane to that place. There would be too much paperwork to process, and it was inconvenient as well. After he had finished his meal and taken a walk outside, he then took the flight to planet X-C362.

Pets were not allowed to be brought on top an airliner, and even if the customer insisted they had to be placed in a special cabin. However, the gray cat was an exception to that rule. It could roll around at a corner of the airliner and no one would notice.

When he saw that familiar planet and the satellite arrays above it, Cillin felt a strange feeling in his heart.

It's been three years. I'm back again.

Chapter 133: Little Garden

Planet X-C362 – Brown Earth was just the same as it was three years ago. That being said, after witnessing the prosperity in the ten trade Sectors, even the most high-end zones of Planet Brown Earth appeared mundane to his eyes.

As usual, there were plenty of well-dressed, self-important and high-class people walking about the street with arrogant eyes everywhere on the street.

They guarded their own territory and lived their own lives. It was not a bad way to enjoy one's life though.

Old Devon had opened a small shop at the city, and he also invited people from the slum to help him out. He led a pretty good life these days, and he even had a son now despite his age. A smile hung on Old Devon's face the entire time; at the very least Old Devon was smiling very cheerfully when Cillin saw him.

Tang Qiuqiu ate happily while holding a huge ice cream in one hand and a lollipop in the other. Occasionally, she would look curiously at her surroundings.

Originally, he had planned to take a train, but since the gray cat noisily demanded that they take a flying car, Cillin complied to its wishes and stopped a taxi. After he gave the address, the flying car rose into the air's special roadway and flew away.

Cillin forbad the gray cat from speaking carelessly outside, so the

gray cat expressed all of its feelings on its round eyes instead as it stared unblinkingly at the flying cars all around the taxi. It could not help but move its paws for a bit. It could not be helped, the sight made its paws itchy and it wanted to slap them.

Cillin watched the sceneries outside the window as they passed by the taxi. This planet looked just the same as before. If it was a part of the ten trade Sectors, then it would likely experience a huge change every year; a backwater Sector's development was much slower.

When Tang Qiuqiu had finished the ice cream in her hands, they had also arrived at their destination.

This might only be the edge of the slum, but anyone would notice the huge distinctive difference between it and the bustling zone at the front.

"Brother Cillin, is this your birthplace?" Tang Qiuqiu asked. In her mind, there was no such thing as a hometown. There was only the concept of a birthplace, and it was a concept that she held no attachments to whatsoever.

"Yeah." Cillin sucked in a deep breath. The air was per usual mixed with dust and decadence.

The gray cat was currently crouching on Cillin's shoulders, and on occasion it would let out some hmphs from its nose. It was obvious that the gray cat viewed the place with extreme disdain, and the contrast was only made more obvious since they had just

come out from the bustling zones of the city center. It seriously did not imagine that Cillin was born in such a shabby place.

The shacks were still shacks, and the garbage heaps were still garbage heaps. There were fewer people though. There were now a few more abandoned houses than there were in the past.

While treading the familiar streets in his memory, he arrived at the entrance of a bar. It was the bar Old Devon had gifted Cillin, and it was also the bar Cillin had worked at for many years in. Before he left he had rented it to Er Cheng, the guy who lived in the same shacks as he did. When Cillin checked his original debit card, he noticed that a sum of money would be transferred to his bank account every year on time. Although this sum of money wasn't much to Cillin right now, it was a proof of Er Cheng's integrity. Cillin was very satisfied with this.

Er Cheng's older brother Da Cheng was also a member of the slum. However, Da Cheng was a determined and hardworking man who worked at a high radiation zone and by chance evolved his genotype from rank F to rank E, hence officially becoming a member of the city. However, Er Cheng did not have his brother's courage. He was satisfied with just being able to live his life peacefully. Therefore, when Cillin had decided to rent the bar to Er Cheng, the man had been very happy. Now it would seem that Er Cheng had led a pretty good life for the past three years.

Cillin no longer looked the same as he was three years ago. No one could recognise him. The bar's business could not be considered good, but it was passable at least.

Cillin did not stay at the bar for long before he went to Genya's house. The intelligent robot in the house had been keeping things tidy, so the place wasn't too dirty overall. The Fuji tree hadn't grown at all, and it looked exactly the same as it was three years ago.

After surveying around the area once, Cillin contacted an agent and bought all of the abandoned houses. He also sent a home design blueprint to the agent and requested them to reconstruct the buildings according to the plans. At the same time, Cillin paid more than the full sum of the buildings on the spot, causing the agent to be overjoyed and promising repeatedly that they would definitely get the job done well.

Cillin used his alternate identity to process the relevant procedures. Once he had acquired ownership or the buildings, he then passed down the remaining tasks to the agent and let them be the one who supervise and urge completion of the buildings.

Cillin had some savings, and it was in galactic credits no less. If he were to convert them into Sector credits, the amount he would get in return would be sizable. It would not cause him a problem even if he were to purchase the entire slum with the money. However, Cillin chose to allow the small slum to develop freely on its own. He did not wish to break the town's pace.

Cillin had also learned that the reason there were less people in this place was mainly due to a chain reaction brought by a newly developed planet X-C369 not far away from planet Brown Earth X-C362.

Planet X-C369 was originally a planet that was much more poor and backward than even planet Brown Earth. Moreover, this planet's habitability as only at rank B, and that meant that more supporting equipment was required if a person chose to migrate to the planet. Since these equipment cost a huge amount of capital, it was one of the reason why the planet was of no interest to anyone for many years.

But three years ago – not long after Cillin had left planet Brown Earth – planet X-C369 by chance caught the eyes of a surveyor from the GAL famous Feniers Family, and had its development and management rights purchased by the scout. The planet's fate was changed since then, and it was given the name, 'Little Garden'.

'Little Garden' was twice as big as planet Brown Earth, and its development required a huge amount of labor force. The one thing that Sector X did not lack was cheap labor force, and planet Brown Earth alone provided one fifth of the total labor force required to develop 'Little Garden'. Of course, the laborers chosen for this task were of a higher class than usual. Even the lowest acceptable genotype rank had started at rank E. This caused planet Brown Earth to lose a huge amount of laborers from their city center, thus giving the people at the slum a chance to prove their worth. Even some healthy F rank laborers was able to find a minimum wage job at planet Brown Earth's city center. That was why the slum's population had decreased.

In just a year's time, planet X-C369 had transformed from its near primitive state to a beautiful and colorful garden as its name suggested.

Now, under the Feniers Family's promotion, 'Little Garden' had become famous in Sector X, and was one of the more important tourism planets they owned. Every day, there were people from every corner of GAL who came to visit this planet.

"Do you guys want to go take a look at 'Little Garden'?"

Cillin asked Tang Qiuqiu and the gray cat while holding a 'Little Garden' pamphlet.

"Yes!"

"Yes!"

The duo answered in unison with great expectation. The images on the pamphlet were incredibly attractive to both man and cat.

"Alright. Our next stop will be 'Little Garden'. Let's go see the legendary sea of flowers."

Planet Brown Earth had a direct flight to 'Little Garden', but this time Cillin processed a 'pet' identification for the gray cat. The space inspection center outside 'Little Garden' had tighter management, and while it wasn't impossible to fool them, the gray cat had to appear anyway once they arrived on the planet. To avoid any unnecessary troubles down the line, Cillin decided to process a 'pet' identification for the gray cat.

The word 'pet' caused the gray cat ground its teeth in great

dissatisfaction though. After some thoughts, it thought: Oh birdy, it's not like I'll be staying too long inside this special 'pet' cabin anyway. We'll reach there in a nap's time!

same meaning as 'oh well'

Little Garden. You know it's great just from its name alone!

Chapter 134: Realm Of Dreams

Everybody knew that the Little Garden wasn't small at all. It was twice as large as Planet Brown Earth, but the stream of people that came back and forth the planet was endless. Almost the entirety of Little Garden was covered in people.

The Feniers Family's management of their properties was stricter than others in every aspect. Just like Seven Lights, the direct flight passenger transport was parked at the space station outside Planet Little Garden, and they had to verify their identities in the space station before taking a specialised transport into the planet.

The passengers grew excited before they even entered the space station. They were already seeing the colorful and dreamlike planet through the cabin windows and display screens, and it was incredibly fascinating.

After the inspection was done, Cillin walked into the specialised transport with Tang Qiuqiu with him. As for the gray cat, it continued to crouch inside the transport's 'pet cabin'.

The moment they landed and stepped out of the transport, the rich but not excessive fragrance of flowers immediately swept across their faces. After they stepped out of the spaceport, the scent changed again and became simple and elegant, clean and delightful.

After they came out, the flowery scent changed almost every few steps they took. There were all kinds of fragrance, and all shapes

and variety of well trimmed flowery shrubs to be seen wherever they went. There were even some flowering vines hanging in the air.

"That was so stifling!"

The gray cat shook its fur, stuck up its butt for a stretch before jumping up Cillin's shoulder. Its head twisted and turned constantly as it stared at the surrounding sceneries in surprise.

Be it the buildings or transportations available on this planet, they were all carved into flowery shapes or have flowery patterns inscribed onto their bodies, inheriting a flower's diverse forms and colors and filling the planet with the dreamlike colors of a fairy tale.

Cillin wanted to rent a means of transport – a flower car. It was an essential tool for any tourist who visited this place. It looked just like a small carriage, except that it was made in the shape of flowers. There were tables and chairs inside it, enabling tourists to eat, drink and chat as they enjoyed the sceneries. The vehicle's speed and pathing could all be adjusted, so it was pretty convenient to use.

When he arrived at the car rental place and stared at the display screen, Cillin asked Tang Qiuqiu, "Which one do you like?"

The sheer variety of flower cars on the display screen was overwhelming. After pursing her lips and staring for a very long time, Tang Qiuqiu finally chose a lily car. Just like a lily, the flower

car had a bell-like shape and was white in color. It looked very cute.

Lily-of-the-valley

Since they were only two humans and a cat, Cillin selected a small flower car for their ride. After he paid, a card popped out beside the instrument. The card served both as the proof of the car rental and as the key to the flower car. At the same time, a lily car about two meters tall automatically drove itself out from inside the station.

The car door opened after he scanned the card he just acquired near the car door. The car interior was even filled with the scent of lilies, seemingly seeping right into their hearts.

After entering the car and configuring things on the control panel, three sofas and a small round table popped out inside the car. The sofa was very soft, and it looked just like the petal of a lily.

Cillin set a short route since they needed to purchase some food and other necessities from the nearby stores. For Tang Qiuqiu he bought ice cream and sweets, and for the gray cat he bought a cod burger and fish biscuits with all kinds of flavor. Cillin had also bought some food that could fill the stomach.

They must admit that the locations and services under the Feniers Family's management were impressive. The food was high quality, and it wasn't overly expensive as well.

Cillin even purposely bought a palm-sized, flower-shaped camera

for Tang Qiuqiu to play with. The duo and a cat took a picture together as a memento.

The lily car moved forward while suspended on the road. Cillin had set the speed and route, so all they needed to do now was to eat, chat and enjoy the sceneries outside the car.

Eighty percent of the ‘Little Garden’ were scenic areas, so there were definitely enough sceneries to fulfill any tourist’s desires (T/N: How small are these planets really? It’s ‘Planet’ Little Garden and not Little Garden ‘City’). The scenic areas were overlaid with many crisscrossing, suspended roads, and after the route was inputted the flower cars would travel on these roads and lead their passengers through soothing sceneries.

Although they had felt like they were surrounded by flowers from the beginning, it was only after they entered the scenic areas for real that they truly felt like they had entered a sea of flowers. The endless sea of flowers stretched out as far as the eyes could see.

There were butterfly bees flying on top of the sea of flowers. They were called butterfly bees, because they looked like butterflies with their large, colorful wings, but worked like bees, knowing how to gather nectar. They would not harm the gardens like butterfly larvae either. The ‘Little Garden’s’ administrators had even built some artificial bee nests for them so that all sorts of butterfly bees would dance lithely and gracefully amidst the flowers, adding much life and energy to this sea of flowers.

The colorful world, overwhelming sceneries, and seeping fragrance all ensured that their visitors loitered around at the

easiest excuses.

Every stop's scenery was different. Just when they thought that the previous stop was eye catching enough already, the next stop surprised them again with something new. It was truly an experience that was difficult to describe with words.

The display inside the flower car would display the information about the area they passed through such as the types and species of flowers, the name of the scenic area and so on so that the tourists would have a better understanding.

"The Rainbow Bridge! Brother Cillin, let's go over the Rainbow Bridge!"

"Okay." Cillin adjusted the pathing and set the flower car to drive towards the Rainbow Bridge.

The tourists who came to this area would often adjust their pathing to pass through the Rainbow Bridge.

The Rainbow Bridge was a arch-shaped passage surrounded by flowery shrubs of all colors. From afar it looked just like a rainbow, and at the same time some suspension devices were also suspended at above and around the Rainbow Bridge to look like white clouds. The water droplets that sprinkled out from inside these 'clouds' only added to the joy further. The kids who passed through here would stretch their hands outside the window and grab the water droplets, and Tang Qiuqiu was not an exception. Their giggles could be heard from far, far away.

Tang Qiuqiu even held the gray cat outside the window to be drenched by the water droplets. The gray cat was having a lot of fun as well as it flicked its ears and shook its head, swinging all the water droplets on Tang Qiuqiu's body before opening its mouth to drink the water droplets that contained the sweetness of nectar.

"Wah! Look, a cat!"

A young child about four to five years old poked his head out of the window of the flower car in front of them and pointed smilingly at the gray cat held out the window by Tang Qiuqiu.

The gray cat gave the kid face and waved a paw at him, causing the little kid to be so excited that he threw a bag of fish biscuits at the gray cat. The gray cat caught it with a single swipe and smiled until its eyes were thin slits.

After they passed through the Rainbow Bridge, a giant effigy appeared at the center of the sea of flowers – it was the 'Goddess of Flowers'; an effigy made entirely from flowers.

The girl who was made from flowery shrubs appeared to be both gentle and refined. White flowery shrubs formed the wings at her back, and all kinds of colors adorned her long dress. She looked like she was strolling through the sea of flowers. It was all very beautiful.

Tang Qiuqiu was completely absorbed in taking pictures with her camera. Cillin poked her tiny face once before saying, "Qiuqiu,

they have honey sweets over there. Do you want to try it?”

“Sweets?” Tang Qiuqiu’s eyes lit up as she followed the direction Cillin was pointing at. There was a small store not far away at the front selling honey sweets and other honey products.

Honey, flowering tea and more were Little Garden’s specialty products. After all, it was very difficult to find another tourist spot in GAL that was even better than this place. Naturally, the quality of Little Garden’s honey and consequently their honey sweets in such a pure environment was incredible.

Tang Qiuqiu bit her fingers while she stared at at the choices displayed on the panel. This was too hard! How was she going to make a choice?

Finally, she temporarily selected ten types of honey sweets, planning to buy more in the future when they ran into such a store again.

After they bought the sweets, Cillin decided to rest at a rest stop. There was a plaza here that allowed the visitors to park their flower cars and get some air and activity outside.

Tang Qiuqiu was sitting on a flower-shaped wood bench and showing Cillin the sceneries she had caught along the way. While speaking, she was suddenly interrupted by a young, angry shout.

“GET OUT!!”

Chapter 135: What Is The Price Range For The Great Four's Services?

The roar grabbed every surrounding tourists' attention. They saw a uniquely designed flying car suspended in the air, and there were a few bodyguard-like characters and an old man who was dressed like a butler surrounding a young boy who was about ten years old. The old man wore a helpless look on his face, but he did not look fed up with the kid. In fact, it looked like he doted on the boy a lot.

Cillin knew that anyone who could own a personal flying car in this place must not be a normal tourist. After all, the management on this planet was stricter than usual. Judging from their appearance, these people should be pretty influential. Even if they were not a part of the Feniers Family, they must be closely related to them.

The one who yelled 'get out' just now was that little young master. His attire alone showed that he was definitely a young master from a certain family, not to mention that the disdain and arrogance he wore when he looked at the surrounding people reminded Cillin of Pride.

Right now the little fellow looked to be full of anger. A bodyguard beside him took a step away, but then he the little fellow glared at him and gave him no choice but to withdraw back to his position and pretend that he was a statue.

This was what they called a spoilt boy's temper, and it appeared that he was being deliberately provocative as well. After all, one

moment ago you were telling your bodyguard to get out, and the next you glared him right back into position again. What exactly do you want?

Tang Qiuqiu did not know what the surrounding tourists thought about the situation, but personally she found it unbearable. That being said, she could not find it in herself to care either, so she poked the gray cat with her elbow and pointed at a picture on the camera and said, “Let’s ignore them and keep looking. Wheeze, what do you think about this picture?”

Cillin had helped taken this picture when they were passing over the Rainbow Bridge. Tang Qiuqiu had held the gray cat outside the window where the scattered water droplets refracted brilliant rainbow-colored rays.

The gray cat pressed closer until its entire head was covering the picture. It was obvious that it loved this picture a lot as well.

“You’re blocking my view. Move aside a little!” Tang Qiuqiu scratched the fur above the gray cat’s head while smiling.

Actually, after the little young master had broken into a yell, the surrounding people had subconsciously turned quiet or spoke with each other in a soft voice. Therefore, the fact that Tang Qiuqiu had not lowered her voice at all made her stand out among the crowd. It was also incredibly obvious that Tang Qiuqiu had completely and utterly disregarded everyone else around her while she monologued to the gray cat.

The young master glared at Tang Qiuqiu, but both Tang Qiuqiu and the gray cat were staring at the camera and ignoring his gaze entirely. This infuriated the little young master so much that his face had flushed red. He had never seen someone who dared ignore him like this until today! This was literally unforgivable!

“Wretch!”

It was just a single word, but it was yelled out with such force that it sounded even more impressive than the ‘get out’ from before. If any proof was needed to prove that the little fellow was a young master of a great family then this was it, lamented everyone in the surrounding inside their hearts. Unfortunately, it did not look like things would go well for the girl. It was obvious that these people were no one to be trifled with. The crowd looked at Tang Qiuqiu with sympathy behind their eyes.

Cillin had been observing the old man from the beginning. Although the bodyguards looked like they were literally acting to the little young master’s gaze, the true person in charge here was that butler-like old man. Still, the good news was that the old man had not expressed any ill will towards them.

When Tang Qiuqiu heard this rather impressive angry roar from the little young master, she raised her head and cast a glance at him. The meaning behind the glance was very obvious: Shut up. Stop distracting us while we’re watching our photos.

Tang Qiuqiu’s obviously disdainful gaze caused the little young master’s face to turn from red to black completely. He was so furious he nearly jumped on his feet.

However, the young boy seemed to recall something and felt his anger subsiding bit by bit. Instead, it was replaced with a strange and ill-intentioned smile.

The old man's eyebrows jumped a fraction higher. He had a bad feeling about this...

The little young master lifted his chin high and put on his young master pose, taking one step after another until he was in front of Tang Qiuqiu. At the same time, the bodyguards and the old man mirrored the little fellow's actions and did not take half a step away from him.

Seeing that Tang Qiuqiu and the gray cat continued to treat him like air, the little young master raised an arrogant smile and pointed a finger at her, saying to the old man beside him, "Aren't we lacking a bodyguard? I want her."

Tang Qiuqiu turned off her camera and put a honey sweet into her mouth. She jumped down the bench and pulled Cillin's arm, "Let's go and watch some more flowers, we've rested enough." She did not want to bother with this crazy little young master.

"Stop right there!"

As the young boy's voice resounded, the bodyguards blocked in front of Cillin and Tang Qiuqiu's path. Cillin stopped Tang Qiuqiu from walking forwards and taking a kick at them and looked towards the old man.

The old man gave him an apologetic look before walking forwards and introducing himself without forgetting his manners, “I am Castella, and this is my young master. May I have the honor to invite you two for an afternoon tea?”

Tang Qiuqiu looked at Cillin, knowing that she could not speak carelessly in this situation. The other party was going to use force to get what they wanted.

Cillin looked at the old man and smiled, saying, “I will impose on you then.”

When Castella was introducing himself, he had purposely revealed an emblem on his sleeve. It was the emblem of the Feniers Family.

Since the other party did not make things ugly and even offered them a ladder to climb down stage, it would only be counterproductive if they turned them down now. Plus, this planet belonged to the Feniers Family. Even if they wanted to quarrel, it was inadvisable to pick on an enemy at their home ground.

same meaning as a Chinese saying mentioned earlier, to give the other party the opportunity to walk away without losing face

Cillin believed that the old man before them would not lift a hand against them just because of this matter. Therefore, he agreed to Castella’s proposal.

The young boy stared complacently at Tang Qiuqiu before beckoning for the flying car suspended in mid-air to come down.

The flying car was huge and about the same size as a big flower car. However, its interior was a lot more luxurious than a big flower car's.

Cillin and Tang Qiuqiu went in and took a seat. The gray cat jumped onto Tang Qiuqiu's lap so she could scratch its itch.

The bodyguards say down at the back and front row of the car. There were only four people who were seated at the middle; Cillin and Tang Qiuqiu sitting directly opposite to the little young master and Castella. Tang Qiuqiu cared nothing for the feelings of the people sitting opposite of her and frowned as she stared at the gray cat on her lap and scratched its chin.

The flying car flew into the air and stopped after a short distance.

A small tea table appeared at the center of the room, and Castella lifted a teapot and poured four cups of tea for them.

Castella took the lead and stated clearly that this incident was a misunderstanding. They had no choice but to bring Cillin and Tang Qiuqiu to the car, because it would create a bad image if they continued to argue down there at the public. Next, Castella started to say that the little young master's suggestion was a misunderstanding as well. But before he could finish, the little young master forcefully interrupted Castella's words.

“I already said that I want her to become my bodyguard. Didn’t you say that you want to increase the number of bodyguards yesterday? This is perfect then. I choose her.”

With an odd look on her face, Tang Qiuqiu moved closer to Cillin’s ears and ‘whispered’, “Brother Xiao Shang once said that those who let women protect them are all gigolos who live off women.”

Tang Qiuqiu’s voice wasn’t loud, but obviously both Castella and the little young master could hear her since they were so close to each other. That was her intention; she wanted the little young master to hear what she said.

The old man barely reacted, but the little young master grew furious. With a bang he slapped a palm onto the tea table in front of him and said, “Who do you think you are? I’m the one doing you a favor by offering you the chance to become my bodyguard! How dare you insult me?!”

“Hmph, says the wimpy brat who knows nothing.”

“You’re not even as tall as me, shorty!!”

“Gigolo!”

“Ugly face!”

Both Cillin and the old man watched their kids glaring at each

other, banging on the table and sending spittles flying everywhere with their argument. Neither man were perturbed by the situation and said nothing.

Bang! Tang Qiuqiu slammed a fist on the table and gritted her teeth. It was all she could do not to jump right over the table and kick the slob off his feet. In the past she basically did whatever she wanted to, and the cases where a bullet was served just because of a slight remark at Sector V were only all too common. Although she had curbed such behaviors after joining the Sixth B Squadron, this guy really pissed her off.

Tang Qiuqiu turned towards Cillin and asked, “According to the rules, I can accept missions during my free time, right?”

Cillin thought and answered, “Yes.”

“Alright.” Tang Qiuqiu looked at the wimpy brat at the opposite and said, “If the pay is good and it’s within my free time, then I’ll accept this mission and protect you, gigolo!”

The little young master stared disdainfully at Tang Qiuqiu, “How much do you think someone like you is worth? You overestimate yourself! I may as well hire someone from the great four.”

The great four referred to the four great Hunter regiments.

Tang Qiuqiu paused, seemingly hesitating about something.

Cillin took a sip of tea and said, “Go for it. If anything happens I’m right behind you.”

Tang Qiuqiu’s lips curled at Cillin’s words. She took out an item hung around her neck and slapped it on the table, “Sixth B Squadron member Tang Qiuqiu of Vanguard of the four great Hunter regiments says hi. Now, my little gigolo young master, do you know what is the price range for the great four’s services?”

Chapter 136: Mission

When they saw Tang Qiuqiu slapping the dagger-shaped emblem with a ‘6’ on the table, the little young master aside, even Castella was a little dazed.

First impressions were deceiving. They couldn’t believe that they were actually members of the great four!

Naturally, Castella could differentiate whether if the emblem was authentic or not, which was exactly why he had let out a gasp of admiration at the duo. He would never have expected Vanguard would have such a young Hunter, and with his knowledge and experience Castella could see from the emblem that the young girl belonged among the core members of Vanguard’s Sixth B Squadron.

“This… this is… this is fake, isn’t it?!” the little young master roared angrily with a flushed face, but it was obvious that his words were lacking some power behind them now.

Tang Qiuqiu humphed once and withdrew the squad emblem, hanging it back around her neck. She carried the gray cat back on her lap and scratched the gray cat’s chin, saying, “Some people are just sore losers, don’t you think?”

The gray cat narrowed its eyes and gave Tang Qiuqiu face by meowing in response. It pissed off the little young master on the opposite side so much that he nearly flipped over the entire table.

Castella straightened his expression and said, “The two of you are Hunters of Vanguard. We have been somewhat impolite earlier, so please forgive us for any slights that we may have imposed upon you.”

Originally, with Castella’s status, he need not act this respectfully towards Hunters of a B Squadron, even if they were one of the great four. However, the main reason he still acted this way was because of the number 6 on Tang Qiuqiu’s squad emblem, representing Vanguard’s Sixth B Squadron. He had recently received quite a lot of secret reports that were all related to this particular B Squadron, and according to his understanding this B Squadron showed signs of becoming a powerful force in the future.

“Since you are Hunters of Vanguard, then we should reintroduce ourselves once more. This is young master Tobo Feniers, and I am my young master’s servant. Welcome to Feniers Family’s Little Garden.”

Cillin put down his teacup and took out his own emblem, “I am the Lieutenant Commander of Vanguard Sixth B Squadron, Cillin. Pardon the intrusion.”

Castella’s eyelids twitched. Lieutenant commander… this young man was actually a lieutenant commander of Vanguard Sixth B Squadron! Now Castella had to admit that he had made an error of judgment. This young squad member and young lieutenant commander were truly surprising.

The flying car left the scenic area and landed on a manor. This was the Feniers Family’s private lodging.

Both Tang Qiuqiu and the gray cat sat in a reception room while the servants served them all sorts of pastries. Both Tang Qiuqiu and the gray cat had a great time eating the food, and they did not pay any attention to the cold-looking Tobo beside them at all.

Meanwhile, Cillin and Castella had gone to a different meeting hall. Castella told Cillin about the mission's items and answered Cillin's questions with explanations.

The little young master of the Feniers Family, Tobo was bored and had nothing to do in his home. Coincidentally, he heard from his family about a group of people that was headed to Sector X's 'Little Garden' to supervise matters, so he asked for his parents' permission to follow them to 'Little Garden' and relieve his boredom.

Naturally, the little young master must be properly secured on his journey, and they even had a few corvettes escorting them during their travel to 'Little Garden'. However, not long after they arrived, they received a distress message from their family at a different property in Sector X. Half of the security crew had responded to the message and gone over to provide support, and their numbers became insufficient. Meanwhile, the little young master was tired of Little Garden already, but the personnel they sent off did not return in time and missed the original departure time they had agreed upon. With Tobo's safety in his mind, Castella did not head home in accordance to Tobo's wishes. If they returned now while lacking the number of security personnel to protect them, they might run into trouble.

Previously, the reason Tobo had gotten angry was because he was tired of this place, and in a fit of pique went on the flower car to divert his mind. In the end, he was annoyed by the bodyguards around him and ultimately broke into a yell by the plaza at the rest area.

“Do you think that there is some force at work?” Cillin asked.

“I do.” Castella did not hide this, “As you know, there are many children of great families who experienced kidnapping at some point in their lives, and this is only more true for the likes of the Feniers Family. Those who dare take the risk to do such a thing are naturally capable people who aren’t easy to deal with, not to mention that they are still in the dark.”

Since he had worked together with the current successor of the Douance Family, Aiflon, Cillin naturally knew all about the twists and turns of such incidents. Otherwise, Aiflon would not have sought out Cillin to feign as his son back then.

“According to my knowledge, a family at Feniers’ level would normally protect their young children quite well. So why did they take the risk and agree to little young master Tobo’s travel from Sector F to Sector X?”

Sector F was considerably far away from Sector X. If anything did happen, the water from afar would not be able to quench the current fire. Plus, Tobo was still young and only ten years old. He would not have much ability to protect himself.

a slow remedy does not address the current emergency

Castella smiled with a hint of proudness at Cillin's question, "The Feniers Family do view their children's safety with great importance, but what is equally important is the children's growth. A member of the Feniers Family cannot be afraid to take risks, and he or she cannot avoid a task simply because there is inherent danger. The children need training, and there is no better time than this age to open their eyes."

Cillin nodded agreeably. It was true that a child who was raised in a greenhouse would only grow up to be a parasite even if he avoided becoming a prodigal. Lung, Ci Jincheng and Knight were good examples of this. They all had powerful backgrounds, but their individual strength could not be underestimated as well. This was a result of their own training. While effort was not always rewarded, it was nonsense to hope for reward without effort.

grow up sheltered

"How long will the mission last?" Cillin asked.

"If our security crew still does not return in three days time, then we will depart for Sector F immediately. The end of the mission shall be the point where we return to Sector F safely."

"That is acceptable. There is something I must mention beforehand, though. The only one who will be accepting this mission is Tang Qiuqiu. As for me, well, our kid wants to grow up, so I have to watch over her from the dark."

The reason Cillin did not interfere with Tang Qiuqiu's actions

was to increase her experience. As a Hunter, it was only a matter of time before she undertakes a mission on her own.

Since Cillin did not participate directly in the mission, Castella only paid Tang Qiuqiu for the mission. The down payment was one million, and another one million would be paid after the mission was completed successfully. Originally, Castella was only going to pay five hundred thousand as down payment, but after he saw Tang Qiuqiu blasting a butterfly bee's head to bits outside the manor with a single shot, he increased her pay without hesitation. Castella sighed. This girl deserved to be called a member of Vanguard alright; her gun instinct was just too good. Without needing time to aim and relying on her instinct alone, she could shoot at the first moment and know that she struck her target without even needing to check the results.

The mission covered for both accommodation and meal expenses, so this was a huge sum of money for Tang Qiuqiu, who was accepting an independent mission for the first time in her life. Tang Qiuqiu could envision a future of honey sweets ahead of her.

Although she was excited, the contract must still be read seriously. Dias once told her that contracts cannot be dealt with carelessly. Otherwise, she could cry all she wanted but nothing could be done if someone took advantage of her.

Once she'd gone through the contract and felt that everything was in place, she signed the contract and officially began her mission. While Tang Qiuqiu signed a mission contract, Cillin signed a different contract that required him to obey several rules for not participating in the mission.

It was night. Cillin lay on his bed while the gray cat lay on its stomach beside him. Due to the mission, Tang Qiuqiu slept in the room next to Tobo's bedroom.

"Cillin, why did that wiener or whatever family hire Qiuqiu as their little young master's bodyguard? Wouldn't it be better if they hired someone else stronger?" the gray cat asked while swaying its tail idly.

"Normally, a great family like Feniers would not hire a Hunter as their bodyguard. As compared to a Hunter, they trusted the people they raised themselves more, so there must be something that that old fox Castella hasn't told us. Still, whatever that may be, this will be a good learning experience for Qiuqiu." Cillin said.

"That's true. Plus, Qiuqiu can get two million from this mission. She said that she will treat me to a fish feast when the time comes, hehe."

"Go to sleep already you glutton. Maybe you can taste that fish feast of yours earlier in your dreams."

The gray cat humphed twice, before curling itself into a ball. Then, it hugged its own head and fell into sleep.

Amidst the darkness, Cillin opened his palm and let loose a few flying insects. After observing the direction they're flying to, he waved his hand and withdrew them once more.

Chapter 137: Disguised Machines

Even though everyone knew that Tang Qiuqiu had become the little young master Tobo's personal bodyguard, they were all viewing it as a prank played by a disgruntled kid. There were very few people such as Castella who actually knew that Cillin and Tang Qiuqiu were members of Vanguard Sixth B Squadron.

During the few days prior to leaving 'Little Garden', the little young master was as idle as ever. Since he now had a new little bodyguard, he took Tang Qiuqiu out to relieve some boredom while Cillin and the other bodyguards followed not far behind them.

Inside the small flower car, Cillin and the gray cat were playing chess.

The gray cat saw Dough and Eudy playing chess before, so it felt a momentary interest to play it too and nagged Cillin to play a few rounds with it. Admittedly, a cyborg had incredible computing power, so the gray cat's chess skills could be said to be pretty good. However, computing power wasn't the only thing that's required in playing chess, and in comparison Cillin's mind was a lot more flexible than the gray cat's. That was why the gray cat was forced to play passively all this time.

Beep——

After the gray cat stared at the chessboard with a drooped head for a long time, it shamelessly pressed the reset button.

I lost again...

Cillin looked outside the window and did not bother with the gray cat rolling and tearing its own hair on the table.

After the gray cat rolled back and forth and whined for a long time on the table, but did not get a reaction from Cillin, it lifted its paw and pulled at Cillin's sleeves.

No reaction.

It pulled again!

Still no reaction.

After getting no reaction despite pulling at Cillin's sleeves for a long time, the gray cat turned furious and unleashed all of its anger, including the ones it had accumulated when it had lost in chess. It jumped up to the air and landed on Cillin's head. Then, it began damaging his hair style.

Cillin raised a hand and flicked the gray cat's head. Then, he pointed outside the window and said, "Look over there."

The gray cat spat out the hair in its mouth and looked to where Cillin's finger was pointing at. There were people dressed in wedding suits and dresses taking pictures over there. It was

nothing special; newlyweds would often visit from faraway places to take pictures here. It had seen quite a lot of such people since the first day.

"What's so interesting about wedding photoshoots? Don't tell me that you're thinking about getting married, Cillin? Hmm, if you want to marry then you should find a woman that's rich, beautiful, can bear children and not a wastrel... Mm, that's what Cary said. When you see him you can ask him for further details."

Cillin pulled the gray cat's ears, "So stupid, I'm not talking about that!"

"What's what then? You're obviously pointing at that wedding photoshoot." the gray cat slapped Cillin's forehead in dissatisfaction.

"Let's test your eyesight." Cillin pointed at the people taking their wedding photoshoot, "With where the bride stands as the center point, how many butterfly bees are there in a circle of one hundred meter radius?"

"A hundred and sixty nine." the gray cat gave the answer almost immediately, "Among them, one hundred and thirty two are carbon-based life forms, whereas thirty seven are machines in disguise." after a pause, the gray cat continued, "Out of these thirty seven machines in disguise, there are seven that are monitoring the people taking the wedding photoshoot, ten monitoring the surroundings including us, and twenty around Tang Qiuqiu and the little young master Tobo."

While the butterfly bees would all appear to be the same in other people's eyes, the gray cat was able to identify which ones were real and which weren't with just a single glance. Although the disguised machines looked no different from the real butterfly bees, in the gray cat's eyes, there is a world of differences between a carbon-based and a machine object. A single glance was all it needed to differentiate them.

There were no monitoring devices inside the flower cars. On the surface, it seemed like the Feniers Family placed great emphasis on their tourists' privacy, but in reality they just had other ways to monitor them.

"Not bad. A passable effort." Cillin nodded.

"Of course, who do you think I am..."

Cillin interrupted the gray cat's self-enlightenment, "Then did you notice which disguised machines have micro weapons system in them?"

The gray cat flicked its ears and jumped down to the table from Cillin's head. If someone was to pay attention to its eyes, they would notice that its pupils had expanded greatly while it was staring outside the window.

"I see call monitoring, communications monitoring, genotype rank analysis, laser scan, high-density energy excitation beam..." the gray cat mentioned the types of systems loaded on those

disguised butterfly bees in a row, “Holy meow, they even have a self destruct device!”

The gray cat’s whiskers moved a little before it looked at Cillin, “I didn’t notice because I wasn’t looking earlier, but there are also a lot of disguised machines among the flowers, and the soil as well! I just saw a machine disguised as an earthworm, and a few machine ants as well! Isn’t this amount of spy devices a little excessive? Doesn’t this mean that they’re monitoring us this whole time?”

“It is as you say. The Feniers Family has a lot of protective monitoring going on here. But this is not necessarily a bad thing for us.” Cillin pulled this gray cat’s whiskers once and asked, “What do you see?”

It was exactly as he said. While there were disguised machines everywhere monitoring everyone around the area, this made life much easier for the gray cat as well. This was because it was able to tap into the disguised machines monitoring images without being discovered by the Feniers Family.

“Oh my meow, they’re actually kissing in public!” the gray cat let out an odd cry.

A young couple was making out with each other in the flower car slightly further than fifty meters away from Cillin’s. Originally, there was no way they could see them from their car’s point of view, but the gray cat saw them through the monitoring images of the disguised butterfly bee.

The young couple had thought that no one would be able to discover their activities, but although they could not see anyone outside the window, their every action were known by a certain someone.

“Yo, the girl’s skirt is being parted…”

Seeing that the gray cat was growing more and more indecent, Cillin slapped it and said, “Go check out how Qiuqiu is doing.”

“Hmm, Qiuqiu is playing a game, and that little young master Tobo is slapping the table and looking very angry. He’s also yelling loudly, although Qiuqiu isn’t paying him any attention.”

Meanwhile, Castella and a bodyguard-like person sat inside a different flower car not far away.

“Is everything ready?” Castella said with half-lidded eyes.

“It is ready. However, we received news that they might do a little something. Is this not a little too risky? Young master is with us after all.”

Castella sighed, “There is no choice. This is the master’s intention, so we can only do our best. If we do not run into those people and everything goes well, then naturally it is for the best. If we did run into them, then we can only keep the young master stays away from the danger zone as much as possible.”

“Please do not worry, we will do our best to protect young master. However, the people from Vanguard…”

“That you do not have to worry about. I have my plans.”

After the many urges of the little young master Tobo, Castella finally ordered his men to be ready to depart.

Three corvettes would be escorting them during the return journey. Although it wasn’t as impressive as when they’d first arrived, this protection was still on a large scale compared to other people.

The three corvettes formed a triangular formation that protected the starship Tobo was seated upon at the center. Cillin was also on the starship. However, in order to avoid arousing suspicion and obeying some of the rules mentioned in the contract, Cillin hadn’t come into contact much with Tang Qiuqiu. After all, Cillin had not accepted the escort mission directly.

As usual, Tang Qiuqiu held her console and played video game everyday. Tobo had been practicing his shooting skills on the starship ever since he lost to Tang Qiuqiu, but no matter how hard he practiced, Tang Qiuqiu’s comment never changed – so stupid!

She had completely picked up Cillin’s tone and words while he was criticising the gray cat (T/N: and now Cillin is a sinner as well!).

The four starships' flight was rather peaceful, and they did not run into any incidents during the journey. Their next stop was not Sector F, but Sector H. Sector H was a pit stop they needed to pass through. The Feniers Family had a base there that was also the central administration of the entire Sector H. Castella had said that he had received orders to handle some work over there, and they would have to delay the return journey for two or three days. However, this time the little young master Tobo did not get angry. In fact, he was rather happy.

What was the most famous thing about Sector H?

Marine products!

Chapter 138: The Blue Sector, Zafia

Sector H didn't have many habitable planets, but most of their planets were pretty special. More than fifty percent of every habitable planet's surface was covered in water, and some planets at rank B planetary habitability were almost one hundred percent covered in seawater. Therefore, Sector H was also known as the Blue Sector.

Cillin had seen quite a lot of marine products from Sector H when he was loitering around Seven Lights trade zone, and he had to admit that their marine products were better than other Sectors. Therefore, there were a lot of business groups or great families who, after finding of a planet of their liking, acquired the planet's development and management rights for marine breeding and so on. The Feniers Family was one of them.

While flipping through the planet introduction on an electronic star map, Cillin saw a few planets that he was familiar with. For example, the planet called 'Aquamarine' was a planet on Seven Lights used for field work purposes. That being said, since Planet Aquamarine was quite far away from the planet they were headed to, there was probably no chance that he would run into someone from Seven Lights.

Their current destination was Sector H's Planet Zafia. This planet was the central administration of the Feniers Family business in the entire Sector H.

"Zafia... sapphire?" Cillin had read and learned a little of the Sector H's Sector language before he came here. In Sector H's

Sector language, Zafia meant sapphire, and the name alone was indicative of how important this planet was.

Unlike other foreign starships, their four starships did not need to go through the space station's security inspection before coming through. After stopping outside the spaceport and docking with a space station, a personal spaceplane escorted Tobo and everyone else into the planet. At the same time, there were many escort spaceplanes and fighters that had flown out of the spaceport and accompanied them as well.

Their landing zone was different from other foreign spaceplanes as well. They landed at a different ad hoc landing zone, and someone was already waiting for them on the ground nearby.

When Cillin saw the disposition of the forces around the spaceplane, he was somewhat speechless. Did they seriously need to hire a bodyguard somewhere else with this amount of forces? That being said, if the hire was truly necessary, that meant that the attackers came from within their own ranks. Otherwise, how could any outsiders possibly get close to them with the Feniers Family's temperament?

"Tobo, my beloved little nephew. I am very glad to see you again!" An impressive looking middle-aged man walked over with a friendly smile and held up Tobo.

Unfortunately for him, the beloved little nephew he spoke of did not have any kindness to share with him. The young boy pushed away his stubbled mouth and said, "(Second) Uncle, you didn't shave again!"

Second uncle means your grandfather's second eldest son. In English almost no native speaker will differentiate this, unlike second/third/fourth cousin, but in Chinese there is the distinction. I will be using a bracket like above so that the distinction is clear, but when you read in English you should leave out the bracketed word.

Kirk simply smiled and tossed Tobo twice into the air before finally putting him down. Tobo was obviously very used to this greeting ceremony, and so simply scowled and said nothing.

After putting Tobo down on the ground, Kirk then nodded towards Castella and said, "Thank you for your hard work."

Castella's etiquette was perfect, and he returned a bow and said, "It is my duty."

Kirk Feniers was the name of the man called '(Second) Uncle' by Tobo, and he was the head administrator of Planet Zafia and Feniers Family's CEO at Sector H.

Cillin had conducted a small search on information regarding the Feniers Family before he came here, and Kirk Feniers was someone who appeared more frequently than others in business magazines of high contribution points. Right now, Kirk Feniers did not look as sharp as he was in the magazine and appeared to be a lot gentler, but this gentle disposition was reserved for Tobo and Castella alone. While Kirk wasn't looking at other people with eyes that were excessively severe, he was still giving out an imposing and unapproachable feeling.

It was obvious how influential Kirk was in the Feniers Family as the chief of all the family business at a major Sector like Sector H. However, not only did the CEO of this major Sector did not put on any airs in front of Castella at all, he even seemed to hold the old man in deep respect. Cillin saw this very clearly with his own eyes.

It looked like Castella's status was not ordinary within the Feniers Family.

"Eh, who is this little girl? You truly are your father's son, Tobo, to think you're a womanizer already at such a young age." Kirk winked at Tobo while saying. Tobo's father was infamous for his affairs prior to his marriage.

Tobo's entire face had flushed red, "Like anyone would like such a bad-tempered freak!"

"Come on, she's very cute. In fact I think she's much prettier than a certain family's little princess. Plus, she has the blue eyes that I like the most!" her supposedly bad temper was even less worth mentioning, since no one had a lousier temper than the little young master himself. Of course, Kirk did not say this, or Tobo would absolutely erupt there and then.

However, when Kirk looked playfully towards Tang Qiuqiu, the CEO of a major Sector could not help but surprised on the inside.

When Kirk was looking at Tang Qiuqiu, Tang Qiuqiu was also looking at him. However, what surprised Kirk was the near

complete lack of emotion in Tang Qiuqiu's eyes. It didn't look like the eyes of a girl her age at all. Shouldn't a girl at her age be shy at his teasing, or getting awkward in the sense that she was stuck between getting angry and not daring to show it?

Although Kirk did not sense any killing intent from Tang Qiuqiu, he had the feeling that the girl might pull out a gun and shoot him instantly without an expression had they been in a different environment and setting.

The strange feeling that he should not have felt from a girl this age caused a gleam to flash across Kirk's eyes. He immediately stood straight and swept his glance around the surroundings once. Kirk's eyes paused on Cillin for a moment before he withdrew his gaze.

During this process, Kirk and Castella had a brief moment of eye contact. The fact that they didn't need to exchange too many words and could know each other's intent with just a simple eye contact meant that the duo was very familiar with each other.

Cillin's first instinct was that Kirk was not their target and the culprit who aimed to harm Tobo. His second instinct was that the culprit must be aiming to attack Tobo on this planet!

In that case, who was this person who chose to target Tobo at the Feniers Family's Sector H headquarters?

The gray cat had no interest in this subject. Ever since it exited the spaceplane, it had been sucking in deep breaths non-stop.

There was the smell of fish and the sea in the air… this was truly a heavenly place.

Kirk led Tobo and the group to a private residence. Just like the one at Little Garden, the residence was a large manor. While it wasn't as colorful and full of flowers like the manor at Little Garden, it was still a breath of fresh air. There were all sorts of colors between light blue to deep blue, and some places were even inlaid with sea shells. The moment the wind blew, they would let out soft, different tones of blowing sounds, and there were wind chimes made from all sorts of seashells that would let out crisp, ringing sounds too. They added a bit of liveliness into the atmosphere. In this unique setup, the entire manor was filled with the smell of the sea.

After they entered the manor, Cillin noticed that there were some other guests in the manor a long time ago.

The boy and the girl hopping towards their direction looked to be eight or nine years old, "You're finally here, Tobo! We've been waiting for you for several days!"

It would appear that the two kids were old friends with Tobo. The scowl on Tobo's face this entire time finally turned into a smile.

"Why are you guys here?!" Tobo ran over and joined the two kids.

When Cillin passed by the two kids, a gleam of indecipherable

meaning flashed across his eyes. Before he entered the house, he looked at Castella walking in front of him, and Castella just happened to be standing sideways and turning his head at his direction as well. After his eyes met with Cillin's, Castella lowered his eyelids and continued to walk towards the front.

So this is what's going on! Cillin finally understood why the Feniers Family had chosen to hire a Hunter like Tang Qiuqiu as Tobo's personal bodyguard, when they had never done so until now.

This boosted Cillin's confidence in Tang Qiuqiu, however. After all, it was much easier to get familiarised with a game that you'd already played once.

Chapter 139: Hunters And What Not Really Are Infuriating

The manor was beside the sea, so the sea view was available with the push of a window.

However, the people who came to Sector H enjoyed being close to the sea more than just watching from afar.

The people who arrived at the manor before Cillin's group were from the Feniers Family's cooperative partner at Sector H, the Binger Family. Although the Binger Family's influence was incomparable to the Feniers Family in the entirety of GAL, there was no belittling their influence within Sector H itself. The Binger's Family origin point was Sector H, and they were a big player long before the Feniers Family had spread their influence within Sector H.

The two families had worked together for several hundred years, and their relationship could only be described as intimate. What was worth mentioning was that Kirk's wife was a member of the Binger Family, whereas those two kids was the children of Kirk's wife's brother. In other words, they were Kirk's nephew and niece. Their age was not far apart from Tobo's, and they often played together, so they shared a good relationship with each other.

The boy was called Rost Binger, and he was one year younger than Tobo. The girl was called Emma Binger, and she was the same age as Rost. They were twins, and the 'certain family's little princess' Kirk mentioned earlier was none other than Emma Binger.

Right now, the three kids were playing at the beach. They used sand to build sand castles, and Emma had even picked up many beautiful sea shells to decorate them.

Since the manor was near, the surrounding sea regions were strictly guarded and fortified with tight security. Moreover, the bodyguards were following and protecting the kids on the beach, so normally speaking there should not be any danger.

The bodyguards on the beach unfolded a beach pavilion for the kids, but the three little fellows did not appreciate the gesture and tossed it far away after folding it. When they were tired and thirsty after a period of playing, they would call for their respective bodyguards to bring them their towel and fruit juice.

Not far away from the three little fellows, Tang Qiuqiu had unfolded a beach pavilion of her own. While lying on a recliner, she pulled out the pavilion's tray and placed an iced fruit juice on it. She enjoyed the peace and quiet while playing video games and drinking fruit juice.

Emma and Rost had looked several times at Tang Qiuqiu and asked Tobo about her identity. Tobo couldn't be bothered to say much about her, and simply told them that she was his bodyguard and they did not need to pay attention to her.

After hearing Tobo's assessment of Tang Qiuqiu, both Emma and Rost looked at Tang Qiuqiu with slight disdain and disgust on their faces. There were countless people who approached them to curry

favor due to their identity, and their mother once told them that those kind of people only cared about their family's wealth and treated them well for ulterior motives. Naturally, they categorised Tang Qiuqiu as one of those people, since she did not look like a regular bodyguard no matter what due to her age. In fact, she looked more like someone who was just there to leech on Tobo.

As for Tang Qiuqiu, she could ignore anything as long as it wasn't a murder-filled gaze.

Not far away, Cillin also opened a beach pavilion of his own and was reading an e-book while lying on his recliner. The gray cat had gone hunting for food in the sea. The seaside did not contain anything worthwhile, so it had gone far away into the deep sea. Cillin wasn't worried for the gray cat; he fully believed in that glutton's abilities.

"Lieutenant Commander Cillin."

A voice rang beside him, and Cillin turned his head to look. It was a bodyguard responsible for Tobo's safety called Steele. He probably took orders from Castella.

Steele might be the main person in charge of Tobo's security, but he himself was not a solemn person. Unlike the other bodyguards, he did not wear a stiff face all day long.

When he heard Steele, Cillin said, "Is there anything, Mr. Steele?"

Steele unfolded a chair and sat beside Cillin, “Why didn’t you accept this bodyguard job? You are the Lieutenant Commander of Vanguard’s Sixth B Squadron. Your remuneration would have been be pretty high.”

“I’m not interested. I’m better off watching over my children and playing with them.”

this time he’s referring to both Tang Qiuqiu and the gray cat

Steele looked at Tang Qiuqiu playing her video game and smiled, “Tang Qiuqiu is definitely one of the most special children I’ve seen of her age.”

Steele had witnessed Tang Qiuqiu’s gun skills before, and Castella also said once that not anyone could have a gun instinct like hers. Even experienced killers might not necessarily reach her level of proficiency. Castella even told him to not look down on Tang Qiuqiu just because she was ten years old; the number of people who died before her gunpoint could only be described as numerous.

They were all about ten years old, but when Steele looked at Tang Qiuqiu, and then at the little brats playing sand, he could only say: holy shit the difference is huge.

Cillin did not express an opinion on Steele’s comments. He glanced once at Emma and Rost decorating their sand castles and said, “You may encounter great difficulties in your work this time.”

“Oh?” a severe gleam flashed across Steele’s eyes, “What have you guessed, LC Cillin?”

“Guess? Do you alway ‘guess’ when you protect your charge?” Cillin withdrew the e-book and stared at the far away sea surface while putting his head on his arm. Ahh, the sea is so blue.

“What do you mean by that?” Steele stared at Cillin intimidatingly as if trying to confirm if this young lieutenant commander truly had figured out something.

“Do you want to know? Then give me your price.”

Steele’s face muscles twitched. Give… give a price? This was definitely a Hunter’s style; grabbing onto any opportunity to earn some cash.

Since Steele said nothing, Cillin too said nothing. He closed his eyes and enjoyed the sea breeze, looking so comfortable that he would fall asleep at any moment.

Finally, Steele could hold it no longer and asked, “Did you discover something out of the ordinary?”

“Your security isn’t done poorly, and you’ve chosen to monitor the right targets as well. However, I believe that you still have not discovered a certain important point until now.” Cillin continued to shut his eyes as he answered lazily.

Back then, the fact that Castella had lowered his eyelids then meant that the enemy would most likely take advantage of Emma and Rost's presences to further their own operation. However, Cillin was willing to bet that Castella definitely would not figure out the enemy's methods.

Steele pondered. They had monitored every person in the Binger Family closely, and they gave special emphasis to Emma and Rost following Castella's orders. After all, Tobo was hanging out with them, so Steele had also monitored the Binger Family bodyguards beside Emma and Rost in secret. The second there was anything out of the ordinary, they would be killed without mercy.

That being said, the security didn't have any work up to this point. Although Steele did not doubt Castella's judgment, it was true that they hadn't heard of anything out of the ordinary from any side.

Now that he had heard Cillin's claims, Steele's mind immediately became disturbed. After pondering for two seconds, he then said, "The price should be proportional to the level of importance of your intel, LC Cillin."

Cillin opened his eyes and lifted a finger, "Ten million, GAL credits."

Steele: "..." Could he beat up the guy in front of him?

"It's okay. Take your time. But it's not my responsibility if the intel expires."

Seeing that Cillin was going to fall asleep again, Steel clenched his teeth and said, “Okay.”

The second Steele said ‘okay’, Cillin immediately took out a bill from his pocket and handed it to Steele. It was obvious that he had prepared it beforehand, “Sign here.”

Steele roared inside his heart as he stared at the glittering numbers: Hunters and what not really are infuriating!

Once he put the bill away, Cillin did not waste words and took out his e-book. Once he flipped to the right page, he passed the book to Steele.

Steele accepted it. At first, Steele was a little confused as to what he was seeing. But he had been by Castella’s side for many years and thus broadened his horizons by a fair amount. The more he read the paler he became, and after dropping a line, “I’m borrowing your e-book for a while!” he turned around and acted to leave.

Cillin waved his hands and said, “Take it. The book rental is calculated separately, by the way. It would be ten thousand per hour.”

Steele staggered on his feet and forced the word through the gaps of his teeth, “Okay!”

Since the situation was serious, and he was in a hurry to report to Castella, Steele did not hesitate to accept Cillin's request.

After Steele left, the gray cat ran over from the sea and shook off the water on its body. It opened its mouth. It looked like it had enjoyed its meal.

"Cillin, something's happening inside the sea."

Chapter 140: If He Wants Money, Then We'll Give Him Money

It was rare that the first thing this glutton said wasn't about food.

"Something's happening? Tell me."

There were neither bodyguards nor listening devices around Cillin's beach pavilion. Perhaps it was because they knew that such little tricks were useless on him, so they did not bother to install any listening devices around Cillin. Cillin also knew that it was a show of goodwill from Castella.

The gray cat pushed its head into the cup on the tray beside them and drank some water. After it 'pulled' out its head and shook it for a bit, licking its paws and wiping its face, it finally jumped up Cillin's shoulder and crouched slowly.

"There is a particular area inside the seawater that has unnatural dissolved oxygen. While I was hunting for food, the dissolved oxygen there fell faster and faster. Something is absorbing dissolved oxygen inside the sea."

The dissolved oxygen was not falling inside a lake, but a sea. It wasn't falling around the coastal waters, but within the deep sea region, and it was a large-scale change no less!

There was no way the Feniers Family wouldn't have picked up

such a change, but the fact that they hadn't taken any action until now meant that someone was manipulating things behind the scenes. Either the data or the program of the monitoring device set inside the sea had been tampered with, and this tampering was not detected by the Feniers Family's people. The only ones who could do this were people inside the Feniers Family.

The gray cat continued to speak, "I checked out those devices before. The temperature, pressure, ion density etc were all normal. The only thing unusual was the dissolved oxygen."

"If too many items were changed, then the chances of discovery would become higher. As long as the tampering on the critical item wasn't discovered, they would have achieved their goal."

The gray cat balled its paws together and continued to speak to Cillin with exaggerated secretiveness, "I went to the bottom of the sea to take a look and found a few big guys down there. They're still sleeping, but they're probably going to wake up very soon."

"Big guys, eh..." Cillin sighed softly. The kind of creatures who could be called big guys by the gray cat would definitely not disappoint.

Meanwhile, at a particular corner of the manor and inside Kirk's private study, Castella and Kirk were conversing with each other in front of a table. There was a screen beside them displaying every location of every person who came from the Binger Family, and they had tight monitoring on every such location. However, up until this point the reports of their subordinates failed to satisfy them both.

“It’s too quiet.” Kirk said while frowning.

“Yes. This isn’t like them. They’re not someone who can restrain themselves, so they should’ve acted already.” Castella placed both hands on his knees while all ten of his fingers moved in a regular pattern, “This means that they have acted, but we weren’t able to detect what.”

Kirk did not object to Castella’s opinion, “That’s why I’m uneasy. Why don’t we summon Tobo back to the manor? If anything happens and we aren’t able to react in time, then Tobo will be in danger.”

They originally thought that they would be able to trigger some activities by letting Tobo out to play, but didn’t expect to receive no results until now.

“Yes…”

While speaking, Castella’s communicator rang up. This communicator would only be activated by an internal personnel during an emergency situation.

Both Castella and Kirk felt their hearts jumped as they matched each other’s eyes. Could there be something going on?!

When the communicator was connected, Steele’s image came through. Steele looked to be very anxious.

“What is it?” Castella asked.

“I have an important discovery to report!”

“Come inside the study first.”

After Steele had entered the study, he passed the e-book to Castella, “This is what Cillin showed me. He said that the enemy has already acted.”

The book showed an amphibian parasite. This type of parasite falls under the category of external fertilisation. The male and female would discharge a mature gamete out of the body, and once the sperm and the egg has combined outside the body, a new life would form and automatically seek out the closest host. The fertilisation could happen in air, land, or water...

In other words, Emma and Rost were both carrying a gamete of this type of parasite on them, and assuming that they had been injected with a certain kind of medicine to prevent the gamete from birthing into a parasite inside their bodies, then the one who would suffer the greatest damage would be Tobo.

The close range and lengthy period of contact was no doubt the perfect opportunity.

Of course, the parasite injected in Emma and Rost’s body was definitely not the kind Cillin had showed them on the e-book. The

weather and the humidity of this place were all different from the habitat of the parasite stated inside the e-book. The reason Cillin showed this to Steele was to remind them as to which direction they should be directing their thinking to. Otherwise, when they finally realised it it would already be too late.

Fifty years ago, the research on parasites had enjoyed a golden age, but after that time the interest in such researches had gradually cooled down. Currently, the most popular research was still extraterrestrial biological creatures, viruses and related medicines. Therefore, most people would not consider this aspect from the start. After all, a certain fundamental knowledge was necessary to be able to utilise a lifeform like parasites successfully. Neither Castella nor Kirk could have imagined that their enemies actually had such a technology!

They had made a miscalculation.

While Castella and Kirk was reading the information on the e-book, Steele took out the bill Cillin had written and told them his requests.

“If it’s just money, then he may ask, and it shall be given.” Castella withdrew his gaze from the e-book and said in a heavy voice.

“Yes.” Steele paused for a moment before saying in shame, “We lost the gray cat following Cillin after it left the shore.”

This was one outcome Castella wasn’t too surprised about. After

all, there was no way the pet of a lieutenant commander could be ordinary. He waved his hands and said, “It’s not your fault. You may leave, and do wait for us outside.”

“Okay.” Steele bowed respectfully and left the study.

After Steele left, Castella inhaled deeply and let out a long sigh, “Kirk, do you know how that big thorn at Sector V, ‘Poison Fang’ was eliminated?”

Kirk shook his head, “I have no idea.” the majority of his attention was put in Sector H, and he wasn’t too familiar with the happenings of the thirteen backwater Sectors. Naturally, his news in that aspect were slightly late.

“There was a Poison Fang base, and one hundred thousand people. They’re all dead now, and the cause of it was parasites.”

When he heard this, Kirk could not help but inhale and feel the temperature drop around him. Poison Fang was notorious. He didn’t think that they would all be eliminated by parasites.

“The people who took out Poison Fang was Vanguard. Since the news were processed by Vanguard’s A Squadron, there aren’t many people who knew about the truth.”

It was common knowledge that the crucial points of any news that went through the four great Hunter regiments’ A Squadrons would become severely distorted, and the truth blurred. This was

what the great four was capable of.

"The squad that took out Poison Fang was Vanguard's Sixth B Squadron. It is the squad Cillin is in right now."

Now Kirk understood. He thought that Castella's attitude towards Cillin was a little strange since some time ago, and now he knew the cause.

"I know what to do now." Kirk said.

Castella nodded, "I have a feeling that parasites would be facing another golden age after fifty years."

Kirk was just about to send out an order to his subordinates, when Castella's communicator rang again. After he had looked at the display, Castella made a hand gesture towards Kirk, and Kirk immediately put down all the work in his hands.

Castella had given Cillin his comm number on this planet. If there weren't any important news, or if the situation wasn't critical, then Cillin would not call Castella's number directly. It was just like how he passed the information through Steele just now. While the parasite would affect Tobo, for the moment he was not in any danger. But the fact that Cillin had called his number directly now meant that the situation had grown serious. Castella had no choice but to treat this carefully.

When the comm came through, Cillin's image popped up.

“I have news.” but Cillin did not elaborate on the exact nature of this news.

“Give me your price.” Cillin didn’t need to say anything this time. Castella had asked for his price directly.

Chapter 141: The Mermaid Princess, Warsaw

Apparently the old man was a frank and straightforward person. Therefore Cillin, did not waste words and said, “Twenty million, GAL credits.”

“Done. Do you want payment by bill or debit card?” when Castella said this there was almost no hesitation behind his words at all.

“This isn’t urgent, but I will give you the bill later. I believe that a member of the Feniers Family will not be go back on their own words on this subject, so allow me to tell you this intel first.” Cillin straightened his expression and said, “There is an area in the sea in which the dissolved oxygen is unusual.”

That was the only thing Cillin said, but what needed to be conveyed had already been conveyed. He believed that with Castella and Kirk’s intelligence, they would be able to deduce and predict certain threats and events that might happen in the future.

Cillin mentioned that the dissolved oxygen in a particular area was off, and the monitoring device the Feniers Family had set inside the sea did not pick it up, so this meant that someone had put their plans into action some time ago. Castella and Kirk were also well aware with the kind of disaster that could be caused by large-scale dissolved oxygen abnormality.

Therefore, after hearing Cillin’s intel, Kirk and Castella

immediately began to commence preparation.

The three little fellows who were having fun catching crabs on the beach were brought back into the manor by the surrounding bodyguards. Before they left the beach, Cillin had called out to Tang Qiuqiu and informed her of certain things, reminding her to be watch out for herself.

When all was said, Cillin and the gray cat then returned to the manor and entered a guest room Castella had arranged for Cillin.

Cillin handed the bill to Steele and informed him to pass it on to Castella. This time Steele did not wear any surprised looks on his face; his attitude was more prudent and his speech was less casual than it was before.

After he entered the room, Cillin put a finger on the gray cat's forehead, and the gray cat transmitted all of the information it collected in the sea to him. It was a very strange occurrence because Cillin was obviously not a cyborg, and yet somehow he was capable of receiving the messages the cyborg gray cat sent out through a combination of unique signals.

While sensing the information transmitted through his finger, Cillin was also analysing the current situation around him. He could 'see' the big guys beneath the deep sea the gray cat had told him as well. If those big guys charged towards the shore at the same time, then terrible losses might be inflicted even if they had the weapons to repel them. Moreover, there was an underwater base beneath the sea near the shore. It would be a crushing blow to the base if it was rammed by the creatures.

However, a question plagued Cillin. How would their enemies ensure that the big guys could be awakened and made to charge towards their direction at the same time?

While Cillin was analysing the problem, Kirk welcomed a guest from the Binger Family.

Warsaw Binger was Emma and Rost's half sister. She shared the same father as them. Although she was a young lady, Warsaw played an important role in the Binger Family's current projects. She also wielded decision-making rights in certain big events, proving herself to be more than what she seemed.

She had a head of long hair that flowed like the sea, and a sharp and dignified temperament. Her light blue long skirt dangled just above the floor and drew the outline of a pair of long legs as she walked calmly towards Kirk and Castella.

Unlike Emma and Rost, Warsaw's mother was a New European, an ancient race who was born and bred in Sector H.

Some people said that New Europeans were the descendants of mermaids, since they could switch forms and run on the land as humans, or swim in the sea as mermaids. In fact, Warsaw was even more remarkable than her ancestors.

New Europeans did not like to reveal their legs, since the first reaction of many people who saw them was to look at their legs. The fascination was due to a New European's ability to transform

their legs into a tail when they were changing forms. New Europeans disliked the others' prying looks, so over time it became a norm for them to wear long skirts or long gowns to cover up their legs entirely.

The people of Sector H would call Warsaw Binger as Binger Family's 'Mermaid Princess'. It explained her outstanding looks and temperament, and her background.

"This is a surprise. I did not think that the beautiful 'Mermaid Princess' would come over herself." Kirk pulled a gentleman's bow.

"I am very glad to see you too, Mr. Kirk. My father is sick and cannot attend himself, but at the same time he attached much importance to this incident, which is why he sent me over." Warsaw appropriately returned a lady's curtsey. It would seem that she was used to such shows of etiquette.

"I am sorry. Emma and Rost have been a trouble to you."

Warsaw was talking about the certain group of people who attempted to harm Tobo through Emma and Rost. Although the Binger Family and the Feniers Family would sometimes negotiate certain matters on this planet, no one in the Binger Family had told Emma and Rost that Tobo was coming over. This also meant that someone had purposely revealed the information to the kids, knowing that with they would raise living hell to meet Tobo if they heard that he was coming to Planet Zafia.

“Don’t worry about it. They would’ve tried some other methods even if they skipped this one.”

If the Feniers Family hadn’t agreed to the meeting, Emma and Rost could not have come over either, so in a sense they were both on one mind in this matter.

After they had exchanged pleasantries, Kirk then told Warsaw about the current situation. Other than the fact that both Emma and Rost were carrying parasite gametes inside their bodies, he had also told her about the situation inside the sea. After all, Warsaw had inherited the blood of a New European. She would definitely have a better understanding of sea-related problems better than they do.

After listening to Kirk’s explanation, Warsaw’s sea blue eyes shone with indecipherable meaning. After a moment’s ponderment, she suddenly said, “Is it convenient for me to scout out the sea for a bit?”

“Please.”

Kirk had no complaints towards Warsaw’s request. In fact, he hoped that she could discover more information and get a better grasp of the situation. Only then they would be able to act with greater clarity of purpose.

Warsaw did not have time to meet Emma and Rost. While bringing a few Binger Family members with her and following the guidance of the people Kirk sent to help her, she rode a spaceplane

and arrived at a particular sea region.

Kirk had already dealt with the matter of the monitoring device beneath the sea and the relevant personnel. The fact that the monitoring device was tampered seven days ago showed that these people had been planning for this a very long time. Kirk was planning to comb through every person on their territory in Sector H after this matter was over to prevent similar incidents from occurring in the future.

Warsaw changed into a new set of clothes and jumped into the sea with a few New Europeans following behind her. After they entered the sea, their arms and legs all grew webbings, tails, and even fins, allowing them to swim much faster inside the sea and absorb some dissolved oxygen through their skin.

It didn't take before Warsaw and her men returned to the spaceplane. She then said that she would like to check out the shores. Although Kirk did not understand the meaning behind Warsaw's actions, he acquiesced nonetheless.

Some people did not think highly of her decision. Warsaw and her people might be New Europeans, but the Feniers Family's defense system covered the shores densely and extensively. How could there possibly be any abnormalities there?

When the spaceplane had arrived around the shore, Warsaw dove into the sea with her men just like before. Before long, she returned with a deathly pale face and told Kirk that they were in big trouble.

Chapter 142: The Sea God's Summon

"What's going on?" Kirk was obviously a little anxious on the other side of the communicator. Anything that could be categorised as 'big trouble' by Warsaw was definitely difficult to deal with.

"Mr. Kirk, I found some echo conches offshore. Please send your men to move them away. The situation is urgent, so please act immediately!"

There was a hint of shiver behind Warsaw's voice, and that made Kirk even more worried than before. Just what was this echo conches that could make the famous 'Mermaid Princess' this flustered?

Although there were many things that were yet unclear, Kirk still acted according to Warsaw's request and sent hit best men and best equipment to the field. Kirk himself had arrived on the scene to supervise matters.

When Kirk saw the footage transmitted by the crew under water, he was shocked.

The crew who had dove into the water pulled apart the water plants to reveal six conches about a dozen or so meters long. Other than their unusual size, the conches did not look much different from other conches. But it was these six conches that had driven Warsaw into a panic.

These echo conches must not be damaged in any way. If they crack, it is extremely likely that they will let out a sound uncontrollably. If that happens, it will all be over." Warsaw said.

Kirk issued one order after another to his communicators, while every Feniers Family personnel around the sea were on high alert during the whole process. The second they discovered any abnormalities or suspicious people, they would kill without mercy.

"What is an echo conch?" Kirk finally asked.

When Warsaw heard him, she gave him a strained smile and said, "Forgive my oversight. There are very few Sector H natives who knows about echo conches, much less a non-native. It is normal that you do not know about them."

After she had adjusted her breathing for a bit, Warsaw continued to speak, "As you know, fishes and many ocean species do not actually have ears. The way they receive sound is through their skin. Some sounds contain a number of special sound waves that we cannot hear, but if they reach our eardrums they will cause pain."

Warsaw pointed at her head, "Therefore, there are a lot of human beings who feel headaches after hearing a certain type of sound. These sound waves may be beyond a human's hearing range and thus are completely inaudible to a human, but they have a profound effect on the living creatures living inside the sea."

"Have you ever heard of the 'Sea God's Summon' before?"

Warsaw asked.

"I remember that Tobo used to read a fairy tale, and one of the stories mentioned about a 'Sea God's Summon'. The story said that the sea god will summon the big monsters living deep beneath the sea and punish those sinners." When Tobo was younger, Kirk used to read him fairy tales, and he remembered seeing such a small story. But he had never thought much of it since it was just a fairy tale.

"It may sound like a fairy tale, but the 'Sea God's Summon' is very real. It is caused by the crevices at the bottom of the deep sea. When the oceanic crust undergoes a change, due to certain physics or chemical reasons the crevices would let out some sounds. These sounds cannot be emulated even with the most high-end technology. If a human being hears it, they would experience headaches and even instant death in severe cases, but for a sea creature – especially a giant deep sea creature – these sounds would stimulate their skin and excite them, causing them to seek out the source of the sound."

As Kirk listened to Warsaw's explanation, he began to feel goosebumps all over his body. The communicator Kirk was holding was open, so Castella was also listening to her explanation quietly from the other end of the communicator. He could only sigh at these unknown and mysterious happenings of Sector H.

"Echo conches live at the bottom of the sea, and they would normally hang around those crevices. Every time the crevices produce a sound, the echo conches would record and replay them every few years. The reason they do this is to attract deep sea

creatures to bring them to other locations for reproduction purposes. The environment around the crevices is not suitable for infant echo conches. When the crevices let out the sounds once more, the echo conches would stick onto the bodies of the deep sea creatures and return to the crevices, in order to absorb certain factors discharged from the crevices that are necessary for their growth.

Therefore, for an adult echo conch, the deep sea crevices are essential essential for their survival. If they left this environment, they would not live over twenty years. An echo conch will let out one final cry before its death, and it will also be the loudest cry of its life."

"According to the data of the sea of this planet, there are no such thing as deep sea crevices. Naturally, there cannot be any echo conches on this planet, so the echo conches beneath this sea right now were probably transported over by the Wiesen Family. Since the sea of this planet isn't suitable for breeding, and there are no crevices that would produce sound and 'summon' the sea creatures, these echo conches have been hibernating all this time. However, even in hibernation these echo conches are about to hit their limits. If they were left beneath the deep sea then they would be able to hold on for another three to five years, but there is no doubt that putting them in coastal waters would only hasten their deaths. They are at the point where they would let out their final cry at any moment."

Kirk could not help but reminisce about the past. The cooperation between the Feniers Family and Wiesen Family had shut down bit by bit five years ago, and the closest they've ever worked together was ten years ago. Therefore, these echo conches

were probably slipped into the sea about ten years ago. This means that the Wienen Family had been plotting against the Feniers Family since ten years ago. They had set up this hidden bomb on the planet the Feniers Family viewed as their central administration at Sector H, and the joint pressure by the Feniers Family and Binger Family on the Wienen Family for the past two years had triggered the decision to activate this sleeper bomb.

Kirk conducted a brief search and did not find any threat logs for the past month. However, if there was an abnormality, then it had to be the dolphins that had appeared at that time. It wasn't unusual for dolphins to appear in groups offshore, and for the past few years similar incidents had happened at at many other coastal waters around the planet.

Now it would seem that those dolphins had been trained to carry the echo conches to this place. Since it was just dolphins and sea snails, the defense system hadn't considered them as elements of threat. After all, they had never encountered such an incident, and Kirk himself was not opposed to dolphins and other sea creatures moving about in the coastal waters. But now...

"Perhaps the dolphin gatherings were planned by the Wiesen Family in the first place. I remembered that there are good tamers in the Wiesen Family, and their veteran tamers had always kept a low profile and were unknown to most people."

Kirk and Castella also agreed with Warsaw's assessment.

"As long as these echo conches haven't reached their final time limit, as long as they haven't let out any sounds yet, then this is a

simple matter. After we get them out of the water, we'll throw them to a faraway deep sea and blow them apart. Then no matter how hard they cry, they will have next to no impact to the coastal regions." (T/N: O_O humans are scaaaaaaaaaary)

Kirk sighed, "I sure hope so." While saying this, he transferred over yet another portion of men to reinforce their guard and prevent any external interference.

Inside the manor.

The gray cat was crouching on a window sill and looking towards the sea. Cillin was sitting on a chair by the window and was reading a book. The gray cat's tail was placed on his arm.

The gray cat could see what was happening far away at the coastal zone. It might not be able to see beneath the sea, but it could eavesdrop on the communicators of the spaceplanes flying above the sea area. By eavesdropping on these communications, it could more or less get a handle on the general situation. Everything that was spoken over the communicators was perfectly captured by the gray cat, and the gray cat then transferred these information to Cillin through the physical contact between its tail and Cillin's elbow.

To an outsider, there was nothing untoward about the man and the cat.

"Mm? The fishes are coming! And there are a lot of them!" the gray cat suddenly said.

Chapter 143: The Riot Begins

When the gray cat said this, Warsaw's expression also changed inside the spaceplane above the coastal waters. She told Kirk, "Large schools of fishes are headed this way, surrounding us from three different directions. There are at least 300 of them!"

The sea defense system obviously detected the activity as well, but because there had never been a case where schools of fishes attacked them en masse, the program did not consider it as much of a threat. Kirk thought that he was absolutely going to reconfigure the threat level of attacking shoals once this incident was over.

That was then, this is now. One could not help but ponder at the huge number of fishes that showed up at the exact moment they were transporting the echo conches beneath the sea.

Why did this happen? Excluding natural causes and other factors, the only one left was human.

Kirk mobilised his men to defend against the assault, and the spaceplanes' weapons had all been readied as well.

A black marlin was on average ten meters or longer. Their sides and back were almost as black as ink, and they had dorsal fins that were as big as sails. They moved much faster than a normal marlin, and at top speed they swam just as fast as a bullet. Moreover, their front jaw and nasal bone that formed their sharp, boney bill could easily pierce through a steel plate.

Black marlins normally lived in remote oceans, and no one had ever seen them near the coastal waters. However, these big, remote ocean, well trained marlins were now splitting into three different groups and flanking them, and it was obvious they were old hands judging from the speed and reaction in which they dodged the bullets. It was as if they had practiced this for hundreds and thousands of times. This meant that the black marlins had all been trained before!

“There are more shoals coming from the back; these black marlins are just the vanguard. Mr. Kirk, I believe this is the act of Wiesen Family’s mysterious tamer.” Warsaw said.

Warsaw had heard about tamers from the elders of her family. There were now very few true tamers in Sector H. As new technology arise and other advanced civilisations spread, the ancient tradition where one swam with fishes gradually walked towards its decline. The so-called reputable tamers these days were simply people who performed vaudevilles for the entertainment and amusement of audiences. A true tamer could command hundreds and thousands of ocean fishes or other greater sea organisms for their own use single-handedly.

That being said, ancient tamers were practically unknown entities in this developed Sector these days. There were two such tamers that Warsaw knew of. One of them was in the Binger Family. This person normally kept a very low profile, and there were many within the Binger Family who weren’t even aware of his existence. The other one was Wiesen Family’s tamer, who similarly kept a low profile and was unknown to most people. But now that the Wiesen Family was pressured by both the Feniers

Family and the Binger Family, this tamer had finally risen to the occasion.

Warsaw's elders also told her that there was in fact still many ancient tamers in Sector H. It's just that nobody knew where they were right now. They could be living away from the world, or they could have joined them and became a normal part of the society. They could've walked right past her once upon a time, and they could have been a human waiter or waitress at a certain restaurant or a high official at a certain Sector administrative. Nobody knew.

As a New European, Warsaw could communicate with some greater fishes, but her abilities were absolutely incomparable to an actual tamer. This was the first time in her life she saw a tamer at work.

One might rate this tamer's work as a result of perfect training!

Right now, over three hundred black marlins were causing problems for the defenders while dodging shots coming at them from above and beneath the sea. Since the defenders were carrying the echo conches, the defenders' hands were tied, and they could not fully deploy some of their weapons. Adding that to the black marlins' speed, dodging ability and difficulty in stopping them due to an underwater environment, Kirk had the distinct feeling that they were being pushed around as the enemy pleased. This was without mentioning the waves of assault that would soon follow the back of these three hundred or so fishes.

"Where are the men at the underwater base? Why haven't they responded?!" Kirk roared angrily at the person beside him. He had

attempted to contact the underwater base earlier so that they would coordinate their attacks with them, but he didn't think that there would be no reaction at all after a few minutes had passed.

"Boss, the underwater base is under attack. They are unable to reinforce us in time!" a subordinate of Kirk's summoned a comm image and passed it to Kirk.

There were more than three underwater bases in this area, but not one of them had arrived to assist them. They were all under attack by shoals right now. These shoals were all aggressive fishes from remote sea regions, so it was understandable that they could not afford to help them for the moment.

Kirk did not plan to transfer any more men from the manor. He was afraid that the Wiesen Family would play a diversion tactic.

While the defenders were busy defending themselves, an explosion had happened at a certain location inside the manor. It was rather far from Tobo and the kids' lodgings, but the three little fellows were caught off guard by the explosion.

After the trio had been brought back to the manor, they had received a so-called 'sterilisation' treatment from Castella. Although they did not know what the medicine sprayed on them and the light rays shone on them was all about, the treatment was a compulsory request from both Castella and Kirk. Not even Tobo could go against the decision.

After the three little fellows were 'sterilised' to the point they

were completely drained and very sleepy, they were just about to take a nap when the loud explosion had woken them all. The bodyguard came in to tell them it was just a small accident and that they had nothing to worry about. They would be guarding right outside the premise.

Meanwhile, Tang Qiuqiu had gotten even more excited after the explosion. Setting her game aside, she began to pay full attention to her surroundings. Cillin told her that these enemies were targeting Tobo, so they would definitely think of a way to bypass the bodyguards and attack Tobo. Therefore, the moment the riot began, Tang Qiuqiu should pay attention to the surroundings. Even in this room protected by many circles of bodyguards and defense systems, Tang Qiuqiu would not let down her guard. Cillin told her that her target might not necessarily be a human being.

Right now, Castella was commanding the guards inside the manor. Since the explosion had happened outside the manor, it meant that the attackers who had sneaked their way to the manor were unable to approach the heart of the manor at all and by extension, Tobo. Therefore, they could only create a confusion outside the manor and attract their attention in order to seek out an opportunity to slip into the heart of the manor. This was why Castella had not loosened the defense at the heart of the manor. He instructed the guards to keep their eyes wide open, and guard and observe through the monitoring system every bit of activity inside the manor.

“The riot has begun.” inside the guest room, the gray cat crouching on the window sill appeared to be incredibly excited. While narrowing its eyes, it sucked in a deep breath and said, “Wah, it’s the smell of fishes, Cillin! When are we going to act?”

the gray cat looked eager to get started.

“Let’s wait a bit longer. The key players haven’t shown up yet.” Cillin said while looking outside the window.

“Alright. I feel like something’s special about to come.” the cat’s ears were fully straightened, and if someone was to look at them closely they would realise that the hair inside its ears were shivering lightly. The cat was receiving all kinds of information in the form of tiny sound waves inaudible to the average person.

At the coastal waters, Kirk finally heard the news he wanted to hear after defending against wave after wave of shoal attacks and interruptions.

“Boss, the echo conches have all been transported into the spaceplanes!” a subordinate reported.

“Alright, we’ll do as we planned earlier and blow them up in space!”

“Roger that!”

It was only when he watched the spaceplanes ascending into the air and leaving the planet’s atmosphere that Kirk finally felt the heart at his throat relax.

“Mr. Kirk!” Warsaw’s voice appeared to be very urgent.

“What is it?” Kirk’s heart rose to his throat once more.

“Those deep sea big fellows are probably about to show up…”

Chapter 144: Song Of The Mermaid Princess

“Those big guys in the deep sea? Can the tamers control even them as well?” Kirk said in surprise.

Although Kirk didn’t know much about tamers, the thought that those overlords of the deep sea coming under the tamer’s control was… truly chilling and too monstrous.

“No, they cannot control the deep sea overlords, but they can control the other fishes and alter the sea environment, driving the deep sea overlords to act.”

“You’re saying that… the reason Wiesen’s people altered the dissolved oxygen in that area was to better herd those deep sea overlords to move along the path they planned?” Kirk remembered the unusually low dissolved oxygen in that particular sea region.

Kirk could not find the tamer behind these shoals. Up until now, he still hadn’t received any news about the tamer at all.

Although tamers could not control the big guys, they could rouse them from their sleep.

Right now, the shoals were still rushing towards their direction, and when the roused deep sea overlords needed to hunt for food and discovered that the food in their surrounding was lacking and the dissolved oxygen around them was extremely low, they would be forced to swim to a better environment with more food. The tamer had created a fake environment and misled the the deep sea

overlords to think that there were good underwater environments and abundant food to be found in their direction.

Warsaw had her subordinates fly a Binger Family spaceplane over and said, “Mr. Kirk, I may be able to delay those big guys for a moment. Please use this opportunity and find that tamer during this time. If all else fails, then we will have to use WMD (Weapons of Mass Destruction).”

This planet was very important for the Feniers Family, but if they were to use those high energy weapons frequently it would have an extremely severe effect on the planet’s environment and marine ecosystem. The destruction of the overall system would cause the ‘Sapphire’ to lose its shine. After all, the sea wasn’t just a fish pond. This was not the outcome Kirk wished to see. Therefore, he could only act according to Warsaw’s plan.

Both Kirk and Castella did not imagine that a tamer could be this capable. No wonder the old men of the Feniers Family said that every Sector had their own primal power, and it would be best if they could avoid clashing against them.

After Warsaw had entered her family’s spaceplane, the vehicle then flew towards the distance.

After the spaceplane had exited the coastal waters, a round platform popped from the vehicle’s front end. Warsaw was standing right above it.

Deep beneath the sea, a few giants were currently moving

towards the coastal waters. There were more giant shadows coming one after another from the distance.

While staring at the borderless ocean, Warsaw began to chant many high-pitched verses from her throat. No one could understand what she was singing, but Kirk realised that the shoals near the shore had eased up quite a bit. The interference resistant scanner indicated that the dots swimming towards them from the deep sea had slowed down as well.

The reason Warsaw did not dare to sing when the echo conches were being carried out was because she was afraid of achieving the opposite of the intended effect. If the echo conches came into contact with this sound wave and decided to join in the ensemble then it would be game over. Now that the echo conches were no longer an issue, Warsaw was free to do what she wanted. This was also a good opportunity to create controlled fear among the Feniers Family people and increase her own influence among them, not to mention putting the Binger Family in a better light in Kirk's eyes and bringing greater interest to the Binger Family.

The mysterious language and high pitch chants were like carols of the deep sea. It was abstruse, distant, and filled with an ancient aura.

This was the song chanted by the blood of the ancient race, the New European of Sector H. It enabled the New Europeans to communicate with the greater life forms beneath the sea. The higher the evolutionary grade of a sea creature, the smoother the communication would become. Therefore, while the shoals attacking the coastal waters had simply eased up after listening to

the song, the big guys of the deep sea understood better the meaning that was being conveyed by this voice.

While looking at the display in his hand, Kirk discovered that the detectors set up around Warsaw's sea region could not transmit any data back to the HQ. The sound wave interfered with the magnetic field in that area, and disrupted the transmission of energy and signals.

No wonder Warsaw insisted on using their own specially made spaceplane. It had been built specifically for Warsaw and was capable of resisting these sound waves. If it was any other spaceplane, it might have lost control and fell a long time ago.

Now, Kirk thought that he might have to reevaluate the Binger Family. Although there were not many New Europeans in the Binger Family right now, and they had only one 'Mermaid Princess', but they were a family who originated from this Sector. How much more strength they kept hidden, Kirk couldn't actually tell. Take Warsaw for example. Based on individual martial strength alone, Warsaw was at best a normal rank A genotype. But if the ability of her bloodline was brought into question, then Kirk dared say that his trained subordinates would hug their heads and roll on the floor the moment they came in touch with these sound waves.

No wonder Warsaw's status was so high within the Binger Family. Her individual strength was also a major factor beyond her work capabilities.

The places near the coastal waters and the underwater bases

were all under attack by the shoals, and even if Kirk wanted to transfer more personnel to his aid he'd have to think through the decision seriously. Right now, this place had the highest amount of guards, and if he was to transfer any more men from other places then something bad might happen. He could not use the people on the space station outside the planet because it was the planet's most important defense line. That was why Kirk hadn't transferred any more men to his aid.

"Still nothing?" Kirk asked a subordinate beside him with a very unpleasant expression.

Kirk had the feeling that the tamer was hiding somewhere nearby. That was why he had ordered his subordinates to look for that tamer. However, they hadn't come up with anything up to this point. This made him very displeased and wary of the ancient power of the Sector his elders told him. At least Warsaw was expressing her abilities in plain sight, but this tamer was hiding in the dark and was the one that was more difficult to deal with.

"I'm sorry boss, but there's nothing yet." Kirk's subordinate bowed his head and said.

"Try harder!" Right now they were in a race against time, and Warsaw herself had said that she had no idea how much longer she could delay the inevitable. It might be a few days, or it might be the next instant. She herself could not be sure.

"Roger!"

...

Cillin continued to look at the sea through the window. Although they were so far apart, he could hear the ‘Mermaid Princess’’ chant all the same. But this wasn’t the time to be impressed by the mermaid princess’ abilities.

The number of people who could infiltrate the Feniers Family’s territory was definitely few. Since Castella had cleaned out a group of people based on some clues earlier, there should be even lesser people who remained. Right now Cillin was waiting for the most special one or several people within the group, namely the tamer who could command the remote sea fishes to show up.

At the manor, inside the room where Tobo and the others were staying in.

After the explosion, the three little fellows had completely lost their sleepiness. Since the bodyguards forbad them from exiting, and they were bored out of their wits doing nothing inside the room, Tobo and Rost began to play chess while Emma watched from the sidelines.

While the two boys were clashing against each other on the chess board with clenched teeths, and Emma was cheering them on noisily, three crisp pops drew their attention to the side.

Three penetrated crabs lay not far away from them. It was the three crabs they had captured from the beach purely for amusement purposes.

Tang Qiuqiu held her silencer and no longer paid any attention to the crabs. Her eyes were gleaming, however.

In another room inside the manor, Castella had received a report. A number of live marine products that were stored in the kitchen and marine storage warehouse to be made into food later had disappeared.

Chapter 145: Fish That Flies

Castella sighed when he heard his subordinates' report. They were careless!

Since the enemy had sent a tamer after them, then be it the fishes that lived in the sea, the ornamental fishes or the fresh marine products, they could all be controlled by the tamer.

This also alerted Castella to an important information, and that was the trainer must be very close to the manor already!

Otherwise, there was no way those sea creatures that were used for food and ornamental purposes could have acted the way they did. After all, they managed to avoid some of the manor's eyes and ears. This would've been impossible with their normal IQ.

While Castella was issuing one order after another, Tobo and the other two little fellows were looking at the shot and immobile crabs on the floor and staring angrily at Tang Qiuqiu. They did not know how the crabs managed to climb out of the box they were in, but the trio who were already dissatisfied with Tang Qiuqiu in the first place grew even angrier.

"Tang Qiuqiu, what is the meaning of this!" Emma was the first one to jump out and roar at Tang Qiuqiu, pointing, "It took us so much effort to catch these crabs, how dare you open fire at them?! This is practically unforgivable!"

Tang Qiuqiu did not paid her any attention at all. This was because Cillin had told her that the enemies who planned to kill

Tobo might not necessarily be human beings. Therefore, Tang Qiuqiu had acted completely on instinct and killed off anything that could threaten his life.

In that instant just now, Tang Qiuqiu suddenly experienced an extraordinary feeling before noticing the crabs that were acting differently than usual. It was just three crabs; Tang Qiuqiu had watched Tobo and his friends capture the crabs, and at the time the crabs gave her a somewhat mechanical feeling. In short, they were something that could be used as food. However, she had sensed a killing intent – a very obscure killing intent that could not be picked up by the bodyguards staying outside the room at all – in that very instant. If it wasn't for the fact that she was brought up in the chaotic zone of Sector V and hence, capable of capturing that obscure killing intent, she would died hundreds and thousands of times at Sector V already.

Rost was of course biased towards his own family and joined Emma in denouncing Tang Qiuqiu's wicked conduct. However, Tobo simply frowned and stared back and forth between Tang Qiuqiu and the crabs.

Naturally, there were monitoring cameras inside the room, and the observers were afraid that these little ancestors would throw a tantrum and cause trouble after Tang Qiuqiu had opened fire. Plus, the Tang Qiuqiu kid was carrying a gun with her. So when the bodyguards outside opened the door and came in, the Binger Family bodyguards especially had blocked around Emma and Rost because they were unfamiliar with Tang Qiuqiu.

However, after the two person in charge of the Feniers Family

and the Binger Family's bodyguards glanced at the three crabs and matched each other's eyes once, they ignored Emma and Rost's complains and gestured for their subordinates to inspect the room.

Just now, Castella had informed them to pay attention to anything relating to sea creatures. Be it prawns, crabs, fishes, sea snakes and so on, they must all be given high attention since they might very well have been controlled already.

When the two PICs saw the three crabs that were shot by Tang Qiuqiu, they both sighed to themselves. Thank goodness this little girl had noticed the abnormality, or god knows what kind of consequences would have followed. At the same time, the Binger Family's PIC was still guessing at Tang Qiuqiu's identity, wondering if she was someone with true skill or just a blind cat that accidentally ran over a mouse.

Meanwhile, the bodyguards had discovered yet a few more prawns and wiggling sea born mollusks in several concealed air vents.

By now even Emma and Rost had noticed that something was wrong. After all, they did have a little bit of sense of danger, and could connect this incident with a few dots in their heads. Therefore, they stopped complaining and quietly watched the bodyguards inspecting everything inside the room.

Tang Qiuqiu paid no attention to the bodyguards at all even though they were investigating the room and observing her at the same time. After feeling that there were no longer any threats around them, she sat back to her chair and played her game once

more. She never gave Tobo a straight glance, pissing off Tobo so much that he nearly flipped out again.

What the cameras could see, naturally the gray cat could see as well. Therefore, both the gray cat and Cillin knew about the incident.

“Qiuqiu is an excellent Hunter. At the very least, she’s stronger than those bodyguards.” the gray cat said, “Her side should be fine now, right?”

“Probably. The Feniers Family and Binger Family bodyguards aren’t incompetent. As long as their sights are set on the right direction, then those sea creatures would not be able to approach them.” Cillin looked at the sea outside the window, “Since this hidden shadow is able to control these low intelligence animals inside the manor, I believe that he or she is about to show up.”

Although Warsaw had managed to delay the deep sea giants, the attack of the shoals around the coastal waters had only grown fiercer and fiercer. There was literally a sea of fish corpses floating above the sea, and many fish bones buried beneath the sea as well. The excessive amount of compact fish bodies affected the Feniers Family’s movements greatly, and the underwater bullets with low penetration power were basically useless. But they did not dare to use the more powerful torpedoes either. If it affected Warsaw then it would be bad. They would be facing not just these shoals, but the deep see overlords as well.

Right now Kirk was very worried and uneasy. Even though they knew that the tamer was right around them, they were unable to

flush out that cunning bastard. It wasn't a good idea to allow the situation to continue like this, and he knew that at the manor they were probably put on the very defensive. Right now the one thing he regretted was underestimating the Wiesen Family's abilities.

If he were to think negatively, then Tobo was probably not the only one who would come under threat by this attack. Feniers Family's entire arrangement on this planet would be severely affected. There was nothing he could do about all habitable planets in Sector H were mostly covered in sea.

What a headache!

While Warsaw was cautiously delaying the deep sea overlords, Kirk was wracking his brain to come up with a plan, and Castella ordering the manor's men to increase their defense, many flat figures lay low near the bottom of the sea and swam towards the shore under the cover of the shoals.

Therefore, when the spaceplanes in the air and the submarines in the sea were coordinating closely to resist against the shoals, Kirk's alarm system had suddenly rang. This was the first time the system had rang this intensely after he had reprogrammed the monitoring program.

What's going on?

Kirk froze when he looked at the display.

He never thought that he would see such a scene after holding an important position in the Feniers Family for so many years.

What was the difference between a bird and a fish?

One flew in the air, while the other swam in water. This was what Kirk and most people had thought to be true. Right now though, what Kirk was seeing had completely overthrown his previous view.

Who said that a fish that lives in water cannot fly?

Kirk would be lying if he said he wasn't shocked when he saw the flat figures bursting out of the sea surface.

Kirk did not know what type of fish they were. They were all at least five meters long, and some even exceeded ten meters. Their exterior made them look a little like manta rays, but they were flatter and lighter than them. Their specialised pectoral fins were elongated like wings, enabling them to burst out of the sea surface and fly in low altitude.

If there was only one of these things then it would've been a non-issue. But there were hundreds and thousands of them, and their numbers looked to be increasing still.

Fearlessly, the creatures rammed towards the spaceplanes in the air, severely disrupting the spaceplanes' ability to obstruct the shoals beneath the sea. At the same time, they were so numerous

that some had seized the opening to charge towards the shore.

Chapter 146: The Tamer Appears

“Stop them!”

Kirk knew that their target was the manor. If they allowed the enemy to get close to the manor then it would mean trouble. The situation at the manor was already murky in the first place, and it could only go worse from there if the flying fishes were to join the fray.

The shoals beneath the sea could not make their way upshore, so no matter how hard they tried they would not be a serious threat to the manor. That was why Kirk was going to maneuver the defense teams inside the sea and switch to other targets. But he didn’t imagine that he still underestimated the threat posed by these sea creatures.

“Boss, sea snakes!!”

Kirk was just going to issue an order to the underwater teams, but had to glance at the screen when the subordinate beside him interrupted his actions.

A bunch of sea snakes had relied on their nimbleness and slender bodies to avoid the shots and began climbing ashore. The sea snakes’ patterns alone were enough to chill Kirk’s heart. The venom spat out by these sea snakes was extremely corrosive, and it had without a doubt made the defensive battle even more difficult than before. His subordinates had even told him that there were bigger sea snakes and other terrestrial sea creatures beneath the

sea, causing Kirk to feel as if he could not breathe. A battle where both hands and feet were bound was just so goddamn stifling.

Thankfully, he had many years of experience to aid him through the crisis. After Kirk swiftly collected himself, he began issuing the orders once more.

A group of people retreated back to the seacoast and began targeting those sea creatures that had made their way ashore. The other group of people attacking the flying fishes in the air had to protect Warsaw at the center and could not move...

While Kirk and Castella were hard pressed by the enemy, Cillin slapped the gray cat's head and said, "Pay attention to those flying fishes. I have a feeling that that tamer is on one of those creatures."

The people outside the manor were given not the slightest chance to take a breather at all. If it wasn't for their higher ranking genotype, they would've collapsed a long time ago. Meanwhile, the people inside the manor were on full alert. No one had been expecting to face such a massive battle between fish and man. The good news was that a fish was still a fish, and it could not fly as high or be as agile as an actual bird. Therefore, it was still relatively easy to shoot them down.

There was no way the Feniers Family's manpower in other locations of Sector H could arrive immediately, so they dragged the battle as long as they could. Once reinforcements arrived, the situation should then improve.

The shields around the manor were raised when the flying fishes had appeared. However, it didn't take long for them to realise that something was wrong with the shields. The emergency repair personnel discovered that the faulty locations were littered with several prawn and crab corpses. It was obvious that they had died from touching high energy circuits.

So this was where the disappearing marine products that were supposed to be served on the table as dishes had gone to. Their most important objective wasn't Tobo, but the defense shields.

While watching everything that was happening inside the manor, Castella could finally get a sense of how powerful the influence of a tamer truly was. With just one person's strength alone, they had caused an entire planet's sea creatures to go crazy... Hmm? An entire planet?

Suddenly, Castella trembled from head to toe.

That's not right!

There's no way there is just one tamer!

It would've been way overpowered if a single tamer could command so many shoals and be at so many places at once. If the ancient tamers truly could pull of such a feat individually, there was no way they would have declined in Sector H.

Castella had received news that the coastal areas were under attack by the shoals, and that the controlled shoals were spread at nearly every important seacoast areas of the entire planet. They would not have failed to mobilise the manpower otherwise.

Although Warsaw said that the Wiesen Family had only one ancient tamer, but if by any chance they did have more than one ancient tamer...

The fact that so many areas were attacked by controlled shoals indicated that there was more than one ancient tamer in the midst. But why this place alone?

It was true that the Feniers Family's little young master Tobo, the Feniers Family's Sector H CEO Kirk and the Binger Family's men were all at the manor. However, this manor was just a private residential area, and the several real central administration zones responsible for the Sector's businesses were all someplace else. If those zones were to be damaged, then their management of Sector H would fall into trouble. If the goal was to strike at the Feniers Family's business at Sector H, then there was definitely much to be gained by attacking those places. But why spare those places and simply delay reinforcements if they truly had more than one ancient tamer?

It was self-contradictory!

Castella knew that this wasn't the time to think about such things, but once the thought began it was hard to stop it. Castella felt the blood in his body running a lot cooler than usual.

Which other Family had stuck their foot into places it didn't belong to?!

If there really was a fourth Family involved in this battle, then the situation was no longer as hopeful as he thought before. That being said, from the look of things this fourth Family's attitude was a little too ambiguous. Although they had decided to help the Wiesen Family to strike at the Feniers Family, but they made sure not to go overboard and did not stand completely on the opposite side. It should not have turned out like this according to Castella's understanding of those families who held grudges against the Feniers Family.

The gray cat had been paying attention to the flying fishes in the air ever since it was reminded by Cillin. Slowly, it zoomed in on one particular fish.

"Cillin, it's that one!"

When the gray cat uttered this, Cillin had obviously made the same discovery as well. While staring at the flying fish that had pretended to be shot down from the sky, he patted the gray cat and said, "Let's go. Let's have a look at this legendary tamer!"

Cillin and the gray cat jumped directly out of the window. The monitoring crew reported Cillin's activity to Castella, and Castella sent a few men to follow behind them. He knew that with LC Cillin's abilities, he must've made a discovery. It must have been something important too.

The flying fish that pretended to be shot landed not far away from the manor's garden. Its belly faced upwards, and it appeared unremarkable amidst many other flying fishes that were shot out of the air. However, not long after it landed on the ground, it spilled a pool of something sticky out from the back that was touching the ground. The color of the sticky substance was very similar to the flying fish's back, and adding that to the fact that it was stuck to the flying fish's back earlier, it was no wonder that the abnormality could not be spotted easily while the flying fish was flying in the air.

Under the cover of many flying fish corpses, the sticky substance began slowly shifting its way towards the manor.

Cillin did not act immediately. Instead, he pulled the people Castella sent to follow behind him to a stop.

The men tailing behind him did not appear to be too surprised or embarrassed to be caught by Cillin. However, what Cillin told them later was definitely a shocking blow.

Cillin pointed at the general direction of sticky thing and said, "The tamer is right there, but you need to inform Castella first that there are many flying fishes on the ground that are still capable of moving. Tell him to send some men and deal the final blow."

The flying fishes that had plummeted to the ground were gravely injured and looked to be bloodied all over. But they were still alive. If someone were to scan them using a life detector, they would

discover that one third of the flying fishes that had fallen to the ground still had life in them. If they were made use of by the tamer again before they were completely dead, then the manor might suffer quite a blow. It was like a beheaded snake. Even with only a head left, a snake could still attack out of reflex.

Naturally, the group of men knew about this as well. After hearing Cillin's explanations, they immediately reported the news to Castella. After Castella had heard it, he immediately put his men into action.

This was the Feniers Family's business. The reason Cillin was interested in the tamer was not only because of their mystical ability to control sea creatures, but also the flying fishes themselves.

Cillin had not read about this type of flying fish while he was going through some books about the special fish species in Sector H. Cillin suspected that these fishes were genetically modified and secretly bred by either the tamer themselves or the Wiesen Family.

The pool of sticky fluid seemed to notice that it was found out, so it condensed into a human shape and revealed its true form. He could move a lot more nimbly in human form.

A shapeshifter! The tamer was actually an extremely rare shapeshifter!

It took a lot out of the Feniers Family to find the tamer, so naturally they spent a huge amount of manpower to deal with

them.

While the Feniers Family's men were battling against the tamer, Cillin and the gray cat continued to collect data from not far away (T/N: a Hunter to the cell, man). Cillin realised that he sensed something familiar from this tamer.

Chapter 147: Tamers Are All Freaks

The tamer controlled the fallen but still alive flying fishes and the rest to attack the manor, but Castella and Kirk had already made the appropriate deployments. Although the manor's shields could not be activated because they were faulty, the tamer wasn't able to do anything to the manor for a time as well.

The repair crews who were repairing the defense shields in a hurry estimated that the process would take about ten minutes, and the Feniers Family's reinforcements from other planets would also be arriving in ten to fifteen minutes as well. If the tamer continued to make no progress within this ten minutes, then he would no longer have the chance.

Excitation light bullets and alloy bullets rained on the flying fishes whether they're flying in the air or struggling on the ground, and the Feniers Family members did not stop unless the creatures had completely stopped breathing. The counterattack of a dying flying fish would bring trouble to the defenders, so they must be nipped in the bud.

Castella stood at a room inside the manor while watching at the situation unfolding at this place. He was silent as he read the reports coming in from his subordinates.

Castella did not need to conduct the battle personally. All he needed to do was to briefly explain the direction of their deployments before leaving the rest to the guards and the person in charge of the bodyguards to sort out by themselves. They were talented people whom the Feniers Family had spent much effort to

train after all, so there was no way they needed Castella to tell them how to fight.

The guards coordinated quite well with each other too. The superiority of talents cultivated by a big family stuck out in this critical moment. Had they been the guards on Planet Brown Earth, the situation would've been a total mess.

Since the tamer was a shapeshifter, normal metal bullets and cold weapons did not have any substantive effect. Therefore, the Feniers Family guards had chosen to use excitation energy weapons instead.

In order to avoid affecting Warsaw's control, no one used high energy density weapons in combat. But judging from the current situation, it was definitely possible to drag the battle for another ten minutes.

The tamer themselves did not think that the opposite side would discover him this quickly. The overall plan had appeared quite well, but the echo conches were discovered ahead of schedule, and the 'Mermaid Princess' Warsaw with the blood of a New European had delayed the deep sea giants. No progress was being made in regard to Tobo either.

Even if the tamer could control thousands and tens of thousands of fishes, they only had so many helpers on land. The sea snakes, prawns and crabs that had climbed ashore were being held back by a Feniers Family group and were unable to offer him any assistance. They understood that they would lost all chances of success if the situation were to drag out any longer. The tamer

began to grow irritated.

“These are strange spectrums.” crouching not far away, the gray cat said while watching the battle and collecting information.

Cillin also sensed that spectrum vaguely, but right now he was more focused on that bizarre feeling of familiarity.

Cillin was certain that he did not recognise this tamer, but it was just as undeniable that this tamer gave him an indescribable familiar feeling. Unfortunately, he was unable to make sense of it.

This familiarity was a real thing and not an illusion. Cillin dared to bet that he had met someone who gave him the same feeling as this person. What’s strange was that despite his obviously exceptional memory, he wasn’t able to capture this nostalgic feeling at all. It was like a hazy light dot that flashed and disappeared repeatedly. It was as if he could catch it in his hand, only to find nothing when he opened his palm.

The thing that gave Cillin the familiar feeling wasn’t the strange spectrum or the tamer’s racial identity as a shapeshifter. It was the vague aura created by the tamer.

Where had he seen such aura before?

Since he could not capture that fleeting feeling, Cillin decided to toss it all to the back of his mind first and paid close attention to the tamer. But the more he looked, the odder he felt.

Judging from the tamer's current condition, Cillin believed that they were not holding themselves back. Otherwise, they would've been shot into sieves a long time ago. But it was definitely strange if he was to assume that the ability the tamer was currently displaying was their peak.

From some of the spectrum data the gray cat transmitted to him, and the frequency changes of the mini magnetic field created by the tamer's aura he had collected himself, multiple operations and matrix analysis revealed that the tamer's maximum effect field was not as wide as first imagined. The current situation was that beyond the zone of the effect field Cillin had calculated, the shoals were still being controlled to attack and attract the Feniers Family's firepower in a well planned and well organised manner. This meant that there was another tamer within the area who was controlling these shoals. They had to be at the coastal waters at least.

If someone learned that Cillin had managed to calculate such complicated equations in such a short time with his human brain alone, they would've been so shocked that their molar teeth would fall off. A human brain that could do this was comparable to a machine already.

"Wheeze, there is another tamer around the area!" Cillin told the gray cat beside him.

Since the gray could could receive these spectrums, naturally it had noticed the abnormality as well. Hearing Cillin's words, it switched its focus to seek out the other tamer hidden within the

area.

There were too many interferences, and the scan was severely impacted. Moreover, when the gray cat attempted to make a comparison between the data on this shapeshifting tamer and another tamer, it discovered that he did not have a similar match in its database. After adjusting the parameters to the average human and a few other races the gray cat had seen before, it cross analysed the data yet again but still could not find a match within the predicted scope. This meant that the hidden tamer was very likely of a race that the gray cat had never seen before.

It could not be helped. The amount of people the gray cat saw on the hunting planet it lived in were very few, and it had only broadened its horizons after becoming a two-man team with Cillin. However, the amount of races the gray cat had encountered was still few when compared to the other Hunters within the Sixth Squad. It was no wonder that the gray cat would bump into walls constantly due to limited data. Of course, the gray cat grew even more expectant about meeting more races and more life forms in the future.

“I can’t find them. The amount of racial data I’ve collected are too few. I can’t get a match.” the gray cat sighed dispiritedly.

Cillin looked at the situation around and above the sea and asked the gray cat after a moment’s thought, “Can you capture the spectrums in each area? Including the ones in the air, the land and the sea.” Cilin’s analysis of the spectrums became much weaker the further away they were, so he could only rely on the gray cat.

“Yep.” in this aspect, the gray cat had absolute confidence.

“That’s good. You don’t need to list out the shapeshifter’s racial parameters and make a comparison. Basing on the spectrums and changes in the mini magnetic fields in every area, use cross elimination to find that fellow’s location…”

The gray cat began its second search attempt after hearing Cillin’s words. Since the gray cat and Cillin were close to one another, the gray cat could share some of its information with Cillin.

If this disturbance zone was to be put on a map, then every time the gray cat calculated a data, a color marked zone would shrink on said map. After several calculations, the color marked zone that was at first nearly overlapping with the entire map had shrunk by a lot.

Ten seconds later, the gray cat and Cillin became roused at the same time.

Found you!

A colored mark lay quietly at the coastal waters on the gray cat’s analysis map.

Cillin and the gray cat charged towards that direction with great speed.

Although Cillin and the gray cat had concealed themselves well, the tamer was obviously extremely alert. The moment they discovered that their position had been exposed, they immediately swam towards the distant sea with a whoosh. The instantaneous exertion of force had even caused the area they left behind to form a vacuum area, followed by a whirlpool right after. One could see just how strong they were.

Both Cillin and the gray cat swore simultaneously as they watched the fellow escaping beneath the water like an artillery shell.

Fuck, tamers are all freaks!

Chapter 148: Meowfucker!

Cillin and the gray cat dove into the sea to chase after the tamer. Although they only had a glimpse of their rear view, both Cillin and the gray cat knew that they weren't an average human – after all, since when did the average human have tentacle limbs?

Moreover, the tamer's speed... it was just like a sea born fish's. The tamer was not slower than the black back marlins from before.

Since the tamer escaped to the distant sea after realising that they had been exposed, they no longer bothered with the shoals and thus, the shoals at the coastal water immediately fell into disorder.

These shoals began to fight each other without needing the Feniers Family members to act. Thousands and tens of thousands of fishes of different species and factions began to attack each other as the coastal waters was thrown into a shoals war for a time.

After the tail Castella sent to follow Cillin and the gray cat had reported Cillin's movements, and combining that intel with the chaotic shoals at the coastal waters, Castella guessed that Cillin had probably discovered that hidden tamer. He sent his men to follow behind Cillin and the gray cat and pay attention to their whereabouts, but told them not to act recklessly.

Kirk told the men stopping the shoals offshore to stop whatever they're doing and switch their focus onshore; to aid with the effort

to capture the other tamer. After all, the flying fishes over there were controlled by the shapeshifting tamer. That tamer was the key.

Cillin and the gray cat chased closely behind the figure at the front, but they were unable to shorten the distance in a short time due to their opponent's physical advantages.

What surprised Cillin was that the tamer was escaping towards the deep sea giants. Above the sea, Warsaw continued to hang on strenuously.

While watching the dense masses of giant shadows, Cillin thought to himself: what is this tamer trying to do?

He quickly knew the answer.

As the tamer approached, the great sea beasts that were initially quieted by Warsaw had begun to stir restlessly.

Above the sea, Warsaw's voice on the spaceplane suddenly cut short as she took two steps backwards with a pale face and only barely managed to halt herself by grabbing the handrail at the side.

Seeing Warsaw's appearance, the Binger Family people immediately came forth to support her and hand over a specially prepared liquid. Warsaw's panting subsided a little after she drank the liquid, but sweat continued to pour continuously down her pale face.

After holding on for such a long time, one could say that Warsaw was about to hit her limit. Therefore, she could no longer hold on when the tamer had suddenly charged over and made a mess of things. She told her subordinates to bring over the communicator. When the line went through, Warsaw said urgently with unsteady breathing, “I’m sorry but I can’t hold out any longer. A tamer affected them, and I can no longer hold them back. You must deploy a response to this situation immediately.”

Just now, Warsaw discovered that the stable sound wave had suddenly been severed at a certain point by an unusual wave band. This also caused the sea beast who corresponded to that particular point to grow restless. At her peak Warsaw could deal with this situation nonetheless, but right now it was difficult for her to even speak.

If there was one, then there was also two. The chain reaction caused the other sea beasts to break away from their calm state one after another. Right now Warsaw could no longer suppress them, so it would seem that a good outcome for today’s incident was a foregone conclusion.

The low dissolved oxygen inside the sea was already recovering slowly under the effects of certain instruments, and the fishes in other areas of the sea were beginning to move there slowly as well. After all the sea was huge, and although the tamer had controlled a portion of the shoals, they were nothing but a small character with regards to the entire sea.

If only they could lure these deep sea giants to the distant sea,

then the situation would become much easier to handle. The problem was that the deep sea giants seemed to have set their eyes on this particular area of the sea. If they came any closer, then Kirk would absolutely order his men to activate the weapons of mass destruction, and as a woman with the New European bloodline who grew up in Sector H, it was not something Warsaw wished to see. But a wish was one thing, and reality was another. What else could they possibly do now? Warsaw ordered her men to fly the spaceplane higher just in case the sea beasts suddenly attacked the lower altitude.

Back to Cillin. Cillin was chasing after the tamer before him when the gray cat cried out after a slight tremor, “That fellow is controlling the sea beasts!”

The tamer at the front quickly slipped through the gaps of those large bodies, and the big sea beasts would immediately move their bodies to block off the gaps after they passed through them. Therefore, Cillin could only find a different gap to slip through.

For a tamer, the only way they could draw any visible effect from the giant sea beasts was from close range and on one target only. Moreover, they could only create a thought inclination so that the big sea beasts would be induced to think in a certain way in that one instant, and not control them completely. Therefore, while this kind of control might not work one hundred percent of the time, it was an opportunity for the tamer the second even one of them worked.

Take what happened just now as an example. Previously, the sea beasts did not react when the tamer had passed through some

gaps. But now, the sea beasts had acted according to the thought inclination the tamer had created and cut off Cillin's pursuit path when the tamer was passing through this particular gap. If Cillin were to find a different gap and continue the pursuit, then he must waste a certain amount of time. However, the tamer could continue to escape and pull further ahead.

The big sea beasts paid no attention to either Cillin or the gray cat. As the overlords of a certain territory in the deep sea, their tempers were naturally not that good. Previously, when the overlords were gathered they had ignored and chose not to fight each other temporarily, or rather Warsaw had appeared before they could begin to do so.

But now, Warsaw no longer had the power to hold out and placate them. Adding that to the fact that the tamer from before had the intention of angering these big sea beasts, if even one of these deep sea giants was successfully enraged to attack the other sea beasts, then the waves raised by the angered deep sea giants would be enough to form tsunamis that could flood the manor on the shore.

There were a dozen of so deep sea giants in the area, and after the disturbance some of them had half surfaced above the sea to reveal their peak like dorsal fins, and some myriapoda-like sea beasts flung their thick and long limbs above the sea surface.

Tall wave crests were raised on top the sea surface.

The shoals at the coastal waters were either dead or scattered. The other tamer had already been captured as well. Without the

tamer's control, the sea creatures no longer attacked in an organised fashion. In fact, they couldn't wait to escape as quickly as possible.

Kirk recalled his men and ordered his subordinates, "Attack immediately if those big fellows passed through the coastal waters' warning line."

The people Castella sent to tail after Cillin did not even manage to get close before the sea beasts had gone crazy. Left without a choice, they could only stay away for the moment and act later.

The gray cat who was pursuing the tamer along with Cillin accidentally got whipped by the thick limb of a big sea beast. Not only was it whipped far, far away, it even spun in midair like a spinning top.

"Meowfucker! You go ahead, Cillin. I'm going to teach this blind fellow a lesson!" the gray cat who swam back in the blink of an eye said.

Up until this point, the gray cat had always thought itself to be someone who put the interests of the important above all else. But how could it not be angry when something had literally whipped it with a whip?

"Don't let them get close to the coastal waters, Qiuqiu is still inside the manor you know. If you can, draw these big fellows to the distant sea." Cillin knew that the gray cat knew had its own measure of things, so he did not add anything further. The tamer

at the front was escaping further and further away.

Chapter 149: The Fourth Power

The clash between giants raised many waves that impacted the shore repeatedly, scraping off the sand and stones layer by layer.

Right now Kirk was gladdened by the fact that the giant beasts had not approached the the coastal waters. Otherwise, the manor itself would've been flooded by seawater.

The giant beasts' roars were as heavy as muffled thunder, or as sharp as whistles, and they caused wariness among the people on the shore. Their voices alone were capable of bringing tremendous pressure. This was the true difference between a deep sea giant beast and other fishes. Even a large group of shoals would not be able to maintain their formation under one gigantic roar.

But this was only true for the shoals and human beings. For the gray cat, it meant something else.

They are too arrogant! The gray cat thought, these fellows are so arrogant they saw no man – no, no cat – above them at all! (E/n: one ring to rule them all)

The gray cat did not transform and maintained the form of a kitten. However, long knife claws elongated from its paws instead.

The average blade or firearm could not threaten these big fellows in any way, but there were seriously not many beasts that could come away from the gray cat's claws unscathed.

Its scythe-like knife claws had cut open the giant beast's body surface directly, but because its skin was too thick the claws failed to harm its insides. The gray cat narrowed its eyes as the knife claws on its paws became much elongated and enlarged once more. In comparison to the eight knife claws, the gray cat's little body appeared much, much tinier. From a certain angle, the gray cat was even invisible to the naked eye. All a person would be able to see was eight brandishing huge knife claws.

When its skin surface was finally cut open, the nerves of the damaged area transmitted pain to the giant beast and upset them, causing the clashes and attacks to grow even more intense than before. What followed was even bigger sea waves and all sorts of roars that resonated throughout the world.

The fishes who failed to escape in time had died from shattered organs caused by shock, and there were no living fishes at all within a wide sea region. The Feniers Family and Binger Family members had all retreated above the shore and activated a counteracting sound wave to protect themselves from the shock. Another thing that deserved rejoicing was that the manor's defense shields had been repaired a few minutes earlier ahead of time, so the activated defense shields were able to block off most of the sound wave attacks let out by the sea beasts.

Although the sound wave attacks were reduced, the people inside the manor could hear the terrifying roars clearly all the same. The sound waves shook everyone until they felt cold from the bottom of their hearts. Every hair on their bodies were trembling along with the roars.

Tang Qiuqiu was far more composed as compared to Tobo, Emma and Rost. She continued to play her game and hold a lollipop in her mouth as before, causing Tobo and the duo to shower her with strange looks.

The monitoring devices and equipment within the coastal waters had all been affected and malfunctioned. There was no way for Castella and Kirk to know what kind of battle was going on on the sea.

One by one, as the gray cat clawed the sea beasts and caused their wounds to increase non-stop, the sea beasts' roars grew louder and louder, and their actions grew more and more violent as well. Some sea beasts had their limbs bitten off, and others had torn fins or large sections of scales ripped off their bodies... the scene was as stunning as it looked.

Cry, cry, what the fur are you guys crying about! So noisy!

The gray cat was already in a bad mood in the first place, and now the roars disturbed it so much that even its whiskers had turned taut.

Quit being so noisy!

The gray cat opened its mouth.

Amidst these messy roars, a single beast roar suppressed nearly

all other voices and impacted the sea beasts that were in close range to lose chunks of flesh from their bodies. All of the monitoring devices within the coastal waters that were already malfunctioning due to the interferences were blasted to bits by the shockwave, and on the shore those who remained on land fainted right away after hearing the roar. Meanwhile inside the spaceplanes, control panels experienced system failures, and the screens of dashboards and monitoring panels exploded. The vehicles were forced to land on ground. Inside the manor, every screen on every electronic panel were displaying static lines, and more than fifty percent of electromagnetic equipment were in a near catatonic state.

And this was the result after the gray cat had exercised some restraint upon remembering Cillin's words. Otherwise, none of the equipment inside the manor could've survived.

What on earth happened? This was what everybody upshore was thinking about. It was also the cause of their irritation, anxiety and unstable emotions. They had never encountered such a situation in Planet Zafia until today.

Warsaw and the other New Europeans felt stifled for a moment, whereas the captured tamer had almost fallen into a stupor.

Warsaw and the tamer were familiar with deep sea beasts, and they both knew that there shouldn't be any deep sea beasts that had reached such heights of power on this planet. Although the giants on this planet could be categorised as overlords of the deep sea, on a few other rank B planets in Sector H where their surface was almost covered in sea, they could only be considered as small

fries who went on stage simply to go through the motions. The owner of the voice that caused system failures across electromagnetic devices was definitely comparable to those true overlords.

Originally, the gray cat was planning to chase these fellows to the distant sea by force, but it did not expect that these big fellows would actually slip away like the meek fish they were; they were escaping from their natural enemy after just a venting roar. To these big fellows, the only place that could give them security was their home territory, so they were now going back where they came from.

When the gray cat saw that the sea beasts had all dragged their maimed bodies and slipped away, it shook its ears and withdrew its claws. When the gray cat saw that no one was sent over from the shore, it then swam towards the distant seas to chase after Cillin and the tamer.

Returning to Cillin. Cillin had been chasing after the tamer for quite a distance, and at first the distance between the duo didn't shrink by much, but the tamer did not manage to shake Cillin off either. Then, gradually, the tamer's stamina fell off. Controlling the shoals had already expended a portion of their strength, and now they were doing everything they could to escape. Their stamina gradually lost steam.

However, just when Cillin pulled closer and closer to the tamer, a few thorns were suddenly shot towards him from the front.

They actually have companions! There are more than two

tamers!

Cillin avoided the thorns, but what followed after was round after round of attacks, and black marlin groups and other speed type fishes swimming swiftly towards him. The huge number of shoals had cut off his pursuit path, and by the time Cillin charged through the shoals the tamer had already disappeared.

Cillin did not continue the pursuit. Now that a new tamer had appeared, it meant that there might be a fourth, a fifth or even more tamers in hiding.

To think that so many tamers who were considered relics by other people would appear all at once. Just who on earth did the Feniers Family offend?

Regardless of whoever the Feniers Family had offended, Cillin did not plan to probe further into this matter. The current situation was that he was alone with no backup, and if the opponent could mobilise so many tamers then they must have more hidden strength somewhere. Regardless, this was a matter of the Feniers Family and the Binger Family. Cillin did not plan to meddle any longer.

The twists and turns between big families were too complicated, and previously it was because he was too curious about tamers and fortunately grasped onto chips that could be exchanged with the Feniers Family for rewards. But judging from the current situation, it was time to stop. Cillin knew where to draw the line. The opponent was obviously prepared, and if he were to probe deeper into the issue then not only would he not be able to resist

with his lone strength, he would suffer a major loss as well.

Cillin turned around and went back decisively. He didn't swim for long before he ran into the pursuing gray cat.

"Eh?" the gray cat looked at Cillin and did not see the tamer, "You lost him?"

"They had a friend to come to their rescue. So I had to let them go." Cillin floated out of the water and looked at the sky. It would seem that it was late, "Let's return to the manor."

"Alright, let's go back. Those big fellows had all escaped. All I did was roar once, that's all." the gray cat hummed. It was obvious from its tone that it was showing off.

"Okay, cool your jets. Were you discovered?"

"Of course not. At the time the giant beasts were battling each other, so all the people beneath the sea had escaped upshore. Plus, with the surrounding monitoring devices all damaged and those big guys as cover, there's no way I'd be found out." the gray cat said affirmatively.

"That's good then. Let's go back, and think of a way to shake a bit more money off that old fox Castella."

"Of course. We've put in our efforts, so we must get paid for it no matter what. Right, I saw some dried fish on the manor's table. Do

ask for more once we get back to the manor…" to hustle when there was a chance was the philosophy Dias instilled in his Hunters.

In reality, Castella had taken the initiative to express his will to increase his remuneration before he could open his mouth. Cillin's contribution in catching the shapeshifting tamer of the Wiesen Family was undeniable, even if he did not participate in the capture himself. Besides that, even if Cillin failed to capture the other tamer, he had at least acquire the information that there were at least three or more tamers in this operation.

After the commotion, there were still a lot of things waiting for Castella and Kirk to deal with. Meanwhile, Warsaw and her men were breaking their heads over which deep sea giant beast had let out that final and absolutely dominating roar. Everyone was very busy.

But that was none of Cillin's business. After obtaining the signed bills from Castella, he returned to his bedroom. He had overused his brain today, so it was take a nap before everything.

Tang Qiuqiu continued to uphold her responsibility as Tobo's bodyguard, but there was nothing much for her to do right now. The surrounding bodyguards were watching over him tightly.

On the other side of Planet Zafia, a few figures were gathered at a sea surface where no one was noticing. Among them was the tamer who was chased by Cillin. These people had been scattered at different places and controlled shoals to attack the coastal waters and the Feniers Family's underwater bases, delaying their

reinforcements so that they could not assist with the situation at the manor. There was no way Warsaw and Castella could have imagined that there were this many tamers hiding on the planet.

"The Wiesen Family failed."

"What about it? I saw that coming a long time ago. Like a trash at their level could ever make a comeback."

"Yeah. It's fine as long as we complete our mission."

"Have you guys finished the mission summary? If you did then submit them to me in one go, I need to report to the young master ASAP!"

"Aw hey, my kidney hurts and now I have to write a mission summary report? I hate this kind of thing; my nerve endings experience a delayed reaction when it comes to this stuff."

"No problem. You can keep delaying all you like."

"Pah! I have no intentions of being stripped and tossed into an aquarium for show by the young master!"

...

These people were obviously not from the Wiesen Family, so as Castella had imagined there was a fourth power in play. But if that

was the case, then who was this young master these people spoke of?

Chapter 150: I'll Kick Him Like This, And Then I'll Boot Him Like That, And Then I'll Beat Him Up Real Good

At the A-District of Sector H, there was a planet more than five times larger than Planet Zafia, and that was Planet Ouroke.

In Sector H's Sector language, Ouroke meant 'eternal'. Fifty percent of this planet was made up of sea, and its planetary habitability was ranked at level A. Its terrestrial environment was extremely good. Planet Ouroke was also the capital Sector of Sector H, and it controlled the politics, businesses, education, media and so on of Sector H. Several big families had administration branches on this planet, so one could see how important the planet was in Sector H.

At a certain thousand meters tall building in a certain metropolitan area on planet Ouroke.

The height of this building really was nothing to be impressed about on this planet, and there were plenty of buildings within the metropolitan area that was taller than it. However, there was no one on this planet who would overlook this building. In reality, the influence of this rather unassuming building on Planet Ouroke was absolutely within the top three.

The building took up a massive amount of land, and it appeared to be quite stylish as well. From time to time there would be flying cars, transports and other vehicles approaching, halting, and leaving this building, giving it a bustling appearance.

Right now, inside a certain top floor of the building.

A small old man with a full head of white hair combed into a thin queue was walking towards the front with his hands behind his back. He was only about one hundred and sixty centimeters or so tall, but despite his elderly age he appeared to be unusually spirited and carried himself with a straight back.

There was a door at the front, and there were some guards fooling around with each other beside the door. When they saw the small old man approaching, they immediately withdrew their smiles and straightened their stances. They forcefully tightened their cheerful faces into one that looked like a patient suffering from facial nerve paralysis. The lax atmosphere earlier had also changed swiftly into one of solemness and respect.

“Is the young master inside?” the small old man asked.

The small old man’s tone was mild-mannered, and one could even sense goodwill and casualness coming from him. However, the people guarding at the door did not relax in the slightest. They continued to stand perfectly straight with their taut faces, emanating a vague air of intimidation.

“Yes sir. The young master is taking his afternoon nap right now!” one of the guards answered him with a powerful voice.

The small old man glanced at the color of the sky outside. It was almost evening already, wasn’t it? What afternoon nap?

However, the small old man did not mull over the problem. He stared at the men with taut muscles and glanced up and down with eyes that looked like scanners. It was as if he could see right through them.

“Mm, the shape of your facial muscles are tightened very well. Sharpen your gaze a little more, and adjust your posture for a bit. It cannot be stiff... Good. Very good. Keep this full imposing appearance when someone comes over in the future and earn yourselves some appearance points. Otherwise, if you all keep fooling around with the young master like this you are going to have your appearance points deducted completely. Also, take out the things inside your pockets. You do not keep snacks in formal wear.”

Here, points were proportional to one’s salary. The more points were deducted, the less salary one got. Therefore, the guards’ eyes immediately grew sharper when they heard his words.

The small old man was the one doing their payroll after all.

The small old man nodded in satisfaction, and after he inserted the passcode and verification data, he pushed open the door and walked inside.

The moment the old man entered the room, the guards by the door immediately returned to their frolicking state once more. However, they did listen to the small old man and put the snacks in their pockets in a cabinet not far away.

It was a wide office, and the second someone entered the room they would see a large office table, a cabinet and a filing table. There was also an aquarium beside the setup with all kinds of strange fishes swimming inside it, adding a lot of liveliness to this office.

The small old man did not even glance at the office before he walked straight towards a small door by the side of the office. There was a lounge behind the room.

Unlike the lounge of other offices, this particular lounge was very big. It was even bigger than the office outside and was outfitted with liquor cabinets, bar counters, media players, game consoles, cupboards and so on. There was also a huge bed. It was obvious that the master of this room knew how to enjoy life.

But if someone were to point out the most eye-catching thing in the room, then it was definitely the sofa.

It was a shell-shaped sofa; a large shell that was emptied and fine processed into a sofa. The price of this sofa alone was comparable to a spaceplane's.

If the person lying inside this shell sofa was a beautiful lady, then naturally it would add to the aesthetic of the scene. Unfortunately, it was a dude who was lying on the sofa, and the dude had hair that looked as messy as a chicken nest; wore a singlet, a large pair of underpants, and a pair of slippers that hung off his legs with a suspicious something sticking at the bottom. The dude was lying

down on the high class shell sofa and sleeping without any semblance of a sleeping posture to speak off. His saliva flowed along the edges of the sofa's soft cushion and onto the floor, forming a large pool.

The small old man was no longer surprised by the situation before him. In fact, he was pleased that the person did not snore today. But when his gaze landed on the slippers hanging off the person's legs, he could not help but twitch an eyebrow. He remembered tossing them a few hundred kilometers away into the sea just yesterday.

Shaking his head with a bitter smile, the small old man walked towards the person. He did not attempt to shout him to wakefulness. Instead, he pressed a button on the shell sofa's lid.

Bang!

The wide open, petal-shaped shells of the shell sofa abruptly folded. Due to his irregular sleeping posture, the person's arm and legs left stranded by the side of the sofa were clamped by the shells.

If it was any average person, they would've been clamped into several segments already. However, not only was the person on the sofa perfectly fine, he did not react to the stimulus at all.

The small old man pressed the button again, and the shell opened up and folded once more.

There was still no reaction.

He pressed again.

And again.

...

It was only until the tenth time that the person on the sofa finally twitched in slow uptake. The small old man finally withdrew his finger from the button.

The person on the sofa slowly sat up and blinked his eyes in confusion. After he scratched his nest-like hair, wiped the saliva at the corner of his mouth with the back of his hand and erased it on his singlet, he turned to look at the small old man. When his vision cleared and he saw who it was, he twitched his mouth and raised a leg to kick towards a button beside the sofa.

Everyone presses their buttons with their hands, but this young master was different in that he was used to kicking them with his feet. A leg was longer than an arm, and it saved him trouble. He did not need to move his arse for such a short range, and right now he literally could not be arsed to take a single step.

A bowl of warm soup, freshly baked meat and mineral nutrients that were already poured into a glass was carried in a tray and served neatly by a robot onto the dining table that had popped out in front of the sofa.

The small old man did not say anything as he watched the person lazily lifting his tableware and digging in. This was because he knew that this young master was used to eating right after he woke up, and if you were to speak while he was eating, he would toss every word you say right out of his brain without remembering a single dot.

After he was finished eating, the young master finally raised his eyelids and looked at the newcomer, “What is it now?”

“Our men at Planet Zafia had reported in. Wiesen’s men have failed.”

“There is no need to speak of the expected.” the person on the sofa put down his glass and looked at the small old man, “You know, Mr. Berzett, or should I call you grandpa Ber? Did you seriously wake me up from my sweet dreams for this trifle?”

“‘Grandpa Ber’? I’m flattered, but your father would feed me to the deep sea giant beasts if you call me that.” Berzett answered with a smile, but he immediately withdrew it and said, “Pascado was found out. The others are in danger of being exposed as well. At the very least, the Feniers Family knows that a fourth power had interfered with the operation. Of course, they did not know that we are that fourth power.”

“Oh?” the person on the sofa said while twirling his wine glass, “This is unexpected. To think that Pascado would be exposed with his abilities.”

The name Pascado meant ‘fish’ in the Sector language of Sector H. When Pascado hid himself in a shoal, even a scanner could scarcely identify him from them.

It would not be strange if Castella and Kirk had guessed that there were other tamers who interfered after the attack was over. After all, neither of them were simple characters, and it was something they could find out easily after a careful analysis. The problem was Pascado was actually found out, and this early exposure disturbed some of the plans they had made earlier.

“Should we call them back?” the small old man asked.

“Of course. Since they were discovered this early, they won’t be too useful even if they continued to stay at Planet Zafia. Cancel the follow up operations and have them come home.”

“Alright.” After a pause, Berzett started again, “According to the news and mission summary report they delivered, the person who found out Pascado was not the Feniers Family. It was a young man called Cillin…”

“PUUUUU——”

The young man who was originally lying lazily on the sofa and listening to Berzett’s report spat out the water in his mouth. He even kicked over the dining table because he was too excited.

After a bunch of clanking sounds later, the person ignored the stains on his body and jumped down the sofa. He ran right in front of Berzett and stared straight at him, saying almost word by word, “Repeat what you said earlier. What’s the name of the person who found out Pascado?”

“Young master, according to the data that was delivered, his name is Cillin. He is about twenty years old of age.”

“Fuck his grandfather!”

“Young master Lung, please pay attention to your manners.” Berzett had to voice a reminder. That being said, how long had it been since his young master burst into foul language after he took over the work here?

Yep. This singlet and underpants dude who had absolute zero image to speak of was none other than young master Lung Andrea. Out of all the people who wanted to drag Cillin into the open and beat the shit out of him, Lung and Knight had to be among the firsts. There had not been a lick of news about Cillin for nearly the past three years, so it would be stranger if he hadn’t gotten excited after hearing this name out of nowhere.

In young master Lung’s eyes, poise and etiquette or whatever were just shows for outsiders. What’s the point of etiquette if there were no outsiders now?

Lung walked around in circles a couple of times before asking, “Do we have any images?”

“Yes, but they are few, and since time is too short we didn’t manage to investigate in detail about that Cillin fellow. We only know that he encountered Castella at the Fenier Family’s ‘Little Garden’ in Sector X.” Berzett summoned the image and said.

The fact that Cillin and Tang Qiuqiu were members of Vanguard Sixth B Squadron were only known to Castella and several other core figures. No one else knew about this.

Lung frowned and looked at the image for a long time. Then he pointed at the person Berzett had summoned and asked, “Who’s that stupid-looking idiot?”

“That is Cillin.” Berzett answered.

Lung’s expression was odd, “Did he do a full facial plastic surgery? What a loss; his looks keep getting lousier and lousier. He looked a lot beefier than he used to… I can’t differentiate if he’s the real thing based on this image alone. I can identify him in person though.”

That being said, the only person who could discover Pascado and was called Cillin in his impression was probably him and no one else.

After a moment’s silence, Lung said to Berzett, “Wasn’t there’s a planet at T-District of Sector H whom we’re looking for joint development with another family? Let’s call the Feniers Family to send someone over and discuss the terms of collaboration.”

“But young master, you just confirmed the Evangel Family as our collaborative partner yesterday…”

“Change it. We haven’t signed the contract yet have we? There’s another collaboration ten days later. Worst comes to worst we give that priority to the Evangel Family as compensation.” Lung paid it no mind.

“Alright, I will contact Kirk immediately.”

After Berzett had left, Lung rummaged through his cupboard. He remembered buying a pair of boxing gloves last year.

When he left Seven Lights, Lung had promised Knight that the next time he sees Cillin, he would kick him like this and then boot him like that and then beat the shit out of him!

Chapter 151: Representing Everyone In Seven Lights To Beat The Shit Out Of You!

Inside the manor on Planet Zafia, Kirk barely had some free time to lay down and get some shut-eye after spending much effort to wrap up the matter.

The incident this time gave Kirk a wake up call. He had underestimated a tamer's ability all this time. It didn't matter how much limitations were applied on a lone tamer's abilities, because it was a fact that the Feniers Family had been forced to fight passively this time at least.

The crabs and prawns that were supposed to be served on the dining table had paralysed their defense shields for a dozen or so minutes. A dozen or so minutes was enough for a lot of things to be done, and for the defenders who were fighting against the shoals, even a second longer was pure torture, much less a dozen or so minutes.

There were also the matter of the three crabs inside Tobo's rooms. No one knew the full extent of the damage that could've been caused by these three crabs. It was fortunate that the young Hunter girl had killed them all in the earliest moments.

Another thing that was fortunate was that the person the Binger Family sent over to help them was Warsaw, the 'Mermaid Princess'. Otherwise, they might have no choice but to use WMD to conclude the battle against that number of shoals plus a dozen or so deep sea giant beasts.

No family would normally be willing to use such WMD on a planet that they had set up as a base in a major Sector. Who would want to fire cannons at their own doorsteps if not as a last resort?

Sector H was a Sector where that relied mainly on sea. It could not be measured by the standards of other Sectors. He would have to perform a full upgrade to every aspect of the defense system in Planet Zafia, and rethink their strategic deployments. While thinking, Kirk continued to relax and rest.

But just as he entered a state of restfulness, his communicator rang. It was the communicator dedicated to official businesses no less.

“What’s the matter?”

“Boss, Berzett from Andrea requests to talk with you.”

Kirk felt his heart jump. Berzett?

Kirk knew that there was no one in Planet Ouroke who did not recognise that small and seemingly unremarkable old man. He was a smiling tiger in the Andrea Family, and god knows how many people had fallen prey to his fangs.

a person who appears amiable on the surface but harbors ill intentions on the inside

To be honest, Kirk really did not want to get tangled up with the

Andrea Family right now. The Andrea Family's influence in Sector H was among the top three of major Sectors. They were bigger than the Feniers Family and the Binger Family who first prospered in Sector H. However, previous attempts at to collaborate with the Andrea Family had all failed, and nothing good came out of them at all.

But what was the meaning behind that old man Berzett come looking for them of his own accord now?

...

Anyway, Cillin had not awakened ever since he returned to the guest room and fell asleep. In his dreams, his consciousness was performing an in-depth dissection of a tamer's control methods and spectrums while controlling the analysis of data. He was impressed by how extraordinary they were. Every change in frequency was an order, and this order needed to be received and understood by shoals, or form an inclination for the shoals to follow. These spectrums of sound frequencies transmitted information like codes, and were extremely complicated. At the very least, right now Cillin could not decode these codes with the amount of information he gathered.

He opened his eyes and stretched his body. He looked at the gray cat who was curled into a ball and sleeping soundly beside him before he turned over and got off the bed.

He was hungry. Time to hunt for some food.

After he had placated his stomach, Cillin went to Tang Qiuqiu. However, it would seem that Tang Qiuqiu wasn't feeling any pressure at all. She continued to play her game and ignored Tobo and the others even though they tried to talk to her by their own accord. She was busy getting through a stage; where would she find the time to bother with unrelated people?

When Cillin returned to the guest room, he discovered that Castella was already waiting for him inside. The gray cat continued to sleep and ignored Castella entirely.

"What is it that needs you to set out personally?" Cillin smiled and asked.

"There's something I need to explain to you. We are going to head to the capital of Sector H, Planet Ouroke. Kirk's going there to negotiate a contract, and I have to go take a look as well. Once the contract has been negotiated, we will depart from Planet Ouroke and head directly to Sector F."

"Sure, I don't have an opinion on that. Might as well go take a look at the Capital of Sector H, Ouroke along the way."

"That's good. This matter is a little urgent, so we will be departing by the morrow."

"Sure." Cillin did not have much to pack anyway; he could leave at any time he was notified of. He had heard of Sector Ouroke's reputation since a long time ago, but he had not gone there personally. It so happened that this was an excellent opportunity

to do so. Plus, the Feniers Family would cover the cost for both food and accommodations, so why not?

After Castella left, the gray cat opened its eyes, raised its butt and stretched. It shook its fur and jumped up the table. The dried fishes Cillin just brought back was up there.

“Oh, Cillin, I just heard Kirk’s conversation over the communicator.” the gray cat said while chewing the dried fishes.

“Is there anything important?” Cillin sat on a recliner, opened his book and asked.

“It’s just collaboration. Nothing important. Although, I did pick up a new family name. This time, the partner the Feniers Family is going to discuss collaboration with is the Andrea Family. Kirk called the other guy on the communicator Berzett. Judging from his voice, he’s an old man.”

The gray cat was unperturbed when it said this, but Cillin nearly fell off the recliner. His face twitched again and again.

The Andrea Family…

Although he did not wish to meet them right now, Cillin could not leave Tang Qiuqiu behind. Plus, he had already promised to head to Ouroke with them.

Sigh. Never mind. It’s something I have to face sooner or later.

Although, I may not necessarily run into them since. The Andrea Family had a lot of properties after all.

I wonder if we'd fight if we meet each other.

There was absolutely no chance it would occur to Cillin that young master Lung was already preparing his boxing gloves.

Seeing that Cillin was silent, the gray cat asked, "What are you thinking?"

Cillin smiled slightly, "I remembered a few friends."

"Hmm? Friends? Which Hunter regiment? Are they as famous as Vanguard?" the gray cat cocked its head and asked.

It was no wonder the gray cat thought this way. After all, from the moment the gray cat had left the hunting planet T-H036 until now every friendly it had met was a Hunter. People like the Feniers Family was their bankrollers, and people like Poison Fang were all preys to be hunted. Therefore, everything that fell under the category of friends should be Hunters as well.

"No, they are not Hunters."

"Not Hunters?!"

Cillin nodded, "Although I haven't known them for a long time,

they are very much deserving of close friendship." while scratching the gray cat's bottom chin, he slowly talked about the things that had happened at Seven Lights.

The next day, the group went on the starship and headed to Planet Ouroke first thing in the morning.

While looking at the data on Planet Ouroke in his hand, Cillin felt rather complicated on the inside.

The big business focused families such as Andrea, Douance, Binger, Feniers, Fei Lin and so on all had branches on this planet. There were a lot of familiar families.

However, Cillin was very different from who he was three years ago. They might not be able to recognise him even if he stood right in front of them.

There were several huge spaceports outside Planet Ouroke. All spaceships were parked inside the port, and all spaceplanes that were going into the planet were required to go through a strict inspection to prevent the carrying of infectious viruses, parasites and so on into the planet.

All spaceplanes who did not have a passport were not allowed into the planet. Big families like the Feniers Family had all applied for and prepared the relevant passports already. The people who did not have the qualifications to apply and prepare a passport could only enter by taking the public transport prepared by the officials.

The military had also set up garrison on the planet, so on the surface public security on this planet was relatively good. Of course, there were plenty of waves surging behind the scenes, and no one who could set foot on this planet was truly skilless. If honest means did not work, then it was time for the dishonest. There was no lack of bodies that were tossed into the sea to feed the fishes everyday.

After the starship was parked at the spaceport and left to the defense and management of the guards the Feniers Family had assigned there, the rest of them changed to spaceplanes and entered the planet.

The Feniers Family's branch here had a spaceplane landing zone, and before Kirk and the others' spaceplanes arrived the spaceplanes, airplanes and other vehicles on the field had already been cleared out for their arrival. Some of the high level managers belonging inside the Feniers Family's tall building had already come out to welcome them, and bodyguards assuming their respective positions.

Under a grand welcome, Kirk, Castella and everyone else entered that tall building.

Just like before, Castella had ordered his men to prepare a guest room for Cillin alone. After some simple unpacking and the urgings of the gray cat, Cillin greeted Steele and left the building. He could not find Castella probably because the man was busy right now, so he had Steele to pass on the message instead.

In reality, Tang Qiuqiu really wanted to come out and have fun as well. However, she was on a mission and Tobo was informed that he was not allowed to leave the building. Therefore, she could only play games indoors. However, Cillin agreed to bring back some sweets. It was only then Tang Qiuqiu felt a little easier on the inside.

“Where do we go first?” Cillin opened the map of Planet Ouroke.

“Let’s go to Eternal Square. It’s the biggest.” the gray cat slapped at a spot on the map with its paws and said.

“Sure. Let’s go to Eternal Square first then.”

After hailing a flying car, a man and a cat entered the ultra highway and headed towards Eternal Square.

Eternal Square was the biggest public square on planet Ouroke. It was neither situated at the business-District, nor at the territory of many big business families. The building that was closest to Eternal Square was the sky scraping twin towers of Sector H’s coalition government.

If one had to choose the most eye-catching thing at Eternal Square, then it would most definitely be the statue of the sea god. Beneath the gigantic statue, everyone else looked as small as ants.

While standing on the square and looking at the big statue at the center of the square, the gray cat asked, “Why is the sea god in the

shape of a human?”

“Because this statue is erected by a human. Humans have always been self-centered.” Cillin answered.

“The dolphins around him look so stupid.”

“That’s because those are statues and not living dolphins.”

“Why is he holding a fork? Is it to stab the fishes?”

“… That’s called a trident.”

“Let’s go to the statue. I want to climb on top of the sea god’s head!”

“…”

Cillin had been feeling a line of sight trained on his body for a while now. He turned around and looked.

There was a person sitting beneath the statue.

Singlet, beach pants, flip-flops, a pair of tawny colored spectacles that covered nearly half his face and a pair of boxing gloves the size of pumpkins on each hand… These gloves are actually for king-kongs, right?

The big boxing gloves on each hand banged loudly against one another.

Lung watched the person walking closer and closer towards him through his tawny colored spectacles. He wasn't sure earlier, but when Cillin turned around to look, Lung immediately knew that it was that death faking bastard!

Cillin was a little surprised. He didn't think that he would meet Lung here. Previously, he thought that he would encounter Lung at the business district even if they did run into each other.

"Cillin?" Lung uttered. Although it was voiced as a question, there was certainty in his tone.

Cillin did not deny it. He knew that Lung had already recognised him. He smiled and nodded, "Long time no see."

Lung stood up and twisted his neck. Then, without wasting anymore words, he jumped and kicked towards Cillin, as his cracking knuckles beat towards him as well.

"Cillin, your daddy represents Knight, Ci Jincheng, BPT, Hard, Sird, Pride, Sir Mo, and everyone in Seven Lights to beat the shit out of you!"

Chapter 152: Three Years Time Of Man And Things [Part 1]

Logically speaking, fighting or having a brawl at Eternal Square was a serious incident. Moreover, Sector H's iconic government building – the twin towers – was not far away from Eternal Square. Wasn't fighting in front of the government building's doorsteps purely an act of looking down on the Sector's political power?

Right now the time was midday, and there weren't many people on the public square. However, there were still occasional passers-by, and they all stayed far, far away from the fight. No one was stupid enough to do something like mediate the quarrel, and even more people preferred to find a cool spot and watch the show. They believed that it would not take long before public security would arrive and arrest this people.

Unfortunately for these people, they were fated to be disappointed.

One minute passed, two minutes passed... more than five minutes had passed since then. The fight continued fiercely and in high fighting spirits no less, but not even the shadow of the security team could be seen at all. Even the so-called 'one-track minded' environmental robots did not react to the commotion.

In the past, anyone who acted rough or swore profanities on Eternal Square would draw the environmental robot's violation ticket, and anyone who refused to pay would be electrocuted as punishment and forced to cough up.

But what's with the current situation right now?

Two hundred meters away, an environmental robot gave a person who broke into a profanity just now and refused to pay a violation ticket, all the while pointing at Cillin and Lung and defending himself noisily a ruthless electric shock. The dark blue light of the electricity caused some of the bystanders watching the show to shudder involuntarily. After all, most of the people here had similar experiences, and they literally felt as if they were reliving their past, man!

Inside the security building beside the public square, a squad of soldiers watched the scene unfolding on the display.

"Captain, do we really need not to deal with that fight? Would it be a bad influence?"

"No need." the public security captain pointed at Lung wearing a pair of beach pants and flip-flops, dragging around two pumpkin-sized boxing gloves and getting busy, saying, "This person. As long as he doesn't bombard the coalition government's twin towers (E\N: too soon), just let him do whatever he wants."

"Oh~" the rest of the squad evidently understood what he meant, "The Outer Circle Plan!"

The reason the environmental robots looked like they were completely oblivious to Cillin and Lung's brawling incident was because Lung was a member of the 'Outer Circle Plan'.

There were several types of setup within the environmental robots program settings. On Planet Ouroke, a small number of people were considered under a different set of rules beyond the standard programming. As long as these people did not do anything that threatened the planet itself, then every other action they took could be overlooked. This was the ‘Outer Circle Plan’. Since this small number of people did not fall under Planet Ouroke’s normal jurisdiction, therefore they were called people ‘outside the plan’, so to speak. They were personages who enjoyed special privileges beyond regular jurisdiction.

Obviously, Lung Andrea was a member of the ‘Outer Circle Plan’ himself.

“After entering public security for so long, this is the first time I saw someone of the Outer Circle Plan brawling and fighting on Eternal Square. How arrogant.” a public security squad member said.

Normally, a personage of the ‘Outer Circle Plan’ wielded high status and enormous influence. Why would anyone like that come to blows with someone else in public for no particular reason? Plus, look at his attire. What self-restraint, what poise, what etiquette? They had all been goddamn tossed into the sea. Who could possibly relate such a person to a member of the ‘Outer Circle Plan’?

Meanwhile, Cillin and Lung were fighting each other enthusiastically. They looked like they want to brawl out all three years worth of brawls.

The gray cat did not pay them any intention. It jumped onto the statue and began to climb. Mm, it would sit on top of the ‘Sea God’s’ head and overlook all life in a moment!

An hour later.

On the stairs beside the public square’s fountain, Cillin and Lung sat there while holding a large cup of red wine ice cream each in their hand. The bill was footed by Cillin.

Both men’s faces were blue and black, and their hair was a total mess. Lung’s tawny-colored spectacles had long since died a horrible death and was currently lying inside the the robot cleaner’s ‘stomach’.

The pair of pumpkin-sized boxing gloves were set at a side and looking tattered. Lung’s slippers had also turned into something that looked like cotton wadding.

“You sonuvabitch… How dare you fight back!” Lung licked his ice cream very vulgarly while speaking.

“You said it yourself that you would represent Knight, Ci Jincheng, BPT, Hard, Sird, Pride, Sir Mo and everyone in Seven Lights… I pinched a count, and there were just eight representatives. So I conceded eight hits in total.”

“Fuck! You’re just as scumbaggery as ever.”

“Thank you for the praise, I feel just the same.”

Lung raised his leg and rocked the cotton wadding thing hanging off his legs and said, “This pair of slippers is my precious treasure, you know. I bought it from a babe with a super hot body. When I bought it she had even pressed a fiery red kiss on it. I went to get it back tirelessly even when Berzett tossed it into the sea. Look at what you did to it. How are you going to repay this, huh?”

Cillin gave it a moment’s thought before finishing up the remaining ice cream in his cup. Then, he tore the box that held the ice cream made of degradable fiber into a slipper-shaped thing and tossed it to Lung, “Here. There’s even the fragrance of red wine.”

Lung: “…”

Bing bang boom. Another spell of fighting noises followed.

“How are Knight and Ci Jincheng doing?” Cillin washed his face using the water from the fountain and asked.

“You have the nerve to ask that question. Knight nearly took apart the hospital back then…”

Lung slowly told Cillin what happened in the past three years.

When Cillin faked his death and left Seven Lights, Lung and

Knight finished all of their credits in half a year and applied for graduation directly.

Knight was dragged back home by his father. He had joined the army and would often participate in certain missions, although Lung did not know about the details. The level of secrecy within the army was too high. However, during the last time they talked Lung learned that Knight had already risen to the rank of first lieutenant this year. He wasn't satisfied though; Pride's brother Ji Feihang had already risen to the rank of captain.

Rank promotions within the GAL army were not easy, and Knight had obviously paid a lot of effort to rise to become a first lieutenant so quickly. Knight's plan was to become a ranked officer in two years, and in most people's view this plan was extremely difficult to achieve. However, Cillin believed that with his abilities Knight could definitely achieve his expected goal.

And this was to say nothing of Ci Jincheng's achievements. He was already a specially recruited student in the first place, and from the moment he entered Seven Lights he had already owned a research topic of his own and often ran back and forth between all sorts of research bases. In comparison, he enjoyed a larger degree of freedom since a specially recruited student like him was judged by different standards and was not limited by credits.

Although he had a deep background, Ci Jincheng had relied on his own abilities and completed several research achievements of more than seventy contribution points. One could see Ci Jincheng's image in academic publications above seventy contribution points, and due to splendid results Ci Jincheng now

held a post in GAL Research Institute under the combined recommendation of several scholars.

Exactly what Ci Jincheng was researching, Lung did not know. However, he heard that his achievement could be published in ‘Code’ if it was successfully researched. This meant that the achievement was worth at least ninety GAL contribution points. With Ci Jincheng’s current age, if he could show his face on ‘Code’ then he absolutely deserved to be called a genius among geniuses.

Seven Lights senior mentors and upper level practically treated Ci Jincheng like a treasure. If he needed anything, Ci Jincheng only needed to ask verbally before the permission was given directly by the university’s upper level. There was no need for him to go through the application process. Research funds, experiment equipment, base access. As long as Ci Jincheng asks, there shall be no obstacles.

“If the research finishes smoothly, I believe that guy can rise immediately as a one star scholar on the side of science and technology. In my impression scholars are normally small old men, but that guy is an exception.” Lung said while smiling.

A scholar was looked upon as the most excellent elites of science and academic authority. GAL Research Institute was the only body in the entire GAL that had the qualifications to confer the title of a ‘scholar’.

Chapter 152: Three Years Time Of Man And Things [Part 2]

GAL Research Institute was the highest academic institution in terms of science and engineering in GAL, and it was the integrated research and development center of the latest and most high-end technologies in the entire GAL. It was also the academic institution with the highest reputation and consultation rate. In academic terms, they were the absolute authority and magnate.

Mo Heng himself was one of them. As a senior authority in academia who had been immersed in engineering technology for many years, Mo Heng was already a four star engineering scholar. This was also why so many people were respectful and in awe of Mo Heng.

The scholarly titles conferred by GAL Research Institute were differentiated into five ranks from the initial one star scholar to a five star scholar. As the people continue to contribute to GAL, they would accumulate contribution points and increase their star rank.

Only those who possessed the title ‘scholar’ could be said to have truly set foot into this circle of authority. At twenty years old or so, Ci Jincheng was already taking a shot at the title of ‘scholar’. Such a case was extremely rare.

“That fellow truly is impressive.” Cillin agreed.

“Tsk, it was exactly because there was Knight and Ci Jincheng to make a comparison with that I was forcefully captured back home

by my father to manage businesses. He even froze my private accounts. I'm poor now man, don't you see that this is the only attire I can afford now?"

Bullshit, the reason you're dressed like this is completely due to your own twisted taste. Cillin knew that this was just Lung making a grumble. If he really did object to the act, who on earth could freeze all of Lung's private accounts so easily?

"What about you, Cillin? How does it feel to be a Hunter?" Lung never planned to hide the fact that he had investigated Cillin.

"It's not bad. What did you find out about me?"

"There was too little time. I only knew that you're a Hunter and that you've accepted a mission from the Feniers Family."

"I did not accept a mission from them. The one who accepted it is the kid who's with me. I was just earning some leisure cash along the way."

"It seems that your treatment of that little girl is pretty well. I wonder what Linglong would think if she knew this." Lung said while rubbing his chin.

Cillin raised a leg and kicked him once, "Get out, you bastard. So much nonsense coming from you."

Lung chuckled and dodged out of the way, "Hey, speaking of

which, your strength has gone up again. You're rank A now, right?"

"Mm." Cillin nodded.

"No wonder you were able to find out Pascado. Oh, I forgot to tell you, but I am the one who sent the men to stir the pot at Planet Zafia. The person you found out is called Pascado. Before this, he had never been found out when he participates in the action, but he didn't expect that he would capsize in front of you this time. Hehe." Contrary to one might expect, Lung did not feel any embarrassment and thus voiced the matter on his own accord.

"So that's how it is!"

Cillin abruptly recalled the true nature of the familiarity he felt when he saw the tamer back then. Back then, when they had participated in the Sector Championship's integrated warfare competition, Lung had caught and knocked out the Second Military Academy's Boen inside the lake. When Lung lifted Boen in front of Cillin, he had given him a tamer-like feeling back then. However, Lung didn't manage to completely conceal his presence probably because he had just exited the lake. Still, that feeling had lasted for only a fraction of a second, so the impression it left Cillin was both short and blurry.

"You're a tamer of the legends!"

"Surprised, aren't you? Your young master is a legendary tamer who inherited the legacy of the sea god!" Lung said proudly before

coming to a pause. Then, he asked in an exaggeratedly mysterious manner, “Which Hunter regiment are you in right now?”

“Vanguard Sixth B Squadron, Lieutenant Commander.”

“Holy shit! That’s one of the big fours, hmm? Wait a second, the Sixth B Squadron…” Lung’s mouth turned into an O shape, “The squadron that took out the largest terrorist organisation ‘Poison Fang’ in Sector V?”

Cillin nodded.

Lung lifted a thumb. When he heard of the news back then he already thought highly of the Sixth B Squadron. Perhaps in the not-so-far future, the Sixth B Squadron could become the number one squadron in Vanguard.

After stretching his back and moving his arms around for a bit, he raised his eyes and saw a certain cat above the statue. The cat was standing on top of the statue of the ‘Sea God’s’ head and looked to be revelling in the emotion where it was looking down arrogantly at the entire world.

“What’s going on with that cat?”

“It’s undergoing self-enlightenment at the moment.”

The reason Lung and Cillin could chat here without the slightest scruple was not without reason. There was a device developed by

the Andrea Family in Lung's pocket that ensured that no one beyond two meters of range could hear any content of their conversation. This was because the sound waves were put through distortion processing beyond two meters so other people could only hear some static noises.

"Come and take a seat at my place? I'll show you my dearest sofa!" Lung stood up and pulled Cillin towards outside the public square.

Cillin beckoned for the gray cat to come back.

While Lung was pulling Cillin towards outside the public square, an extra long flying car was slowly driving towards the Sector government's twin towers behind them. Suddenly, it came to a stop.

Inside the flying car, a girl wearing a fashionable sunglasses looked outside the window.

"What is it, miss?" a bodyguard beside the girl asked.

"Nothing. I just saw an old friend." the corner of the girl's lips curled beautifully.

She did not need to see the front. She only needed to watch his back – even if that back was completely different from the back in her mind – to know, that it was that person.

Lung pulled Cillin all the way to the suspended parking area beside the plaza. He then summoned his hot dog of a car in sea blue color and headlights that looked like red phoenix eyes.

After driving out of the public square, Cillin asked, “Why were we in such a hurry to leave just now?”

“Yoho, you found out?” Lung shrugged, “Do you want to meet up with Linglong?”

Cillin smiled bitterly, “I actually am not prepared for that.”

After Cillin had faked his death and left Seven Lights, the Galois Family had suffered a little bit of hardships. Aiflon told him that Linglong was the one responsible for it.

“Therefore, let’s avoid her for now. But Cillin, Linglong really is a remarkable woman, but you know, she really seems to be interested in you.” Lung said while making winky eyes.

Cillin threw a slap right over, “Drive your car!”

Lung’s flying car was driven directly into the floor where Lung’s office was in the Andrea’s building. It wasn’t far away from the door to the office, and the bodyguards outside the door were currently standing still with a serious expression. The fierce light in their eyes were in full display, and they appeared incredibly intimidating.

The gray cat crouching on top of Cillin's shoulder glanced at the bodyguards with a cocked head. Then, it raised a hind leg and scratched its ears before letting out a sigh, "They look even stupider than the dolphin statues beside the sea god!"

Lung echoed with profound understanding, "Yeah, they look stupid as hell!"

The bodyguards' faces twisted, and they roared in their hearts while wishing that they could flip a table: We know this looks stupid, but what can we do, Grandpa Ber is the one issuing our salaries!

Lung showed off his dearest shell sofa to Cillin. Cillin expressed his extreme disdain towards it.

Meanwhile, the gray cat was now transfixed by the aquarium within Lung's office and scooped the fishes while it crouched above the aquarium. Feeling that it hadn't enjoyed itself fully, the gray cat jumped directly into the aquarium and teased the fishes, causing the poor things to all holed up at a corner and tremble like a leaf.

Lung exclaimed repeatedly at the sight, "This cat is truly outrageous."

Now that he knew that Cillin was in Vanguard Sixth B Squadron, it would be a lot easier to find him when it was necessary.

“Before you return to the Sixth Squad, you can seek out the manager of any company under the Andrea Family if you need to contact me or get help. Just pass this to them and it’ll work.” Lung took out a card and passed it to Cillin. The word ‘Lung’ was written in twenty or so languages on the card.

Cillin accepted the card. With this card, Cillin would be able to seek help in any places where the Andrea Family was involved. This was a sizable help for a Hunter who travelled and drifted between the line of life and death often.

“This is for you.” Cillin raised a hand and tossed Lung a green, round ball. It was one of the five huge green pearls he had acquired from Sector Z.

“This is good stuff!” Lung held it in his hand and exclaimed. With his observation skills, naturally he could deduce the green pearl’s value, “This is too valuable.”

That’s what he said, but Lung’s expression was something else: You better don’t turn back on your word, you bastard! I’ll never return it even if I die!

Cillin couldn’t hold himself back from giving the bastard another kick.

When Cillin and the gray cat had left the Andrea Family’s building, Berzett walked over and watched his young master staring at the green pearl in his hands like he was staring at a treasure. He frowned and asked, “Why?”

Berzett was asking why had Lung brawled with Cillin at a public area like the Eternal Square. With Lung's intelligence, he shouldn't have so recklessly created an embarrassing commotion like that.

"Nothing much. i'm just telling certain people that I know this guy and we're quite well acquainted with each other, and that they should moderate the dirty tricks they have in their minds."

"You're not afraid that he will expose us to the Feniers Family?"

"Nope, I am not afraid. He won't."

Seeing that Berzett's frown hadn't dropped, Lung gave him a smile and said, "Berzett, do you know that back at Seven Lights University, our accommodation was called the sickest accommodation in Seven Lights?"

Lung Andrea, Knight Feigler, Ci Jincheng and now Cillin. How could a person who was thought highly by the first three people be weak?

"Is it worth it?" Berzett asked.

"It's worth it!" Lung turned around and looked at Berzett, "What, you don't believe me?"

Berzett smiled and shook his head, “I believe you. Everyone of you Andreas are a bunch of weirdos. But you guys haven’t met each other for three years. Shouldn’t you chat a little more with him? If you’re willing, young master, you can invite him a couple more times as a guest. Our negotiations with the Feniers Family will last another two days.”

“It’s fine. He has his own matters to deal with, and I do not want that woman Linglong to knock on my door either. Plus, I believe that we will be cooperating with each other very soon after this.”

Berzett’s eyes flashed, “Young master, you mean… the matter at Sector S?”

“Yeah, it’s been fifty years. It is time to begin.”

Chapter 153: The Triphibian Flying Car Racing Competition Of Acallela [Part 1]

While Lung and Bezett were talking, the communicator in the office outside the lounge began to ring. Moreover, it sounded like it was going to get out of control.

Lung covered up his ears and rolled back and forth on his shell sofa, “It must be that Yu Linglong. I refuse to take her call even if I get beaten to death.”

“If you don’t, little princess Yu would probably come right up our doorsteps.” Bezette said with certainty.

“I don’t care, I’m not seeing her even if she comes here. Would I be suffering if she could summon one tenth of her courage to see Cillin?”

The second he recalled how Yu Linglong turned from a dangerous and highly intellectual woman to a gentle and harmless little sheep immediately when she talked about Cillin, Lung couldn’t help the goosebumps that kept falling off his skin.

Bezette sighed, “But the Andrea Family’s business would be affected like this. If that happens, who knows how long you’ll have to stay in this place.”

Lung had been forcefully dumped onto Planet Ouroke to manage the Andrea Family’s business, and the master had arranged some

goals for him to achieve. If Lung did not meet the standards the master had set, he would have to stay here indefinitely.

When he heard Bezette's words, Lung's shameless roll of defiance on the sofa abruptly froze as he jumped onto his feet and rushed towards the office.

"You can take this opportunity to fight for the development rights of that planet between the H and the U District." Bezette reminded him from the back.

"Of course!" only an idiot among idiots would not negotiate terms when they could.

Cillin had no idea about Linglong and Lung's distress. After he left the Andrea Family's building, he bought some sweets on the way back. He had promised Tang Qiuqiu after all.

Planet Ouroke was filled with money, authority and desire everywhere. High class flying cars could be seen anywhere he looked. People who dressed themselves in ways that were only neater and prettier than the others boasted their own capital ostentiously. When he walked on the road, he noticed that the workers who were passing by him in haste were wearing expressions that were similar to a mask on their face. Their hearts were a blur. A high tempo lifestyle made the people too busy to relax as they grew more numb to the fact with each passing day. Before they knew it, they had already gotten used to putting on a disguise.

When he returned to the Feniers Family, Castella and Kirk were staring at him with odd looks in their eyes.

“LC Cillin, you are… friendly with the young master of the Andrea Family?” Castella asked.

“Yeah, I became acquainted to him in the past. We haven’t met in several years, so we took the time to get in touch with each other today.”

Cillin did not hide this. He knew that the Feniers Family had sent someone to follow him, so they must have known what had happened on the public square. However, Cillin did not plan to explain more than this either. Cillin did not care about what Castella and Kirk thought, and Tang Qiuqiu’s current mission was more or less about to finish.

After conversing a line or two, Cillin then sought out Tang Qiuqiu and passed the colorful sweets and denture cleaner he bought on the way to her.

Cillin did not know that his status in Castella and Kirk’s heart had risen to yet another level, however. Not everyone could share such a good relationship with young master Lung, and even the discussion for collaboration this time was probably built on Cillin’s face. That was why Lung had given the quota for collaboration to the Feniers Family. It would seem that the discussion for collaboration this time would go a bit smoother.

In terms of influence in Sector H, the Feniers Family and the

Binger Family combined might not necessarily match up against the Andrea Family still. This was also why Castella thought higher of Cillin.

They probably did not imagine that it was also young master Lung who had caused them the huge trouble they encountered on Zafia not long ago.

For the next two days, the collaboration discussions with the Andrea Family went rather smoothly as Castella had imagined. Both sides signed the contract, and whatever came next was under Kirk's responsibility. Castella still needed to escort Tobo back to his home.

The gray cat was rather happy to leave this planet since it did not like it. Of course, the aquarium in Lung's office was an exception.

They stepped onto the starship once more and left the most gorgeous planet in Sector H, heading towards Sector F.

This particular flight went very smoothly, and they did not encounter any other obstructions or troubles. When they approached Sector F, they immediately ran into the Feniers Family's escort corvettes that were waiting for them under orders. With these escort corvettes around, Tang Qiuqiu's mission could now be considered finished.

They did not follow Castella and his people back to the Feniers Family's headquarters. When they were passing through the transit planet of Sector F, Cillin and Tang Qiuqiu rode the

spaceplane Castella had arranged for them and landed on the transit planet.

After acquiring the two million remuneration of this mission, Tang Qiuqiu was so excited that she could not sleep properly for several days. She had been thinking on where to play next all this time.

In a restaurant on the transit planet F-C100, Tang Qiuqiu flipped through the materials in her hands repeatedly. The materials were all about the well known scenic spots of Sector F, and Tang Qiuqiu could feel her eyes spin just looking at them. If possible, she really wished that she could visit every one of them.

Unable to decide, Tang Qiuqiu pushed the materials to Cillin, “You choose, brother Cillin. I don’t know where we should go.”

Cillin took over Tang Qiuqiu’s materials and gave it a look. He paid primary attention to the distinguished planets between F-C District because one, it was closer to where they were and two, they were less involved with the Feniers Family.

“How about this one?” Cillin pointed at one of the introductions and said.

It was a relatively famous planet in F-C Sector – Acallela.

In Sector F’s Sector language, Acallela meant ‘flying car’. As its name suggested, Acallela was famous for its flying car

competitions. Every year, there were many people who went to Acallela to watch its fly car competitions. There were plenty of places in Sector F that live broadcasted the contests, but if the circumstances were right, there were even more people who were willing to attend and watch the contests personally.

Unfortunately, the Acallela's championship wasn't due yet, so if they went now they would only be able to see the knock-out competitions. This was something that Cillin felt was unfortunate.

"That's pretty good. But brother Cillin, what does the 'triphibian' of the triphibian flying car racing competition means?" Tang Qiuqiu asked curiously.

The gray cat who was busy struggling against the roasted fish on its plate had also raised its ears.

"The flying cars that can drive normally under the three conditions of water, land and air are called triphibian flying cars, and a competition where triphibian flying cars only are competing is called a triphibian flying car racing competition. The competition site ought to involve all three environmental conditions of water, land and air as well." Cillin explained.

Triphibian flying car racing competition was a sport that was loved by many people in the galaxy, and it started many business activities; among them was car racing gambling. Back at Planet Brown Earth of Sector X, Old Devon had often gambled in car racing. Cillin had also helped him win some money through car gambling, thereby improving his life.

“It sounds very interesting. Let’s go to Acallela then!”

“Right now, the Acallela championship is far and away. If we go now, we would only be able to watch the knock-out competitions.”

“That’s fine too. I just want to see what a triphibian flying car racing competition is all about.” Tang Qiuqiu’s eyes were bright and yearning. The name ‘triphibian flying car racing competition’ alone sounded full of passion.

An exclusive race spectating tour group was also mentioned beneath the introduction of Acallela, but neither Cillin nor Tang Qiuqiu were willing to register. They preferred the freedom to act even more.

After finishing their meals, the two people and a cat roamed the transit planet at will before boarding on the passenger airplane to Acallela. The gray cat seemed to have gotten used to the pet’s cabin, and once it entered the cabin it switched into sleep mode right away.

When they exited Acallela’s port, the people’s first reaction was – there are so many cars!

There were all kinds and shapes of flying cars around, and there were even large electronic signs at the exits of the port displaying the news of the recent triphibian flying car racing competitions and replays of classic episodes. They attracted many people to stay and watch.

After they had stocked up on food and equipment, Cillin, Tang Qiuqiu and the gray cat rode on a passenger flying car and headed to a nearby city.

Chapter 153: The Triphibian Flying Car Racing Competition Of Acallela [Part 2]

The native population of Planet Acallela were few in numbers, and compared to other planets of the same bulk, their population size was pitifully small. Many of the people who came to race here were people of other planets, just like the ruler of this planet who was also transferred over from another planet. Therefore, the status of native Acallelans was basically on the low side.

The biggest reason behind the decline of Acallelans' population was the planet's geography. Of course, its geography was also why it was famous in the first place. Its unique geographical terrain caused this planet to become famous for its triphibian racing competitions. There were more and more flying car enthusiasts who came here to participate in the race.

Since there was a huge influx of foreigners every year – and not just limited to Sector F; the people from the Sectors around Sector F would also visit for its fame – therefore everyone spoke the GAL's common language on Acallela. Many of them carried accents from their own Sectors, however. As for the natives of Acallela, they too spoke the common language of GAL. Their speech might not be up to standard, but it could be understood at least.

The passenger flying car's windows were all closed due to the strong wind.

Other than the triphibian flying car racing competition, the people also said that first time visitors must not miss out on the wind of Wind City.

Wind City was not a city, but a huge zone formed by a dozen or so cities that covered over several millions of square kilometers. It was called the Wind City District, or abbreviated as Wind City. Meanwhile, the cities situated inside the Wind City District would often use the prefix ‘Wind City’ before their city names, which was why one could often hear from other people speaking of ‘Wind City XX’. They were talking about a certain city in Wind City District.

Wind City is real. The author borrows heavily from the actual scenic site, Urho Ghost Castle located at the northwest of Xinjiang China, and 100 kilometers northeast of Karamay City. It is also known as Wind City, because of its landscape shaped by wind erosion.

Wind was a feature of this place. It did not have a fixed direction. A minute ago it might blow from the front, and the next it would blow from the back.

The cars driven all across Acalella had undergone special modification to enable them to find their balance amidst the irregular airflow.

The uninhabited regions of Wind City had the distinct landform of an arid region. The wind had an erosive effect. Due to the constant wind erosion, wind formed canyons and deflation hollows gradually separated the land into flat-headed small hills in the shape of isolated islands, which then evolved further into rock pillars or rock blocks. Looking from afar, the scene gave off the impression of an ancient city. The crisscrossing wind formed canyons, rock pillars and rock blocks looked just like building

complexes built alongside a street. Every time a strong wind arrived, yellow sand would cover the sky. The wind would cycle within these ‘building complexes’ wildly, creating mournful, whistling noises that sounded like ghost wails or wolf howls, striking extreme fear into people’s hearts. Therefore, some people also described this zone as the ‘Devil’s City’.

Due to thousands and tens of thousands of years of wind and sun exposure, the flat sandstone stratum on the earth’s surface of this area formed all kinds of landscape such as rock arches, mushroom rocks, sandstone pillars, rock pedestals, yardang and deflation hollows, mogotes, castles and so on. The sceneries were magnificent, scoring sighs of wonder from everyone.

There were also some unusually shaped and sized dunes and mounds at this place. The mounds were both hard, dry and neatly compressed. Every time a cloud’s shadow passed by, or a soft wind lifted light sands, the dunes or the mounds would drift gradually like a ship setting sail or a school of big fishes travelling. The scenes were impossible to unravel and invoked infinite imagination.

If the stratum was near water level and alternated between hard and soft stratum, the soft stratum would be eroded easily while the hard stratum would protrude in contrast just like eaves. Here, such a scene could be seen everywhere.

“Wah, brother Cillin look quickly, it looks like a crawling snake!” Tang Qiuqiu cried out excitedly while sticking at the car window and staring outside.

Cillin followed the direction Tang Qiuqiu was pointing at, and where she pointed one end of the sand was ‘scraped’ by the wind to form a long and winding mark, even as the other end was being gradually covered up and smoothened by the sand once more. Since the beginning end of the mark continued to cut against the wind into the sand at the front, at first glance it looked just like a huge snake crawling on the sand.

The gray cat crouched on top of Cillin’s shoulders and stared round-eyed at the scene happening at the sand beneath the car and outside the window. Its paws moved unconsciously, and judging from its looks it really wanted to go down there and let itself loose.

“Eh, there’s a rock ball over there! It’s so big!” Tang Qiuqiu said. The video camera in her hands had never rested since the beginning, “Was it carved by someone?”

“No, it is formed naturally.” Cillin explained, “When a rock is exposed on the surface, it will be eroded by the wind. Since it has well defined corners, it is easier for it to suffer from wind erosion. The tip of the rock would be eroded from three directions, whereas its edges would be eroded from two directions. Its facet would only be eroded from one direction, however. Therefore, as time passes, the corners of the big rock will gradually decline under wind erosion, ultimately trending towards a ball shape just like that big rock ball.”

“Oh, I see.” Tang Qiuqiu memorised Cillin’s explanation in her heart. This was also knowledge.

“There’s a racing circuit right at the front.” someone blurted out.

The crowd looked at the direction he pointed. There were two tall and towering rock mountains, and in between the mountains there was a corridor that looked like a narrow tube. The passage was one part of the racing circuit during the contest period. When air entered, the narrow tube caused an effect that sped up the airflow's movements. Therefore, strong winds would often be formed at this place, and adding this to Wind City's already irregular winds and winding turns of the narrow passage, the slightest lapse in attention would cause the driver to run into the rock mountains. It could be said to be an incredibly thrilling experience.

Although this narrow passage was very thrilling, it was just a small section of the full circuit of the triphibian flying car racing competition.

According to the description on the materials, the circuit of the triphibian flying car racing competition went around almost the entire globe. Moreover, this one round of circuit did not miss a single arduous region on this planet.

One of the most commonly used circuit was the 'Wind City – Seven Joined Lakes – Stone Forest' circuit.

Although the wind at Wind City was huge, it was possible to drive temporarily on the sandy grounds if a driver was forced to land. However, they would need to avoid instantaneous gales as these gales would flip a car over. Experienced racers would use the miniscule changes in the sand to judge where instantaneous gales existed and when the strongest gale would be formed, hence

commencing evasive actions.

The second major section of the circuit was Seven Joined Lakes.

Seven Joined Lakes was a passage established under seven great lakes that was then joined together to form one underwater circuit. The lake waters were very deep, and there were basically no light that could penetrate down to the underwater passage. It was very dark, and there were some underwater flora and fauna that poses as disruptive elements as well. If by chance something were to happen to the energy system, the flying car would sink to the bottom and into the silts at the bottom of the lake. Adding this to the entanglement of water plants, you could only exhaust your oxygen reserves while you wait for the rescue team's arrival. If your oxygen reserves weren't sufficient, or something went wrong with your oxygen supply system, then death was not too far away.

There were also other obstacles beneath the lake, although it wasn't stated clearly in the public version of materials that Cillin was holding. It didn't take much to figure out that those obstacles could only be harder, and this was accounting for environmental factors only. The level of danger need not be said when you considered the factor of drivers playing dirty and stabbing each other in the back.

The third major section of the circuit was the stone forest.

The stone forest was full of tall and straight mountains. The peaks of the mountain were conical, tower-like, cylindrical and so on. The surface of its landscape were clints, grikes and so on. The stone forest had incredible toughness, and if a flying car was to fall

into the stone forest, there was basically no chance that it was climbing back up again. There was also the possibility of car crashes, or the slightly better getting jammed between the rocks of the stone forest. Even if they could take flight again, the damage to the flying car would greatly impact their performance during the latter half of the race.

A circuit like this greatly tested a driver not just in terms of skill, but also their mentality and adaptability. Of course, experience was indispensable as well.

It was exactly because of the danger, the high fatality rate and the high crash rate that flying cars enthusiasts were excited for the race. However, Cillin was thinking: How would a flying car driver who could race well in a competition like this fare if they were to pilot a fighter instead?

There was no time to think further; he had already reached his destination. Cillin was going to get off at the stop ‘Wind City Vento’.

Acallela’s natives may be few in numbers, but the foreigners were plenty. Therefore, inns and other such buildings were always filled to full capacity for the whole year. In Acallela, if a towering, gorgeous building were to show up suddenly within the city, then it absolutely had to be a hotel. The costs of these hotels were shockingly expensive, and yet they were always saturated to the point where one might not necessarily get a spot even if they booked reservations three months ahead of time.

Therefore, to Cillin who had made the snap decision to come to

Wind City Vento (E/N: sounds like ghetto), the city with the most backward living conditions without a doubt presented a greater chance at locating an accommodation. One must understand that camping outdoors in a place like Wind City was pure masochism. Even if they ignored the low night temperature, there were still strong ravaging winds and sands in the area. If they were to camp inside a tent, the tent might get blown away with them in it.

In the Wind City of Acallela, most of the native civilians lived inside stone houses built from sandy soil or rocks. As compared to the tall and gorgeous buildings at the central area, these civilians gave off an ancient feeling of having gone through great changes in life. This feeling was without a doubt inferred even stronger in Wind City Vento.

The high class hotels at the city center of Wind City Vento and all of the housings of the surrounding area had been filled with people. Since there was a limited number of hotel rooms, some private housings would clear out some rooms to rent and earn some rent revenue as well. In reality, there were many native citizens who relied on rent money to make a living. If one day the triphibian flying car racing competitions were no longer held, and foreigners no longer came to pay for lodging, they would probably find it difficult to preserve their livelihood as well.

However, after walking a long way, they did not find even one available private house!

The gray cat laid on top of Cillin’s shoulders with a weak appearance.

What the meow! Not only is this shithole expensive as hell, the most infuriating thing is even at that price they're all full! Are they catshitting me or what?!

The day gradually turned darker, and when Cillin and Tang Qiuqiu continued to look for accommodations along the street, a series of 'toot toot toot' sound suddenly came from behind them. It gradually approached and stopped beside them.

It was a flying car, and a very old one. It was the kind of old, shabby car that's loud all over except its horn.

The gray cat cast a glance at the junk-like thing before dangling its eyelids once more. There really was nothing to look at all, in fact a second glance would only give it the impulse to end its life at the age it deserved.

"Are you guys looking for an accommodation?" the top lid of the car opened up to reveal a young face covered in dust.

Chapter 154: The Young Man Who Chases The Wind [Part 1]

Cillin looked at him. The young man before him was obviously only seventeen to eighteen years old, but he exuded a maturity that exceeded his age. It was slightly similar to the feeling of change of this city, but the good thing was that he did not sense any ill will from him.

“Yes, we are looking for a place to stay in. Do you have any recommendations?”

The young man looked at them and raised a gloved hand, sticking out one finger, “One hundred a day, GAL credits. If you agree, then I will take you to check out the room.

“Sure.” Cillin nodded. This price was still reasonable compared to the private housings at the city center.

The young man pointed at the faded, old cloth spread out as a seat – there was only the driver’s seat at the front – and said, “Come on up.”

This flying car looked worn-out, and when it flew it was… very thrilling as well. The shaking made them wish that they could shake out what little was left inside their stomach, and it felt as if the flying car would fall apart with the wind at any moment.

When they reached their destination, Tang Qiuqiu was carried

out by Cillin. She was shaken by the car so badly that she became absent-minded, and for a short time she couldn't even find her balance. Cillin's condition wasn't that serious though. On his shoulder, the disdain in the gray cat's eyes as it watched the shabby car worsened. The ride had proven his point – this car was a pile of junk.

The place the young man mentioned was his own house. It was a small two story house built with rocks at the edge of Wind City Vento. Looking at the stones, it was probably built not too long ago within the past five years. There was a small courtyard. There were some old flying car parts piled up at the corner of the small courtyard and covered up with a cover, so as to prevent the wind from blowing them away.

After the car was parked at the courtyard, the young man walked over and pointed at the second floor of the house, "You guys can go in and take a look first. If there are no problems, then you may pay the rent and sign an agreement right away."

Cillin nodded and walked to the second floor while carrying Tang Qiuqiu. There was only one flight of steps in the courtyard leading up the second floor. The gray cat had already jumped on the stairs and scuttled into the house.

The space inside the house wasn't huge, but it had a distinct lay out of one room, one living hall and even one simplistic toilet. The bed inside the bedroom could be split into two smaller beds.

First, Cillin put Tang Qiuqiu on the bed so she could rest. The gray cat had already patrolled around its domain once and even

took a dump in the simplistic toilet along the way. It crouched on top of the window sill and looked towards sandstorm at the distance, wearing the expression of the profound thinker.

Inside the courtyard, a woman with her head wrapped in a kerchief stood beside the young man. She was probably the young man's mother. She was wiping the young man's face with a moistened towel.

Seeing Cillin descending down the stairs, the young man asked, "How is it?"

"It's passable."

Hearing Cillin's answer, joy leaked out of the woman's eyes.

The young man passed the contract that had been drafted a long time ago to Cillin. After Cillin had given it a look and found no problems with it, both sides then signed the agreement.

Cillin paid five days of rent in advance right away. He would pay more if they needed to stay longer at this place. Besides that, the water bill was also billed separately by the volume used.

Night had already arrived. After Cillin and Tang Qiuqiu lay down and rested after they had eaten a simple meal. Tang Qiuqiu quickly fell asleep. Cillin finally got to experience the devil's sound of Wind City people were talking about as he listened to the high and low pitched whistling sound of the wind.

Suddenly, the gray cat's ears shook once, and it jumped up like a spring while its eyes shone with hidden gleam, "Cillin, something came out from inside the desert. I'm going out to hunt for a bit!"

"Go. Don't cause too much commotion."

"I know!" the gray cat impatiently jumped up to press the door lock before rushing outside.

When the door had closed automatically, Cillin opened his eyes and sighed once. This place was even worse than the polarisation on Planet Brown Earth. The difference between the luxury of the city center and the old fashion of the ghetto was literally day and night.

Although the sandstorm outside was pretty big, Cillin's quality of sleep was pretty good tonight. However, Cillin had picked up a beating noise at midnight. It wasn't too obvious when mixed within the chaotic sounds of the wind though.

The gray cat came back when it was almost daybreak. It looked satisfied, and it even brought back a snake about two meters long to enrich Cillin and Tang Qiuqiu's diet.

"Oh right Cillin, I saw that guy at the sandstone area." the gray cat lay sideways on the bed while licking its paws, saying, "It is still that same junk car he's driving shaking all the way as it flies. He even purposely picked the places where there were plenty of rock ledges. He sure isn't afraid of death alright."

“He’s practicing his driving. He’s a flying car racer.”

Earlier, Cillin had already noticed that the young man’s arms and wrists were very strong. His constitution was very good as well. At the same time, the young man wasn’t as impatient as his peers. When he encountered Cillin he had examined him calmly, probably analysing if a person like Cillin would make a good renter.

Did you know? It was incredibly taxing to control the steering while driving at high speed under the effects of air pressure. This was especially true when turning a corner, since powerful arms were even more necessary when a racer attempted to maintain their flying car on course. Therefore, a pair of strong arms and wrists were necessary in a long distance race.

During a flying car race, the formidable lateral centrifugal force would cause the blood in a racer’s body to flow towards one side. However, a racer needed to have a calm mind to be able to face the next corner and potential dangers ahead during this moment. Furthermore, the difference of heart rate during the start of a race and in the middle of a race was pretty huge. Thus, a racer’s heart and lungs must be stronger than the average person.

That wasn’t all. Physical endurance was also important to a racer. In a race, even the shortest course of a race ran more than ten hours. However, the amount of body fat and water exhausted in a race that lasted over ten hours was more than ten kilograms. The racers must replenish their body water and attend to the surrounding dangers at the same time. Severe dehydration would

cause the body to go into shock, and the moment a racer became absent-minded and made a mistake, it might just be a devastating outcome for the driver.

Besides that, although the cockpit had a temperature control instrument, it was inevitable that it would suffer from damage during the course of a race. If a temperature control instrument failed, the temperature inside the cockpit would rise up to twenty degrees higher than the body temperature. Therefore, an accident might happen if a racer did not have good tolerance and endurance. Therefore, a tough constitution was an insurance for a racer.

The gray cat had only paid attention to the worn out car and not the young man. It said disdainfully, “A flying car racer in that piece of junk?”

Cillin patted the gray cat’s head, “Go to sleep already. It’s almost daylight!”

For the first two days they arrived at Wind City, Cillin and Tang Qiuqiu did not venture too far away. They only traveled within Wind City Vento for a bit since the race in Wind City was still three days away. The races at other regions were too far, and Tang Qiuqiu did not want to venture too far. Plus, the races of different regions really weren’t that different from each other. They could decide later after watching the race in Wind City.

During the two days he stayed here, Cillin had gained a little bit of understanding about his landlord.

The young man was called Udoze Vento. Vento was his surname. Normally speaking, in GAL the big families who had compound surnames loved to put their surnames at the front as a show of respect to their families. Therefore, on the flip side, there were plenty of people who would automatically categorise someone like Udoze into the ranks of common poeple just based on his name alone.

In the Sector language of Sector F, ‘Udoze’ meant ‘chase’. It would appear that Udoze loved his own name a lot. He heard that Mrs. Vento once thought of getting him a new name, but was turned down by Udoze.

Mr. Vento had passed away when Udoze was still very young. It was a physical problem. Mr. Vento was prone to sickness since he was born, and so when he was sixteen years old, his parents had married him to Mrs. Vento, who was ten years older than him so that he could leave behind an offspring. Mrs. Vento was the woman he once met inside the courtyard.

However, after Mr. Vento had passed away, his brother chased out Mrs. Vento and Udoze, who was only two years old at the time. Thus, the orphan and his widowed mother lived at the edge of the city.

Oh right, one thing. The Vento Family had a larger flying car model shop at the center of Wind City Vento. Later on, the shop was purchased by outsiders and had its name changed. However, it was growing better and better right now, so the other members of the Vento Family all enjoyed a significant income. In comparison,

Udoze and Mrs. Vento's lives were much bleaker.

Udoze worked in the racing team of Wind City Vento. His income wasn't much, but it was enough to maintain the mother and son's life. Besides that, there was rent money as well. In the past, the house didn't look like this and was basically made of sandy soil completely. It was after Udoze had earned some money in the car team that he rebuilt it as a stone house after flattening the former sandy soil house.

Since Udoze spent the majority of his time constantly on the move, he worried about leaving his mother alone in the house if he rented out the house. After all, not all renters who came here were easy to get along with. Therefore, Udoze would seek out his renters personally every time. He would seek out those who were reputable and looked like they could get along well. If he couldn't find a suitable renter, then he would rather not rent out at all.

Chapter 154: The Young Man Who Chases The Wind [Part 2]

Mrs. Ventz did not have other jobs. All she did was take care of her renters, wash clothes etc, and make some handicraft to sell for some small change. After all, in a world ruled by high technology, handicrafts were just too cheap.

The product of a machine was more precise, more beautiful, less time consuming, low cost and highly efficient. However, the advantage of handicrafts lay on their creativity. As long as the creator had good notions and ideas, then there would be people who would purchase them. Although it could not be sold at an ideal price point, it could at least fill up some living necessities.

It wasn't Udoze or Mrs. Vento, but the surrounding residents who told them this on their own accord. The people around them basically relied on rent payments for their livelihood, and when there were no flying car racing competitions they would spend the majority of their time chatting. Therefore, Cillin and Tang Qiuqiu who just came to reside in Udoze's home became their best tell tale partner.

It was night time.

Tang Qiuqiu was laying on the bed and looked at the racing team's description, "Brother Cillin, which racing team does Udoze belong to?"

"The uncle around the street corner last time said that he's in

‘Storm’.”

“Storm, huh…” Tang Qiuqiu flipped through the materials, “Oh, they’re pretty good. They’re number four in the entire planet!”

“Alright, read less at night and sleep earlier.” Cillin knocked on Tang Qiuqiu’s head.

“Fine, I got it, just five more minutes, no, fifteen more minutes and I’ll sleep.”

Cillin shook his head while smiling. He looked towards the pitch back window outside. No one knew what he was thinking.

The gray cat had gone out to hunt for food again. For the past two days, this fellow had been living quite comfortably. Other than the fact that this was a place abundant with food resources, the main reason for its high spirits was because it had encountered a few high level pets that were trained well enough to talk in the city area. Although they had seen some talking high level pets that were raised by rich people at Ouroke, it did not think that it would run into high level pets here too. From this fact, one could see that this was a place where rich people came to amuse themselves.

Ever since it saw the few talking high level pets, the gray cat grew a lot more relaxed. From time to time it would speak on the road and enjoy the shower of attention of passerbys. At the same time, it was very pleased with itself because the GAL language spoken by those few talking high level pets had thick accent in them. Again, the gray cat was undergoing self enlightenment in this regard.

After Tang Qiuqiu had fallen asleep, Cillin turned off the rechargeable lamp. He closed his eyes and laid on the bed, but he had not fallen asleep.

It was midnight. The beating sounds at the courtyard started once more.

Udoze was sitting inside the driver's cockpit and getting ready to leave. However, he heard a knocking sound turned his head. Then, he was so surprised that he nearly jumped on his feet. Cillin had stood beside the shabby old flying cat before he knew it, and was knocking on the car lid.

Cillin made a hand gesture and motioned for Udoze to open the car lid.

Although he was unwilling, Cillin was his renter after all. He was the supplier of his rent money, and judging from the past two days Cillin and Tang Qiuqiu were pretty good people. Therefore, Udoze ultimately opened the car lid and allowed Cillin to sit at the back seat.

"I can't sleep and felt like going out for a spin. I know you're practicing your driving skills, but you don't mind me hitching a ride, do you?" Cillin did not look embarrassed in the least at all.

You're in the car already, would you move even if I do mind?

“Sure. As long as you can take it!” Udoze gritted his teeth and said.

It was pitch black at night, and Udoze did not even turn on his car lights. However, he flew the shabby old car out of the courtyard with great familiarity and left Wind City Vento, entering the uninhabited area outside.

The shabby old car was as shaky as ever, not to mention that Udoze had purposely made the car shake so much that it could toss a person out of his car. However, Udoze noticed that the person behind his back continued to sit steadily on his seat despite not wearing a seat belt. His eyes were closed as if he had fallen asleep.

Udoze was surprised. Just what kind of weirdo was this guy?

Shaking his head, Udoze removed his attention from Cillin and officially entered his own practice time.

Sand dunes, rock ledges, narrow passages... the shabby old car was always able to smoothly pass through these places while shaking. Its speed wasn’t slow either. Of course, there was no way it could reach the flurry speed of a racing flying car. After all, this shabby all car was using a rechargeable battery.

Here in this area, solar energy and wind energy were the two main sources of energy. These two energies were converted into stored energy and kept inside the rechargeable battery, so that it could provide for electrical appliances such as rechargeable lamps, some household electric appliances, flying cars and so on.

A rechargeable battery was obviously incomparable to an energy block at all. However, energy blocks were considered a luxury goods in this place. Only the racing cars of racing teams would use energy blocks, and people of Udoze's circumstances could not afford energy blocks at all. Therefore, he could only rely on rechargeable batteries to power his flying car.

Although it used rechargeable battery, the speed of Udoze's worn out car was much faster than other flying cars that were powered by rechargeable battery. This was because he utilised the wind to his full advantage. He was calm and composed despite driving at an extremely challenging and dangerous place like this.

Udoze entire being seemed to have merged into one with the flying car. He did not need to rely too heavily on the airflow balancing meter, and he was able to deduce the next move just by relying on the miniscule effects of the airflow on the car's body.

This person felt like he should be living in the wind since the moment he was born, free to fly anywhere.

Here in the uninhabited zone, the people carried a sense of foreboding towards the wind and kept away as far away as possible, but Udoze felt unusually close and dear to the wind instead. He could feel the power the wind brought him.

The wind seemed to be telling him: You can be faster, better; go faster, faster...

At this moment, Udoze forgot about Cillin at his back seat and became completely absorbed in himself, his flying car, and the world of the wind.

Whlie he was turning a corner, Udoze controlled the car's body proficiently, utilising the airflow around the corner and the whistling wind to enable him to complete this turn with better perfection. However... he had not considered Cillin at the back seat.

An extra person meant an extra weight. It was an extra factor that was out of his control. Therefore, when he manipulated the car just like he used to hundreds and thousands of times before, he abruptly discovered his carelessness as a protruding rock on the mountain wall grew closer and closer.

However, Udoze's reaction was very swift. With even greater hand speed he adjusted the control wheel, turned the steering, and slanted his body at a certain angle to match the car's movements. The series of movements were completely in an extremely short amount of time, and the car practically went around the turn while touching the edge of the rock.

After going around the turn, Udoze did not continue to drive along the narrow tube. Instead, he drove the flying car out of the tube and landed behind a large rock mountain, popping out clasp nails to cling tightly onto the large rock mountain and prevented the flying car from being blown away by the wind.

After the flying car had come to a stop, Udoze lay on top of the steering and panted.

“Yo, you made a mistake.” Cillin opened his eyes and said.

“You shut up, if it wasn’t for you how would I have run into that kind of situation?!” Udoze roared out. His forehead was all sweat, and his back was seeping with cold sweat too. That turn just now was way too thrilling and had exceeded his expectations. Thankfully, it was still within his control, or the two of them would have died here today.

“You cannot put the blame of your own carelessness on another person. After all, you already knew that I was in the car beforehand, but you forgot about it at the time and fell into the habit of familiar controls and familiar mindset. This is undeniably your own fault.”

Udoze no longer said anything. He himself knew where his mistake lay. This was a lesson to be learned. He was too confident, so confident that he had overlooked a critical factor.

“Your control just now was pretty good though. At the very least, you did not panic. If your reaction time was 0.1 second slower, then we would have no choice but to enjoy an explosive contact with the rocks.”

Udoze suddenly noticed something. The man sitting at the back seat was too calm; so calm that he was like an observer.

“Are you a flying car racer as well?” Udoze said heavily.

In Wind City, there were a lot of taboos between racers. Competing athletes did not like to expose their control habits to another person. It would be very detrimental to him.

"No. I piloted more fighters than I drove flying cars." Cillin said. In the Sixth Squad, fighter piloting was a mandatory course among combat personnel. What fight could they put up if they couldn't even pilot a fighter?

Udoze's eyes lit up when he heard about fighters. But it dimmed in the next instant.

"Do you want to pilot a fighter?" Cillin asked.

"I'll be lying if I say I don't want to. But that thought is too ephemeral." Udoze buried his head between his arms and said unhappily, "Do you know what my job is?"

"I only know that you work in a racing team."

"Hehe, work..." Udoze smiled self-deprecatingly, "Do you know? There is a kind of person called body double in a racing team."

Chapter 155: Flaring Spectator's Grandstand [Part 1]

"A so-called body double's job is to race on behalf of the racing stars brought up by the team. This is an open secret among all racing teams. The trophy cup will never have a body double's name, and naturally the award money even less so. The award money won by the body doubles are completely turned over to the racing team, before the person in charge of the racing team rewards them based on their personal feelings at that time just like a donation. If you win then you at least get a donation, but the unlucky ones who lost their lives directly gets nothing. They can only vanish in a puff of smoke and dust amidst the spectators ridiculing boos." Udoze lay on top of the steering wheel and said unhappily.

Although people like them obviously possessed superb racing skills, they could only live in secrecy. When they headed out, they wore helmets so that their real faces could not be seen clearly, just like the shadows of those bright stars. The ones the crowd saw and cheered for were always the racing stars who could stand on the platform and hold up the trophy while laughing and throwing air kisses at them. They did not know that the people who finished the race in their cars a moment ago were the gray and boring native citizens whom were regarded as inferiors, and were so poor that they could only stay in their humble stone built houses.

Countless native racers were buried in a race fighting for fame and glory that did not belong to themselves. As compared to the official racers of those racing team, they, the body doubles neither owned a car of their own, nor a competition that belonged to themselves. They could only ever add bricks and tiles to another

person's life.

They were both humans. Life was cheap, and that was all there was to be.

In Acallela's flying car racing competition, there was once a body double who had died from an accident. However, in the media's report they only mentioned that that racer was severely wounded and survived by chance of luck. Not long after, the racer had appeared again in a bombastic fashion. It was just that he had gotten a new body double. As for his previous body double, if they were lucky they would get a sympathetic burial fee. Otherwise, they would get nothing at all.

Udoze let out a rough smile that was not much better than a cry, "The most funny thing is that these unfair slave contracts were signed by no one but ourselves. In fact, there were many people who sharpened their heads and did their utmost to show off their skills to those people, hoping to get a slave contract. It is because even a pact as unfair as this one will met us several times higher the wage than some labor work."

"I heard that a competition's profit can reach up to several hundreds of millions." Cillin said.

"Yeah, it is several hundred millions. Even if they lose, the racing team will still have tens of millions of income, and if they win the money will be more. Several hundred millions is a common thing. The racers will get a few hundred thousand, and the lucky ones will get close to several millions. As for those racing celebrities, they will get several hundred millions of income. But for people

like us? Several thousands... or ten thousand probably on a good day." Udoze raised his head and looked outside the car window. God knows how many bodies were buried beneath those sand, all of them scapegoats.

"You never thought of leaving?" Cillin asked.

"Sure I do, but I couldn't leave. If I'm going to leave I'm definitely bringing my mother with me, but according to Acallela's law, a native citizen must submit five hundred thousand credits of processing fee each to leave. That five hundred thousand for one person, and one million for two people. This sum is seriously not much to those official racers, but it is practically impossible for us body doubles. We may even lose our lives to get that kind of money."

"I heard that there are bets for racing competitions. Have you never tried it?"

"Those are aimed at foreigners; a native citizen would be fined if they were caught betting. But we do use fake identities to win some small sums of money in secret."

"Do you know about Hunters?" Cillin changed the subject and asked.

"Sure I know!" Udoze's eyes shone brightly, "I once saw a bounty hunter before. He was really strong! I also know some Hunter regiments; last year there was a Hunter regiment who came to Acallela to check out the triphibian flying car racing

championship. Those racing team managers who normally looked at people with their nostrils all acted cautiously in front of them. The investors of the racing team ‘Storm’ were acquainted with that Hunter regiment. They are a very famous Hunter regiment, and I heard that they were ranked among the top five in Sector F. You must have heard of them before!”

“Oh? What are they called?” Cillin asked full of interest.

“They’re called ‘Golden Rose’!”

“…” Cillin raked through the information inside his brain, and he went through even the latest top 100 names in GAL’s ranking in the authoritative publication ‘Hero’. Then, he said affirmatively, “I’ve never actually heard about them.”

“Come on?! You’re a little too uninformed now aren’t you!” Udoze blurted with a look of disdain, “That’s the top five Hunter regiment in Sector F, you know. I heard that every one of their hunters were veterans of a hundred battles, and they had gone to countless planets and seen countless fantastic things of every description. They had killed quite a number of alien beasts too! In fact, there is a big statue in our racing team that is provided by them. At night, the statue would glow with dazzling five-colored light…”

Five-colored light… and you aren’t afraid that the level of radioactive elements would go past the limit? Cillin laughed involuntarily.

When Udoze talked of Hunter regiments, his depression just now was tossed to god knows where. He even made his descriptions with body languages, making threatening gestures and looking very excited.

When Udoze had finished talking to himself, he noticed that Cillin had already closed his eyes and fell asleep at the backseat.

While staring at the guy at the back seat, Udoze had the feeling that he was playing the lute to a cow. He curled his lips and said, “What a strange person.” then, he started the flying car and shook all the way back to the courtyard.

When Cillin got off the car, the horizon was already starting to glow with hazy light.

Patting Udoze’s shoulders once, Cillin said, “Do your best. We’ll go and watch the race the day after tomorrow and cheer you on.”

Udoze tugged at the corner of his lips and said nothing. After locking up the top lid of the car, he then headed inside the house. Shadows who lived in secrecy like them would never hear their own names from the crowd’s cheer.

When he returned to the house, Tang Qiuqiu opened her eyes wide and stared at Cillin in dissatisfaction. She complained, “Brother Cillin, how dare you go out and play on your own.”

“What can I do, don’t tell me you want to sit in that shabby car of

his?”

Tang Qiuqiu shook her head strongly, “That guy’s technique is too poor!”

“Too poor? Not at all. On the contrary, his car handling skills are very good. Have you seen anyone else who can drive a shabby car with a calcium deficiency style Charley horse like that and go around safely?”

“That is true.”

“Let’s go watch that guy’s competition the day after tomorrow.”

“Okay.” Tang Qiuqiu let out a yawn, rolled up her blanket and continued to sleep.

The next day morning Cillin was gargling water when he heard a sweet cry from downstairs, “Miss~ Sus~ Ven~ To~”

Cillin immediately spat out the gargle water in his mouth and shook the goose pimples on his body once.

What kind of madness had gone over that stupid cat again?

When Cillin went downstairs, he immediately saw Mrs. Vento working on a handiwork at the first floor. Meanwhile, that stupid cat was crouching by the side and staring unblinkingly at her

work.

Mrs. Vento was truly a handicraft veteran with many years under her belt. With just a piece of cloth, a pile of fine sand, a needle and a thread, she was quickly able to sew something that looked pretty good. Right now, a cat shaped doll filled with fine sand was being made quickly in Mrs. Vento hands. The shape of the doll was the gray cat's appearance, and even the cloth itself was gray in color. This type of gray cloth was considered low quality cloth and was found very commonly at this place. Every family here had a lot of it.

In the past, Mrs. Vento made her handiworks with colorful or bright colored cloths. This was because those colors could attract buyers, and the amount of dolls that were made from gray cloth was pitifully few. Even if she did make one, no one would buy them.

However, the gray cat just happened to see Mrs. Vento making handiworks when it returned from hunting today. Suddenly, an idea popped up on the cat's head, and it pretended to be cute asking for her help to make a cat-shaped doll for it.

No wonder it had cried out so sweetly just now!

The doll did look quite good, however. Although this type of cloth was coarse to touch, it was also tough. Wind City also had a special kind of fine sand that very soft to touch, so after the doll was filled up with fine sand it had a very solid feeling to it. It was made at a 1:1 ratio too. Moreover, Mrs. Vento had very patiently sewn the eyes, the mouth and so on onto the doll. Normally, the

eyes of a handmade doll like this was either stickied with different objects, or drawn. In comparison, the outcome was much cruder than a sewing machine's. However, Mrs. Vento had obviously invested a considerable amount of effort into this cat doll. She had sewn the features of the cat thread by thread.

Knowing that the work wasn't easy on Mrs. Vento, Cillin paid her a hundred GAL credits for the doll – the rest of Mrs. Vento's doll were only priced at ten GAL credits.

Mrs. Vento tried to turn down the payment, and Cillin stuffed the money directly into the cloth basket and said, "Please accept it, Mrs. Vento. This cat is very troublesome. I have to thank you for your patience."

Mrs. Vento smiled and waved her hands, "No, it's very smart. This is the first time I've seen such an intelligent cat that even knew how to talk."

While speaking, Mrs. Vento took out a fist-sized little cloth ball. Fine sand filled the inside of the ball, and the outside of the ball was sewn together with a few layers of cloth. It would not hurt even if it was tossed onto a person's body. Mrs. Vento gifted the cloth ball to the gray cat as a toy.

The gray cat lifted the ball with a sweep of its tail, before tossing it into the air and played with it directly with his tail. This drew cheers from Mrs. Vento.

The relationship between the upper floor and lower floor had

obviously improved by a lot for these few days. At first, it was just the gray cat running downstairs often to freeload on her food. Later, Mrs. Vento told Cillin and Tang Qiuqiu to have their meal downstairs directly. It would save her the effort from making a different portion later.

Cillin did not eat without pay. He took out some jerkies, and Tang Qiuqiu gifted some sweets to Mrs. Vento. These were things that could not be bought at this place. Both Cillin and Tang Qiqiu had also enjoyed a novel taste of the local food of Wind City.

In the blink of an eye, the day of the race had arrived.

Chapter 155: Flaring Spectator's Grandstand

The triphibian flying car competition uses a point scoring system. First, there was a knock out competition. Within a set number of competitions, racers must accumulate enough score points to rank among the top ten before they could enter the championship. If they did not have enough score points, then they could only wait for the next season.

Only the top five of every competition would score points. Number one would obtain five points, number two would obtain four points, number three would obtain three points, number four would obtain two points, and number five would obtain one point.

Today, Cillin and Tang Qiuqiu had arrived at the spectator grandstand as early as they could. They had purchased their tickets a long time ago, and Cillin had even placed a bet for himself and Udoze in passing as well.

Udoze had savings of about a hundred thousand or so credits. It wasn't easy to run into a highly trustable person like Cillin who was able to help him, so now that he did, Udoze bit down on his teeth and took out a hundred thousand from his savings directly. If he won this competition, he would be able to triple the amount. Udoze was rather confident in his own abilities, so he was really going to go all out this time.

The spectator's grandstand was spread out in the shape of a circle. There were two exits, the start line and the finish line. They were in the shape of an inverse trapezium that stretched really

high up into the air. There was a huge holographic projection at the center of the circular spectator's grandstand, and the media would also broadcast the competition live as well.

Some people would think: if they could watch the competition live, and at the spectator's grandstand they would be watching a holographic projection anyway, then why were there still so many people who were willing to purchase an expensive ticket to enter the spectator's grandstand?

The first reason to that was atmosphere. At the spectator's grandstand, the crowd's roars and passionate emotions were infectious. The roars that echoed inside the circular spectator's grandstand felt like they could shake the entire venue. The loud roars spurred the competition's atmosphere into action, and that speed and passion brought about by surging hot blood was incomparable to watching live in one's home.

Waving flags, flickering light screens, racing fans roaring the names of their favorite racers hysterically to utterly drain out their own emotions. As long as you were an audience on the spectator's grandstand, then you would be infected by this kind of atmosphere and could not help but let out a throaty roar as well.

Tang Qiuqiu was obviously one of these people as she held up a megaphone and began to roar, "DO YOUR BEST, UDODO!"

She didn't call out Udoze's name directly because it would bring trouble to Udoze himself as a body double.

Udoze had told Cillin the flying car of the racer he was going to be replacing for, so when the fiery red and extremely dazzling flying car made its appearance, the atmosphere reached a level of climax. That racer was extremely popular. Of course, with the racer on the outside and Udoze on the inside, they combined to become the star racer in the audience's eyes.

One should know that here at the spectator's grandstand, one must use a megaphone even for normal speaking. Otherwise, it was difficult to make out the other party's words over numerous other roars. Therefore, Tang Qiuqiu had been holding up a megaphone all the time.

What's funny was that there was a big man who was also holding a megaphone and roaring a few rows to the front. After he heard Tang Qiuqiu's roar, he turned around to roar at her, asking, "WHO IS UDODO?"

Tang Qiuqiu roared back while holding the megaphone, "UDODO IS A REAL MAN!!"

Cillin: "..."

Someone tugged at Tang Qiuqiu beside her, "Little girl, which car is Udodo?"

Tang Qiuqiu blinked, "I don't know. I just feel that it's pretty exciting to roar like this!" once she said this, she began roaring once more.

The thing that made Cillin felt like weeping without tears the most was that the gray cat on his shoulders was also pulling at the megaphone, roaring right after Tang Qiuqiu's roar. And so, such a voice appeared inside the venue.

Childish baby voice: "UDODO!"

Then it was followed by a strange mew: "MEOW——"

Another baby voice: "A REAL MAN!"

Another mew: "MEOOW——"

And that was how the loop went.

As the roar continued, Cillin realised that more and more people in the surroundings were joining in on this faction. For a time, 'Udodo', 'a real man' and man-made meows that sounded like the people were possessed by a cat demon filled the spectator's grandstand.

Someone asked the person beside them after they heard this, "Who's Udodo?"

"Fucking hell how would daddy know!"

"Then what are you following them for?!"

“Didn’t you hear, it’s exciting to roar like this!”

So why were there so many people who joined in on the roar?

Number one, they did not see a person named ‘Udodo’ in the racing driver’s list, so following the cat meow at the back, they took it for granted and assumed that ‘Udodo’ was a modal particle in some Sector’s language. Number two, the roar ‘a real man’ was applicable in almost any type of situation and could be roared by anyone. Number three, the strange howling mew that sounded like one was venting their emotions was rather suitable to drain out one’s emotions. And so, Tang Qiuqiu and the gray cat’s roars had become popular.

Inside the flying car, Udoze sweatdropped. When he had heard Tang Qiuqiu and the cat’s peculiar roars, he was still thinking: Who taught them this? Then the main crowd joined in, and Udoze felt the impulse to tear up.

From just the people around Tang Qiuqiu, to one tenth of the people, and then one third of the people, and finally the entire spectator’s grandstand of people roaring in unison and in rhythm.

The people did not know what ‘Udodo’ meant, but Udoze himself knew about this. This was the first time so many were calling out to him, even if they did not know that ‘Udodo’ meant him, the body double in the shadows, and that they could not call out his full name. But it was enough. Udoze was already satisfied.

The wind grew stronger. Sang began to fly.

Very good.

Udoze closed his eyes and sensed the miniscule movements of the car within the wind.

“Di——”

A prolonged hoot resounded.

More than fifty flying cars assumed their respective positions at the start line from bottom to top according to the positions they had drawn earlier.

“Pop!”

A rapid blast officially set off this tide.

Amidst the crowd’s shouts, flying cars flew out of the starting point while striving to outdo one another.

Ancient lands, young winds, soaring passion, hot blood and sweat. Listen to the crowd’s whistles, shouts and cheers, set off, and go fight like a true warrior!

A sandstone region, row upon rows of sand dunes, uneven mountain rocks and absolutely unrestrained wind and sand. In this kind of circumstances, the fiery red flying car was like a leader

who pressed forward courageously at high speed.

Was he chasing the wind, or was the wind chasing him?

The car seemed to have merged into the wind itself, sometimes even flipping into the wind. However, it was always able to nimbly avoid any obstacles.

Udoze's strength lay in his foresight and ability to judge. Although he did not have the prerequisites to drive a high class flying car, he had always been driving that shabby old car that looked like it would pass away at any moment to dance along with the wind. That way, he grew more and more familiar with the mastery of the wind.

The shabby old car could not automatically balance the airflow like an official racing car, so the racer must rely on himself to drive, control, and make the decisions. That was why Udoze had better understanding of the temper of these winds, utilising its power to complete high difficulty maneuvers and even predict future obstacles and make a decision prior to it.

It was exactly because he was able to make a decision before other competitors that many times, when they were met with a difficult situation, they would refer to the movements of the red flying car Udoze was driving to surpass it.

Bang!

A racer estimated wrongly the height of a rock ledge, and the car scratched against it before flipping a couple of times in midair and falling into the sand dunes. The rest of the racers would not stop for the sake of this unlucky fellow, even if the person who fell into the sand dunes was at his last breath.

The spectators at the spectator's grandstand would not sympathise with the driver, and they would only pay attention to the other cars still competing in the race. The media would not give a car that had been disqualified a camera shot either, because that car and its driver were losers.

The hologram at the center of the spectator's grandstand was split into three different images. The best viewpoint of the hologram was reserved for the foremost cars, whereas the worst viewpoint was reserved for the cars at back.

Inside the image of the best viewpoint, the fiery red flying car was like in a league of its own as it cast off the flying cars behind it further and further away.

The racer of the car ranked at second place had wanted to refer to Udoze's responses, but he was unable to achieve Udoze's level of skill. The racers could not utilise the wind's power to flip around and pull off a super flexible movement.

The red shadow of a car was like a masterpiece made with the help of gods. While flying along a near perfect median line, it sped through those extraordinarily difficult corners at high speed.

The spectator’s grandstand boiled up entirely.

Chapter 156: The Wolf King Of 'Dance Night' [Part 1]

Who was superior and who was inferior was obvious at first glance.

There were people on the spectator's grandstand that were shouting the name of the racer Udoze replaced loudly and waving his hologram. The so-called experts nitpicked the scene just now, and they showered that racer with even greater praise.

None of these were known to the racers who were competing right now. They only knew to put all of their concentration on the competition, for even the slightest misstep meant a horrible death.

The circuit of sandstone area had almost been finished, and the next circuit was the Seven Joined Lakes.

As usual, the red flying car was the first to plunge into the lake. The underwater monitoring devices recorded the race beneath the lake as it was. Some medias also had stake out points underwater to analyse and report the race in greater detail.

Although there were no sandstorm beneath the lake water, but factors such as drag, buoyancy, water pressure and so on would affect a flying car's travel. The drivers had to prevent their oxygen supply system from being damaged as well.

Every circuit required the racers to mull over problems from

different angles, and employ different responses to them.

“Look, a water monster!” a kid pointed at a long creature that looked like a green anaconda on the screen and screamed loudly.

Yes, not only were there annoying water plants inside the lake, there were also all sorts of living creatures living inside it. If a flying car accidentally got tangled up with them, it would not be easy to pull free. Worse, they might even become food for these underwater creatures.

However, it was obvious that the racers were used to this already. There were only very few racers who got played or became a little too careless and ran into trouble.

Udoze continued to take the lead. Outside the water, he could rely on the wind to make judgments, and inside the water, he could utilise the water flow itself to make judgments. The lake water of the Seven Joined Lakes would not be in a completely still state, and the presence of the underwater creatures and the flying cars would cause quite a bit of commotion. Moreover, the water flow of the connecting passages between the lakes would be faster, so they could all become a helping hand if them used it right.

There were plenty of people who could not imagine just how exactly the racer inside the red flying car had managed to perform to this extent. It was just like how they could not imagine that the true driver of this flying car was in fact a seventeen years old boy who was cast to the edge of the city, and could only practice using an old, shabby car.

Day after day he underwent practices that were almost harsh, and he did not let down his innate gift. He utilised all external forces he could utilise to create even more miracles.

The critics were looking at the time. In past records, the shortest time used to finish the sandstone area was five hours and twenty one minutes. However, Udoze did not use even five hours at all to complete that part of the circuit. His time was more than twenty minutes shorter than the current record holder. Even a second shaved could make people go crazy, much less twenty or so minutes. Right now, everyone was waiting for him to break the second record.

And the result did not disappoint. The time he used to complete the Seven Joined Lakes circuit was sixteen minutes shorter than the record. When the red flying car burst out of the lake, the people even thought that it would rise straight into the sky and be free of any external forces.

The third circuit, stone forest.

The wind in the stone forest was not much better than the sandstone area. While it wasn't as violent as in the sandstone area, it was definitely as strange. Winds that lacked any specific orientation could even blow towards you from a certain part between the stones while you weren't paying attention, disrupting the car's balance and causing it to crash or fall from the air.

The saying that those who were inexperienced were not suited

for Acallela's competition made sense. It was because the act was no different from suicide.

The red car's body was a clear contrast against the white stone forest in the background. The last part of the circuit was almost entirely the red flying car's solo performance. The cars behind him had already been shaken off far, far away, and the three holograms at the center of the spectator's grandstand which had the best view angle were reserved for this red figure alone. It looked like a soul that led the way of an era.

The car rolled within the stone forest looking like it could not find its balance, and every time the viewers thought that he would crash, they would see him smoothly avoiding a rock pillar in the next second. The car's body was just centimeters away from the rock pillar. Even as observers, the people were unusually nervous. Sweat appeared on many people's forehead, but they were not from fright, but from excitement. In the end, there were many people who noticed that the racer of this car only looked like he was in a difficult situation. In reality, he was handling the situation with ease.

The waves of shouts were only louder than the last. The racing team 'Storm' was already starting to promote that racing star and selling souvenirs. The many large images were all filled with that racing star's appearance.

The existence of a body double was even more saddening when compared to the bright brilliance of a racing star.

By now, Tang Qiuqiu had lost the impassioned emotions she was

feeling earlier. She felt that Udoze was very pitiful.

This was because the entire circuit was on the same latitude. Therefore, they would return to the spectator's grandstand that was also the finish line once they they had gone through a full circle. When the red flying car burst through the finish line and entered the spectator's grandstand, the entire place boiled over as the spectators stood up and roared the racing star's name.

The flying car entered Storm's specially prepared workshop. Udoze got off the car and passed the seat to the fully equipped racing star. He ignored the person in charge's 'you ran well, I'm raising your salary' bullshit, took off his jacket, changed into casual clothing at the dressing room, tossed down the clothes that did not belong to him and walked out of the racetrack.

The racetrack continued to heat up as usual. The cheers of crazed racing fans could be heard from afar.

Udoze let out a long sigh and raised his head, walking towards the distance. However, when he saw the debit card Cillin raised in the air, Udoze's depression subsided by a lot.

Cillin waved his hands, "Today's rewards is pretty good. Let's go make a transfer!"

"Okay." Udoze moved his arms for a bit to make his tensed muscles relax.

“Udodo, you won a lot of money this time.” Tang Qiuqiu giggled. She had also invested a portion of her money from the free mission into the bet this time, but the reward was a tremendous pleasant surprise that she had not imagined.

“Three hundred thousand, right? It’s enough for me to participate in a lot of races.” Udoze sighed.

“No, you missed an order of magnitude.”

Udoze’s walking movements abruptly froze. He turned around stiffly and looked at Cillin, “Didn’t you bet that the red car would win?”

“Yeah, I did. But I also bet that it would break records.” Cillin said smilingly.

“So… so that means…” Udoze swallowed his saliva. He was so nervous he almost bit his tongue. He wasn’t this nervous even when he was competing in the race.

“It means, the payout is multiplied by thirty times.” Tang Qiuqiu gave him the answer directly.

Thirty times meant that the final sum of the payout was three million!

Udoze panted hoarsely for a very long time. Then, he suddenly crouched on the ground, hugged his head and cried.

Cillin, Tang Qiuqiu, the gray cat: “…”

Cillin knew that they could not understand Udoze’s feelings.

All of his grievances, all of his unwillingness. What he thought was an unattainable dream the day before, when he had almost sunk into numbing darkness, he realised that the sun was behind him all this time, and hope was within reach the second he turned around.

Udoze had not cried even the time he crashed into a mountain rock, suffered grievous injuries and almost died. At this moment, he suddenly felt that everything was worth it!

So he had no fame, no trophy cups of his own and all of his efforts botched by his racing team’s PIC with insignificant bullshit…

So what!

After he was done crying, Udoze raised his arm and wiped his snot and tears away with his sleeves, “I’m treating today. No one is going to snatch the bill with me, get it!”

“You don’t say!” the gray cat said with a matter-of-fact tone.

“Hehe…”

Udoze had walked airily almost all the way to the city center of Wind City Vento while smiling like an idiot. It was there Cillin transferred Udoze's won bet to him. Since the money was transferred through Cillin's hands, the government would not find out that Udoze had participated in the gambling even if they were to investigate his account. Udoze was absolutely certain and assured on this point.

After staring adoringly at his card like – no, more than he would stare at his lover for half a day, Udoze finally recovered his wits. However, he still could not withdraw the smile on his face. Suddenly, he thought of something and scratched his head. He told Cillin, "It's still early. I'll bring you guys to a great place tonight, but before that I need to visit a person. Oh right, maybe I can introduce you guys to each other. He is a medicine maker."

"A medicine maker?" Cillin said in surprise.

"Mm, he is a really great medicine maker!" Udoze wore a look of infinite adoration on his face.

"Let's go together then. Let's have a look at this great medicine maker of yours." Cillin was rather curious about the person Udoze spoke of.

Chapter 156: The Wolf King Of 'Dance Night' [Part 2]

The group of three followed Udoze to an unremarkable house at a different city district falling under the outskirts of the city center. Most of the buildings in the city center were built from alloy, but this house was built from stones just like Udoze's house. However, this house was much bigger than Udoze's house.

The courtyard's door automatically opened after Udoze had pressed the doorbell. There were some unnamed flowers inside the courtyard, and there were some sort of drug ingredients left out in the sun on an exposed table.

When Cillin stepped into the courtyard, his footsteps came to a momentary pause. His eyes were filled with deep ponderment as he stared at the house.

This place truly was filled with crouching tigers and hidden dragons!

"Sorry to bother you, big brother Rikulab." Udoze said.

Creak——

The house door opened to reveal a man almost thirty years old with half open eyes wearing a sleep robe that hadn't been washed for god knows how many days. His messy hair and rather depressing-looking stubble gave him the wholesome appearance of

a drunkard in dire states. Right now, this mister drunkard was leaning against the door and holding a wine bottle, and after he downed a mouthful of wine he looked at the people walking into his house. However, his pupils shrank indiscernibly when he swept a glance over Cillin.

"Neurotoxin?" Rikulab's voice was hoarse and low having not spoken for several days. But his tone was very certain.

"Enhancement drugs?" Cillin looked at Rikulab.

"Good eye."

"You too."

Udoze did not know what Cillin and Rikulab's dialogue meant, but the gray cat did.

Cillin was carrying with him a dagger wiped with neurotoxin on the blade, whereas Rikulab's body carried the scent of a drug; a kind of enhancement drug.

Both the neurotoxin on Cillin's body or the enhancement drug on Rikulab's body were self-made and had never been made public. However, both parties had noticed the drugs on each other's body and identified their functions at first sight. Not even specialists might necessarily be able to do this.

Rikulab tugged the corners of his lips for a bit before turning his

gaze to Udoze.

Udoze looked a bit anxious as he passed a bottle of wine worth ten thousand GAL credits to Rikolab, “Thank you for your help all this time!”

Rikulab accepted the wine bottle without bothering with any courtesy whatsoever and gave it a look, “Yo, you earned money from your race?”

“Cough, yeah.” Udoze continued to scratch his head and said embarrassedly. He believed that Rikulab would not betray him, but it really wasn’t something to be talked openly.

Rikulab did not appear to have the intention to ask further anyway, and he waved his hands and said, “Alright, I’m taking this wine. You may leave; I still have some Zs to catch.”

“Er, big brother Rikulab, you’ll be going to ‘Dance Night’ tonight, won’t you?”

The answer Udoze got was the sound of a door slamming against its hinges.

However, Udoze paid it no mind and actually led Cillin and the others out with a smile on his face.

“He’s a drunkard!” after that left the house, Tang Qiuqiu said with certainty.

“Big brother Rikulab just loves to drink wine. He’s still a very good person though; at the very least he would not look down on us natives.”

“He’s not from Acallela?” Cillin asked.

“No, he came here more than ten years ago. He would lend money to poor people, and although he takes interest, the rates aren’t high and are very humane too. He sells medicines on credit, unlike the city hospitals that needed to see money on the table before anything else. Also, when my mother and I were in the direst straits, it was big brother Rikulab who gave us material assistance. There was a time when my mum was terribly sick, and my skills weren’t that good yet, we were hard pressed for money and could not afford to see a doctor. It was Rikulab who helped us.”

“In that case, that drunk uncle is a pretty nice person.”

Udoze let out a mysterious smile, “You guys will be surprised by the place I bring you to tonight!”

“Ceh, cliffhangers!” Tang Qiuqiu pouted and said.

“I suddenly recalled that that place isn’t suitable for kids.” Udoze said with a bitter face.

Tang Qiuqiu glared, “I’m going!”

In the end, Udoze could not withstand Tang Qiuqiu's glare and took the trio to a place at the city center when night arrived – the 'Dance Night'.

'Dance Night' was a nightclub; a place that provided people with entertainment. Here, it was always overcrowded. First timers would find themselves a little intimidated, just like an outsider who had suddenly barged in.

The entire place was permeating with an unrivaled atmosphere of madness and ambiguity. This was absolutely not a quiet place, nor was it a place where one came purely for the drinks. Here at 'Dance Night', something must happen before the people could be satisfied.

Those who did not have powerful heart and lung capacity, or are animals who had to rely on drugs before they could set themselves loose should stay away.

When they walked into 'Dance Night', the extraordinary air that assaulted their senses caused them to experience a split second of absentmindedness again.

Inside, the seats and the dance floor were mingled as one so as to facilitate fantasies among the customers towards the dancers who were dancing on the dance floor in close range. It also made it convenient for people to express themselves freely when they were tipsy.

Here in this place as far as the eyes could see, everyone was dead gorgeous and ridiculously beautiful. Here, even the sharpest of bright colors or exaggerations to the point of excessiveness would not draw too many showers of attentions. There were plenty of lady-killers and hot babes in every small circle dazzling everyone's eyes.

People who enjoyed liveliness or desired to vent could sway and turn to their heart's content. It was an extreme madness that exceeded even the madness of the racing fans at the spectator's grandstand.

The races dancing inside the explosive music that could burst one's eardrums were mostly from outside Planet Acallela. People wearing all sorts of strange clothes twisted and turned their bodies, painting a picture of ghosts and demons dancing in riotous revelry.

while normally meaning evil people acting wantonly in the political scene, in this case, just take it at face value

Some young girls were even dressed in leopard furs, accentuating their sexiness with a bit of charm and adorableness. Every and any one of them would give you the impulse to commit a mistake.

Those depressive feelings could only be transformed into discontentment or roars, roars that could only be contained by a wide space. The wide public venue enabled everyone who came here to howl in joy and madness, drawing out long rhymes as if they had been possessed.

The essence of the music from all kinds of races and all kinds of cultures were being played at the venue. While carrying within it the power to bring heat, it drew people into a mad spree of phantom sounds like a spell, turning them into animals that had lost all sense of reason. As a result, everyone's eyes were bloodshot under the effects of the music and alcohol, sweeping their gazes greedily over everything within the dance floor before twisting their bodies and squirming through the crowd. They were all playing the simple game of hunter and prey with each other. In such an environment, it was nearly impossible to sit down quietly and drink wine.

With music of different styles and of different eras, the passionate and untrammeled musical feast would fully stir up one's fervor. Be it blues, arousal, dynamic, psychedelic or passionate, they all challenged one's ear nerves and self-restraint.

There was also another area at 'Dance Night' that was slightly quieter than the rest. There were retro fashion, soft and comfortable long sofas, and psychedelic aromas. When the people were done hunting at the dance floor, they would come here to enjoy their prey. Hence, relaxing music resonated beside the ears; pure, sweet, fine wine and attractive desserts were sprinkled lazily across the long sofas as your body, and your prey could not help but grow more and more restless...

The story of this dream-like place was both simple and marvellous. Feasting and pleasure seeking, merry nightlife, sensual pleasures, luxuries and indulgences, and all sorts of brilliances left the people unable to stop themselves. Be it the good or the bad, you would feel as if you had gotten everything you wanted in this narrow and mad little world. It would force out the

devil in your bones and turn you into an animal who continuously sought for stimulation and primal pleasures. It would put you in a trance and make you think that you live for the nightlife, and that you couldn't wait to get drunk even harder than you already were.

Cillin's group found a small private room at the top floor that was slightly further away from the dance floor. The transparent partition allowed them to see the scene beyond the private room in the dance floor. The music could clearly be heard as well.

Tang Qiuqiu did not like this place. She couldn't help but feel uncomfortable.

Cillin did not allow her to see the sceneries outside, and he ordered some desserts for Tang Qiuqiu. Tang Qiuqiu herself was happy with this arrangement

While looking at the madly twisting bodies on the dance floor outside, the pandering dance movements and unbridled kissings, Cillin let out a sigh. They really shouldn't have brought Tang Qiuqiu to this place.

However, just as Tang Qiuqiu finished her desserts and looked a little drowsy, the lights on the floor abruptly turned blurry. Then, a kind of suppressed excitement and restrained patience emerged from the entire dance floor. Then, with a pop, they boiled up entirely.

In that moment, the lights were running, the music was running, and every area and every segment was running all over the place.

The whole visual effects gave off the impression of a grand feast.

The crisscrossing lights all gathered on one spot, and there stood a man carrying and merging both flamboyance and reservation into this seemingly demonised place at the same time.

If say that a love song and a bouquet of flowers would be enough to win over a woman's heart, then this man could win a dozen hearts with a single movement.

While accompanied by the music and the light's illumination, and striding with rhythmic footsteps, he mixed a glass of wine for himself and downed it in one gulp. Then, he put down the cup without any reluctance and walked step by step into the dance floor like an arriving king.

The people in the dance floor automatically opened up a path for him. They opened up the stage that belonged the the Wolf King of 'Dance Night'.

Chapter 157: The Two Scourges: Dance Night 'Wolf King' VS Cyborg Cat [Part 1]

Unlike the dispirited person they had seen during the day at that stone house, the current Rikulab looked like he had changed into a bright new husk. His hair had been put in order, and although it wasn't exactly tidy, there was a trace of wildness amidst his unkempt appearance. The tip of a few shoots of hair looked a bit mysterious under the lighting, and an infinite amount of confidence and vigor gushed out of him to the point where it was almost visible. Meanwhile, the atmosphere in 'Dance Night' had been pushed by Rikulab – the 'Wolf King' – to a new height.

As he strode and swayed his arms according to the music's beat with wildness and unruliness, he felt just like a dangerous and lively wolf king striding across a grassland, ignorant to all of the heated gazes cast over by the many dancers around him.

When a tall, round platform slowly rose from the center from the dance floor, Rikulab instantly discharged an aggressive air that scattered his restlessness from before. He appeared extraordinarily dazzling on this stage that belonged to him alone.

Beneath the round platform, the people on the dance floor screamed, shouted and yelled as if they had gone mad. In the next moment, their cries were all buried by a new blast of music. He tossed down his jacket, and his shirt appeared disheveled as he danced. The top three buttons of his shirts had vanished before anyone realised it, and the open collar manifested masculine charm.

His dancing postures and movements were the only things that were fully visible. His eyes forever carried within them unexplored mysteries. His body twisting, his movements pandering and suggestive, and his moves were full of class despite seeming casual beneath the dazzling lights. Beneath his feet, beneath the round platform were fans who had been stirred up by music and alcohol to the point of insanity.

The women beneath the round platform screamed and shouted, well rounded bodies tossing seductive flying kisses from hot red lips. Their twisting waists, alluring curves, and sexy bodies swayed nimbly like a succubi. They all wore intoxicating smiles as dancing hair strands swept across other male dancers along with their moving bodies. But they did not care if the people beside them had been aroused by the hair cutting across their skin and stimulating their nerves. This was because their eyes never strayed from the man who had not looked anyone directly in the eyes on the tall platform.

The women could only feel a kind of vague impulse abruptly invading into their bodies. Rather than infatuated following, it was more like the product of fully unleashed hormones and atmosphere dyed hearts. In an instant, it put a lid on one’s reason and gave free rein for emotions go wild.

The hormones in this place were full to bursting.

Inside the private room slightly far away from the dance floor, Udoze was subconsciously swaying along with the music. Tang Qiuqiu was going to use the big headphones she was wearing to block off all of the noises from outside, but when her eyes swept

across the tall platform that wasn't there before, her eyes instantly turned round.

"I... is that uncle drunkard?"

Cillin gave her an affirmative glance.

"Why does it feel like he has worn a completely different skin after just a few hours? He does look handsome after tidying himself though. From this we can see just how important personal hygiene is!" Tang Qiuqiu commented with a straight face.

However, as Tang Qiuqiu watched on, she too felt an inclination to succumb into this pretty and flirtatious world. Her hands was still holding the big headphones Cillin had found for her, but she did not look like she was going to wear them..

This place was a dye pool. It would dye every newcomer just off the boat.

Hmm?

Cillin turned his head and looked at the gray cat that was crouched by the transparent window, currently watching and twisting its body along with the beat. He felt a little astonished.

This cat even knows how to dance?

As if wanting to prove Cillin's thoughts, the gray cat felt very dissatisfied with the atmosphere inside this small private room and turned around to speak to Cillin, "I'm going out to have some fun!" once said, it scuttled right out of the door and vanished.

"Where is it going to have fun?" Tang Qiuqiu asked. She looked at the dance floor that looked like they were filled with dancing demons and confirmed that she did not like this place. However, she had to admit that there was a driving force behind this atmosphere.

Just when Cillin and Tang Qiuqiu made guesses as to where the gray cat went to steal some food, Cillin suddenly detected something and looked towards the tall platform. A gray figure had scuttled up the pole that was so smooth it was reflective and onto the platform. It even slipped in mid climb.

Cillin: "..."

Take it easy, sir cat!

For the longest time, Rikulab had always felt that he was born to fit the life in this place. He did not need too much alcohol, and he did not need too much supportive drugs. He was satisfied as long as he could step into this deafening venue and onto the platform that belonged to him and him alone!

He seemed to have turned numb, drunk, and muddleheaded. He was simply moving according to his wishes and shedding sweat wantonly. He seemed yearning to boil up the blood that had

already cooled through this method.

This was his heaven where he had no need for words or speeches. Right now at this moment, no one would care about his background or his past. He needed to vent, to go crazy. He did not mind the strangers clinging and kissing beneath him, nor did he mind the the fervent gazes of the followers imitating him slavishly. He only wanted to make himself happy. It was a very simple wish.

Rikulab seemed incapable of tiring, and like a ferocious beast who had just awakened and struggled out of its cage; he sucked in fresh air madly and enjoyed his freedom with greed, unwilling to ever turn back.

Suddenly, Rikulab noticed something peculiar just like a king whose domain had just been invaded. His eyes immediately turned sharp, but when he noticed that the fellow who was twisting its body along with the beat and sharing his platform was a rather average-looking cat, the sharpness in his eyes was gradually withdrawn. He glanced once at the gray cat with a kind of interest, and the gray cat's fur exploded when it saw that Rikulab was looking at it with the eyes of a man looking at a foolish animal.

Unlike before where it would use force to solve situations that made its fur stand, the gray cat stared without any show of weakness right back at Rikulab with obvious provocation. There were even some scorn and disdain in its eyes.

Yoho?!, this cat is interesting!

A dance battle?

Alright, since you want it I'll take you for a spin!

Rikulab raised a hand and snapped his finger once; his action changing the music indoors. The style of the music was extremely dazzling with clear, bright beats and an emphasis on intensity. The sweeping lights were changed, and the scene on the tall, round platform was displayed on the biggest projected screen in the venue.

The man and the cat battled each other through dancing without the slightest show of weakness at all.

Although it was a cat, the people who saw the gray cat actually thought that it was even more extraordinary than a human. The eyes, the trembling ears, the curving movements that could not be imitated by man; the teasing tail, the rhythmic footsteps that brought about a different kind of cadence; and finally the gaze that was cold and indifferent, but also both lazy and infinitely proud that it would look down upon everything and anything, knocked on the onlookers' hearts beneath the tall, round platform bit by bit as the music beat and the gray cat danced.

Cillin put a hand to his forehead and rubbed the space between his eyebrows. He sighed amidst Tang Qiuqiu's cries and cheers for the butt twisting cat that seemed to have completely forgotten itself above the platform: Sir cat, you truly are omnipotent! You truly are the monstrous product of a cyborg lifeform!

A music full of cadence and rhythm, skillful and nimble dancing bodies that were contracting and relaxing along to the rhythm, and inimitable dance steps and freedom to sway to one's desires. The unique pair of dancers had drawn every attention in the entire 'Dance Night' to themselves.

The atmosphere on the scene soared along with their dances, and no one was dancing on the dance floor any longer. They were all looking at the tall platform and projection and erupting in claps and howls that were so loud it seemed capable of flipping the auditorium's rooftop. The whistles, the screams, and the fiery atmosphere challenged every new limit it reached, and pushed the atmosphere in the entire 'Dance Night' over a peak again and again.

Escalate, escalate, and escalate some more.

Right now, Rikulab was no longer immersed in a proud and aloof dance with himself. In this circular domain, he could feel a contending power and a unique charm that was not inferior to any other dancer's. Who could've possibly imagined before that a cat could display the glamour of dancing?

The man was like a king who led the crowd, occasionally tossing indifferent, lazy and composed glances beneath the platform. But somehow, his eyes contained a deadly charm that kept them chasing after him blindly, almost wanting to prostrate themselves in worship.

The cat's flowing rhythm contained a trace of inseparable love. Intimacy and alienation that were like a paradox that battered at

the crowd’s reason with unsurmountable intensity!

Chapter 157: The Two Scourges: Dance Night 'Wolf King' VS Cyborg Cat [Part 2]

Cillin suddenly frowned. The brilliant performance by the one man and the one cat on the tall, round platform was slowly but surely forming a hypnotic effect. He turned around and saw that Tang Qiuqiu's breathing rhythm was already starting to show signs of abnormality. He took over the headphones in Tang Qiuqiu's hand and put them on her head.

After the headphone was put on, Tang Qiuqiu slowly came back to herself. She was both baffled and puzzled. Her memories seemed to be slightly out of order just like those hungover people mentioned in books.

"What happened, brother Cillin?" Tang Qiuqiu asked. While saying this, she could feel that her breathing was still a little rough. She even thought: Was there something wrong with the noodles here?

Cillin shook his head and pointed at the one man and one cat on top of the tall, round platform, "You were too engrossed watching them and fell into a trance. Just listen to some soothing music and it'll be alright."

This was the first time Tang Qiuqiu had come to such a place, so her resistance was definitely incomparable to those old foxes.

"Oh." Although Tang Qiuqiu did not quite understand why something like this had happened just from watching a

performance, when she glanced at Udoze at the side and saw that his breathing was growing more and more irregular, she resolutely played the music in the player.

On the inside Tang Qiuqiu thought: This place really is too scary!! Although she was no longer as repulsed as when she had first arrived at this place, there was still some trepidation in her heart. As Udoze had said earlier, this place was for adults only, wasn't it?

The people outside and beneath the tall platform had no idea about the distorted strangeness in this place. They continued to cheer passionately.

On the dance floor, the people's gazes were now stuck as they imitated the man and cat's movements until their heartbeats were almost beating on the same wavelength. The segmented cadence and the changes caused by every beat were tightly held by the two dancers above the tall, round platform, so when the strong beats of the tune landed on unexpected segments of the cadence, the man and cat's movements became unusually stimulating and exciting.

Although they were obviously dancing as they pleased, there was a complexity within their simplicity, and strength coupled with gentleness within their movements. Their next move could never be fathomed or predicted. The people were unable to catch up to their rhythm, even as they chased closely and unconsciously after it.

The people who were concentrating their attention on the moving duo on top of the tall platform slowly felt as if they could not catch their breaths. At first they thought it was just a

misperception. After all they had fun in ‘Dance Night’ for many years. What kind of madness had they not seen before? They had not experienced the same symptoms back then either, had they?

But as time passed minute after minute, there as finally someone who could not catch his breath and fell to the ground, fainting. Then there was a second person, a third person, a fourth person...

These people felt as if the flow speed of their blood had increased, and yet the blood flow was severed when it turned around a certain corner. Hence, the circulation of bodily fluids became disorderly and uncontrollable. Since the people were unable to control their emotions as they wished to soothe this circumstance, they were slowly dragged into darkness by a pair of invisible, psychedelic hands.

In the past, there had been dancers who fainted from overly intense beats or excessive excitement because their heart and lung functions were unable to keep up. There was a group of security guards in ‘Dance Night’ who specifically paid attention to the state of affairs indoors. If there was a scuffle they would discreetly appear, but if a fainted person was discovered then immediate action was demanded.

Blackouts could not be treated casually since one one knew exactly what kind of factor had caused the person to faint. The security guards were physically much stronger than the onlookers of weaker constitution on the dance floor though. At the very least, none of the security guards had experienced a blackout when the onlookers on the dance floor began to faint one after another. At most, they felt that their breaths were a little unsteady, but it was

a natural reaction to such an atmosphere. No one would think deeper into it.

Of course, it was exactly because there were blackouts in the venue that the security guards were forced to look away from the two performers on stage. This ultimately prevented them from suffering the same fate as the onlookers inside the venue.

On stage, the two dancers continued to dance as if they had forgotten themselves, looking like they would not stop until the victor was decided at the very end.

Off stage, one fainted onlooker after another were being carried out of the venue. When the managers finally took notice of the situation, they discovered that one third of the people in the venue had vanished before they realised it. Judging from the irregular ear and breathing rhythm of the remaining people, they could not hold on for much longer either.

But they couldn’t interrupt the two dancers either. This was a situation that no one had ever run into in perhaps a millennium, or even ten millenniums. At the very least, they had not seen any such reports in official publications.

Is this a business opportunity?

This is the scoop of a lifetime!

There were foreign businessmen and managers of reputable

electronic publications at the back of this night club. Therefore, with almost no discussions at all both sides had sent down the same order by chance to send the fainted people to the first aid room and keep the dance floor going as it was.

Every camera was pointed at the man and cat on top of the tall, round platform. The duo paid no heed to the people who were collapsing one after another beneath the platform because of them, or rather they never cared about the people below in the first place. They continued to dance to their heart's content and were unaware if the people below were collapsing.

Time arrived at midnight before anyone realised it. It then continued to tick away.

There were now less than half of the people still standing on the dance floor.

Another hour passed.

There was now only one quarter of the people still standing on the dance floor.

When blurry light was slowly starting to emerge from the horizon, there was only one tenth of the original number left on the dance floor. These people were indeed of extraordinary constitution, or they could not have held on until this point.

Rikulab had never enjoyed dancing to the full as much as today.

So the sigh of regrets he experienced when standing on this stage in the past was due to the lack of an opponent.

However, Rikulab seemed to have slowly forgotten the fact that his opponent was a cat. It was true that this was an extraordinary cat, but still, it was a cat.

The music was starting to lose its charm. Without needing to communicate with words and as if their hearts were linked, the man and cat both decided to end this contest.

Thus, just when Rikulab was preparing to take a perfect curtain call, a rueful event happened and made Rikulab wish that he could spit out a mouthful of blood – there seriously was a fucking cat beyond a man!

The literal translation of the original Chinese idiom is: mountain beyond mountain, man beyond man. It warns that there is always someone better out there, and in this case, it was a cat.

A meow that gathered every emotion and agitated the nerves to the extreme ‘killed’ the remaining one tenth of the people on the dance floor instantaneously!

Cillin looked at the people who had fainted on the dance floor and felt great pity for them. Look at them; because they hadn’t fainted earlier they were now ‘instakilled’ by this meow instead. Hence, their conditions were a lot worse than the people who fainted earlier. Perhaps they would not even remember this night when they finally woke up. Perhaps they would even suffer from sequelae in the future. Every time they heard a cat meow their

bodies would reflexively twitch to it. Of course, the twitching would be over after several years, but who could tell exactly how many years that might be?

Udoze had been chopped down by Cillin with his palm and fainted a long time ago. He could at least save his brain nerves from some poisoning.

Before they left, Cillin looked at the man and cat playing at curtain call performance on the tall, round platform and curled his lips – these two scourges!

There were many people who were fated to be at a loss tonight.

When Cillin dragged Udoze and led Tang Qiuqiu back to their accommodation, the lights at the first floor was still lit up. The lights at the front yard were lit up as well. Mrs. Vento hadn't slept and was sewing dolls inside the house on her chair and was waiting for them.

Although they had informed Mrs. Vento earlier that they would be having fun outside tonight, they hadn't thought Mrs. Vento would sit here and wait for the entire time.

Udoze was a very lucky man. He had a great mother, and a great mother was something that many people would never have.

When she saw Cillin and the others had returned, Mrs. Vento put down the work in her hands and wore a gentle smile on her face,

“You’re back.” while speaking, she stood up and got ready to take over Udoze.

Cillin shook his head while smiling and pointed at Udoze on his shoulder, “He was too excited and drank some alcohol today, so he’s pretty heavy. Allow me.”

Mrs. Vento led Cillin to Udoze’s room and brought out the soup that could relieve the effects of intoxication to Cillin and Tang Qiuqiu (T/N: Why TQQ?? She didn’t drink... did she??) she had prepared a long time ago. Then, she prepared hot water and told Cillin and Tang Qiuqiu to wash themselves and rest. She would tend to Udoze.

Cillin did not object after seeing Mrs. Vento’s determination. After thanking her, he went up the second floor with Tang Qiuqiu.

He hadn’t gone upstairs for long before the gray cat returned cockily from outside. It held its head high and generally looked like someone who was full on the success of its first battle. Adding that to Tang Qiuqiu’s praise, right now the gray cat’s tail was about to soar into the sky.

“Hmph hmph, there were some people who tried to follow I, but I have taken care of them directly!” the gray cat rubbed its whiskers and wore a look that said: see how great I am?

“You ate them?” Cillin asked. This guy might be a cat, but it was fully capable of eating humans.

The gray cat shook its whiskers disdainfully, “No way. I just slapped them out of consciousness.”

Cillin fell silent. The fate of the people who were slapped out of consciousness by this cat would be worse than those who were instakilled by its meow. He wondered if those people could even remember such a cat after they woke up.

After a moment’s thought, Cillin asked again, “What about the footage and records in ‘Dance Night’?”

“I destroyed them all of course!” there were some things that the gray cat could take care on its own now without relying on Cillin’s instructions.

“Good job.” Cillin gave it a rare praise.

“I know~” the gray cat seemed to have thought of something, because its face suddenly turned serious even as it eyes shone brightly, “Cillin, I have an idea.”

…

When he returned home, Rikulab was still somewhat absentminded. Earlier, he had wandered around the city of desires and danced about in both satisfaction and loneliness. Now that his excitement had cooled, he was feeling something like desolation after prosperity.

Rikulab tossed himself on the bed and felt depressed. His body should be very tired after such a long period of dancing, and yet the nerves in his brain kept stimulating him and preventing him from sleep.

Keeping his eyes open, he felt like a severe case of insomnia. Suddenly, a little bit of despair crept over him.

Rikulab felt just like a fruit who had been forgotten on the ground. No one paid attention to it, and it slowly fell into darkness and rotted to the core.

Just when would this fruit core re-enter a new land, sink its roots and grow once more?

What Rikulab did not expect was that rebirth would arrive far quicker than he had imagined.

Chapter 158: The Fourth Young Master, Shi Huajing [Part 1]

As Cillin had expected, the people who fainted at ‘Dance Night’ the night before all experienced memory confusion or memory loss. Their memory of a man and a cat having a dance battle on the tall, round platform of the dance floor were either too vague or just gone entirely. Perhaps they would recall some faint shadows after they recovered not long after, but that was also all they could remember. Every time they danced, some faint images would flash across their minds until they completely forgot about them entirely.

Of course, there were people who remembered that night. Although their memories were incomplete, they did know that Rikulab wasn’t the only one dancing on the tall, round platform that day; there was also a gray cat. Perhaps some people would view the gray cat as a monster or a special specie, but it was none of Cillin or the gray cat’s business.

After the night was over, ‘Dance Night’s’ senior management went through every recorder and found that all of their recordings had turned into mojibake that could not be restored. If they tried to restore it forcefully, then the records would automatically disappear.

They surmised that their system had been hacked into and all their records and programs tampered by high tech personnel that did not belong to ‘Dance Night’. They had reported this to the higher-ups, and the results they got from the GAL government was to forget about the matter.

The upper level of ‘Dance Night’ understood that this incident must have involved people that they could not afford to offend. As compared to the dance battle that night, they were more worried about their own statuses and careers. Therefore, the senior management of ‘Dance Night’ all experienced a ‘memory loss’ after they received the secret message from the higher-ups.

There were media people who continued to investigate into the matter, and they were met with forceful hindrance of unofficial forces or forceful intervention from the government. In the end, they had no choice but to give up. This was because they knew that they might not live to report the news even if they did learn about the truth that night. This planet itself contained countless numbers of wronged souls already, and the anguished wailings of these wronged souls amidst the sandstorm reminded the people of this planet constantly that there were eyes hidden in a certain dark corner.

Rikulab would only go to ‘Dance Night’ every once in a while. Therefore, after he went back home last night, he had returned to his usual decadent lifestyle and laid on top of his bed, sleeping. He did not even eat breakfast and lunch.

However, when Rikulab woke up to drink some water, the hand holding the cup suddenly paused and moved to pull open the door instead. He immediately saw Cillin sitting on the living room’s sofa and reading a paperback medical book. The gray cat was taking a stroll everywhere and sniffing at some medical bottles from time to time.

When the gray cat saw Rikulab, it raised its head and tail high and greeted him with an air of complacency, saying, “Yo, you woke up, loser!”

The corner of Rikulab’s eyes twitched once as he recalled the meow of rapture during the final curtain call once more. It was that meow that made it clear to him that he had lost to this spirit-like cat.

Rikulab pulled over a chair and sat down. He finished the water in his cup, put it down and stared expressionlessly at Cillin on the opposite side and the gray cat making proud circles beside him.

“I remember locking all the doors. How did you two come in?” Rikulab asked.

In reality, Rikulab had locked more than just the door. Every time he went to ‘Dance Night’ and got his kick, the moment he returned to his dwelling he would shut all the doors and windows tight and activate the security system to the max. The security system would annihilate even a bug that had crawled into his dwelling, and even if it couldn’t, it would sound the alarm. He might be asleep, but Rikulab did not believe that he would sleep so soundly that he could not hear the alarm. That meant that everything was normal. So how on earth did this man and cat enter his house when everything was normal?

The gray cat crouched on top of a tall cabinet and looked down from above. It was loving this feeling of looking over from a high spot more and more now. After casting a disdainful glance at Rikulab, it said while looking immensely pleased with itself,

“Hmph hmph, do you seriously think that shabby level of security is enough to stop us?”

Cillin had not said anything all this time. Since it was a proposal that the gray cat had brought up on its own, there was no harm in allowing it to give it a try. Perhaps it might turn out for the better.

When Rikulab heard the gray cat’s words, he lifted an eyebrow. The security system of his house was on par with a planetary government’s, and yet this level of security was categorised as ‘shabby’ in the eyes of this cat.

“Who are you people? What are your objectives?” Rikulab asked with a heavy voice. From the last time Udoze brought these two fellows over to his house, he already noticed that the person sitting on his sofa right now had hidden his blade well deep. He even suspected that the reason he could detect the ‘neurotoxin’ was because this man had intentionally let him.

“Hey loser, you wanna change into a new living environment? Something like working for us? Don’t worry, I’ll protect you. I’m very strong you know.” the gray cat spoke in the tone of a boss speaking to its underling.

Rikulab tugged the corner of his lips noncommittally. He looked towards the reactionless Cillin, but he discovered that Cillin hadn’t even lifted his head as he kept his gaze on the open book in his hand.

“Not interested.” Rikulab said.

“Hmm? You refuse?” The gray cat’s whiskers straightened as it narrowed its eyes at Rikulab. Anyone could sense that the cat was feeling not so great right now. After all, it had made the guarantee to Cillin to Rikulab that it would definitely be able to convince Rikulab. But who knew that this guy would turn him down so bluntly!

“Yeah, this is fine. I’m very satisfied with my current state of life.” Rikulab poured himself a cup of tea to freshen up. As for the guy on the opposite side, he had already finished a few cups of tea already without his consent. In fact, he was using the high grade tea leaves he collected in the cabinet. It must have been that bastard cat who rummaged through his stuff!

“This is fine?” the gray cat sized Rikulab up and down and looked around him once just like when it was looking at Udoze’s shabby car, “You look just like a wretch right now.”

A wretch…

It was a word that he hadn’t heard for a very long time.

Rikulab’s eyes instantly turned sharp, and the killing intent that had poured out of him instantly caused the indoor temperature to fall by several degrees. However, neither Cillin and the gray cat reacted to it much.

“What, I exposed your shame and now you wanna silence a cat? Your sir cat can take out one of you a paw each…”

Before the gray cat could finish, a surgical knife plunged deep into the cabinet right next to its paw.

Cillin lifted his head to take a look. Then he refocused his attention back on the book.

The few strands of hair above the gray cat's eyebrows shook once, and with a humph the gray cat lifted its seemingly meaty paws, extended its claws and cut the surgical knife from top to bottom into ribbons as if it was cutting tofu. If there wasn't a biting noise, if Rikulab didn't know what kind of material the surgical knife was made of, he absolutely would've suspected that the knife was made out of wood.

The gray cat did not stop after it had cut the knife into ribbons. As if it was trying to establish its power, the gray cat lifted the the remains of the knife with a paw, opened its mouth and bit it. It ate the knife bit by bit as if it was crunching a biscuit. When it had fully eaten the knife, it mumbled to itself, "This tastes bad. Pooh."

A metallic ball was spat out of its mouth. It looked like it was melted in high temperature and made into a ball.

Rikulab's pupils shrank as he felt a sudden wave of powerlessness wash through him. No wonder he had lost to this cat; it wasn't something that a man could match against at all.

He sighed. He knew that he was not the cat's match in terms of martial force, and even if he were to use drugs, Rikulab had no

confidence that he would be able to win against them. The living room was filled with drugs, and there were several types that were colorless and odorless. Anyone who stayed here for long would eventually show some symptoms. However, both Cillin and the cat did not look unwell at all despite having stayed here for quite some time.

This was the first time in many years Rikulab felt as powerless as today. A day earlier he was defeated by this cat in a dance battle, and now he could not even beat it through martial force. Even the chemical compounds he was confident in had no effects at all.

What Rikulab did not realise was that his chemical compounds weren't actually useless. It's just that Cillin and the gray cat's constitution was just too special and hence, would not react to his drugs at all.

The gray cat grew angry after seeing Rikulab staying silent and not speaking. It would appear that it had to change its tactics. Clearing its throat pretentiously, the gray cat said, "Rikulab Fan. You came to Planet Acallela eighteen years ago. Although I do not know what kind of relationship you share with the planetary government, it must be a good one. If you are worried that they will cause you trouble and prevent you from leaving, I can take care of this for you."

Chapter 158: The Fourth Young Master, Shi Huajing [Part 2]

Rikulab wasn't surprised that the gray cat would know about this, it was something that could be found out with a thorough investigation. Plus, there were plenty of people of the upper class who knew that he had relations with Acallela's planetary government, and there were plenty of things that could be settled with the help of the government. Otherwise, it was impossible that the ten years old Rikulab could have established himself on this planet of harsh conditions so easily back then.

The gray cat shook its ears once and began to feel impatient, "I only know that you dance pretty well, and you are the only dancer that was pleasing to my eyes ever since I got out. Cillin said that your pharmacology is pretty good, and that you're burying your talents in this place. But I don't care about all these things. You humans always like to waste time on foolish thoughts, act slovenly, overthink everything and even mutilate yourselves. Never mind, I don't know how to convince people. You have two days to consider. Let's go, Cillin!"

Once it was finished, the gray cat jumped down from the cabinet, cast a glance once at Rikulab before heading outside without ever looking back as if it was peeved.

Cillin put down the book in his hands and stood up, "Opportunities exists to be grabbed. The universe is very big." Cillin also left after he placed a small bottle on the table. Just like how they'd arrived earlier, they did not alert the security system in the slightest.

Rikulab stared at the small bottle on the table with unfathomable eyes. The neurotoxin he detected from Cillin last time was stored inside this bottle, and based on the information he had learned, the raw materials required to concoct such a neurotoxin were very likely to span across several Sectors instead of just one.

Although Rikulab had never gone outside of this planet since he was ten years old, but the information he absorbed from books and electronic publications were definitely not few. But no matter how much information he absorbed, it did not change the fact that he had no raw materials. There were many occasions when he was inspired but was unable to act to it.

Rikulab walked to his bedroom and took out a book beneath his pillow. It was a record of all the inspirations he got but was unable to implement.

…

Leaving Rikulab's residence, the gray cat was very angry and said that it really was unsuited to persuasion.

"Are you going to give up if his answer is no two days later?" Cillin asked.

"No way, if that happens I'm coming back to use force! I'll let him know the price of offending a cat!" the gray cat showed its sharp fangs and evil grin.

Back at Udoze's little house, Tang Qiuqiu was helping Mrs. Vento in preparing dinner. As compared to the previous dinner, today's was a lot richer than before.

However, there was a new member at the dining table. It was a two years old boy called Talo, and he was Udoze's little cousin.

Talo was the child of Udoze's aunt. However, she had passed away not long after Talo was born. A year ago his uncle had married his second wife and neglected Talo right away, sending him to a childcare center and paying a small fee every month. Then, his uncle tried to pack and run away due to heavy debts caused by business related problems, but someone took out his flying car and he died from that. That was not long ago. Since Talo's child support payment had lost its provider, the childcare center contacted Mrs. Vento. This was because no one related to Talo was willing to take over this burden. It took god knows how much money to raise a child into an adult, and they could not feed even their own children. Naturally, they cared even less about another person's child. In the end, it was Mrs. Vento who took over Talo's custody and brought him back home.

Udoze wasn't been sure how to break the news to Mrs. Vento ever since he won three million credits. Later on, when Mrs. Vento brought Talo back home and sighed about how they would have to live a little stringently from now on, Udoze finally couldn't hold back and told her his plans.

Since they had the money, they could now leave Planet Acallela and find a peaceful planet with a better environment to settle in.

The processing fee for two people was 1 million, and if they counted Talo in it would be 1.5 million. The remaining 1.5 million or so credits would sustain them for a very long time even if they did not work.

After a moment's thought, Mrs. Vento agreed to his plan. In order to express her thanks to Cillin, Mrs. Vento had purposely prepared a rich dinner, so when Cillin and the gray cat had returned they immediately saw a tableful of varied dishes. Udoze was teasing the two years old Talo, and giggles filled the interior of the house.

At night, Mrs. Vento took Talo to bed, and Udoze sat inside the shabby old car at the courtyard, caressing the old fashioned steering that was soon to be retired.

When he heard a knocking sound on his car lid, Udoze lifted his head to find Cillin outside the car. He smiled and opened the car lid to allow Cillin to come in.

After Cillin had sat into the backseat, Udoze asked, "You interested to go out for a spin?"

"Sure."

The old shabby car shook its way out of the city and flew towards the sandstone area.

After he parking the car behind a large mountain rock, Udoze

looked at the flying sand covering the stars and fell silent.

Although he had already made up his mind to leave this planet, he couldn't shake the somewhat empty feeling inside him. After he left, he would never have the chance to race without a care ever again, would he?

"When are you ready to complete the procedures to leave Acallela?" Cillin asked suddenly.

"As soon as I can I suppose, in case of any hiccups in the future." although he felt a little regret, Udoze was very resolute in leaving this planet behind.

Cillin nodded, "Sure. When the time comes, we may even be able to leave together with you. It is about time we leave this place."

"Oh right, Cillin, what's your occupation?" this question had been held in Udoze's heart for a very long time now. He kept having this feeling that Cillin's background was not ordinary, and no ordinary person would carry a talking cat with him. Also, Udoze had seen that little girl Tang Qiuqiu playing with a gun before. It was a absolutely a real gun.

"What do you think?" Cillin threw the question back at him instead of answering.

Udoze said tentatively, "Could you possibly be a... Hunter?"

Cillin nodded.

“Wah, you’re really a Hunter! Have you guys joined a Hunter regiment?” Udoze said excitedly. He had always rather admired Hunters, and he had dreamed to become one as a child. However, life had forced him to racing later on.

“We have joined a Hunter regiment.” Cillin said calmly.

“Which Hunter regiment?” Udoze’s eyes were shining, “I know a lot of Hunter regiments in Sector F!”

“I see.” Cillin took out a dagger shaped badge with an unperturbed look, “Do you recognise this then?”

Udoze’s mind turned blank for a moment after he saw the dagger. Then, he asked with a trembling voice, “Er, can I, look at it a little closer?”

Cillin passed the badge over directly. Udoze wiped his hands on his clothes before accepting the badge, and after a long time later he finally said, “This… isn’t fake, is it?”

When he saw Cillin looking towards him, Udoze immediately said, “No, I mean – cough – you know, I collected the images of the badges of the four great Hunter regiments, and what I saw didn’t look like this, er, I mean, it looked a little different.”

Oh my god I’m so nervous. Udoze felt as if every word had fallen

out of his mouth while shaking.

“Oh, that. It’s probably because the badge you saw belong to normal members.” it was the same flat tone as ever.

“Then yours…”

“Is a lieutenant commander’s.”

Bang!

Udoze abruptly stood up and banged his head out of sheer excitement. He didn’t even attend to the bump on his head, “S-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-seriously?”

“Mm. Qiuqiu also has a badge which is for normal members. It should be identical to the one you mentioned.”

If Cary was here, he would’ve rushed forwards and punched Cillin: You pretentious bastard! You obviously want to recruit him, and yet you pretend like you don’t have a clue at all!

After he had returned the badge to Cillin, Udoze drove the shabby old car back home in a daze. He was so distracted that he nearly ran into a mountain rock midway.

After the shabby old car had flown away, a small figure appeared behind the big mountain rock. It was none other than the gray cat

hunting for food.

“Cillin truly is a shadowy bastard!”

At the same time, there were two men sitting in an office at the upper level of the planetary government’s government building.

One of them was Rikulab. The other person was a man who appeared to be forty years old.

“You’ve decided?” the person asked.

“Mm. If I keep this up this place truly is going to rot.” Rikulab pointed at his own heart.

“Then… you’ve a plan?” the man appeared a little worried.

Rikulab nodded, but he did not have the intention of revealing it. Instead, he said, “You think you owe a debt, but after so many years it has been all but repaid. There is no need to blame or wrong yourself any longer. There will be an election over the next year. With your abilities, it should not be hard for you to get elected. Your experience and track record are also sufficient.”

“Fourth young master…” no matter how he spun it, it did not change the fact that happened because of what he had failed to protect.

Rikulab made a stopping gesture, “Shi Huajing already died eighteen years ago. He has been taken to hell along with his beloved mother. Therefore, the pronoun ‘Fourth Young Master’ no longer exists.”

Seeing the man sitting opposite to him biting his lip, Rikulab sighed, “Back then, mother did not have any will to live at all. Even if you did manage to save her in the end, she still would have found a chance to drag everyone around her to hell with her. It is not anyone’s fault.”

“Then… will you be going back, young master?”

“No. Take this message back to that old man. Tell him that if he dares to interfere again this time, then I will destroy every seed he planted because of his love affairs!” Rikulab’s eyes were filled with ice-cold killing intent.

After Rikulab had left, the man finally relaxed and lay down on the chair. His back was already drenched as he stroked his face and smiled, “Young master is still young master.” he had always thought that young master knew nothing, but it was he who was just lying to himself.

Chapter 159: A Familiar Face At Sector K [Part 1]

Right now, Udoze was feeling very conflicted and at a loss.

Ever since Cillin told him that they were members of the Sixth B Squadron of the Hunter regiment Vanguard, Udoze had thought about a certain thing even in his dreams. However, he could not put down his mother and his two years old cousin either, so he was extremely conflicted by the dilemma.

Conflicted feelings aside, Udoze could not hold himself back from showing the emblems and pictures of many Hunter regiments he treasured to Cillin and Tang Qiuqiu. However, he did not know how he should express his own notion.

He heard that the requirements to join the four great Hunter regiments were pretty high. Udoze felt a little sense of inferiority.

Mrs. Vento knew her own son the best, and seeing that Udoze was so conflicted that he was practically foaming from his mouth, she called him into the house for a chat. Since the moment it began, the chat lasted for five whole hours.

Five hours later, Udoze walked out with red eyes looking like he was on the verge of tears. However, his eyes also shone with the light of hope. He finally forced some courage into himself and told Cillin about his notion to join the Sixth B Squadron of the Hunter regiment Vanguard. Cillin ultimately nodded after Udoze suffered through a period of restless finger twirls. However, Cillin stated

that he could only recommend Udoze, and that it would be up to Udoze's own performance whether or not he would be acknowledged by everyone in the B Squadron.

In reaction to Cillin's words, Udoze wore a foolish smile on his face and floated downstairs. Borrowing the gray cat's words, that look... was literally more foolish than when he learned that he had won three million credits.

"It's been two days." Cillin flicked the gray cat's ear.

The gray pushed away Cillin's hand with its leg, arched upwards to stretch its back and moved its claws for a bit, "Alright, let's go meet that loser."

When Cillin and the gray cat had arrived at Rikulab's residence, Rikulab was already sitting inside the living room and waiting for them. Rikulab's decision did not need to be said seeing that the display cabinets and the medicinal bottles on the table had all been cleaned up and tidied.

Today, Rikulab had tidied himself quite nicely. Although he didn't look as dazzling as he did at 'Dance Night', he still looked a lot more refreshed that the decadent appearance he had before. His moustache was also shaved.

Seeing Cillin and the gray cat's entry, Rikulab pointed at the chair beside and said, "Sit."

The gray cat jumped right up the table without any trace of politeness and walked proudly towards Rikulab with a straightened tail, “How’s the consideration?”

Rikulab did not answer the gray cat directly. Instead, he asked, “First, I would like to know which side you belong to. Of course, my demands aren’t high. As long as you don’t belong to the military or the government, and it is a group that I can accept, then I am okay to go.”

The gray cat raised its chin, “Alright, listen well, boy. We are the Hunters of Vanguard’s Sixth B Squadron. Cillin is the lieutenant commander of the B Squadron.”

Rikulab’s eyebrows were lifted. Although he had guessed that this guy was a Hunter, he did not think that the Hunter regiment they belonged to would be one of the four great Hunter regiments. In reality, even if Cillin was in a small and unknown Hunter regiment, he still would not have turned down the offer.

Rikulab was a lot more cool headed as compared to Udoze’s excitement. He asked after nodding his head, “Don’t you think you should look into my background?”

Cillin had answered this question instead of the gray cat.

“Our commander said this: as long as you don’t betray us, we have no reason to question your past. However, there is one thing that I must bring up beforehand. As the lieutenant commander of the squad, I have the power to recommend a potential recruit to

the squad. However, whether or not you can fight for the position of regular or core member still depends on you. Of course, I don't think this will be a problem for someone of your abilities."

"You sure are confident in me." Rikulab smiled.

"I would not have let you join otherwise." Cillin spread out his hands.

Right now, the Sixth B Squadron was in a growth period and desperately needed some new talents. When he parted ways with Shawton, Shawton had already told Cillin to capture any good talents he might find so that they would not fall into another's hands.

"So you're saying that you agree to join us then?" the gray cat said while crouching on the table in front of Rikulab.

"Yeah, from now on we're teammates." Rikulab stretched out a hand.

The gray cat looked at Rikulab's outstretched palm and slapped on it with a paw of its own in satisfaction.

"When are we departing?" Rikulab asked.

"There will be a flight headed for the transit tomorrow afternoon. We will meet on the plane." Cillin said.

“Alright.”

Rikulab understood Cillin’s meaning and agreed easily.

They needed to get rid of some small troubles, so they must prepare a fake ID and so on. However, with the gray cat around, even if they did register their true identities a final log check would reveal that it wasn’t the same ID information they entered before.

The next day, when Udoze’s jaws fell open when he encountered Rikulab on the passenger transport. When he knew that Rikulab was also joining the squad, he grew even more excited than before.

Mrs. Vento smiled at Udoze’s shining eyes. Udoze had already grown up, and there were wider skies outside the world. He should not be shackled as he was before.

At Acallela’s government building office.

“The young master has left, hasn’t he?”

“Mm. Although we do not know exactly which flight he’s on, but the young master’s data did not show up on any flights. The people you asked to keep an eye on did not leave behind any records either.”

“They are all remarkable people I see! Oh well, if young master

does not wish to be known then there is no need to continue the investigation. Even if we did, nothing will come out. Report this to the higher ups. My mission is almost finished."

Speaking of which, after Cillin's group had once more arrived at Sector F's transit planet, they inquired some information and found a pretty good planet for Mrs. Vento and little Talo to re-register their certificate of residence. There was a child care center and a primary school near the new residence they bought. Public security around the area was very good, and the neighbors were pretty friendly and weren't xenophobic either. It was a more suitable environment for Mrs. Vento and little Talo to live in.

Little Talo was brought to the child care center during the day, and Mrs. Vento found herself a relatively idle job. Its pay wasn't much, but it was relaxing. With more than a million credits of saving to work as their base, it was enough to get along.

Udoze did not carry a single cent on himself. He left behind all the money to his mother and his little cousin before leaving the planet with Cillin.

Since he was bringing Udoze and Rikulab with him, Cillin stopped sightseeing everywhere with Tang Qiuqiu. Those plans could wait until after he had brought the two new recruits back to the squad. If there was still time, then he could come out again and enjoy himself later.

Chapter 159: A Familiar Face At Sector K [Part 2]

Sector K, also named the Sector of Kings by Hunters, was the treasured land of the Hunter circle in GAL. It was the gathering spot of the four great Hunter regiments, and it was also the only Sector in GAL where Hunter regiments were the main entity of the Sector. It was rumored that the deterrent that was the military could not be compared to the deterrent that was the great four at all. Here there were four kings, and they were the great four.

The closer they got to Sector K, the more anxious Udoze got. Of course, there was excitement as well.

This was the great four we're talking about. Once upon a time they were just a faraway delusion, but now they felt right within reach. He wondered what their fleet looked like.

The transit planet of Sector K lay at the outermost periphery. Beyond this planet, the world belonged to the Hunters.

The various communication department of the Hunter regiments could be found on the transit planet, and the great four's communication departments were buildings that were grander than even the planet's government building.

No Hunters who arrived on this planet would dare to behave atrociously before the great four's communication departments. This was because the government would not look into the case even if the people of the great four were to kill someone without

any reason. As long as they did not cause a commotion big enough to wreck the entire planet, the government was disinclined to get involved at all.

Neither political groups or the military were inclined to bother with affairs between Hunters. However, those of the commerce districts do frequent the Hunters often. After all, businessmen and Hunters did cooperate with each other a lot, and this was especially true for some big business families such as the Douance Family and so on.

After checking the location of Vanguard's communication department on a navigation device, Cillin then led the group towards it.

Here on this planet, there were no restrictions on firearms. Therefore, people carrying all sorts of firearms and even shoulder rocket launchers were a common sight on the street and nothing to be surprised at.

Unlike the other planets, the people who came here often carried with them a strong air of valiance. This was because Hunters were the majority in this place, and the aura they carried on their person was very strong.

One must not think that the good, gullible, or those who appeared so fragile they would be blown off by a gust of wind at small restaurants or bar counters to be easy pickings, for they might very well be the seniors of your seniors. It was just that they had kept their aura in check after they had retired from active duty. There was a saying called come full circle, and this was what

it meant. If you really ruffled their feathers, they would crush your throat before you could take out your gun. You might not even leave an intact corpse behind.

Although the consensus was to have a meal at Vanguard's communication department – the logistics units of many Hunter regiment communication departments had excellent preferential policies – Tang Qiuqiu happened to see an ice cream butter cup on a display window. While the ice cream's name ended with a 'cup' at the end, it was almost the size of a small pail. Moreover, it had an excellent outward appearance that very much attracted the attention of sweets lovers, and Tang Qiuqiu was one of those people whose eyes were caught at first glance.

Since Tang Qiuqiu had her own savings plus the money she won from the flying car competition, one might say that she had a small wealth of her own. After she bought an ice cream butter cup for herself, Tang Qiuqiu bought Cillin and everyone else a cup of fruit juice. The gray cat got a cup of milk tea.

Here, most shops preferred manpower over robot servants. After all, robots were not as useful when dealing with certain disputes. If it was broken during a conflict then it was just so. Robot repairs were pretty expensive, so manpower was still the better choice if the shop's priority was to cut costs.

The owner of the small dessert store was a woman. Since the shop wasn't big, naturally there weren't too many customers. They did not know if she had hired any other waiters to help her, but for now she was alone.

The female owner looked to be over her thirties, but her real age was unknown, and no one would ask for it either. After all, it was rude to inquire about a lady's age.

The female owner did love the little girl that was Tang Qiuqiu, so she purposely gave her a big sized ice cream cup and added some extra fruits and honey juice on it too.

Tang Qiuqiu did not forget to thank the owner in return. Basic courtesy was necessary, and Tang Qiuqiu did not dislike the feminine owner who had a very amiable smile.

They were not in a hurry anyway, so Cillin and the others decided that they might as well finish their drinks in this small store before leaving.

"Qiuqiu, what do you think about this planet?" Cillin asked.

"It's pretty good. I can shoot freely." Tang Qiuqiu was very satisfied in regards to this.

"..." Cillin could not say anything.

Udoze's anxiety was much quelled after a cup of fruit juice. However, the excitement and slight anxiety in his eyes were still fully exposed.

"This truly is the heaven of Hunters!" Udoze sighed. Here, there were many Hunters who enjoyed pinning their regiment's insignia

on their body. When a higher rank Hunter regiment encountered a lower rank Hunter regiment, they would carry themselves even higher than before. Slowly, pinning one's insignia became a trend and a way to compete with one another among Hunters.

This was also why a certain unwritten rule was formed: My Hunter regiment is better than yours, and so am I.

Bullying the weak was commonplace here. There were many conflicts, but no one would interfere with one. They would simply stand by in a circle and watch.

Every Hunter regiment had their own standpoints.

While talking about the situation on this planet, Cillin caught the glimpse of a familiar figure. That person also felt his gaze and turned his head over to look.

"Yoho! It's you, kid!"

And so the people following behind Barthus saw their respected senior happily rushing towards the small dessert store like he saw an old friend and not a junior.

"Senior Barthus." Cillin got up and pulled a chair over for Barthus.

Barthus did not restrain himself with pleasantries and sat down right away. Barthus slapped his big hand repeatedly on Cillin's

shoulders with strength, and he laughed until his long beard shook non-stop. When the people who followed after him saw this, they rethought their evaluation of Cillin once more. It was obvious that this guy was a young junior, so how did he cause such a reaction in senior Barthus? Could he be a descendant of the A Squad? But that couldn't be right either, since with his temper Barthus would not have acted this way even if he was facing those descendants.

"Escherley, my dear, do give me a glass of sweet liquor, will you? On the rocks!" Barthus beckoned towards the female owner of the small store. Judging from his tone, the duo obviously knew each other.

Escherley cast a glance at Barthus, took out a bottle of sweet liquor from the cabinet and tossed it right at him, "Don't you dare buy on credit this time!"

"Hehe, I won't. Just put it under this kid's bill." Barthus pointed at Cillin.

Escherley leaned on top of the counter with her well-rounded breasts covering nearly the entire surface. She lifted a slim finger and pointed at Tang Qiuqiu, who was busy digging into the ice cream butter cup and smiled, "The one who footed the bill this time is this little girl. Are you, an old man seriously going to ask a baby girl to foot your bill?"

Barthus's old face blushed red, and he was just about to speak when Tang Qiuqiu looked up and asked, "How much is a bottle of sweet liquor?"

“Ahem, there’s no need…”

“One thousand, GAL credits.” Escherley cut off Barthus’ words and smiled with a propped chin.

Tang Qiuqiu cocked her head, bit her spoon and thought about it for a moment. Then she nodded and told Escherley, “It’s not too expensive, so add grandpa Barthus’ bill under mine.”

“Aiyo, my little sweetheart Tang Qiuqiu you’re so cute!” Barthus grabbed his long beard and swept it across Tang Qiuqiu’s little face, causing the people behind him to feel a wave of chilly goosebumps.

Before Tang Qiuqiu could push it away, the gray cat leaped upward, grabbed it and began swinging on his beard.

“Hehe, little Wheeze, you’ve gotten heavier again.” while saying, hie raised a hand and began caressing its fur.

The mouths of the people behind Barthus turned O-shaped, whereas Escherley narrowed her eyes and glanced at Cillin’s group meaningfully.

It was known that Barthus treasured his beard a lot. If anyone else were to touch even a single strand of his beard, he would immediately argue with them. However, not only did he use his beard to tease Tang Qiuqiu, he even caressed the cat that was

playing swing on his beard with affectionate care today. What the hell was going on?

That wasn't all. The gray cat's mouth was stained with a bit of milk tea after it finished its drink, and it had wiped it directly on Barthus' beard. But even then Barthus only smiled and said, "You're such a naughty little fellow!" causing the jaws of the people behind him to nearly drop to the floor.

While holding a sweet liquor bottle with one hand and caressing the gray cat's fur with the other, he swept a glance across the slightly fidgety Udoze and calm Rikulab, "New recruits?"

Cillin nodded, "I brought them over to recommend them to the squad. Would you like to test them for a bit?"

"Aiyo, like anyone you recommend would be poor, Cillin?" Barthus' evaluation of Cillin was unexpectedly high. He asked again, "What are you two little fellows called?"

Normally speaking, a member who had not yet been officially recognised as a part of the Hunter regiment did not have the qualification to be introduced to an old senior of the regiment. That was why Cillin had no introduced both Udoze and Rikulab to Barthus all this time. However, Barthus had asked them a question on his own accord, so this meant that he had acknowledged their new identities in advance. Therefore, even if the other decision makers of the B Squad had a different opinion on the matter, they would have to consider if refuting Barthus, which was their old senior's face, was a good choice.

Of course, neither Udoze nor Rikulab knew about this hidden rule. However, this caused Barthus' men to look at Cillin with even stranger eyes.

Just who on earth was this kid?

Udoze and Rikulab introduced themselves briefly. About their former occupations, Udoze said 'flying car racer' whereas Rikulab said 'medicine maker'.

"Udodo's flying car driving skills are awesome!" Tang Qiuqiu said while licking her ice cream spoon.

Tang Qiuqiu had long since categorised Udoze as one of her own, and Tang Qiuqiu was very protective of the people on her side.

"Mm, Rikulab may not compare to me, but he is passable." the gray cat also said while looking pleased at himself.

Barthus made a sound of acknowledgement as an expression of his satisfaction.

While digging at her ice cream, Tang Qiuqiu looked at the people standing behind Barthus. They should all be members of Vanguard. Although they could not be completely categorised as one of their own, they did share a connection after all. Therefore, she asked, "Why aren't you guys sitting?"

“Yeah, do you know how oppressive you guys are being standing there?” Barthus said in a blaming tone.

His men complained inside their minds at the same time – who would dare sit carelessly without your command?!

Seeing that they’d all taken a seat, Tang Qiuqiu asked again, “Do you guys want to drink something? I’ll foot the bill as long as it’s not too expensive.”

“It’s fine, it’s fine!”

“We’re not thirsty.”

“I don’t eat sweets that much.”

The group of people waved their hands repeatedly. It’s just embarrassing to have a child foot their bill. None of them had skins as thick as senior Barthus’!

“Ignore them.” Barthus rubbed Tang Qiuqiu’s head before looking at Cillin, “The regiment has something for you. It’s a mission. A pretty difficult one. I think your holiday is about to come to an end.”

“A mission?” Cillin frowned. What kind of level this mission was to alarm someone like Barthus? “Mm. I’ll contact the commander as soon as possible.”

“Actually, Shawton doesn’t have the clearance to know about this. Anyway, you’ll know once you get back to the squad.” Barthus finished the rest of the liquor in one gulp before setting the bottle aside, “I’m going back now. I came back this time because there was something urgent. If I don’t go back, big hat’s gonna grumble again.”

Cillin knew that Barthus was talking about the few types of energy ores extracted over Sector Z, and that big hat referred to Songba Leruo and his wide brim hat.

“Is everything going well over there?”

“Yeah, it’s going pretty well. You’ll even get a portion of the reward when you come back. Alright, I need to leave. Think well on this mission, okay kid.”

After giving Escherley a flying kiss, Barthus then left with his men.

Cillin pondered as he shook the fruit juice in his cup. What kind of mission was it? Looking at Barthus, it would appear that this mission really wasn’t easy this time.

Chapter 160: Interaction [Part 1]

After finishing their cold drinks and resting for a while, Cillin's group then bid Escherley goodbye. Escherley had even purposely gifted two boxes of biscuits to Tang Qiuqiu and a discount card, telling her to come over in the future whenever she had a chance.

Cillin extended his hoverboard after leaving the dessert store. Previously, Udoze was unfamiliar with hoverboards. After all, there were only far too few places that were suitable for hoverboard riding on Planet Acallela. Moreover, Wind City was constantly covered in sandstorm, so to ride a hoverboard there was just plain suicide. Therefore, Udoze had literally never came into contact with a hoverboard prior to leaving Acallela's Sector. However, since his balance was great and he was quick to learn, it did not take long before he grew familiar to it.

Rikulab on the other hand, had used hoverboards frequently before arriving on Acallela. Therefore, this wasn't too much of a problem for him.

Extending their hoverboards, the few people flew up to the level of hovercraft channels and headed towards Vanguard's communication department.

The four great Hunter regiments' communication departments were scattered at four places on this planet. They were pretty much the dominant forces of these four pieces of land. There would then be subdivisions of smaller Hunter regiments that shared a better relationship with them scattered around the four communication departments.

Vanguard's communication department had some suspended dagger-shaped emblem holograms, direction and range indicator to guide the way since a long way back. Although its surrounding Hunter regiments also had smart road signs to guide the way, they were a lot smaller than the Vanguard's. This was the advantage of a large Hunter regiment.

They did not need to rely on map or inquiries to make their way at all. They could easily find that magnificent building just by following the smart pointers.

That building could be seen from very far away. Overall, the building was in the shape of a sharp dagger just like their badge. There were also some low level buildings around it used for other matters.

Tang Qiuqiu took out her pinned badge. Cillin also pinned his lieutenant commander badge in the open. This was the usual practice, or they couldn't blame anyone if they were to be injured by accident.

The looks on the people around them improved slightly after the duo had taken out their badges. However, their expressions were mingled with curiosity since Tang Qiuqiu was way too young to be an official member, and Cillin just so to be a lieutenant commander. They could not help but express their doubts.

There was a main service desk at the center of the first floor hall of Vanguard's communication department. The Hunters who

frequented the hall mostly wore Vanguard's badge on their bodies.

Not many people paid attention to Cillin's group when they first walked into the hall. However, when someone accidentally noticed the badges on Tang Qiuqiu's and Cillin's bodies, they gradually began to whisper among each other. Also, although it was called a 'whisper', in reality the volume of the whispers wasn't quiet at all. Even in this noisy environment, anyone from ten meters away could hear them.

These people had voiced out their doubts directly. However, they wore strange expressions when they saw that they belonged to the Sixth B Squadron. After all, the Sixth B Squadron had shown up big time not long ago, and the A Squad issued them all the rewards and so on. Although some people were unconvinced, they had no say in the reward result the A Squad had announced in the end.

But while they could not say anything on the surface, things were very different in private. As long as the important figures of the A Squad weren't present, they would basically say whatever they want to. Worst comes to worst they would get into a brawl. If you win then sure, I'll admit that you're capable. If you lose, then excuse me, but I dislike you and I'm going to beat you up everytime I run into you.

The higher ups of Vanguard simply viewed this as scuffles between the members of the B Squadrons. Quarreling improves health, and competition promotes progress, right? Therefore, the higher ups would turn a blind eye as long as the commotion wasn't too big. The commanders of the B Squadrons would especially remind their team members this: as long as you win, your

commander will take all responsibility!

Therefore, many people in the hall were disgruntled by the sight of the lieutenant commander badge on Cillin's body. The few other lieutenant commanders wearing the same badges were practically rolling up their sleeves: WTF, I spent a dozen or so years to finally climb my way up to this position. With what virtues or abilities did this rash and stupid-looking kid qualify for this badge?

While thinking, some people had already made their way towards them. They did not hide their thoughts from their faces either. Although they were wearing smiles, their smiles looked like deserve a fist no matter how you looked at them.

"Yo, why's there a little baby here? You're about ten years old, aren't you little girl?" a brawny man over two meters tall walked over while saying loudly.

There was also another guy who was slightly shorter than him, but looked just as difficult to deal with beside him spinning the boomerang darts in his hands with great fervor.

When he saw that Cillin's group had paid him no heed and continued to proceed forward while ignoring him utterly, he stuck out his lips and swept a disdainful glance across them. His eyes turned, and he took out a big lollipop and said, "Hey little girl, here's something tasty for you. Do you want..."

Bang!

The brawny man's words were cut short.

The people who were about to laugh loudly at his words found their laughter stuck in their throats and became stupefied as well.

The stick of the big lollipop that was originally in the big man's hands was snapped at where his fingers were holding. The man's fingers were not injured in the slightest, whereas the part where the sweet was had flown high up into the air due to shock and applied rebound force. The lollipop spun towards Tang Qiuqiu and finally landed accurately into her hand. The bullet ultimately ended in the trash can and did not hurt anyone along the way.

Tang Qiuqiu tore the wrapping of the lollipop, leaned forwards to give it a lick and crunched it in her mouth before commenting, "It tastes okay!"

Is... is she seriously just a kid about ten years old?! There were many people who were shocked by this sight.

Number one, how dare this little girl open fire in the Vanguard's hall? They had never actually seen someone who dared to do so in the past. Although they had heard of such incidents in the past, they absolutely counted among the few. Plus, not everyone had the guts to behave so unscrupulously. If something went wrong, then even their lieutenant commanders would be dragged into the mess.

There was no problem if Vanguard's men wanted to fight each other, they could just settle it on the spot. There was no problem if they wanted to compete shooting skills as well, but most of the

time they would go to the communication department's shooting range to settle the score. However, this was a kid who wasn't even at lieutenant commander rank yet opening fire in a place like the first floor's hall without a second thought. Where did she get the courage to do such a thing?

Moreover, not a single one of them had detected any killing intent from her. No, they did not even detected that instantaneous moment where she should be locking on to her target before firing.

Number two, this kid's shooting skill was just too good. She had snapped the lollipop stick, hurt no one and ensured that the bullet was ultimately fired into the trash can. There was no doubt to her shooting skills, not to mention that she had caused the lollipop to fly into her hands after shooting the lollipop stick. She had intimidated her opponent and obtained her material benefit at the same time. One had to say that this was a most beautiful play.

Number three was the point where many people were at a loss with. Tang Qiuqiu had fired a trick shot! It meant that the bullet had ricocheted a couple of times before hitting its target. It was a devastating blow to many people to see a kid so young easily pulling off a trick shot.

The reason Tang Qiuqiu had used a trick shot was because a straight shot could not achieve the effect she wanted. Even if she did a curve shot, there was a limit to how far she could curve the bullet, and it still wouldn't achieve the effect she wanted. Finally, Tang Qiuqiu chose to use a trick shot. Based on what Cillin had said earlier, the building materials of Vanguard's communication department must be different from norm, and after she walked

into the hall and observed the situation around her, she had been entertaining certain thoughts in her mind.

The results weren't bad. She had managed a trick shot and gotten a lollipop at the same time. Tang Qiuqiu was very satisfied.

In reality, Udoze and Rikulab were even more amazed than the people around them. Usually, the Tang Qiqiu they saw acted no differently from a normal little girl. She would complain, she would hold little grudges, and she would be excited by the new and odd things around her just like any other kid. She was also a little fellow who loved to eat sweets. But now they knew that no one with that badge were pushovers, even if said person was just a little girl about ten years old.

"Thank you, uncle!" Tang Qiuqiu did not forget to express her thanks after licking her lollipop. The expression was purely formal without an ounce of actual gratitude behind them at all, but no one would care about such a thing at this point.

Chapter 160: Interaction [Part 2]

“Haha, I guess I did underestimate you. No wonder you can become an official member at such a young age. Well done!” the brawny man smiled and lost the disdain he had before after snapping out of his daze. Then, he continued to walk towards Cillin’s group.

Meanwhile, the person beside the brawny walked directly up to Rikulab and looked at him from top to bottom. Since the beginning, he had found Rikulab’s appearance very unpleasant to the eyes. So you want to act cool, huh?

While spinning his boomerang dart with one hand and slapping Rikulab with the other, he said with a smile that did not reach the eyes, “That being said, it would see that this guy here did not have an badge. Could it be that you’re not one of us Vanguard? Sigh, there’s no need to feel down. Although the little girl qualified even though she’s so much younger than you, but there’s no need to be too discouraged, yeah?”

The strength he used to slap Rikulab’s shoulder was stronger than one might expect, causing a loud pop with every slap. However, Rikulab stood firmly on his feet and did not shift a step.

The man was going to praise Rikulab seeing that he was able to endure this level of strength, but when he saw that Rikulab was still wearing the same annoying look where he could not even be bothered to be bothered, his anger immediately surged up once more. He put his hand on Rikulab’s shoulder and increased his strength, saying, “You’re a new reserve crew, aren’t you? As a

Hunter, you need to learn the courtesy necessary when facing your seniors!”

Cillin curled his lips. What was the courtesy necessary for Hunters? It was actually four words in a nutshell – the strong is king!

Although the brawny guy from before looked a lot stronger than this person, in reality the brawny guy was absolutely incomparable to him in strength. The first impression this person gave was that he was an agility type, but the truth was that he was a strength type. Therefore, when Rikulab had shown that he was able to endure the person’s force earlier, some of the people around him had already acknowledged him in their hearts. However, they did not mind watching Rikulab’s reaction from the sidelines after that person had increased his strength.

Reality exceeded everyone’s expectations. From the start Rikulab did not show any reactions at all. He did not even change his expression. The one who showed a reaction was the other person.

The person’s hand that was placed on Rikulab’s shoulder began to expand rapidly. What was obviously a steely and powerful hand with five well defined fingers swiftly transformed into a fat and thick meat palm in just a couple of seconds. His five fingers had lost their original forms, and the appearance of them joined together with the meaty palm was pretty comical. More importantly, the person did not feel any sense of pain at all. It was as if the nerves in his hand had been paralysed, or the receptors had been cut off. Thus, the true feelings of his hand could not be transmitted to to his brain at all.

The changes on his hand was just the beginning. As his palm continued to swell, his wrist were slowly starting to turn thick before spreading up to his arm as well. It was as if there was an air pump pumping air into his arm continuously. When the swelling spread up to his shoulder, the man gradually lot control of this arm as it drooped powerlessly towards the ground.

The surrounding people subconsciously touched and felt out their own arms when they saw this scene. They were all afraid that the same thing would happen to themselves.

“Hey you, kid!”

The brawny man took a huge step towards Rikulab, but found himself stopped by Cillin’s arm. The brawny man tried to push Cillin’s arm away from his path, but then realised that he could not move it an inch no matter how hard he pushed. By now the brawny man understood that they had ran into a real match this time. No one who could wear the badge of a lieutenant commander would be weak, and the other thing he learned today was that age had nothing to do with whether one could possess the badge of an official member, or assume the seat of a lieutenant commander.

The brawny man sucked in a deep breath and lifted his eyes to look at Cillin. However, he saw that this young lieutenant commander was wearing a faint smile that was neither alienating nor cordial. The good news was that he did not see any malice or disgust in Cillin’s eyes towards their provocations. This was a good sign for the brawny man.

“My brother, we have made an error in judgment this time, and this is our fault. We apologise. Please help cure my, ahem, brother’s condition.”

just to clarify, but brother is a common Chinese term used to indicate intimacy. It is a term used to indicate a friendship that’s close enough to be compared to real brothers.

Cillin looked at Rikulab, and Rikulab shrugged, “It’s fine. He will recover very soon. It won’t affect his body.”

Cillin turned around and said to the brawny man, “Then I guess it’s no big problem. It’s just a little prank, so relax.”

Relax? Like hell we can relax! Can you stay calm if it was your hand that was turned into a balloon? The brawny man and the other person grumbled. What kind of a prank was this? They were absolutely running as far away as possible if they met him in the future.

However, Cillin actually had seen someone who could still laugh and fool around despite having a ridiculously swollen hand due to allergy. For example... that fool young master Lung of the Andrea Family.

It was as Rikulab had said. The person’s swollen hand were confined only to his shoulder and his arm, and when two minutes had passed the swelling began to subside slowly. Five minutes later, his arm had already returned to its original form. Although there were initially still some wrinkles left on his skin, even those quickly faded as well.

The person looked over his arm and glanced at Rikulab with very odd eyes, “You can’t be an honor student who specialises in pharmaceutics or something, can you?”

Seeing that there were no petty resentment in the person’s attitude – in fact, he appeared rather undisturbed – Rikulab also stopped giving him an attitude and smiled, “No, I haven’t even received intermediate level education yet.”

That’s even scarier! The crowd thought. A guy who could reach this level completely on his own without even receiving an intermediate level education was either a genius or a monster. Wouldn’t he become even greater than he was now if he finished higher education and filled up the blanks then? Or maybe he could just not receive higher education and keep working on his own, and who knows, maybe he could even publish some kind of achievement in some high contribution points medical type electronic publications.

It appeared that Sixth B Squadron’s individual abilities were pretty good this time! Dammit, how did the Sixth Squad find such amazing talents?

While everyone was harboring their own thoughts, the woman over twenty years old who had been holding up her chin and watching from the main service desk all this time smiled and walked towards them. Her firm butt wrapped in her short skirt swayed rhythmically along with her footsteps, but the Hunters around her hurriedly turned their gazes away instead when they saw her. They randomly picked a topic and began to talk bullshit,

looking like they had not noticed the commotion at all.

The brawny man and his companion also escaped like the wind after giving Cillin and the others an awkward smile. Before he left, he moved his mouth said soundlessly, “Watch out!”

It would appear that this woman here had special status and was not easy to deal with.

But contrary to everyone’s thoughts, the woman who walked over said while wearing a cordial smile, “You are Cillin, Wheeze, Tang Qiuqiu, Rikulab and Udoze, am I right? Senior Barthus had told me to treat you well. Your meals have been prepared at the restaurant, and please tell me if there’s anything else you need. Allow me to lead the way.” once finished, she made a welcoming gesture.

When the surrounding people saw the boss lady of the first floor who appeared to be a babe from a distance but was in fact a fearsome bandit at close range treating Cillin and the others with such courtesy, their jaws nearly fell off in shock. Since when was their tyrannical bandit girl this polite?

There were also some people counting their fingers and realising that the boss lady had said five names in total. However, there were only four people present in the group right now. So where was the last person?

In reality, the gray cat had felt drowsy ever since it had its fill at the dessert store, and was sleeping on Cillin’s shoulder all this

time. As long as it wasn't something big, mister cat could not be bothered to lift even an eyelid.

Cillin thought that this woman was rather interesting. Despite having been notified by senior Barthus beforehand, she still watched them being provoked by the surrounding people from beginning to the end before finally showing up. As expected, this was how Hunters interacted with each other.

The woman looked at the gray cat laying on top of Cillin's shoulder and sleeping, and smiled, "We've purposely prepared some fishes as well. Steamed, saute, cooked, deep fried, roasted; we have everything..."

Mm, fish was important business. Therefore, the gray cat's ears captured the eligible keyword and awoken unhurriedly. Then, it stretched its back and yawned, "I'm hungry. Let's eat."

The woman hid a smile behind her hand, saying, "What do you think of this place, Wheeze?"

"Think?" the gray cat said lazily while scratching its ears, "I don't know, I was asleep."

Everyone: "..."

As expected, they were utterly ignored.

After the woman had brought Cillin's group to the restaurant,

someone pulled her when she came out and asked carefully, “Hey boss, just who are those people?”

This boss of the first floor was never this courteous even when she was facing a B Squad’s commander.

The woman spread her arms helplessly and said, “What can I do? Senior Barthus himself told me to receive them well and not cause too much trouble.”

The person came to realisation. So it was senior Barthus; no wonder their boss didn’t cause any trouble today and ended things after just watching a show from the sidelines.

Cillin directly connected with the Sixth B Squadron’s main control room and reported his return and the two new recruits he would like to recommend to Shawton. Naturally, Shawton was very happy about this, but when he looked at Cillin, there was some measure of worry in his eyes. He told Cillin to meet up with them as soon as possible, and that there was something important they needed to discuss.

After ending his conversation with Shawton, Cillin pondered about Shawton’s worried gaze for a moment. It was obvious that it hd something to do with the mission Barthus had told him about. After a moment’s ponderment, contacted again the control room of his squad’s starship.

The first thing that showed up on the screen was Cary’s huge face when the connection had gone through.

“Cillin, your bro misses you so much! No wait, let me try this again. LC Cillin, we miss you so much we could die!”

Cillin had the impulse to throw a kick right into his face.

Before Cillin could speak, Cary continued to get high on his own from the other side, “Also my beloved Wheeze and my cute Qiuqiu, you bro misses you all so much I could die!”

Someone was pushing Cary by the side, and judging from his voice it was Xiaoshang. Dough seized the opportunity to jump in front of the communicator before it was grabbed by the tail by Cary in an attempt to throw it away. Dough hugged onto the communication panel and refused to let go as Cary continued to yell in excitement, “Qiuqiu, your egg has been hatched!”

“Really?!” Tang Qiuqiu’s impatient face nearly filled up the entire communicator.

Chapter 161: Sector S, Joint Mission With Lung [Part 1]

“Yeah, hey Eudy, roll that fur ball over quickly!” Cary turned his head and roared to the side.

Not long after, they could see that Cary holding a white fur ball the full size of a soccer ball and giving it a squeeze. The fellow appeared to be still sleeping, and it had curled itself up into a ball like a porcupine. After it was harassed into wakefulness by Cary, it slowly recovered from its ball shape.

Its entire body was snow white, but its eyes were silver color. Its mouth and nose were fleshy faint pink, perhaps because it was still at infancy. It opened its hazy and unfocused eyes and let out a big yawn. It looked towards the communicator’s projection panel and lifted its drooping, round ear, letting out a whine.

The gray cat’s whiskers shook once: This guy; it didn’t need a second glance to tell that it could sleep even harder than it. Also, it’s so fat…

Tang Qiuqiu stared excitedly at the white ball thingy. Right now she really wanted to return to the squad.

“Qiuqiu, this little guy is a glutton, so you need submit an expense account for food expenses when you come back. Buy some food along the way, this fellow can eat anything.”

At the side, Udoze and Rikulab sweatdropped. Can a glutton with a wide scope of diet not be fat?!

“Alright, I will buy a lot of things!” Tang Qiuqiu immediately answered.

“Oh right, this little fellow doesn’t have a name yet. It’s just waiting for you, its true master to give it one. But before it has an official name everyone calls it ‘Qiu Er’.

Tang Qiuqiu frowned. Why did it sound a little strange?

“Okay. I’ll use this two days to think up of a name.”

Once they were done speaking, Cillin then broke off the connection. Otherwise, Cary being Cary might hold up the communicator on the other side and talk for the whole day.

“Faster faster, let’s set off right now. Hehe, my egg has hatched, it’s finally hatched!”

Earlier, when Tang Qiuqiu had followed Cillin and parted ways with the squad, Eudy had said that it might take up to more than half a year or over a year’s time to hatch it. Therefore, Tang Qiuqiu had not carried the egg with her and put it inside the incubation room. But she did not think that the egg would be hatched even before half a year was fully up. This really gave her a pleasant surprise.

However, following Tang Qiuqiu's loud cries, some of the surrounding people were looking at their direction with odd eyes. They even scrutinised Tang Qiuqiu carefully, seemingly checking if she was the average human being. It could not be helped, since Tang Qiuqiu's words were way too ambiguous. What do you mean 'my egg has hatched', they couldn't help but think of non-mammals because of that.

Due to Tang Qiuqiu's impatience and Shawton's words for him to return ASAP, the group of people adjusted their schedule at the last moment. Their schedule was now tighter, and they no longer had the free time to travel about.

Tang Qiuqiu did not hold back on spending. Even a hundredth of the money she earned from the mission and race bet was enough for her to buy a large quantity of food.

The communication department had a starship that specifically flies to their base of operations, so after registration was complete, Cillin's group then got up the spaceplane headed towards the space station where the starship was at.

Cillin, who had been listening to the gray cat criticising that fat fur ball noticed that Udoze and Rikulab hadn't spoken up all this time. Udoze was fine, Cillin could see that he was just anxious. But although Rikulab did not clearly express his thoughts, Cillin could more or less guess what was going in his mind right now.

"You are thinking that this is all there is to Vanguard, one of the great four of legends, aren't you?" Cillin looked at Rikulab smilingly.

When Udoze heard Cillin, he too looked at Rikulab. Personally he had no such opinion, but what exactly did Rikulab mean by this? Was he regretting getting on board?

Rikulab simply shook his head and said nothing to answer Cillin's question.

"In truth, this is nothing but a small scuffle for a member of Vanguard. They may have expressed their disdain or despise with their eyes, but if they were facing other Hunter regiments, then it would have been true hostility and malice. Also, these people are just the grassroot units of Vanguard, and the members of B Squadrons no less. The A Squad wouldn't have the time to hang around at their leisure at all. There were also a few veterans in the hall just now, but they haven't joined in and simply watched by the sidelines. Otherwise, those people would not have ended things with a small scuffle just like that. They would've definitely pulled you into a fight on the spot."

In reality, Rikulab did think that this was all there was to the great four of legends after experiencing that scuffle at the hall. But after he listened to Cillin's explanation, he found himself understanding Vanguard a little more. He remembered Barthus, a guy who gave him a powerful and strong impression even while he was laughing and teasing the gray cat and Tang Qiuqiu. Although the woman at the first floor hall of the communication department also left him a strong impression, she was still miles away from Barthus. Perhaps this was the difference between the A Squadron and B Squadron.

“Cillin, when it’s time let’s head to the A Squadron as well.” the gray cat said while wiping its whiskers.

Cillin patted the gray cat’s head and said, “It’s not as simple as that, and we have to accumulate military accomplishments as well. Also, it was thanks to Dias relinquishing his seat that I became LC, you know.”

Upon speaking of Dias, Tang Qiuqiu’s constant excitement dimmed a little, “I wonder how big brother Dias is doing.”

“He’s fine. Cary and the others look pretty spirited, so his treatment over there should be going well.” Cillin said.

Only then Tang Qiuqiu smiled and said, “Mm, he said that he’ll definitely be fine with sister Asiya around!”

“I can’t believe you believe such nonsense…”

Cillin smacked the gray cat before it could finish, enraging it so much that it jumped on top of Cillin’s head and smacked him randomly.

Since they hadn’t reached their destination, Cillin took the opportunity to explain to Udoze and Rikulab some simple things about the Sixth Squad so they would have a more concrete understanding of it. However, he did not go into the details. Some things could not be said temporarily because they hadn’t yet been officially acknowledged. It was only after they had acquired official

acknowledgement and received a badge that they could be told more in-depth information. This was the rule, just like how Cillin still wasn't qualified to know certain things about the A Squad.

The A Squad... Cillin recalled Barthus and Shawton's words. Could it be that this matter involved the A Squad as well? If even Cillin's immediate superior Shawton wasn't qualified to ask, didn't this mean that the decision-making power lay in the hands of someone even further up?

Chapter 161: Sector S, Joint Mission With Lung [Part 2]

Vanguard's base was on a planet called Planet K-J100. One only needed to look at its code to know its importance, and as Vanguard's base the planet was also called Planet Vanguard.

In reality, the entire J-District of Sector K was the Vanguard's domain, and Planet Vanguard K-J100 was set as the heart of the district.

After the starship arrived at the space station outside Planet K-J100, the people would take different spaceplanes to head to different locations on the planet.

The majority of the area on Planet K-J100 belonged to the A Squad. The people of B Squadron were not allowed to enter this area unless they had been given permission or notified. The areas beyond this area belonged to the B Squadron, and every B Squadron was allowed to operate freely within their own areas.

Cillin was going to to take the spaceplane to the Sixth B Squadron together with Tang Qiuqiu and the others. However, they were stopped the second they stepped off the starship. There were people sent by the A Squad to receive Cillin and the gray cat. Perhaps the higher-ups had briefed them beforehand, but their attitude towards Cillin could be considered okay. At the very least, they did not look at him with contempt or attempt to provoke him. Instead, they were looking at him curiously.

Left without a choice, Cillin could only request Tang Qiuqiu to lead Udoze and Rikulab to the Sixth B Squadron. After all, Tang Qiuqiu was the only out of the trio who had a badge. Sometimes a badge was also a very effective passage permit or the two ‘permitless’ people, Rikulab and Udoze, would have been thrown into prison before they could explain anything and would be served with cruel punishments at this Vanguard base.

Cillin followed the people, rode a spaceplane and descended at the mouth of a roadway belonging to the A Squad. The second he got off the spaceplane, he immediately saw Shawton waiting for him. There wasn’t much joy on his face, and his eyes were even filled with worry when he looked at Cillin.

“Commander.” Cillin raised a hand and greeted.

Shawton smiled and said, “I heard you found two very good recruits for the squad. Good work. You work pretty efficiently.

The people who escorted Cillin here bid him goodbye before another group of people replaced them. They led Cillin and Shawton up towards a modified flying car, and then headed towards a particular building. Shawton said that it was a slightly special building used for discussing matters. Even those in the A Squad could not enter without a certain level of qualification.

Cillin’s mouth twitched on the inside. I guess I have to thank them for treating me this highly.

When they were walking into the building, Shawton sighed and

said in a soft tone, “Don’t accept this mission if you do not want to.”

“I know.” Cillin motioned for Shawton not to worry.

When they arrived in front of a meeting room, Shawton was blocked from entry. Cillin and the gray cat were the only ones who could enter. Shawton told him that he would be waiting at the lounge around the corner.

Cillin nodded. The door automatically opened when he walked up to it. Cillin lifted his foot and walked in.

Shawton experienced mixed feelings when he saw the shut meeting room door. It took much hardships before the Sixth B Squadron had finally found such a great talent and an opportunity to develop itself. He really did not wish to see any mishaps befell upon their talents, and Cillin especially so. Dias once said that Cillin would lead the Sixth B Squadron to a new, glorious height. That was why Shawton had figured that it might be a mission related to that place even if he did not have full understanding of the matter.

The problem was, that was no place for a LC of a small B Squad to be at at all!

Their eyelids twitched the second Cillin and the gray cat walked into the meeting room.

Why is this fool here?!

Standing on top of Cillin's shoulder, the gray cat stared at the tidily dressed fellow drinking tea with a serious face while putting on the airs of a gentleman that was not without unyielding sharpness with an open mouth. It severely doubted that the gangster-like dude it met earlier was this person's twin brother.

Upon seeing Cillin's entry, young master Lung nodded with a smile that was just perfect with a straight face. Both Cillin and the gray cat could feel their hair standing on its end.

He's gone crazy, he's totally gone crazy…

There were a few other people they did not recognise sitting beside the table of the meeting room. However, judging from their badges he knew that these people had a lot of say within the A Squad.

"Cillin and Wheeze, right? Take a seat. No need to be nervous." one of them let out a friendly smile and pointed at an empty chair.

Mm, this time the chair wasn't tampered with like the time he met Barthus and Songba Leruo. Well, he should've known that not everyone in the A Squad was so idle that they would use a junior's performance to make a bet at any time like Barthus.

Neither Cillin nor the gray cat were people who would get nervous. After giving his Hunter seniors a salute, he calmly walked

over, pulled a chair and sat down. Meanwhile, the gray cat jumped up the table, sniffed at the tea in front of Cillin before licking it with its tongue. After pondering over it for a bit and finding its taste to be pretty good, it ignored the surrounding people directly and licked the cup of tea to the bottom. Once it was done, it raised its head and looked at its surroundings, “Is there more? I didn’t get a chance to drink any water while we were on the way.”

The Vanguard’s people smiled and requested someone to refill its cup. Then, they took out another cup and put the entire tea pot right beside it. Judging from their expressions, they fancied the gray cat far more than they fancied Cillin. Cillin didn’t mind this, however. The more they fancied the gray cat, the more its safety could be guaranteed. At the very least, Vanguard would put on a hard-line attitude when faced up against the military or some crazy research organisation. After all, Cillin’s current abilities could only bring him so far, and he could not influence the entire Vanguard Hunter regiment at all. He could not even acquire certain information he needed.

Sigh, he had a heavy burden and a long road ahead of him.

Young master Lung had not spoken up all this time. He kept twirling the cup in his hands and playing at being deep and mysterious.

After the leading person in charge on Vanguard’s side briefly spoke, he then passed an electronic notebook to Cillin. The rough introduction and description of the relevant mission were all listed on top of it.

Cillin accepted the electronic minute book and began swiftly swiping through the pages with his finger with great speed. The speed at which he was swiping through the pages surprised the people present. They did not think that this kid actually did have some abilities of his own.

What they did not know was that Cillin had purposely lowered his reading speed. Otherwise, if he were to give it his all, the shock might jolt off their front teeth.

When he saw the phrase ‘Sector S’ on the electronic minute book, Cillin immediately recalled the things Enji mentioned in his diary.

Yes, it had been fifty years.

Sector S was the prison sector that made everyone’s faces pale upon talking about it. All infamous criminals of the galaxy were imprisoned there, and many of these criminals were figures who had a good time for a while at a certain sector. Since Sector S was the byword for prison and criminal, it was also regarded as the darkest place in GAL.

Sector S wasn’t big, and it had very few habitable planets. However, every planet in Sector S was like a hell of its own. Some people said that the place was constantly engulfed in ghoulish screams and filled with countless vengeful ghosts and evil spirits.

Among the prisoners who were locked up in Sector S, there were Hunters, traders, and key participants of governments and the

military. The army stationed at Sector S was in fact a different kind of army, and thus the GAL military's influence over them was much smaller than other places.

Cillin remembered that Knight once told him that these people could not even be considered servicemen. The reason why so many innocents died in the prison was because the people stationed at the prison planet or the prison guards who had attacked them directly.

Unfeeling, numb, and slaughterers. These were words used all too often to describe the people who guarded this prison.

The reason why some people of great forces, great business groups, great families, influential politicians and big shots in the army could survive despite being sentenced to imprisonment in Sector S was because they all had some measure of influence in Sector S. One of the major reasons why Sector S was called special was due to its level of complexity.

Once, there was someone who said that they saw a person who was sentenced to jail several dozens of years ago actually become a prison guard after their sentence had ended. There were also such people among the army that was garrisoned there.

Every force kept an eye over their own people in the prison. It was common to suppress another force, or even scheme against and assassinate another person.

Everyone in that place was strong, veterans on the battlefield,

and wielded his own respective abilities. Only death awaited the weak who entered that place. It was no wonder Shawton would worry, since Shawton himself had no guarantee that he could preserve his own safety in that kind of a place.

However, when Cillin had finished reading through the data, he was surprised to find that the mission had been suggested by the Andrea Family. Moreover, they had specifically picked out Cillin and the gray cat to accept this mission. If Cillin agreed, then the transaction was complete. If he turned it down, then Andrea would not seek out others among Vanguard either.

The fifty years of prison term was about to come to an end. It was about time the members of Vanguard imprisoned inside Sector S were freed, weren't they? The A Squad had probably made up their minds already, but the ones to head there would most definitely be elites and not Cillin.

It was not unexpected. Of course the Vanguard members who were imprisoned at Sector S would order the A Squad to send out the elites they had great confidence in to receive them, and not someone like Cillin whom in their eyes was still a soft shoot. Their confidence in Cillin's ability was still at the doubtful level, and this matter was of the utmost importance. It was highly unlikely they would allow a new command to follow them.

The A Squad had a different opinion about the matter with the Andrea Family. While they would not pass their own squad's mission to Cillin, Cillin could accept a mission issued on someone else's behalf. There were both advantages and disadvantages. However, since Cillin didn't rank high in Vanguard yet there

weren't many people who objected to this appointment. They could also use this opportunity to see just how capable the person both Barthus and Songba Leruo had recommended together was.

When Cillin returned the electronic minute book back to the other party, he did not agree to the mission immediately. Instead he said, "About this mission, I would like to talk with the Andrea Family in private before deciding whether I will accept this mission or not."

The person in charge on the Vanguard's side did not object to this request. There was a small meeting room connected to this big meeting room that was specifically prepared for those people who needed to have a separate discussion.

Seeing Lung's nod, Vanguard's person in charge pressed a button, and a small door appeared on a wall that looked almost identical to its surroundings. Both Cillin and Lung entered inside the room. There were a few other people on the Andrea's side who wanted to follow Lung into the room, but were stopped by him. Among them was Berzett. But although he did not go in, Berzett shot Lung a glance before the door was closed: Don't act too undisciplined, and watch out your own image.

Lung pretended not to see it at all.

The second the door was closed Lung immediately revealed his true form, kicking his shoes aside and tossing his jacket away while half laying on top of his chair panting like he ran a marathon, "I'm so tired I could die! Look, my toes are about to blister. Slippers are still the best…"

Lung did not talk business from the start. Rather, he complained and vented his full stomach of grievance for a dozen or so minutes while showing no signs of ending. Cillin threw him a kick, “Get to the point already!”

Lung scratched his head, “Didn’t we talk about the point outside already?”

Like hell you did!

“Alright alright, ask me whatever you want.” Lung crossed his legs and sat very vulgarly on the chair.

“Is someone in your family imprisoned there as well?” Cillin asked.

“Yeah. He’s a senior who was put into the slammer fifty years ago. Your high and mighty young master volunteered himself to rescue him so that he wouldn’t get killed right after he got out of prison before he left the Sector.”

“It’s fifty years ago, huh.” Cillin frowned. Just how big was that incident from fifty years ago that it involved so many people!

While rubbing the sole of his foot, Lung cast a glance at Cillin before saying, “The mess from fifty years ago was too big and involved too many people. The four great Hunter regiments, some giant business families, the military and some politicians etc. were

dragged into it.” after a pause, Lung continued, “Didn’t you realise that your life as a Hunter up till now had been relatively peaceful? Even that suddenly emerging ‘Poison Fang’ or something that you guys destroyed, and some other fellows who unqualified to show their faces on stage but was arrogant as hell did not cause much of a splash. None of the big forces or even the military took very strong measures against them, because they are just too weak in comparison. That was why they were left around to season things up a bit, not to mention that the strong ones hadn’t made a move yet. Let me give you an example. Did you not realise that you’ve only see three out of the four Hunter regiments until now, and that one remaining Hunter regiment had been keeping a low profile all this time?”

Chapter 162: Ready To Go [Part 1]

“I guess we can’t say that they’re the only ones who are keeping a low profile, since in reality everyone was keeping a low profile. It’s just that they were extremely low key even when compared to the others. For the past fifty years, there hasn’t been any unusually huge conflict between the four great Hunter regiments, the great four and the military, and the business, political and other circles as well. This was a buffer everyone had agreed to by chance.” Lung continued to say.

Cillin did not say anything.

Ever since he joined Vanguard, Cillin had been paying constant attention to the movements of the four great Hunter regiments. On the whole, the four great Hunter regiments were just like an indicator whose movements were more or less followed by the Hunter regiments in GAL.

However, as he came to understand more over time, Cillin discovered that the current great four weren’t nearly as dazzling and flamboyant as they used to be. It could be said that they were acting a lot more low-key than the historical records stated. Now that he thought about it, it might really be due to the influence of that incident fifty years ago. If he hadn’t seen the content of Enji’s diary, he might not know even now that there was an incident fifty years ago so huge that it influenced the entire GAL. However, what Cillin still did not know was what exactly had happened fifty years ago that caused even the great four to withdraw their claws?

In GAL, the incident from fifty years ago was not brought up be it

in electronic networks or physical records. Perhaps some of the old people who lived through that time would know something, but were all afraid to talk about it.

"Have you checked out Blue Butterfly's communication department when you were at the transit planet?" Lung asked.

Blue Butterfly was the one out of the great four Lung spoke of who had been keeping a low profile all this time. Blue Butterfly was slightly special among the great four in that their numbers might not even reach a tenth of numbers of the three other Hunter regiments such as Vanguard. However, their average strength was also a lot higher. Looking at the ranking of GAL's Hunter regiments, the great four's overall strength did not differ much from each other, and it was difficult to differentiate exactly who was more superior to the other. However, Blue Butterfly's average individual combat power was publicly known as the strongest out of all Hunter regiments in GAL. Moreover, B Squadrons did not exist in Blue Butterfly. This was what made Blue Butterfly was special.

Every Blue Butterfly member had a butterfly-shaped tattoo on their bodies. There were demon butterflies, swallowtail butterflies and all kinds of other patterns, and underneath these major categories, everyone's tattoo differed according to the person.

Cillin shook his head when he heard Lung's question. He had headed straight to Vanguard the moment he found the coordinates. He had not paid attention to the situation of other Hunter regiments' communication departments.

“Blue Butterfly’s communication department never had too many people, and even if you went there you would only find some grass-roots units. However, no one knew where the core forces of Blue Butterfly were since they had vanished more than forty years ago.” at this point, Lung let out a sneer and said, “But this time, it is likely that even the most low-key Blue Butterfly would return. In fact, they would return in force.”

“Do you know what happened fifty years ago?” Cillin asked.

Lung made an apologetic gesture and said, “I only knew some matters that are related to our family, and a rough impression of the other forces. Although everyone was involved in the incident fifty years ago, their objectives and needs all differed from each other. Did no one in Vanguard tell you about this? But I guess it’s only natural since it’s a public secret. If I wasn’t the first young master of the Andrea Family, I would not have the qualification to know about the things that involved the family back then as well.”

“Never mind then.” Cillin expressed his indifference, “Let’s talk about this mission. What are your intentions exactly?”

“My intentions? Didn’t I say them pretty clearly before? I’m requesting your cooperation in completing this mission. Speaking of which, this mission is beneficial for you Vanguards as well.”

“That electronic minute book only talked about a mission at Sector S, but it did not specify exactly what we’re going to do there.”

Lung used the hand he used to rub his leg earlier to scratch his head, “Er, to put it in simpler words, that Andrea Family core mission of ours absolutely won’t fall into my lap. My dad would not let me do something as leading the charge and breaking through the enemy lines right now anyway. He said that my abilities are lacking, and I haven’t left a seed behind to continue the family line. It’s the pits if I went there and did not return, so instead I applied an extra mission on my own accord from my dad – arson!”

“Arson?”

“Yeah. If they’re fighting mad at the front yard, then we’ll go set the back yard on fire. It’ll serve as a kind of a distraction, and a chance at toughening ourselves. There are no hardline victory conditions, and there are no hardline objectives. This is purely entertainment with a high degree of freedom.”

“The place you choose for pure entertainment sure are special. A step in the wrong direction and we’ll lose our little lives away and be miserable all the same.”

Lung said excitedly, “It’ll be fine. Not even my dad turned down the idea after the difficulty level was lowered. This is a rare opportunity, and I have a feeling that when the time comes Sector S will be pretty chaotic, so why not take the chance and make the waters muddier. We’ll just be a spectator of the whole thing.”

Cillin gave it a thought. It was not like he had anything to do, and it wasn’t an opportunity that he would let pass by. When he saw the phrase ‘Sector S’, he had already decided against foregoing the

mission. That being said, it was still better to get answers for zome questions.

“Why fifty years? Something happened fifty years ago, and then a bunch of people were all given fifty years sentences. That doesn’t sound right.”

“Excluding the heavyweights, the small fries were either dead or sentenced to prison terms of varying periods between ten to fifty years. There were people who had been released and returned from Sector S, but the ratio of people who returned safely from Sector S were less than a thousandth. In fact, at a certain period of time the people who were released from Sector S were utterly annihilated. The ridiculously low safe return ratio was one of the reasons why everyone had made their respective preparations to safeguard the heavyweights’ return. As for why that mission only resulted in fifty years of prison term, we had the disagreements between the military and political groups to thank. The people in academia who had decision making power also reached some sort of underground deal with everyone, which was why everyone worked together to reduce everyone’s sentences to fifty years.”

“I see.” Cillin recalled a number of things. It wasn’t that the Hunter regiments did not have any achievements on ‘Glory’ or ‘Code’, they had simply became someone else’s achievements. These were all part of the deal.

“Therefore,” Lung approached Cillin with shining eyes, “Let’s go stir up a row.”

Cillin raised his eyes and glanced at Lung once, “It can’t be that

the reason you volunteered yourself and applied for such a mission from your dad was because you were fed up with the matters at Sector H, can it?”

“Bullseye. Let’s go let’s go, when the time comes I’ll tell you secretly some of the secrets back then.”

“I didn’t say that I’m not going.”

“Haha, then it’s a deal!” Lung bounced right up and ran towards the door, but just when he was about to open it he stopped and walked back with a bitter look on his face. He put on his shoes, tidied up his clothes, and straightened out the flew clumps of hair he scratched out of order until everything was perfect. Finally, he cleared his throat and opened the door with a profound appearance.

They returned to the big meeting room, took a further step deeper into the negotiation, discussed about remunerations and other matters, signed the contract, shook hands and bid each other goodbye. But because Cillin requested to rest here for several days, Lung and the Andrea Family people also stayed behind at K-J District. Vanguard had arranged temporary lodgings for them.

Of course, there was no way they would allow the Andrea Family people to stay long term at Planet Vanguard, so they had arranged their lodgings at another planet at the rim. However, Lung lost his patience after just staying there for a day and took his men directly to the transit planet for fun. He told Cillin to find him there after he had rested sufficiently and dealt with all his matters.

Shawton did not comment anything about Cillin's choice. He simply told Cillin to rest well during the few days he was at the Sixth B Squadron.

Chapter 162: Ready to Go [Part 2]

After getting out of the A Squad's domain, Cillin and Shawton took a spaceplane and departed towards the Sixth B Squadron's domain. The gray cat laid lazily on top of Cillin's shoulder and moved its tail from time to time. It had not interrupted when Cillin and Lung were conversing earlier. It did not matter since it would have fun wherever they went anyway. Of course, the gray cat was very willing to go to an unfamiliar and dangerous place; preferably the kind where it could turn everything upside down.

"You look like you're feeling pretty good." Cillin poked the hair above the gray cat's ear. The gray cat flicked its ears and patted Cillin's hand away with a paw while letting out a humph, "The weapon loadouts at the A Squad's domain are pretty good. Their signal protection is stronger than our squad's too."

"But?" Cillin raised an eyebrow and continued along the lines this fellow was headed to. He'd allow it to have a moment of self-enlightenment this time.

As expected,

"But! I can turn that place into a mess all the same, hehe meow." the gray cat raised its chin and said proudly.

"Alright enough, when we get to Sector S you'll have the chance to go wild."

"Of~ course~. For the sake of the mission later, I want extra

meals for the next few days!”

The main point is at the last line, isn’t it?

Although this was the first time he visited the Sixth B Squadron’s base, Cillin still felt a lot more relaxed. Perhaps that big emblem with the number ‘6’ alone was enough to soothe his feelings.

With Shawton leading the way, Cillin and the gray cat were able to go wherever they wanted unimpeded. Previously, the Sixth Squad had all operated on the starship, and now that they had all been transferred into the base. The many connected buildings looked just like a fort.

“Let’s go, everyone’s accommodations are over there.” Shawton led Cillin towards one of the buildings.

However, before Cillin could enter his own room, Cary intercepted him and gave him a bear hug. Then it was Xiao Shang, Eudy and the others. Tang Qiuqiu came over while hugging a white fur ball; the thing that had hatched out of its egg. Still, other than slightly larger ears, why did it look a little like a bear? While a bear was a mammal, this particular fat bear had most definitely jumped out of an egg.

Cillin scoured the information in his head for a bit and confirmed that he had not seen such a specie on that planet.

“Brother Cillin, I named it Snowball!” Tang Qiuqiu said clearly

while hugging the fat little fellow.

“Snowball. That’s a good name.” Cillin said. It was a good name, since both the owner and the pet had the word ball in their names, unlike a certain gray cat who once called itself Whebeze. Now it was called Wheeze, wasn’t it? So it would seem that names were defined by the people around you. No matter how much you disliked a name initially, given enough time you’ll eventually get used to it.

The Chinese word 球 a.k.a ‘Qiu’ also meant ‘Ball’.

Cillin asked Tang Qiuqiu to give Snowball to him for a hug. The little fellow had awoken from its sleep since it was noisy with so many people around it. According to Eudy, this little fellow slept eighty percent of the time. The rest of its time was spent on foraging, excreting, and being rolled around like a ball by everyone for fun.

Little Snowball opened its silver eyes and looked at its surroundings in a daze. It did not struggle despite the unfamiliar surroundings, and after moving its little nose once it narrowed its eyes and let out a yawn. It then turned its gaze to the gray cat crouching on top of Cillin and patted it with a paw. It let out a whining cry that sounded like it was buttering up to the gray cat.

The gray cat’s whiskers shook once as it said with a serious expression, “This guy… seems to be older than me!”

The clamorous group who were chatting and laughing with each other fell silent at once.

“Wheeze, this little fellow hasn’t hatched out of its egg for much time. It hasn’t even been thirty GAL calendar days yet. I can guarantee this! The rest of the people in the Sixth Squad can be eye witnesses as well.”

The gray cat rubbed its whiskers and continued to ask, “When do you start calculating its age? When it took form after the ovum was fertilised? When it was an egg? Or when it hatched out of the egg?”

“Er, for creatures that hatched out of eggs, of course we start counting since the moment they were hatched.”

“Oh, I see. Then it’s okay.” the gray cat lifted its paws once more and touched Snowball. It now felt a lot more elated, “So it’s still just a baby!”

If they really counted its age since the moment the egg was born, this little fellow might as well be a demon already.

Chinese lore often say that animals who cultivate for a thousand years can become a demon, or what you may imagine as an elite, power wielding version of the animal. Hence the above.

Dough, who had been clutching the wall and watching the scene was unhappy when it saw everyone’s attentions were focused onto Snowball. It swiftly moved its four limbs and charged towards Cillin, climbing up his pants all the way up to his shoulders. It then stuck close to the gray cat and gave it a rather disproportionate sized hug.

“Yo, you came out, Dough.” Cillin loosened a hand and gave Dough a rub, “You seem to have grown bigger, little fellow.”

Dough grew even more pleased when it heard Cillin’s words. Its wide open mouth seemed to indicate that it was smiling.

The gray cat cast a glance at Dough beside it before looking down at its own completely unchanged body. It lifted a foot, and whack!

Sometimes cats really were petty minded. At the very least, Dough had been kicked off Cillin’s shoulders as a result of the gray cat’s own disgruntled feelings. That being said, with Dough’s abilities it would be perfectly fine even Cary grabbed it by the tail and flung it against the wall.

The few people gathered together and talked a little about the things that had happened during the period of time. Earlier, Tang Qiuqiu had already shown everyone the photos she took with her camera, and shared some souvenirs with them. The trip to Little Garden especially had Zaya Kasa – the girl who replaced Asiya’s position in the squad – claiming that she must take a stroll at Little Garden when she had the time. It was such a fantastic place. Bee honey can nourish one’s skin, and the bee honey of Little Garden was old several times its original price outside. This further fortified the decision of some of the females in the squad to form a group and take a vacation at Little Garden.

Cillin inquired about the situation over Dias’ side since Dias and the others who had gone to Sector E for treatment had not yet returned. Apparently things were going well, and they were undergoing recovery treatment. After all they were all Hunters,

and no Hunter would wish to be incompletely healed. In a battle of life and death, an incompletely healed affliction was like an invisible bomb that could not be seen, but could explode at any moment and rob them of their lives. However, he also heard that they would be able to return after another half a year. Dias would often send some videos back to the squad, and in the videos everyone looked pretty healthy. This also caused the Sixth B Squadron's morale to recover by a lot.

"Where are Udoze and Rikulab?" Cillin looked around but did not see the two people.

"They went to deal with the enlistment procedure. LC Akayi and Lu Suo are responsible for it." Cary said.

Cillin was a little surprised by this. After all, back when he joined the squad he had to go through the joint voting of the commander and the LCs before a decision was made. So why was the decision made so quickly when he, the LC, had not showed up until now and Shawton was with the A Squad?

But after giving it another thought, Cillin found the answer on his own. Senior Barthus himself had agreed to the enlistment, and Cillin himself was the one who brought the two new members on board. Naturally, the rest of the people would not object to the enlistment. Shawton might be dealing with some work at the A Squad, but he should have been informed a long time ago. Therefore, the decision to admit Udoze and Rikulab into the squad had become much easier to make.

The moment the topic of the new recruits were brought up, Cary

immediately grew excited, “I heard from the brothers at Second Squad that you guys showed off pretty well at Vanguard’s communication department on the transit planet!”

“What do you think of them both?” Cillin looked at Cary. He did not believe that Cary had not given both Udoze and Rikulab a show of strength, just like how Cary had wanted a handshake the first time he met him. He had to test their level of skill after all.

Xiao Shang interrupted laughingly before Cary could say anything, “That Udoze guy’s driving skills are pretty impressive. He took out Cary at least.”

Eudy also added, “It’s just like the time you dueled fighters against each other on the virtual platform!”

Cary’s face had been trained to become much thicker than before, so he simply chuckled at the jabs. He really wasn’t that embarrassed to lose five out of ten matches against Udoze. Plus, he had to admit that Udoze’s adaptability and driving skills were amazing. During the ten versus matches, he had won the first five and lost the last five matches. In fact, he had only lost faster and more decisively with each passing match. A talent like Udoze would be able to contribute a lot to the squad when they engaged in dogfights in the future.

“As for Rikulab, the guys at the medical team talked a lot with him. Sometimes they would skip meals altogether when they discussed.” Cary said.

It would appear that the duo had blended quite quickly into the squad.

After returning to the squad and resting for two days, Cillin got ready to head to the transit planet. For the past two days, they had drunk, dueled, and gave both Udoze and Rikulab a welcoming party in passing. The one who ate the most at the feast was the gray cat, and the fat Snowball came in second. It truly was a creature that had jumped right out of its egg, not having even a nursing period. Although it did drink milk, it ate even more of other things.

Therefore, the two greatest gluttons in the Sixth B Squadron became famous since that day.

Both Cary and Xiao Shang were rather disappointed when they heard that Cillin had a mission yet again. Originally, they were going to drag him to a few famous places of entertainment at Sector K. it would seem that Cillin could only join them after his mission was complete.

When Eudy heard that Cillin had a mission to perform even during such a time, a flash went across his eyes. He passed a note to Cillin when the others weren't paying attention, and after he read it, Cillin destroyed the note and gave Eudy an 'OK'.

He did not need to worry about Udoze and Rikulab. Right now, Udoze had access to fighters and received fighter training everyday. While this might be tedious and exhausting work to someone else, to Udoze it was something to take pleasure in. Meanwhile, Rikulab had also begun to attempt realizing some of

the few inspirations he had in the past with the aid of some people in the medical team who were well versed in pharmacology.

After bidding the Sixth B Squadron goodbye, Cillin and the gray cat stepped onto the starship headed for the transit planet once more. Although they had not yet officially departed, he could obviously detect an unusual atmosphere during the few days he spent on the base's planet. The atmosphere around the B Squadrons was still okay; it was mainly the A Squadrons spreading their tension and restlessness to their surroundings involuntarily.

A few days after they had reentered the transit planet once more, Cillin had purposely gone to the Blue Butterfly Hunter regiment's communication department to take a look. It was as desolate as Lung had told him, but something else laid beneath this surface of desolation.

Cillin did not head to Vanguard's communication department, and instead went directly to the place Lung told him to go. Lung was still sleeping when he reached that place. The same sight of a singlet and a pair of beach pants, slippers tossed randomly at the side and saliva flowing along the edges of the bed and onto the floor greeted him.

When Cillin saw the process of Berzett waking Lung from his sleep, he sighed: the actions of those who hail from great families were truly beyond the imagination.

What Cillin had not expected was that Berzett, the butler who had stayed by Lung's side like a nanny all this time actually wasn't following them along the trip. The only passengers on this trip

really was just him, Lung and a cat. Even if the starship they were on was small-sized, it still had quite a large amount of space. However, everything else around them except them two and a cat were machines.

Suddenly, Cillin thought that a road of hardships lay ahead of him.

Chapter 163: Aurelio's Cage [Part 1]

The starship the Andrea Family had prepared for Lung could be called a mini type, and it was a lot smaller than your average starship. It was spindle-shaped and appeared harmless from the outside, but in actuality the starship was installed with the latest 'Sentinel' defense system in GAL, cannons, high density energy particle beam launchers and more. Not only were these weapons concealed beneath its harmless appearance, the quality of all of the energy blocks utilised were also the absolute top tier. The moment it encountered danger, the starship's attack system would raise up its thorns like a curling hedgehog and attack the enemies at all directions.

The starship's interior design wasn't flamboyant, but a closer look would reveal that every detail had been meticulously designed, installed and put in order. It gave off the impression of low-key extravagance.

Inside the starship, there was a weapons storage room not far away from the control room and the lounge. All kinds of weapons ranging from cold weapons to energy weapons were stored inside it.

Just in case they encountered a mishap that they could not react to in time, the control room had been specifically modified so that they could rest inside it directly when they were tired.

Since the only passengers of this starship were Cillin, Lung and a cat, and that there were no beautiful girls on board, Lung purposely set the exterior of the robot servants on the starship into

the shape of all kinds of beautiful girls. Eye candy and all.

Inside the starship, Lung was lying on top of a recliner inside the control room while eating the roasted meat served by the robot servants. Bored, he sighed for the fifty sixth time of the day.

Cillin did not even lift an eye since he had gotten used to it. He was the one who applied for this mission himself, and yet he's been sighing for the entire day like a resentful housewife due to sheer boredom.

While staring at the gray cat entertaining itself on top of a table at the side, he said faintly, "Look at it. The life of a cat is so nice. It can happily play with its own tail for half the day. If it's hungry after playing it'll fill its own belly before falling asleep, and when it wakes up it can play with its tail again if it's bored."

Cillin raised his eyes and looked at the duo, "Actually, you're about the same as it. The only difference is that it is playing with its own tail, and you're playing with your own legs."

Lung put his feet back down from the recliner and shook once, "I'm bored!"

"Then go to bed. If you can't fall asleep naturally then enter the sleep capsule. Wake up only when something shows up."

"How can I possibly do something that boring?" Lung said disdainfully before falling into thought. Suddenly, his eyes lit up as

he said to Cillin, “Cillin, do you want to listen to some gossip?”

“Whose?”

“From fifty years ago, of course!” Lung controlled his recliner to move beside Cillin, “So, you wanna hear about it?”

Cillin took a glance at Lung’s ‘ask me beg me’ expression before moving his gaze back to the book in his hand, saying nothing.

Lung scratched his head, “Alright, I’ll assume that you agree since you’re not making a sound.”

The moment the gray cat heard that they were going to talk about some secrets, it gave up on its tail and jumped off the table, climbing up Cillin’s body and sitting down on his shoulders. It straightened its ears and began to listen.

But a long while later, Lung failed to force even a fart out of his ass.

“Hey, start speaking man!” the gray cat urged.

“Oh you know, the first step is always the hardest. I’m thinking where to start will be the most appealing!” Lung said righteously.

“And? It’s been ten minutes. Are you done?”

“Almost. Ahem.” Lung cleared his throat and immediately fell into form. He asked with a tone of excessive enigma, “Do you know about ‘Aurelio’s Cage’?”

The gray cat cocked its head. It actually had no idea about this.

Cillin answered uncertainly, “You mean the one from ‘Genesis Mythos’?”

Lung nodded.

‘Genesis Mythos’ wasn’t any profound reading material, but a story book for children. The stories in the book were simple, easy to understand, and short. ‘Aurelio’s Cage’ was one of the many stories in ‘Genesis Mythos’.

In this story, in order to test humanity, God imprisoned five objects that could help men realise their dreams. The prison was the hand of God itself, with each of his five fingers being a lock of the prison. The prison can only be opened by five corresponding keys, and the objects imprisoned by God’s five fingers are called ‘Aurelios’, which meant ‘dream’ in ancient language.

Aurelio was the byword of dreams in the legend. Those who found the keys, unlocked the cage and obtain the ‘Aurelios’ inside it would find their dreams realised.

“It may just be a children’s fairy tale, but no one knows if ‘Aurelio’ actually can realise a person’s dream. However, there

were plenty of people who would jump at the opportunity to seek out and obtain ‘Aurelio’. The struggles from fifty years ago were caused exactly because of a key.”

While listening to Lung, Cillin abruptly recalled that a key had been drawn at the end of the poem in Chamonidine’s diary. He hadn’t paid it any attention back then, but now he realised what it meant.

“Ah? Does a God really exists?” the gray cat said in shock.

Cillin, Lung: “…”

You’ve gotten the wrong point, sir cat.

Cillin scratched the gray cat’s head and said, “Of course there are no God, it’s just a fairy tale and it isn’t real. Also, the focus of the story is on ‘Aurelio’s Cage’, and not God.”

“Oh, I see. But if God isn’t real, then how did ‘Aurelio’s Cage’ come to exist?” the gray cat continued to ask.

Both Cillin and the gray cat looked towards Lung.

Lung shrugged, “That I don’t know. It seems that the stories related to ‘Aurelio’s Cage’ have existed since a long time ago… it was probably a thousand years ago. A thousand years ago, the story of ‘Aurelio’s Cage’ had suddenly showed up, and a couple of large forces joined hands to seal off the news. Therefore, there are very

few people who knows about ‘Aurelio’s Cage’ in GAL.”

So that’s how it is.

“Continue.”

Both Cillin and the gray cat wait for Lung to continue.

Lung proudly crossed his legs and instructed the beautiful robot girl at the side to bring him a glass of fruit juice. He was thirsty after talking a lot. Then he said, “There is a corresponding star map for every key, and for the past one thousand years these five star maps had already been broken into many pieces. Only by locating these pieces and putting them together could the keys be found.”

“A jigsaw puzzle.” the gray cat mumbled to itself. It sounded like a pain in the ass. The jigsaw puzzle itself wasn’t troublesome, but locating these pieces, was.

“In fact, if you obtain even one piece of the star map and then travel all around the universe, you may be able to find other pieces of the same star map since the pieces can detect each other. Do not compare a star map’s pieces with broken glass or something. A star map would not have more than five separate pieces, and some may have pieces as few as two or three.” Lung explained.

“That’s not too bad. If we get even a single piece then it’ll be easy, won’t it?” the gray cat looked eager to start looking.

Lung rolled his eyes at the gray cat and said, “The problem is that many people did not even have a piece to begin with, or how could a single star map piece possibly spark a commotion that big fifty years ago? Fifty years ago, a certain people collected the star map pieces, obtained a complete star map, and acquired information on one of the five keys. However, the news were leaked, thus causing a conflict of many sides.”

“And these certain people are?” Cillin asked.

“Who else can it be but those three old foxes on the GAL parliament? They’ve gotten a piece each and put them together to form a completed star map. However, the news of their success leaked and triggered the uproar of many forces. However...” Lung rubbed his chin, “I suspect that those three old bastards had purposely leaked the news so they could sit on the mountain and watch the tigers fight.”

watch in safety whilst others fight, then reap the rewards when both sides are exhausted

“How so?”

“Do you know that the key’s location isn’t the only thing that would appear after a star map has been completed? The key’s name was also revealed, and the name of the key those three old bastards discovered after the star map was completed was ‘White Night’.”

Chapter 163: Aurelio's Cage [Part 2]

"White Night?" Cillin frowned. In Genesis Mythos, one of the 'Aurelios' represented courage, while White Night could turn darkness into light.

"White Night is one of the five Aurelios. In Genesis Mythos, it is said that to give light to the people in darkness, but in reality White Night means energy, and in the explanation provided by the star map, White Night is the best 'omnipotent power source'. I do not know how much energy this type of power source can provide, but the fact that it can drive so many people to risk their lives meant that it must quite big.

Moreover, those three old bastards aren't that interested in power sources. Relatively speaking, I think that they enjoy watching people risking their lives and fighting over something even more. That's why there weren't many government officials who were involved fifty years ago, but there were plenty of armies and Hunter regiments."

Now Cillin understood what Lung meant earlier when he said that everyone's desires were different from each other.

Different characters had different objectives. Out of the five 'Aurelios', some might be suited for Hunters and some might be suited for traders. Those in academia, the military and the government all had their own respective objectives as well. They might be similar, or they might be different.

While talking, the scanner suddenly let out an alarm, “Energy signal detected ahead! Energy signal detected ahead!”

Lung immediately grew excited as his chair spun, “Activate invisibility mode!”

“Invisibility mode engaged.”

“Deep scan!”

Five minutes later, a scene was displayed on the screen. It looked to be a battle between two forces. There was a giant-sized starship and many spaceplanes and fighters around it. Wreckages could be seen everywhere, and the exchanging of firepower was pretty intense.

“Alright, we got something to do!” Lung rubbed his palm eagerly.

After watching the scene for a moment, both Cillin and Lung had discerned some of the issues on that ship. The battle was either caused by internal strife, or spies and traitors in their own midst. A huge hole had been blown from inside to outside at the side port of the starship, and from time to time fighter spacecrafts consisting of both sides would fly out from it. It would appear that battle had been engaged inside the starship, and it might not necessarily be any less intense than the battle outside.

“What are you going to do?” Cillin looked at Lung. Right now the guy looked like he had injected himself with chicken blood and was

full of enthusiasm.

"Are we going to rush over?" the gray cat worked its claws and looked full of expectations.

But Lung shook his head, "Our opponent is too strong. Compared to that starship our starship is practically a harmless child who hasn't finished puberty yet."

Harmless child… like hell that is true!

Although the size difference was huge, but combat strength wise Cillin was absolutely certain that the starship they were on could take out that big fellow.

"Don't you see that they're having a good time. What we should be doing now is of course to watch the show!" Lung snapped his fingers, summoning his beautiful robot girl to serve up tea and freshly baked biscuits.

However, just because they're watching a show and doing nothing didn't mean that they weren't using their brains. After watching for a moment, Cillin had already figured out which side were the rebels.

While chewing his biscuit and not bothering to wipe the crumbs off his mouth, Lung said, "Cillin, I have an idea."

Cillin did not object after listening to Lung's 'idea', "As long as

you aren't afraid that those fellows might break some things inside here, then sure."

"Heh, then it's been decided!" Lung spun around on his chair once before laying down a voice command, "Exterior transformation, ball shape."

"Exterior transformation engaged."

The entire ship's exterior began to transform as the smart system's voice resounded. It transformed from its original spindle shape into a round ball shape. Even the color of the ship's surface had changed into an arrogant white color, and a white ball sparkling with white light should be pretty eye catching amidst this darkness.

Since some people were also flying towards their direction, the two sides quickly pulled close to each other.

"Deactivate invisibility mode!" Lung instructed.

"Invisibility mode disengaged."

Just when the smart system had finished saying that, the fully transformed starship in the shape of a white ball appeared before the people's eyes.

Andrea Family's technology was publicly recognised in GAL. The fact that the starship could get so close and still not get detected by

the other party's counter surveillance system meant that its invisibility unit was just too good.

Meanwhile, the people on the other side were startled by the white colored ball shaped object that had suddenly appeared. At that moment, both engaging parties had become slightly absent-minded. However, when a line of words was displayed on the surface of the ball shaped flying object, the people on the other side finally began to react towards it.

The words appearing on the ball-shaped starship was: Come up, we'll take you away.

The side that was being hunted down and was almost driven into a final struggle immediately adjusted their flight path the second they saw these words. They flew towards the ball-shaped flying object.

"This is the Hunter regiment 'Heaven's Jail'. Who are you? We are purging our ranks of traitors, so please do not interfere!"

Cillin and Lung straight up pretended that they were both deaf and mute as they watched the starship's words displayed on the screen. They had heard of the Hunter regiment 'Heaven's Jail' before. It was a Hunter regiment that often operated around Sector S, and they were largely related to the people of Sector S as well.

Seeing that the other party had not responded to their transmission, the Heaven Jail members on board that starship grew angry and directly ordered a full scale attack.

However, the attacks were all blocked by the energy shield surrounding the ball-shaped starship. The ship was perfectly unharmed.

At this moment, the first four fighters and the spaceplane that had escaped the farthest ahead had already arrived near the ball-shaped starship. Five corresponding passages opened up on the ball-shaped starship, and the energy shields surrounding this five passages were extinguished.

On the starship, a person in the control room slammed a fist onto the table with a loud bang, “Which forces do they belong to?!”

“Maybe they were here to rescue them?” someone said.

Sector S had been growing more and more chaotic as of late. There were quite a number of local Hunter regiments who were severely damaged by unknown figures, and the reason traitors had appeared within their midst was also due to the involvement of those outsiders. It used to be the local Hunter regiments riding roughshod over people in Sector S, but now they were pushed to the brink of mental illness one after another. What on earth was going on?!

“What should we do now, commander?”

“Chase after them at full force!”

“Yes sir!”

But when the five fighters and the spaceplane had entered the ball shaped starship, it immediately raised its speed and entered invisibility mode at the same time. Before long, it had thrown off the Heaven’s Jail Hunter regiment.

After they had entered the ball-shaped starship, the people inside the five fighters and the spaceplane walked out of their cabins. At first, they thought that someone had been sent to rescue them, but after they walked out they discovered that that was not the case. Wherever they looked there were only robots, and not a single one of them was holding a gun either. They gave off a very friendly impression.

The leader of the group was a man with a big beard, a slightly crooked back and an obese figure. However, when he walked he gave off a very graceful impression.

Big Beard looked at the surroundings and motioned for his subordinates to stay calm and act carefully. When he stared at a robot and walked closer towards it, the robot had not brandished a weapon. Although these robots looked rather friendly, and many of them in the shape of beautiful girls that were almost exactly the same as your average human, it was very easy for Hunters who often roamed around Sector S like them to distinguish an average human from a robot. There would always be people of bad taste with their high-end robots set in the shape of beautiful girls.

The leader of the beautiful robot girls walked in front of Big Beard and revealed a sweet smile on her face. She said politely,

“Hello and welcome aboard, our guests. My master would like to invite you all to meet him.”

“Oh. I wonder what your master looks like?” Big Beard didn’t seem to be worried.

“Master will offer good hospitality. Master once said that all visitors are guests, and that we should receive them courteously.”

“Sure. We also have the master of this ship to thank for saving us, haha!” Big Beard led his dozen or so subordinates and followed the beautiful robot girl out of the passage.

Inside the control room, Lung sneered as he looked at the footage on the screen, “What a poor act. He looks very calm on the outside, but in reality he’s so nervous he could die.”

Lung pointed at Big Beard’s stomach on the screen and continued, “This guy has more than a pair of hands. In fact, he has a few pairs of hands all hidden inside here. He’s probably holding a weapon in every hand, and the second he detects anything amiss he will shoot.”

“How did you know that?”

“It’s a guess!”

Big Beard really was caught off guard when met the two men and a cat before him. At the same time, a plan was formed inside his

mind. He put on a wide smile on his face and said, “Thank you for saving me and my subordinates! My name is Pillar. We are former members of the Heaven’s Jail Hunter regiment. We have left our Hunter regiment due to some disputes, and the reason that a battle was engaged was because they refused to allow us to leave. Thank you for extending us a helping hand, or we may not have left the battlefield alive.”

“We are very glad to see you, Mr. Pillar. We just happened to be passing by and decided to lend our aid, so don’t mention it. Come, come and taste the freshly baked biscuits of our beauty Lisa.” Lung said while looking like a fop.

Pillar and the rest of his men could see that the wine on top of the table were all high class goods. Even the wine glass was made of top grade materials. It was obvious that this guy was a young master of a rich family, and judging from his sloppy and indulgent appearance, it would appear that he had never suffered any hardships in his life.

“Er, and you are…” Pillar asked.

Lung winked while holding his wine glass, “Let me tell you a secret. Me and my little buddy here had secretly ran out from our homes. We heard that something big is probably going to happen here, which is why we couldn’t hold our curiosity to come over to have a look and join in the party. Hehe, as we expected, the moment we arrived at Sector S we immediately found you guys in the middle of a scuffle.”

You call that a scuffle? It’s a fight with our lives on the line, okay!

Pillar and the others criticised on the inside.

While listening to Lung's explanation and combining it with their surrounding decor, Pillar and the others were beginning to believe somewhat that these two youngsters had truly ran away from their homes in secret. There were no servants, no guards, and all robots. They actually came to Sector S as two people only! Should they say that these two were innocent and ignorant of the cruelties of the world, or should they say that they were fools with a screw loose in their heads? Regardless, either scenario worked to their advantage.

While Pillar looked down upon this foolish young master of a rich family on the inside, he still kept his patience and talked just about everything with Lung as they felt out each other.

Cillin had been sitting on his chair and saying nothing all the time, reading his book. Lung had not been able to con someone for a long time, so he was just going to let him con all the way to his heart's content.

The gray cat lay on top of Cillin's shoulders and licked its lips from time to time.

Chapter 164: Blood Colored 'Hell' [Part 1]

Right now young master Lung was very happy. This was something both Cillin and the gray cat knew with their eyes closed. In short, young master Lung hadn't stopped laughing ever since he started conning Pillar.

The drinks served by the robots were plenty, but there were none of young master Lung's wine collection and mostly plain water. It was probably because he thought that it would just be a waste to serve them the good stuff.

While Cillin was flipping through some of the information of Sector S, the gray cat was licking its mouth more and more frequently. The light in its eyes was too obvious, so to prevent suspicion Cillin had it close its eyes and pretend to be asleep. On the surface, it looked just as harmless as a normal cat pet.

The more he talked with Lung, the more Big Beard Pillar was certain that he had run into a foolish rich young master who had came out for an adventure. Pillar's thought right now was more or less the same as his subordinates'. They looked at Cillin and Lung and felt that they were not a threat. On one hand there was a foolish rich young master with a simple mind, and on the other there was an honest-looking simpleton who didn't know how to socialise. Adding to that a cat of boring gray color, they seriously did not appear as a threat at all.

While Big Beard Pillar continued to listen to Lung's brags while wearing a smile on his face, he made a seemingly careless hand gesture behind his back. The people who were sitting at the table

and drinking their served drinks also gave each other meaningful looks.

Big Beard Pillar's smile grew more and more sinister, but as if he had noticed nothing Lung continued to talk to himself without being affected at all. It was only until Pillar took out his gun and pointed it at Lung's skull that he finally came to a stop. He blinked at Pillar, seemingly asking what exactly did he mean by the gesture.

When Big Beard Pillar took out his gun, the rest of the people also took out theirs and pointed them at Cillin and the surroundings robots. They had thought that the robots would react to them, but against expectations the robots never brandished any weapons and never shedded the sweet smiles on their faces. The robots holding trays did not put down their trays as well.

"What should I say, young master?" Pillar clicked his tongue and sneered as he kept his muzzle trained towards Lung, "It's just too wasteful to leave such a nice starship in the hands of two naughty kids."

"Er... Mister, what are you doing? We did save your life you know." Lung said with an innocent expression on his face.

On Cillin's shoulders, the gray cat rolled its eyes at Lung. Let's see how long you can keep this act up.

"Yeah, we thank you for saving our lives. So in order to show you our thanks, why don't you relinquish your lives."

“This starship only listens to my order.” Lung declared his own value.

But Big Beard Pillar obviously did not plan to leave behind any survivors. Just as he was about to shoot, an isolating cover rose from the bottom of the ground and trapped him inside. The people around Pillar were also trapped in isolating covers one by one.

Cillin never moved. This was a game Lung had thought up to pass the time in boredom, so he wasn’t going to stop him from having his fun. However, after the isolating cover had risen the gray cat abruptly jumped down from Cillin’s shoulders. It stretched its limbs and began to run towards the passage. There was one remaining prey that had hidden himself there and hadn’t shown up. This amount of trapped people should be enough for Lung to enjoy himself, so he had no need to snatch the remaining prey from it.

While watching the gray cat running out of the room, Lung waved a hand for the robots do their own things. They did not look like a threat at all.

Standing up from the chair, Lung stretched his body and looked at the people trapped inside the isolating covers while standing on his slippers. Someone opened fire at the isolating covers, but the energy had rebounded back to their own bodies instead. Three people were killed by the rebounding energies of their own guns. Pillar had obviously seen something similar before and thus had not opened fire carelessly. Seeing the death of his three pioneering subordinates, he gave up on shooting and pondered on another

way to break out of the situation. At the same time, he called out to Lung to contend with him.

When Pillar and the rest had walked down from their spaceplane and fighters and passed through the passageway, the scanner had ordered them to put down the weapons with high offensive power such as grenades etc. They were only allowed to bring their guns and some other small tools. Judging from the current situation, it would appear that this young master was prepared.

Lung was obviously not as friendly as they had first imagined. With a harmless smile, he walked before one of Pillar's subordinates, took out a controller and pressed a button. Water began to pour into the isolating cover until it reached the person's neck. There were also a few thin strips of tiny insects that had flowed into the cover along with the water. It was a kind of blood sucking insect.

When they smelled the scent of blood, the thin insects appeared to be incredibly excited. It swiftly clung onto that person's skin, and they could not be removed no matter how hard he tried to wipe them off his body. The only choice of removal was to shed a layer of skin. As the thin insects continued to suck in blood, the person's resistance gradually began to weaken. His face turned pale white and bloodless, and he even looked like he would shrivel up like a prune. The thin insects now looked several times thicker and completely red.

The rest of the people trapped inside the isolating covers panicked. But no matter what they said, no matter how loud they begged, and no matter how high the price they offered for mercy,

Lung showed no signs of changing his mind at all.

Once the first person was sucked dry, the second person followed, the third... The fifth person began to tremble when he saw Lung standing in front of him, and when the isolating cover became filled with water he shot himself right away. If he was going to die regardless, then he might as well die quicker. At least he wouldn't need to experience the fear of having his life being slowly sucked dry.

The insects did not give up even though he killed himself though. They stopped only when the body had been sucked dry.

Lung did not immediately press the button when he stood in front of the sixth person. Instead he said, "I'm giving you a chance. If you can make me happy, then I will let you go. This young master never goes back on his words."

"What... what do you want to know?" the person said with a trembling voice.

"Some unofficial news of Sector S, for example. This is the first time we arrive at Sector S after all, and we heard that Sector S is going to be pretty lively this time."

That person told him a lot of things, but there was not even one truly valuable information.

"Sigh, I'm so sorry." Lung pressed the button.

The interrogation continued over ten or so people, but he discovered that the useful information he obtained was just too little. He only learned that they had turned against ‘Heaven’s Jail’ due to a certain box. Someone had offered a high price for that box, going as far as to pay half the rewards in advance. This was also why Pillar was able to convince so many people to rebel with him. However, Pillar was the only one who knew who the buyer was. The rest of them simply followed according to his plans.

As for the box, Pillar was the one who had been holding it all the time. The rest of them did not know where it was.

“Where is the box?” Lung stood in front of Pillar’s isolating cover and asked.

“It’s on the spaceplane.” Pillar said with a heavy voice. Seeing Lung’s disbelief, Pillar tore his own jacket and revealed some tentacle-like things looped round and round his torso. When the long tentacles were extended, his obese figure suddenly pulled thin to reveal his original size. There was nothing there. It would seem that the box really wasn’t on his person.

Cillin stared at Big Beard Pillar. Here’s another non-average human being that he had never seen before. However, Pillar might not specifically belong to a particular race either, since there were all kinds of bizarre people in the entire galaxy. What puzzled Cillin however, was that he kept feeling that there was something on Big Beard’s body.

Lung glanced at Pillar's open tentacles and said disdainfully, "I can't believe you have the galls to show off such low grade tentacles. You better be telling the truth, or your death will not be pretty."

"It's your choice whether to believe me." Big Beard's eyes were dark and gloomy.

Lung walked towards outside as he juggled with the controller for fun. He was probably going to where Pillar and his crew had parked their spaceplane.

While Lung was walking towards outside, Pillar glanced at Cillin who was still sitting on his chair and paying them no attention. He hesitated for a moment, but determination quickly reentered his eyes and filled them with ruthlessness.

Each of the two tentacles hidden deep inside his pants were holding a tube-shaped object. When the objects touched the isolating cover, the head of the two small tubes suddenly sprayed out red light. It was the light of high intensity cutting energy.

Peng!

The isolating cover was broken, and Pillar swiftly pounced towards Lung's direction. But before he could open fire, he had already taken a shot to his head. The beautiful robot girl holding a tray continued to smile as a gun barrel at her elbow slowly withdrew back into its compartment. Soon, she looked just like before.

Lung's footsteps never stopped. He never turned around to look at Pillar.

Chapter 164: Blood Colored 'Hell' [Part 2]

Cillin frowned as he looked at Pillar lying on the ground.

Speaking of the one subordinate Pillar left behind on the spaceplane, he was one unlucky fellow. Like a mouse, he was toyed with by the gray cat until he was half dead. Lung only saw a hole on the spaceplane when he reached it. Its door was obviously locked behind multiple encryptions. Instead of wasting his energy decrypting them, he ordered his robot to cut it open directly by force. An ear-piercing alarm resounded on the spaceplane.

When Lung saw the gray cat and the last remaining person, said person was about to go insane. He shrank back into a corner and muttered gibberish non-stop.

Seeing that the gray cat had lost its interest, Lung ordered his robot to drag away that fellow and dispose of him. He then began to perform a search on the spaceplane.

"What are you looking for?" the gray cat crouched on the back of a chair, licked its paws and asked.

"I'm looking for some good stuff!"

"Good stuff?" the gray cat probed around once more, but there really wasn't anything else worth its attention other than the energy blocks. However, even these energy blocks were just your average energy blocks and far incomparable to those special energy blocks the Sixth B Squadron found. Therefore, the gray cat simply

let out a yawn and said lazily, “Well, good luck.”

When he heard the gray cat’s words, Lung came to a pause and looked at the gray cat walking away with a raised tail. He stopped looking and followed the gray cat’s exit.

“Why have you stopped looking?” the gray cat asked.

“There probably isn’t anything too valuable in there.”

When Lung and the gray cat returned to the control room, the men who had their blood sucked dry were shot out into space along with their isolating covers, followed up by a gorgeous explosion. However, Pillar’s dead body was left behind.

“What is it?” Lung asked. He had instructed his robot to dispose all of the bodies here. But why had they left Pillar behind?

“I told her not to dispose Pillar yet.” Cillin put down the object in his hands and walked over.

“What did you find out?”

“I don’t know. I just feel like there should be something to be gained.”

Cillin had just finished speaking when the gray cat let out an ‘Eh’ of surprise and went closer to Pillar, sniffing carefully, “There’s

something in here!”

While speaking, the gray cat immediately plunged a paw into Pillar’s stomach and fished around. Then it took out a small, round black ball about the size of a dove egg.

“What is this thing?” Cillin asked.

“I don’t know.” Lung examined the object left and right and took out a scanner to give it a scan. The display indicated that it was a rock unique to Sector S. However, if it really was just a rock, then Pillar most definitely would not have acted so secretively. Could there be something inside it?

Lung grabbed over a table knife and attempted to cut it. There was not a single trace on the surface of the black round ball at all.

“It’s really tough!” Lung looked at the nick on the table knife and tossed it away. He was just about to get a high energy cutter when the gray cat scooped it over with a paw.

While bending the sole of its feet, the gray cat lifted the round ball to its mouth with its paws. It opened its mouth, and bit.

Crack!

The small round ball shattered following the sound.

A small fragment glowing with deep blue light fell out.

The gray cat's nose moved. Now the scent had become even thicker than before. However, as long as it had memorised this scent, it would be much easier to find something similar in the future even if they were sealed behind stones are other objects. The reason the gray cat didn't noticed it earlier was because it hadn't been paying any attention at all to this scent.

"An Aurelio piece!" Lung exclaimed in surprise.

"Aurelio piece?"

Lung picked up the small fragment and gave it a look. Then he passed the object to Cillin, "Here you go. This is good stuff; it will be of great use to you when the time comes."

Cillin looked at the small, blue fragment in his hand, "So this is the fabled Aurelio star map piece." while saying this, he looked back at Lung and asked, "You don't want it?"

Lung said carelessly, "This Aurelio star map piece is useless to me. Just don't be stingy if you find a piece that I need in the future. I went through a lot of hardships looking for it, you know."

"And the one you need is?"

"The 'God's Tear' of the five Aurelios!" Lung's eyes shone brightly.

Cillin did not know what the ‘God’s Tear’ Lung spoke of looked like, but obviously the piece in his hand was not ‘God’s Tear’. Otherwise, Lung would have paid it a lot more attention. It could not be the ‘White Night’s’ piece either, since ‘White Night’ had already been fully collected. The fragment in his hand must be one of the remaining three.

“Keep it. No matter what it is, it’ll be useful to you Hunters. We of the Andrea Family cared only for ‘God’s Tear’, and my old man said that we should not pay too much heed to the rest of the pieces. He said that if we could not find ‘God’s Tear’, then we should not bother with the remaining pieces. Plus, if you haven’t kept this big beard dude around, he would’ve been blasted to dust a long time ago.”

“Okay. I’ll keep this piece with me for now. If I find an Aurelio star map piece in the future, I’ll show it to you and see if it’s what you need.”

“Heh, my good bro!” Lung patted Cillin’s shoulders before instructing the robot to clean out Pillar on the floor.

He did not think that he would obtain an Aurelio star map piece so soon. With the flip of a hand, Cillin withdrew the piece into his leaf-shaped ring.

“Still, it would not be easy to collect the pieces of the star map you have, Cillin. Depending on the situation, there will probably be at least three pieces and may even reach up to five in total. It is

definitely troublesome." Lung said. Then he smiled and stretched out a fist, "I won't release this news, but if I find other pieces in the future you'll have to trade with me!"

"Alright!" Cillin raised his hand and matched fists with Lung.

Although Lung's temper might appear very strange and unstable to outsiders, he treated those that he acknowledged and was willing to know very well such as Cillin, Knight and Ci Jincheng. Quoting a phrase from his old man, 'The Andrea Family has its own brainless manner of conduct."

Lung ran a check on the genetic information he collected from these people.

Pillar was a convict in the Sector S's grade two prison, whereas his subordinates were all convicts in grade one prison.

"This truly is Sector S. Even convicts could become Hunters." Lung joked.

Sector S's prisons were divided into five grades. Grade one was where the most minor criminals were imprisoned, whereas grade five was almost completely filled up with influential and important figures. That level was the objective of many forces this time.

The large majority of places at Sector S forbad the public entry of Hunter regiments. However, it was in this small, free territories where a large group of valiant and ruthless Hunter regiments had

appeared. Many of these Hunter regiments were tied to Sector S' defense army and prison guards, and many of their members had served a sentence in the prisons of Sector S. There were even some low grade convicts who had not yet fully served their sentences among them.

In reality, no foreign Hunter regiments were allowed in this place. If you were to lodge an accusation towards a local Hunter regiment, they would simply say that they were on a prison reform exercise. This was a covert form of ignorance by the officials.

In order to fully utilise their resources, Cillin had modified Pillar's spaceplane and fighters for a bit. This way, the spacecrafts would not look the same as when Pillar and his subordinates had piloted them earlier, and it made Cillin and Lung's latter operations more convenient. Afterall, they could not possibly pilot their own starship and roam everywhere they wanted brazenly. Moreover, taking into consideration certain matters that required them to descent onto a planet, these local spaceplane and fighters were still the better choice. In comparison to Pillar and his subordinates' spaceplanes and fighters, the spacecrafts equipped in this Andrea Family starship were pretty unconventional. It was best to be low-key.

Of course, they used some of the Andrea Family's stealth equipment. They were top grade stuff after all, so it'd just be a waste not to use them.

After he was done with the modification, Cillin returned to the control room and laid down. Not long after, the system indicated a planet with a detailed label on its coordinates.

“It’s ‘Hell’!” Lung said excitedly.

The outer fringes of planet ‘Hell’ was surrounded by some gray, misty stuff and was obscured from view.

‘Hell’ was an abandoned planet. This planet wasn’t called ‘Hell’ at first, but a certain number of factors ultimately triggered a calamity and caused the planet’s crust to move actively. Extended stay on this planet was impossible.

“Legend says that ‘Hell’ is red in color; blood red!” Lung said in a strange voice.

“‘Poison Fang’s’ planet was also red in color.” the gray cat said with an unconvinced tone. Red colored planets did not seem like much to it.

“But Wheeze, this planet wasn’t red in color in the first place. It was dyed red in blood!” Lung continued to speak in a tone that suggested he was telling a ghost story.

The gray cat’s eyes slanted, “Do you seriously believe such a retarded saying?”

“I can’t help but believe it, for I heard that this planet had undergone an ‘apocalypse’. Since then the planet lost its former vitality once and for all and gradually turned into its current accursed appearance. You should know that this planet once

boasted a Rank A planetary habitability! But now? It is looking to decline from Rank B to Rank C, and it may ultimately reach Rank D in the end."

"How did it turn out like this?" the gray cat asked. Just how much did it take to plunge a planet from Rank A to Rank B, C and D?

"The reason this planet had turned out this way was all thanks to its inhabitants. Originally, there was a huge research institute on this planet; a research institute that specifically used convicts to conduct researches on the human body. Later on, the situation slowly went out of control, and the very planet itself seemed to have gotten 'angry'. Earthquakes would happen frequently later on, and the mountain peak you see today may turn into a flat plain tomorrow."

"It was that savage?!"

"Yeah, it was." Lung wore an enigmatic smile, "Let me tell you a secret. According to my knowledge, there were hellhound guards inside 'Hell'. I wonder if these hellhounds still exist to these day... are you interested to go take a look?"

"Of course!"

Chapter 165: The Final Protectors [Part 1]

When they neared planet ‘Hell’, they could see the planet clearly from the large display. The outside of the planet was gray and blurry. Lung fired many probes to test various parameters of the planet. Although the level of air pollution exceeded acceptable limits, Lung, Cillin and the gray cat could still handle it without putting on a protective suit.

Looking at the footages transmitted back by the probes, the planet had undergone a big change. However, it wasn’t entirely the bloody red color Lung had mentioned earlier. It was simply a brown yellow background mottled with some bloody red color.

“The pictures from several dozens of years weren’t like this. Back then there was more blood red color than there is now. The planet’s current appearance is probably caused by the movements of its crust.” Lung said.

“Eh, what’s that?!” the gray cat couldn’t hold itself from jumping off Cillin’s shoulders and onto the control panel. The machine was closer to the display.

Looking at the footages transmitted back by one of the probes, an unknown animal with thick black fur over ten meters tall suddenly scuttled out beside a mountain rock. Its sole was shaped like a hoof, and it bared a mouthful of sharp teeth when it bellowed. There were traces of blood on its body, but it was blue in color instead of the usual bright red.

This ferocious beast ran with all its might as if there was something it from behind. Suddenly, a shadow flashed by and knocked down the ferocious beast with great impact.

“A dog?” the gray cat cocked its head and said uncertainly as it stared at the new creature.

The thing that had knocked down the ferocious beast looked like a dog, but it wasn’t an entirely accurate description. A careful look revealed that it had a lot of traits that differentiated it from a dog such as its claws, its face etc... At any rate, it just gave off the feeling that something wasn’t quite right.

The ‘dog’ bit at the ferocious beast’s neck the moment it was knocked down and did not let go no matter how hard the beast struggled. When the beast finally shook it off, the dog’s mouth was holding a large chunk of meat. As the ferocious beast bled more and more, it lost its initial speed and vigor and was bit again by that ‘dog’ not long after it attempted to escape. More and more wounds appeared on its body as the dog tore mouthful after mouth of flesh off the body of the ferocious beast that was three times its size, seemingly wanting to shred its prey into pieces.

The bluish blood scattered all over the place. Gradually, some smaller sized carnivores began to show their heads. None of them hastened forwards because the ‘dog’ was still there, however.

By now the ferocious beast had stopped struggling and died completely. After confirming that the ferocious beast was completely dead, the ‘dog’ finally panted as blue blood dripped off the sides of its mouth, and its body covered in sticky blood. No

longer paying attention to the big fellow that was mangled beyond recognition, it lifted its feet and left, leaving behind a trail of bluish footmarks.

When the ‘dog’ had left, the small carnivores that were stretching their heads and looking about finally rushed forwards to enjoy their completely effortless and delicious meal.

“That is a hellhound.” Lung said.

Cillin summoned the footage of the dog-like creature from before, “This is them?”

“They are created by humans, and are not pure canis.” Lung lay back on his chair and said slowly, “These creatures have both human genes and the dog genes in them. They may be dogs that were injected with human genes, or humans who were injected with dog genes. Sometimes a wolf’s gene would be used as well, but in the end those people discovered that dog genes are more effective than wolf genes because wolves are too wild and hard to control, whereas dogs are easier to control.

Before the planet has experienced its calamity, these fellows were used to watch over other lab creatures such as the convicts that are to be used as test subjects, or other animals. They could memorise the scent of each test subject, and it’s not just the surface scent but the scent of their very gene. No matter where these test subjects escape to, they will always be able to track them down. They will track their targets for an eternity until they meet their own death.

Later on the planet met its calamity, and a large scale earthquake and violent crustal movements caused nearly all of the original defense web to become paralysed. Volcanos erupted and caused the whole world to become gray and blurry. The viruses inside the research base leaked out, and the test subjects escaped. The rampant viruses and test bodies completely changed this entire world. Later on, the rulers of the planet would find that this planet was no longer habitable.

Given enough time, the viruses and test subjects could have been resolved. But the same cannot be said to the increasingly frequent crustal movements of the planet. In the end, they abandoned this planet and left behind an entire planet of viruses and 'monsters' that had escaped from the research labs. There were also these 'dogs' that took upon hunting down these escaped 'monsters' as their eternal objective. Later on, the planet earned its name 'Hell', and these 'dogs' were known as 'hellhounds'. They are also the final protectors of this planet."

"So you're saying that some of these creatures are actually humans who were genetically modified into this horrific appearance that is neither a man nor a dog?" Cillin said.

"Yeah." Lung switched scenes and selected a slightly unclear footage from a number of footages transmitted by the probes. There was too much flying dust in that particular area, and it caused some parts of the scene to become blocked. However, the critical part of the footage was still relatively clear, "That is a hellhound whose original form was human."

Cillin and the gray cat looked at the creature together. Unlike the

‘dog’ from before, this one had a shape and a face that was closer to a human being’s. However, its entire body was covered in long fur just the same and dragged a tail behind its back as well. Its ears were slightly sharp, and it ran like a wild animal using both its arms and its legs. It no longer walked with its legs only like a human being. Some of its bellows could be heard from the footage as well. Other than the fact that it looked a little like human, Its lifestyle and its habits were no different from a wild animal’s.

These test subjects had been raised this way from the moment they were genetically modified and created. This meant that the people of the research base did not treat them as human beings from the very beginning.

Some of the hair on the gray cat’s tail stood up on its end. Suddenly, it wondered what might happen if it was caught by those crazy scientists? Oh my meow how scary!

“We going in?” Lung arranged the parameters collected from the planet’s environment on the panel so that Cillin and the gray cat could have a more comprehensive read.

“We’re already here, so of course we’re going.”

Cillin wasn’t afraid of these things. Moreover, he was curious if the research bases left behind any valuable information after the calamity. Plus, the amount of viruses on this planet was bountiful, and if these ferocious beasts could survive these viruses then he should be fine with his constitution as well. Plus, it was easier to find some things that were buried deep underground at a place with frequent crustal movements.

Since the planet's outer atmosphere were gray and blurry, Cillin and Lung decided against site specific teleportation and initiated entry by piloting a spaceplane that was modified by Cillin instead. The starship was set to invisibility mode just in case someone came and attacked it while they were still on the planet.

After passing through the gray, blurry strip, Cillin then saw the planet's landscape. It looked about the same as the footages transmitted back by the probes. They quickly found a place with high sea level and parked their spaceplane there after scanning around and finding no large ferocious beasts in the area.

The moment he walked out of the spaceplane, Cillin immediately sensed the restlessness of this planet. He took out a small syringe about the width of a finger and pressed a button beside it. The syringe began to absorb the air. There were a couple layers of filters inside the interior of the syringe. The filters would perform different absorption processes according to the physical and chemical characteristics of the viruses.

After he was finished collecting the sample of microorganisms in the air of this place, he put the syringe away and looked towards the near distance. The gray cat had long since ran out to tease the small animals hiding inside their underground holes.

Lung took out a round metallic ball, and after activation several tentacle-like objects stretched out of the deep recesses of the ball. The ball hovered in midair as the tentacles pointed towards a particular direction.

Lung beckoned, “Hey Cillin, there’s water around here!”

Places with water would have a much greater variety of species. Perhaps they would be able to see even stranger lifeforms.

“Time to go, stupid cat.”

“Alright, right away!” the gray cat chased after Cillin and Lung after stretching a paw inside the hole and grabbing around once.

Chapter 165: The Final Protectors [Part 2]

They hadn't walked for long before they discovered a stream. It was probably formed by the snow high above the mountains that had melted into water. There were some animal bones beside the stream, and they looked like they had been there for quite some time. They were probably hunted and killed when they came here to drink some water. Cillin looked at the deep bite marks around the neck bones and surrounding skeletons and said, "This is probably the work of a 'hellhound'."

"Yeah, they normally hunt down fugitives only and will not eat them. These bodies only benefited other animals." Lung played with the water of the steam and answered.

"Should we look around?"

Lung nodded in agreement, "This mountain was probably formed due to the crustal movements just a hundred years or so ago. Maybe we can find some ancient fossils in this place. These are all money, man!"

The facts proved that their trip was worth it.

Lung's detector discovered the fossil of an ancient creature. Of course, there was no way young master Lung would dig out the fossil by himself. He ordered the robots to bring over the necessary tools with a long distance remote control and tossed the fossil right up the spaceplane once all the processes were complete.

Cillin had also taken the opportunity to obtain some samples. The samples of ancient creatures were too expensive, and there weren't many people who were willing to spend money to buy them. Naturally, Cillin did not let such a golden opportunity pass by.

While Cillin and Lung were busying themselves with the ancient fossil, the probes they sent out earlier sent back a transmission.

"Looks like we've found the location of that former research base." Lung looked at the transmission and said.

Looking at the transmission sent back by the probe, the research base wasn't too far away from where they were. Therefore, Cillin and Lung extended their hoverboards and flew towards the place directly.

The research base was buried a long time ago, and it was impossible to find an entrance on the ground's surface. Cillin and Lung scanned out an underground map and chose a spot to dig a hole into the place.

The spot they chose was one of the many passages of the research base. They would quickly find the passage after they went down the hole they dug. Since this place had been buried for too long, there were plenty of volatile gases made of deadly poison in the air. Therefore, both Cillin and Lung had put on a mask. As for the gray cat, this fellow wasn't afraid in the least.

"I heard that people were dispatched in search for this research

base many times to see if there was anything good left behind in the past. However, they found nothing either because they never found the base, or because it was too buried too deep when they did find it. At the time, the base was probably buried deep underground due to crustal movements. It had only risen back to the surface level after many crustal movements later. We are lucky, or we would not have been able to enter this place. Who knows when the base will be buried deep underground again after this." Lung said happily.

There were suspended energy lamps at the front of the passage, lighting the many corpses on the floor in clear sight. Judging from the skeletons they did not look like humans, but that was only appearance wise. It did not meant that they were not once humans. There were plenty of convicts in this Sector, and it was common practice to select some humans who fit the standards of an test subject for experimental purposes.

After they walked out of the passage, they saw some rooms they were either tightly shut or opened. However, judging from their appearances these rooms were used to store basic tools and materials.

After venturing deeper into the base, they began to find some isolated research labs and some places were used to preserve research specimens. Only two of the liquid tanks used to preserve the research specimens were still intact. The rest were broken.

Inside the intact liquid tanks were two modified monsters who were so beyond recognition that they were unable to identify even their eyes. One of the monsters was probably an adult test subject,

but the other monster was an unborn infant. A severely deformed infant.

"These chosen convicts would be given specific food to consume, and some successful research subjects who went through all of the experiments would be used to reproduce offsprings. If their offsprings were excellent, then they would be used further as a work parent with a wider range of research value... this is especially true for lifeforms at infant stage." Lung said.

basically, it means that they'll be used like a tool to produce more offsprings.

Both Cillin and Lung knew very well the madness of mad scientists. These were a kind of people who were unrestrained by both laws and morals. For the sake of their research, forget unborn infants, newborn infants or young children, they would use even themselves as a research subject. They were ruthless towards others, and even more ruthless towards themselves.

The specimens in the next storage room were the hellhounds. Some of the research subjects sealed inside the liquid tanks looked like humans, and some looked like dogs. In reality, one could find the traces of both lifeforms on every research subject. It might be their noses, their eyes, their mouths, their ears, their claws...

There were quite a number of newborns among the specimens. They were probably failed subjects. The most classic failed subjects would also be sealed off as a research record.

"I heard that there aren't that many hellhounds in the first place.

Out of the successfully researched hellhounds, the excellent ones would be picked out to breed the next generation. The same process of reproduction by excellence continued to the third generation, the fourth generation and so on... before the calamity, all hellhounds were born by excellent parents. At the time, excellent hellhounds would be sold to other prisons to watch over the prisoners. However, a hellhound's function was much diminished at the prison zones, so some of them were used as tools of entertainment by the prison guards. The prison guards would have them kill each other, so the fates of these hellhounds were either to die or be crippled. Therefore, true hellhounds only exist in this planet 'Hell'." Lung said while staring at a baby that was neither man nor dog who had not yet even opened its eyes sealed inside a liquid tank.

"Don't they know how to resist?" the gray cat asked.

"Resist?" Lung gave it a smile, "All those who resist are dead. It doesn't take long for the researchers to identify which specimens may possess rebellious traits after they were born, so they killed any specimens like that right away."

The gray cat shivered. As it thought, it was best to stay far away from a scientist or something.

After looking at a few other rooms, they arrived at the place where the research subjects were imprisoned. The sealed cage was filled with all kinds of corpses. The life support system was still functioning normally, so the test subjects trapped here had probably killed each other. Some were torn to shreds. When there was no food, the companions beside them could be turned to food

too.

The other cage held some of the more troublesome test subjects. They could only imprisoned separately, and they had to be tethered with special chains. Some of these tethered test subjects were either hellhounds or something else. Regardless of whether their skeletons looked like humans or animals, judging from the locations they were imprisoned in and the chains that were used to tether them, these fellows all wielded powerful abilities.

Hmm?

Cillin noticed a fellow that looked like a dry corpse. Its body was tethered with special chains, and the undulations of breathing were absent. It looked just like a dead body.

The gray cat swayed its tail as a hint to Cillin: This fellow is alive.

Cillin and Lung exchanged a glance before they approached carefully towards it.

They opened the cage's door, but the 'dry corpse' did not move at all.

The chains used to tether the fellow were all snucked at a collar, and its length could not be determined since half of the chains were blocked by its body. They looked at the scratch marks on the floor. There were a lot of scratch marks within a certain area, but beyond this area there were no scratch marks. The chains on the

earlier research subjects weren't too long, and it was about the same range as these scratch marks.

When Cillin approached the research subject, he suddenly felt that something wasn't quite right. Lung did not continue to walk closer either. Right now they were still more than two meters away from that line of scratch marks.

Cillin looked at the fellow that was like a dry corpse once more. Suddenly his eyelids jumped, and he grabbed Lung and retreated backwards abruptly. At the same time, the fellow who was crouched at the corner like a dry corpse opened its eyes and pounced towards them. Its forelimbs abruptly stretched out, and its outstretched claws were almost two meters long. The activity scope of the fellow that looked like a dry corpse had exceeded the scratch marks on the ground by more than a meter!

This was a well planned trap!

The scratch marks on the ground were done on purpose. It was to fool its prey into thinking that they were outside of its activity scope, when in reality they had already entered its predatory area.

The body that was like a dry corpse erupted with unexpected power, and Cillin did not doubt in the slightest that this fellow's claws could easily cut them into many ribbons. Even though they were wearing masks, they could still sense the rot and stink that was rushing towards their face.

Its movement was very quick. It had acted the moment Cillin

decided to retreat.

Cillin raised his gun while in retreat and fired three times. He shot two bullets into its eyes, and one bullet into its head.

Pak!

The head of the fellow that was like a dry corpse exploded and splattered gray blood everywhere.

Looking at the now dead and headless fellow, and then at the chains that had been broken, Lung exhaled slowly, “From now on, if we run into something like this in the future, we shoot immediately! Shoot first talk later! And we’re not getting close to it no matter what!”

The gray cat walked close to the fellow that had its head exploded, looked at it and sniffed, “What a strange scent. I don’t know what species it belonged to.”

“It’s probably a mix of genes of several types of ferocious beasts, and specifically those creatures with strong endurance. Otherwise, there’s no way this fellow could have lived until now.” Lung said.

Cillin looked once at the place where the chain had been pulled loose. The fellow had bitten a small hole on the chain before this, or there was no way it could have pulled free so easily. However, the fellow had blocked this hole from view earlier.

It knew how to set traps, and it knew how to block the hole on the chain from view. Everything it did was planned.

“Are all these research subjects this intelligent?” Cillin asked.

“I’m not sure, but since they’re successful research subjects, they should be pretty formidable.”

Dididi——

While talking, the alarm on Lung’s hand began to ring rapidly. Both Cillin and the gray cat had noticed the abnormality as well.

Chapter 166: Little Fellow [Part 1]

The originally tranquil underground base began to stir. The base's defense system that had been dormant all this time reactivated after it had detected the energy waves from Cillin's shots. The power that had been stagnant all this time also began to operate as well, causing many places to become filled with light. However, they were all warning lights.

A mechanical voice rang, "Outside threat detected. Please enter voice command!"

"Fuck, why is there a thing like voice command in this place!" Lung cried out.

"Voice command is incorrect. Please reenter!"

"..." Lung fell silent and looked at Cillin.

Cillin gave him a 'I have no idea either' expression. They had not imagined that the defense system in this place had not become completely paralysed despite being buried underground and subjected to crustal movements for so many years.

A moment of silence later.

The mechanical voice rang once more, "Repeat. Outside threat detected. Please enter voice command!"

Cillin looked at the gray cat, and that fellow was also crouching there in a daze.

Lung toyed with a device in his hands and did not say anything.

The mechanical voice rang for the third time, “No effective voice command detected. Terminal command initiated!”

“Terminal command? What terminal command?” Lung asked.

Suddenly, Cillin recalled the research lab beneath the slums back then. If these mad researchers were all similar, then…

“Run quickly! The base’s self destruct program has been activated!” Cillin pulled and Lung and charged towards outside along with the gray cat.

“Self destruct?! WTF, how could they bear to part with all this?!” Lung complained while running.

“Less bullshit, more running. I have no intentions of turning into a fossil!” Cillin charged at the front.

“I don’t either!”

The two men and a cat ran along the way they came from like they were flying, but the passage had been shut off a long time ago. Lung summoned the scanned layout of the base and was about to

search for other passages.

“There’s no time. Tell your robots to dig on the spot!” Cillin cried out.

“But this isn’t the passage entrance, and the walls are too tough. It’ll take a long time to penetrate it, not to mention that excessive force will cause the place to collapse!” Lung said while ordering his excavator robot to dig the ground. In reality, the situation was just as he said.

Because the underground base was rather complicated, Lung did not bring many robots with him. He had brought only the pathfinders and excavators. The small excavator robots looked just like frisbees when they were folded up, and when they dug into the ground they would extend several metallic pieces put together at a certain angle to drill apart obstacles before them like a drill.

However, much effort had obviously been spent on this underground base, and the non-passage walls were reinforced by multiple layers. They would need high energy cutting beam to drill this type of wall apart, but time waited for no one.

After seeing the digging effects of the excavator robots, Cillin said to the gray cat, “Wheeze, go! Be the vanguard!”

And then Lung watched the multiple reinforced walls his robots were struggling against using high energy cutting beams being penetrated in two seconds by the cat.

With this hole, the expansion of the hole became much easier.

With the gray cat was drilling at the front, and the excavator robots were expanding the hole behind it, Cillin and Lung climbed up the dug hole.

“What’s that sound?” Lung asked.

“Desertification.”

“Fuck!”

Lung personally thought that his math was his weakness, but even he could count that at this speed they were totally going to be desertified ten seconds later.

The good news was that there weren’t too many of these multiple reinforced walls. After the walls had been penetrated, getting through the stones and soil layers on the outside became much faster.

The shashashasha noise behind them conjured far greater pressure than a rattlesnake could have. Five seconds, four second, three seconds...

They could get out in time!

The moment the duo burst out of the ground surface, they

swiftly extended their hoverboards and jumped on it. Cillin scooped the gray cat into his arms and flew towards the distance on the hoverboard.

The second after they left the ground surface, the hole they had just burst out from had already been desertified. In fact, the desertification was still expanding towards the surroundings.

“That, that scared me to death! Fuck this underground base, that was way too clo...”

Lung didn’t manage to vent out his emotions before a loud explosion cut him off, and the expanding shockwave threw the two hoverboards that hadn’t flown too far off yet into the distance.

Peng, peng. Cillin and Lung crashed on the ground one after another.

“Peh! Peh!” Lung spat out the sand in his mouth repeatedly. He had no time to spare for complaining since his mouth was filled with sand and soil.

The duo were completely covered in dust and sand. They both cut an incredibly sorry figure.

“Those maniacs sure are ruthless. I had thought they would leave the base intact so they could one day come back and walk the memory lane, but who would’ve thought that they would desertify it outright plus one massive explosion...”

Cillin cast a glance at Lung. Even at such a time, this fellow had the spirit to chatter away incessantly.

When he recalled the scene inside the base, the final few cages at the place where the research subjects were imprisoned were all empty. This also meant that the important research subjects had either all been transferred, or had escaped a long time ago. The rest of the research subjects were either abandoned, or lacked the ability to escape.

As for the most precious research subjects among them, naturally the researchers would not let their efforts go to waste. How could they possibly not take away the things they had spent much effort to research?

“Fuck, time was too short. There was no time to acquire any info at all.” Lung said regretfully while staring at the message displayed on his device. The device in his hands had seized the opportunity to hack into the system for useful data when the base’s defense system had come online. However, the final results were not good.

Cillin moved sideways and lifted the gray cat’s head towards him. A flash clearly went across its eyes.

Tsk, still as terrible at lying as usual.

After raising his eyelids once, Cillin no longer looked at the gray cat.

It would appear that when the defense system and other power installations had started automatically, the gray cat had also seized the opening to hack into the system and steal some information. In fact, it was much faster than Lung's device and had reaped quite a sizable amount of data. However, the gray cat was also quite shocked by the information it received. The molecular biological experiments conducted on animals and humans were just too terrifying to the gray cat.

Cillin stood up and kicked at Lung, who was covered in sand, sitting on the ground with spread legs, and patting at his device while sighing, "Get up and let's go. Who knows if there might be more troubles."

"Well, I guess there's nothing left here anyway. Let's return to the starship right away." Lung summoned the transmissions sent by the robots he had scattered at various places. The work at several important sampling points had all been completed, the fossils had been selectively dug up, and the spaceplane should have enough space to store all the items.

Cillin nodded and took a few steps. But he stopped again when he saw the gray cat looking.

"What's wrong?" Cillin asked.

"Something is looking at us." The gray cat looked towards a direction.

Chapter 166: Little Fellow [Part 2]

It was normal that there were some beasts in the surroundings. As long as the beasts hadn't attacked them, they would not purposely hunt them down. A large majority of these beasts were modified creatures whose primitive genes had been altered a long time ago. Strictly speaking, they did not qualify as food, which was why neither Cillin nor Lung had the intention of hunting them on their own accord at the moment.

However, when Cillin followed the direction the gray cat was looking at, he saw a small half a face.

Yes, a face.

It was a young and tiny face.

It looked almost like a human's face. It's just that dust had blurred its original appearance. The red fur above its head was very obvious.

Right now Lung had noticed the creature as well. The fellow was hiding behind the rock of a shot hill not far away, revealing the upper half of its face. Its eyes brimmed with curiosity.

Seeing that all three pairs of eyes were looking at it, the fellow hiding behind the wall quickly withdrew its head. However, it poked out of its cover once more after just a few seconds.

“Hey, little fellow. Where did you come from?” Cillin asked.

Seemingly sensing no ill will from the owners of the three pairs of eyes, the little fellow slowly walked out into the open... well, despite the fact that it was walking on two hands and two feet he supposed it still counted as walking. Its ears were sharp, and the edge of its ears were also covered in fur. It also had a tail behind its back. The tail swayed around once, and its gaze seemed to indicate that it possessed no ill will.

Cillin and Lung looked into each other’s eyes. A hellhound!

But why was there such a small hellhound? Was it given birth to by the hellhounds who had been abandoned at this place?

They knew that the ones with excellent genes had all been taken away by their researchers when they left the research institute. The ones who were left behind were all slightly inferior. However, this little fellow seemed to be a success if they were to view it as a research subject. It was just like two rank B genotype humans giving birth to a rank A genotype baby.

There were some wounds on this little fellow’s body. The wounds were very fresh and still bled. Looking at the soil and sand attached to its body, it was probably hurt by the explosion’s shockwave just now.

Cillin took out a sack of jerkies and tore out a hole in it. He then tossed the sack over to the little fellow. If he walked to it directly, it would most definitely escape.

Upon sighting an unknown object being tossed at its direction, the little fellow trembled and backed away several steps. However, it was quickly attracted by the fragrant smell of the jerkies and walked carefully closer to give it a sniff. Sensing no problems, it then swallowed the whole sack of jerkies that had yet to be unwrapped into its stomach.

As Lung used a human's standards and watched this fellow who looked like a six or seven years old kid swallowing a whole sack of jerkies along with the sack messily in two gulps, he suddenly felt that his throat was a little tight.

Just what kind of monstrous construction was this fellow's esophagus?

After the little fellow had finished eating the jerkies, it licked its lips while wanting for more. It stared at Cillin with bright eyes, and the tail behind its back was wagging at a larger angle than before.

Cillin was just about to toss another sack of jerkies to the little fellow when its eyes suddenly changed. It changed from its original innocent and harmless look to one that was filled with murderous intent. In that instant, both Cillin and Lung could sense clearly its strong intent to kill.

Pop!

Claws more than ten centimeters long stretched out of the little

fellow's hands, and with a push of its feet it charged towards a particular corner of the area.

It ran on all fours like an animal while letting out low roars from its throat. At this moment, it finally and truly looked like a protector hound of this 'Hell'.

Lung summoned the footage he captured with the probes in the air. Inside the footage, the little fellow was charging towards a ferocious lion-like beast that was more than ten meters tall.

Its speed and attack strength was completely different from before.

"This is a 'hellhound', even if it is still just a child. Their reactions towards lifeforms that aren't prey could be considered friendly, and they would not attack on their own accord. They would only react this way when they are facing a prey." Lung sighed, "My old man once said that hellhounds are slaves from the very bottom of their genes. Either they or their offsprings were completely slaves. They will forever remember their master's words only, and they will never think from their own sake. Even if they look like human, their humanity has already disappeared."

The order was implanted into the very bones of even the offsprings of a hellhound. It was like nature to fully replicate a kind of memory from its parents and memorise the scent of the preys it needed to hunt down. This scent born of their prey's very genes would cause them to chase after them forever from birth to death.

“Let’s go.” Lung patted Cillin’s shoulders, “This planet is just an example of the entire Sector S. There are thousands and tens of thousands of similar planets. In fact, it is not just Sector S, but also other Sectors that are experiencing similar situations. There are quite a lot of places where such experiments are conducted.”

Naturally, Cillin understood Lung’s words. Wasn’t that underground research lab at planet Brown Earth back then the same? It had been there for several dozens of years without being known to anyone. If Cillin hadn’t accidentally broken into the place, the darkness would have persisted.

Lung could not be bothered to collect samples in person. The robots he sent out had completed the task especially around areas with an abundant amount of water such as lakes. Those were the key areas of the task.

When Cillin and Lung rode their hoverboards back to the spaceplane, the robots Lung sent out was just moving the collected items up the spaceplane. The robots had also attended to the protection and care of some big-sized skeletons very well and were in general much more reliable than Lung himself. This was probably one of the reasons his father had sent so many robots to come after him.

“The wind is starting.” Lung looked at the gray, blurry sky, “A gust of wind at such a place may turn into a storm. Let’s leave quickly. I have no intentions of experiencing a storm in ‘Hell’.”

Lung sat inside the control room of the spaceplane while ordering the robots to work faster. They would take off immediately after the final few samples were carried up the vehicle.

Cillin did not stay inside the control room like Lung and instead stood outside the spaceplane. Looking downwards from where he stood, he could see the changes that was occurring around this area. The early signs of the formation of a storm, the air pressure and the temperature etc were all very obvious. Those animals started to worry and set off to look for shelter.

Suddenly, a small shadow entered Cillin's field of view. It had lost its earlier liveliness and became much slower.

Its entire body was covered in wounds, and one of its hind legs was twisted and propped on the ground. Its arms had different degrees of wounds, and it was trembling unsteadily while it was supporting itself on the ground.

It limped towards Cillin's direction just like that. Its drooped tail at the back gave it a terribly pitiful appearance.

"Cillin, it's time to go!" Lung cried out from inside the spaceplane. Now that all of the items had been carried into the spaceplane, Lung could not wait to leave this place immediately. He just felt uncomfortable all over staying at this place.

The gray cat walked closer and asked hesitatingly, "Should we help it a bit?"

Cillin shook his head, “Don’t go there.” he then turned around to look at the little figure before stretching out five figures, exclaiming, “I will count down from five. If you can come over, then I will take you away from this place!”

Cillin had a feeling that this little fellow could understand his words. The time Cillin gave out was just enough for the little fellow to make its way here with its current abilities. If it hesitated for even an instant, it would not be able to make it before Cillin in time. In that case, Cillin would absolutely turn his head and walk away.

But what gladdened them was that the little fellow had quickened its footsteps after Cillin had finished saying his words. Its eyes were bright. It dragged a trail of blood droplets along the way it walked. The trail was quickly buried by the increasingly strong wind and dust.

The little figure wobbled left and right amidst the wind, but its footsteps were incredibly firm. It headed towards Cillin direction in a straight line without the slightest decrease in speed at all.

Lung saw this scene from the screen inside the spaceplane. He adjusted the image captured by the probe, and discovered that the ferocious lion-like beast the little fellow had pounced onto earlier had been torn into many thick pieces of flesh and skin while lying motionlessly on the ground. It was even being eaten as a delicious meal by other weaker carnivores before the storm.

Yeah, if a hellhound were to set out, then either it dies, or its prey dies.

But why had the little fellow chased after them?

Still, looking at this little fellow's wounds and this storm, it would probably not be able to hang on if no one helped him.

The little fellow watched as Cillin's five outstretched fingers became four, three, two...

Faster, faster!

Even an adult would find it hard to endure with such wounds, wouldn't they?

When Cillin put down his final finger, the little fellow collapsed on the ground before Cillin. However, it wore a smile on its face and revealed two sharp fangs.

After lifting the little fellow with him, Cillin and the gray cat leaped up the spaceplane.

"Leave now, the storm has arrived!"

"Don't rush me. Now you know how to hurry?!" Lung motioned for the robots to pilot the spaceplane and take off. They swiftly flew away from this place.

As the spaceplane flew higher and higher, the sceneries on the ground surface became covered in gray once more. However, the ring of the storm was incredibly obvious. After they had made it out of the planet, they looked at the lightning strikes beneath the gray clouds as Lung summoned the footages captured from the probes that were temporarily left behind on the planet.

It was hell on earth, no, it was hell on hell.

The wind blew and the rain poured. The earth shook and the mountains trembled. A gigantic hurricane that spiraled down from the sky snapped a protruding mountain in half, and it was at this moment the crust actually began to move once more.

Anything that survived such a disaster was only deserving of admiration. Be it those seemingly weak animals or the large ferocious beasts, anyone who could survive this was a capable being and a victor.

There was no right or wrong in survival.

While they were on the spaceplane, Cillin gave the little fellow a simple treatment of its wounds. He would give it proper care once they returned to the starship. After all, the medicine on board the starship was more complete.

However, judging from the way the little fellow's wounds healed, it would survive with just a little bit of help. After Cillin had finished treating the little fellow's wounds and had injected it with

a syringe of nutrient fluids, he gave it space to rest. As long as the nutrients were kept up, it would probably recover very quickly with its animalistic constitution alone.

The little fellow laid sideways on top of the operation table. Its broken leg could not be moved yet after it was repaired. Right now, the little fellow was bending its two arms and putting its head on them. Its eyes rolled everywhere as it watched its surroundings. The gray cat that was walking back and forth before it attracted the little fellow's attention.

After circling the little fellow on top of the operation table twice, the gray cat moved closer for a sniff and shook its whiskers, "You smell like dogs."

The little fellow responded with two whining cries. There was no telling if it understood the gray cat's words.

Perhaps it was too tired before, but now that it had relaxed it quickly fell into sleep. When the gray cat saw this, it too let out a yawn, raised a paw to scoop over the little fellow's furry tail, wrapped it around its own body, closed its eyes and slept.

When Cillin was done dealing with the little fellow's wounds and had returned to the control room, Lung was frowning and staring right at the screen.

When he saw Cillin walking in, Lung cast a glance at him, "You're done?"

“Mm. What are you looking at?” Cillin pointed at the full screen of garbled codes and asked.

“It’s a transmission code that I’ve just now intercepted. It’s encrypted, and the analysis system failed to solve anything. This full screen of garbled codes is the result. It gives me the headaches.”

“Bring up the original code. Let me give it a try.”

Lung relinquished his seat and returned the transmission code to norm. He stood expectantly beside Cillin.

Five minutes later, both Cillin and Lung stared at the huge butterfly image on the screen and fell silent.

Chapter 167: The Out Of Place Convict [Part 1]

They might not have found the correct passcode, they did get a rough direction from the results of their decryption up to this point.

Blue Butterfly.

This was the first time Cillin had clear contact with something related to the Blue Butterfly.

The blue butterfly on the screen kept flapping its wings, and the symbols that made up the butterfly was the message inside this original code.

“No wonder the system couldn’t decrypt it. It’s a message from the Blue Butterfly.” Lung sighed. The decryption system he brought with him was the latest decryption system developed by the Andrea Family. However, Blue Butterfly’s data was the only exception since they knew too little about Blue Butterfly. They were not familiar with their communications.

Blue Butterfly was already a special case in the first place, and it was very difficult for non-Blue Butterfly personnel to acquire an in-depth understanding about them. Even the core members of the other three Hunter regiments did not have the confidence to identify one tenth of the core members of Blue Butterfly. This was because Blue Butterfly members only had codenames and no names. Once a codenamed member had passed away, the next

person would inherit their codename.

For example, Blue Butterfly's leader was codenamed Blue Butterfly. Every person who had served as leader of the Blue Butterfly was called Blue Butterfly. Practically no one knew about their real names, or if they knew they were already dead.

"Hey Cillin, are you sure you can decrypt it any further" Lung said reluctantly as he stared at the blue butterfly on the screen, "It has been so many years since we heard anything from the Blue Butterfly. I'm feeling real excited suddenly seeing this image, you know."

"I'll give it a try. Still, this encrypted message is seriously troublesome. Even if I were to decrypt it further, we may not necessarily arrive at the right conclusion."

Ten minutes later, the symbols that made the blue butterfly on the screen transformed into one thousand and twenty four kernels. For afar it still looked like a blue butterfly, but with its base altered.

Cillin rubbed the space between his eyebrows and pointed at the butterfly image on the screen, saying, "This is as far as it goes. This is the final result of the decryption. However, we do not know exactly which dot contains the real message. In fact, every one of this kernels contains a full message. However, they were only covering for the real message."

"You mean that only one out of all one thousand and twenty four

of these messages is authentic? That what are we going to do? Go through every message one time?" Lung could feel his eyes turning a little dizzy.

"That is exactly what I meant."

Cillin moved his fingers, opened and read through all one thousand and twenty four messages. The messages flashed across the display one after another, and when he finally read through all of the messages one time, Cillin pressed a hand to his head.

"They're probably using code words, so I don't know which message is the real one. I can't filter them out."

Lung's mouth fell open, "Not only did they use over a thousand messages to conceal the real message, they're even using codewords?"

In this case, there seriously was no way to figure out the content of this Blue Butterfly message.

Cillin couldn't do anything about it either. He knew far too little about Blue Butterfly, and he had no idea what diction or grammar their habitual codewords contained. Therefore, even if he was able to decrypt these codes, he could not obtain any definite information from it.

"We may not know exactly what kind of meaning this Blue Butterfly message is trying to transmit, but the fact that they have

started communicating with each other meant that they have begun their operation a long time ago. Let's pay attention to the recent news in the media. There should be something relevant going on."

"There's no way Sector S' media will report the truth." Lung operated a little on a nearby control panel, "There are a few GAL electronic publications that follow this more closely than the norm, but their efficiency will be poor. We can only rely on leaks."

What Lung brought up was the Andrea Family's own information network. In relations to the matters of Sector S, Lung had shared access to this network with the other members of the family. They would also report the latest news to this network.

"There are only some messy and non urgent news in here. They're all below grade three prison, and there's nothing at all on grade four and grade five." Lung said while he went through the info on the information network, "If the forces are already on the move, but there aren't any abnormalities at the grade four and five prisons yet, then this means that everyone has been keeping their movements under tight wraps. After all, it is the elites who are being sent here. Perhaps those people in grade four and five prison had been switched out without anyone noticing."

"I recall that their objective is to safeguard those important targets safely out of the prison, right? In that case there's no need for them to attempt a jailbreak." Cillin said.

"Some people would switch out the people inside just to be safe. After all, anything can happen inside a jail, especially in dangerous

places like the grade four and five prisons. You gotta know that going by a Hunter's standards, even the lowest ranking guards in there are commander level characters. Plus, these forces aren't all here just to save people. Some are sent in there to assassinate someone."

Cillin let out a long sigh. He was right. Those hibernating experts were all true masters.

The storm was about to arrive.

"Never mind, let's not think about those things. When the riot erupts, let's just seize the opportunity to burn up a few spots and stimulate those Sector S guards a bit." Lung himself wasn't that moved. He wasn't here to fight those monsters head on after all. Since the old man said that he wasn't up to par yet, then he might as well wait and see just how powerful these capable people truly were.

"Oh, right. How's that pup doing?" Lung asked.

"It's sleeping I guess. Its wounds are healing pretty quickly."

"You really are ready to take that little fellow with you? Speaking of which, that little fellow is rather special. Logically speaking, a hellhound wouldn't leave that planet. After all, they haven't finished the order they have to obey for their entire lives."

"If it was the same as the other hellhounds, I wouldn't have

brought it with me.” a one-track minded hellhound would just be a burden to him, and as a Hunter additional burden meant additional danger. No one would endanger their own lives for no good reason.

Lung nodded agreeably, “That little fellow had the ferocity of a hellhound, and its abilities are pretty strong as well. However, it also has a self-awareness and isn’t as inflexible as the rest of its kind. If you can absorb it into your team, then the Sixth B Squadron would gain yet another powerful helping hand.”

“That depends on its choice.”

“What choice?”

“The choice of becoming a dog, or a man.”

Lung fell silent for a moment before actually getting onto his feet and heading out, “Let’s go see which kind that little fellow belongs to.”

When Cillin and Lung arrived in the medbay, they stared at the two fellows on the operation table in dumbfounded silence.

The gray cat had pushed the little fellow to the corner of the operation table. While scooping up the little fellow’s tail for its own use, it lay spread legged and even stepped on the little fellow’s face with a hind limb. There was no image to speak of.

“Since when did this cat’s sleeping posture turn this ugly?” Lung hurriedly capture a photo of the scene. It was rare to find someone with a worse sleeping posture than him.

“Proximity to pitch makes you black.”

meaning that environment determines character. He’s insulting Lung by saying that he is the one who taught the gray cat bad sleeping posture.

Chapter 167: The Out Of Place Convict [Part 2]

Perhaps it was because the gray cat had kicked it a few times to wakefulness, but when the little fellow saw someone coming in it immediately opened its eyes and looked pitifully at Cillin. It was just about to wag its tail when it recalled that it was being grabbed by the gray cat. Therefore, it gave up on wagging.

"Eh, this little fellow's eyes are green in color!" Lung went closer and gave it a glance before exclaiming, "I remember that the hellhounds had red eyes when they were first researched by the base. The first time I see them, I even exclaimed that those researchers had purposely selected red eyed protector hellhounds."

"It's a genetic variation, I suppose. Perhaps its parents had a relevant recessive gene, and it was ultimately expressed on its body."

Cillin gave the little fellow a little inspection, and found that it had recovered quite well. Not much time had passed at all, but scabs were already forming on its wounds. Its broken leg was also healing pretty nicely.

"You're recovering quite well, but you still need to rest well for a bit." Cillin rubbed the little fellow's head and grabbed the gray cat by the neck, saving the little fellow's tail from its claws. He moved the little fellow to the center of the operation table, "Rest well. When you wake, we'll eat a big a meal."

Cillin configured the medbay's environmental setting into sleep mode before lifting the gray cat in his arms and leaving the medbay with Lung.

"So, what do you think?" Cillin asked Lung.

"It feels different from the other hellhounds. Maybe it'll really work." Lung rubbed his chin and said.

"I'm going to lie down for a moment. Call me if there's anything."

"Okay."

After Cillin had returned to the lounge, he flicked the gray cat's ears and said, "Alright, you can stop pretending to be asleep now. Even your whiskers are raised up."

The gray cat had already woken up when Cillin and Lung entered the medbay just now. It just didn't want to move until now. When it heard Cillin's words, the gray cat opened its eyes and looked spiritless, "I can't sleep well."

"I can see that. Normally your sleeping posture isn't like that. Did you have a nightmare?" Cillin scratched the gray cat's chin.

The gray cat moved slowly according to the scratch and narrowed its eyes, "I don't want to be captured by those researchers." the data the gray cat had learned from that base's

system made it feel as if it had watched a realistic horror movie.

"That's why I said we have to grow stronger."

"You guys can never be stronger than me anyway!" the gray cat's arrogant nature showed its face in less than three lines.

"Not necessarily. The elites haven't even shown their faces yet."

"How powerful are they?"

"I don't know..."

...

Sector S, on a grade three prison planet.

Even the air inside this rampart-like prison was cold, dark, and devoid of any human warmth at all.

This planet was one of the many grade three prison planets in Sector S. There was nothing special about it. Grade three prison planets were in the middle of the status quo. The convicts imprisoned on these planets were not small fries, but they could only be relegated to being part of the background when compared to those people in grade four and five prisons. At least, that was how things were in the eyes of the prison guards and the defenders.

Unlike the prisons in other Sectors, be it grade one prisons or grade five prisons, no one was allowed to take even half a step away from the prisons in Sector S until they had reached their date of release.

It felt just like isolation;being imprisoned here several dozens of years or an even a longer period of time. Some people said that grade three prisons were the prisons with the lousiest treatment. In grade one and two prisons there were at least public brawls to be fought. The prison guards would not feel too anxious facing convicts of grade one or two prisons, since they were low level prisons in Sector S after all.

Convicts in grade four and five prisons were either relatively reputable or famous throughout the entire GAL. Their importance was incomparable to the previous three grades of prisons, plus the total amount of people in grade four and five prisons were less than the total amount of people in grade three prisons. Therefore, the prison space for each convict in grade four and five prisons was larger, and there were even some recreational facilities as well. Of course, these so-called recreational facilities were just some old and decrepit players and projectors which at least a number of them could not project a straight image.

Compared to the other four grades of prisons, convicts in grade three prisons neither had brawls to fight nor any recreational equipment at all. At best, they got to read newspaper or magazines from a few or a dozen years ago. They could also use them to wipe their ass after they were done reading.

Therefore, some people began to display mental problems after they were imprisoned in grade three prisons for a prolonged time. Impatient at their behavior, the prison guards would punish these strange convicts. The death row convicts who could not hold on after being put through both physical and mental torture would be discarded like trash or converted into food for the convicts of this prison.

Ka!

The elavator door opened. Two prison guards walked into the prison rooms of this floor. The prison rooms were all single-sided, and there was an extremely thick isolating board that separated each room so that the convicts could not communicate with each other.

After the two prison guards walked out of the elevator while holdings whips in their hands, they arrived at the entrance of the path. After verifying their identities at the inspection area, the door of the entrance of the path opened to admit the two prison guards. One of the prison guards pressed a button, causing one side of the walls of the prison rooms near the path to become transparent. This way, they could observe every convict's status clearly.

Every time, there would be some convicts who, at the border of despair, would vent their dissatisfaction and maddened feelings at the prison guards by baring their teeth at them. The prison guards also enjoyed this situation the most, since it meant that they would have something to entertain them.

A prison guard swung the whip in his hands on the transparent wall. The second the whip came into contact with the wall's surface, the wall instantly converted this high pressure into a high pressure gas wave on the other side of the wall. The impact of this converted high pressure gas wave would be enhanced several or even several dozens times stronger based on the prison guard's swinging strength. Finally, it would land on the convict's body.

The convict who had pressed himself against the wall and bared his teeth at the prison guards was slammed fiercely to the opposite wall by the high pressure gas wave. A bloody wound also appeared on his body. His hands and feets were bleeding out of the cuffs, and the wounds that weren't healed in the first place worsened as blood dripped on the floor.

The convict roared on top of his lungs. No one knew if it was because of the pain or his despairing emotions.

The other convicts could also hear the convict's shouts, but they were willing to hear them since this was the only occasion they could hear a human voice, even if it was the sound of a bloodcurdling scream. After the prison guards had left, after the walls had turned back to normal, they would not be able to hear any sounds from outside any longer. They could only hear their own mutterings and heartbeats.

The two prison guards stared at the convict who no longer looked like a human, rolling on the ground and screaming at the top of his throat. They laughed as if they had seen something fun.

When the prison guards were bored, they would whip every

prison room once. It seemed that listening to the convicts' bloodcurdling screams was the only thing that could make them feel as if they were the bosses running this place. Even if the convicts inside the prison room were very obedient, even if they did not break any rules, as long as the prison guards were willing, as long as they were willing, they would swing the whip in their hands and beat these convicts fiercely like a circus would train its animals.

However, there was a prison room that they would not whip. Perhaps they did not know themselves why they wouldn't whip it. They just felt that they shouldn't whip that room, and even if they did they would only do it once. They would not attempt to whip the convict in this room a second time just because he did not react to the initial beating. Once the prison guards had left, they would not remember that there was such a special convict either.

Just like before, the prison guards went around to whip a few prison rooms based on their mood. When they walked past the prison room of this special convict, they passed right by him as if they hadn't seen him at all. They did not look once at the convict inside.

The convict imprisoned in this room did not look like a malevolent or fearsome hoodlum. Instead, there was the gentle and cultivated aura of an academic around him. Every movement he made contained some of the elegance of a gentleman and appeared to be very polite. Even his newspaper flipping movements were incompatible with this prison. There was just this nagging feeling that this person should be standing and speaking inside a wide lecture theater of an institute of higher education, and not keeping silent in this sinful, dark and dirty

prison.

Right now, this unusual convict was sitting on the only chair of his room, spreading out a newspaper and reading. His other hand was holding a cup, and although the liquid inside the cup was obviously the bitter tasting water supplied in this prison room, the way he held his cup and drank gave off the wrong impression that he was enjoying a cup of tea of the best quality in a high class restaurant.

The convict did not change his newspaper reading movements despite the changes in the wall, the prison guard's laughter and the bloodcurdling screams of the convicts. He had not even lifted his eyes.

However, when the prison guard walked past his prison room, this convict finally moved his gaze away from the newspaper and looked outside the transparent wall.

Perhaps the others could only see two prison guards standing outside, but in his eyes, he could see another figure beside the them.

The convict wore a genial smile and nodded as if he was exchanging a greeting. Then, he looked down on his newspaper once more.

The undetected figure froze for an instant when he saw the convict. He immediately gave him a salute before finally leaving the prison room.

In another prison room not far away from the previous prison room, a big man with an unkempt beard snored on top of his bed. Because his snores were too loud, the prison guard whipped him twice to wakefulness.

After the big man cried out twice because of the two whips, he sat up in a daze and scratched his messy hair before lying down once more. He did not snore this time, however.

After the prison guards had left in a litany of curses, the big man opened his eyes, got up and looked outside of the prison room. He said softly, “Zero! I didn’t think that you would come personally this time!”

There was a black butterfly tattooed on this big man’s arm. The patterns on the butterfly’s wings looked very bizarre. It looked like the face of a devil, and some people called this butterfly the ‘Devil Butterfly’.

Devil Butterfly was one of the three main tattoos in the Blue Butterfly Hunter regiment.

When the prison guards turned back around, the big man had already laid back onto his bed. The prison guards paid him no heed, and after they selected and whipped a few prison rooms while swearing incessantly, they left the area.

Half an hour later, a young man waited cross armed at a corner of a building not far away from this prison.

The young man's bowed head suddenly lifted, "Pretty quick."

A figure slowly appeared into existence before the young man.

"I've passed the item to him. The operation will begin when it's time."

"Have you seen something else, Zero?" the young man asked. This was because Zero's face looked a little serious.

"I met someone who should not be at this place."

"Who?"

"Hunting Blade Jiada."

Chapter 168: 'Little Flying Snake' Qi Geyou [Part 1]

"How is that possible?!" the young man exclaimed in alarm.

The young man had remained calm and casual ever since he arrived on this grade three prison planet. He had never been this surprised until now.

He could not be blamed for his surprise either. Even the current generation's Devil Butterfly, Zero, was ruthlessly shocked when he saw that person who was emanating with peace and calm and was very much incompatible with his surroundings.

The lone wolf Hunting Knife Jiada was one of the most famous lone wolves, his reputation falling behind only to that one solo Star Rank Hunter. Even the veterans of Vanguard's A Squadron had to pay the utmost care when going up against the Hunting Blade Jiada. While the Hunting Blade Jiada wore a peaceful skin on the outside, he was ruthless and pitiless on the inside. Otherwise, he would not have been known as the 'Hunting Blade'.

Jiada was well versed in blades, and there were no lack of reputable people who had died under his blade. A lot of these people were on par with Barthus, and this was was one of the reasons why people were afraid of Jiada.

His tracks were already indeterminate as a solo Hunter, but indeterminate tracks did not mean that he had completely vanished without a trace. Even though there weren't many news

on formerly famous lone wolves, they would still appear from time to time to prove their own existence.

Later on, ever since that conflict from fifty years ago was over, there had not been any news on the Hunting Blade Jiada for a very long time. No Hunter related electronic publications reported anything on Jiada. This disappearance lasted for fifty years. Those who knew a little about that incident back then did not think that Jiada had participated in that incident, not to mention that the list of people jailed back then did not include the lone wolf Hunting Blade Jiada. Otherwise that would have been a most stunning news no less impactful than the relevant great four's important personnel being jailed.

Some people had even conjectured that the Hunting Blade Jiada might have died somewhere in a corner of the galaxy, but Devil Butterfly never imagined that he would meet that lone wolf in a mere grade three prison. Originally, he did not need to complete this grade three prison mission himself, but since he happened to be passing by he took over the job for Devil Butterfly Seventeen. Devil Butterfly Seventeen was the young man who spoke up just now. A coincidence allowed Ghost Butterfly Zero to meet the Hunting Blade Jiada who had disappeared for fifty years.

"How can someone like the Hunting Blade Jiada be imprisoned in a mere grade three prison?" the young man appeared a little uneasy. This name brought him great worry.

With someone of the Hunting Blade Jiada's skills, how could a mere grade three prison hold him?

“Could it be, that he is grievously injured?” the young man asked.

“He’s very fine. He still looks the same as before, and he is still as strong.” he still was the same devil wearing a gentle skin too.

The young man walked in circles on the same spot uneasily, “What about the operation?”

“Let us continue. I’ve discussed this with them already. As long as we don’t anger that fellow, it should be fine.”

“Zero, say… how many other people like the Hunting Blade Jiada do you think are hiding in Sector S’s earth grade prisons?”

“I don’t know.”

…

During this time, both Cillin and Lung intercepted quite a lot of secret transmissions. However, the useful information that could be decrypted wasn’t much, and those few important players were not mentioned within these decrypted messages. However, through these scattered bits of decrypted messages, Cillin and Lung both felt at the same time that the turmoil had already been brewed to completion, restless and stirring. All it awaited was a certain fuse.

However, no one knew that this fuse was just a mere grade one

prison brawling incident.

Today, Cillin and Lung arrived at a district in an unimportant zone of Sector S. This zone was a little bit of a mixed bag, and there were plenty of grade one prison planets in this zone. After all, the amount of people locked in grade one prisons was the greatest.

There was an unwritten rule in Sector S. The convicts who were locked behind grade one prisons were either the hooligans of Sector S, or subordinates who were disliked or punished this way as a means of discipline by some slightly reputable figures among Sector S' prison guards or grade one garrison. Other than grade one prisons, most grade two prisons were also like this. There were only an extremely small amount of people who were from other Sectors.

"I didn't imagine that there would be so much enjoyment to be found in grade one prisons." Lung's fingers swiped across the screen as he propped up his chin. He was reading through the recent incidents in this zone. Ninety percent of the news in this zone were about the things inside the prison, such as how many casualties were inflicted during the gang fight in xxx Prison, or how many forces were involved in the conflict between xxx Prison and xxx Prison etc.

Gang fights between grade one prison planets and grade two prison planets were a common thing. This fell under Sector S' internal state of affairs, so it wasn't convenient to interfere even for the relevant governments of other Sectors. Of course, they could be involved in the incidents, secretly adding fuel to fire and buying manpower etc.

If we were to choose the most anti-foreigner Sector out of all Sectors in GAL, even Sector V had to admit defeat since the number one spot absolutely belonged to Sector S. Sector S' people were ruthless, pitiless and fierce. They could only be better than the people in Sector V.

As a person of Sector S, you could cooperate or hire someone from outside Sector S, but you must never become a vassal to a force belonging to a foreign Sector. Otherwise, the other forces in Sector S would send out their killers to kill you. If it wasn't for this philosophy, Sector S' matters would not have been this difficult to deal with.

"Oh, look at this. Two days ago there was a riot at the S-O District of a grade one prison planet. Two large factions had clashed against one another, and casualties reached up to several thousands of people. Holy crap, several thousands of people man, it should be quite a large scale fight. Even the prison guards and relevant garrison forces were involved as well. That being said, there were plenty of people in grade one prisons in the first place. There was definitely some people who were willing to see so many cleared space." while speaking, Lung summoned a few more versions of the same news, "This one's called the 'Double Spy Incident'. This was actually a big messy fight caused by spies. Say, Cillin, do you think their shadows are behind this incident?"

Cillin was also reading the relevant news on another screen. He knew who Lung meant by 'their shadows'.

"It may be, but it may not be either. If it's two large factions,

then not even the great four would have an easy time slipping into their ranks. A riot this big can only mean that it absolutely involves something at the heart of the two large factions."

"That's true. But those observers must have feasted their eyes quite a bit. It was a big messy battle, man." Lung sighed regretfully. Since it involved the two large factions of Sector S, the relevant footages were not publicised. The critical parts of the incident were blurred out as well.

Sector S' grade one prison. While convicts could not leave the prison during their prison terms, there was a relatively huge gathering place inside the prison. The convicts were allowed to settle things through force inside this gathering place, and all they needed was to go through the motions by submitting an application form to the prison manager. Of course, if the application was made by someone not of Sector S, then it would almost certainly be rejected right away. It was differentiation treatment.

While listening to Lung sighing regretfully by the side, he suddenly noticed something out of the ordinary on the scanner.

"Something's up!"

Upon hearing Cillin's words, Lung stood up and moved before the big screen, staring at the image scanned out by the scanner.

"An escape pod?" Lung made some adjustments on the control panel, and the results of the new scan was displayed on the scanner

once more, “There are three people. Their life signatures are all weak.”

Looking at Lung’s shiny eyes, Cillin knew that this fellow’s curiosity had been piqued once more. However, looking at that escape pod, Cillin kept having the feeling that they were getting close to a certain something.

Chapter 168: 'Little Flying Snake' Qi Geyou [Part 2]

They dragged the floating escape pod into the starship then walked towards it. The escape pod was hit before, and its power system experienced a little malfunction. It had probably relied on its backup system to ultimately escape its predicament. Moreover, the escape pod's life support system was also malfunctioning and not supplying enough oxygen. Right now the three people inside the escape pod were displaying signs of deep unconsciousness.

"Tsk tsk, what a sorry sight." said Lung as he observed the trio's condition through the transparent window of the pod.

The trio's condition inside was pretty bad. These people had probably experienced an intense fight prior to entering the escape pod, and they had not even treated their wounds. Adding that to spent stamina and lack of oxygen, their condition had no doubt worsened.

Lung instructed the robots to open the pod's door and to carry the three people into the medbay next to the little fellow's. The medical robot began to rescue and treat the three unconscious people.

Speaking of which, Cillin hadn't originally planned to attend to the hellhound's wounds personally. However, the little hellhound bit at the medical robot every time it got close to the little fellow, causing one of its arms to be bitten off directly. After that, Cillin had tended to its wounds personally. But no matter how alert these three people might feel towards outsiders, they could only allow

the medical robot to do whatever it wanted since they were deeply unconscious.

That being said, these people's constitutions weren't bad. One of them in particular had a powerful constitution, and looking at the data displayed on the instrument after treatment, they learned that this fellow had amazing recovery abilities. While it did not compare to the little fellow's recovery abilities, it was not far behind.

"Flying Snake tattoos?!" Lung exclaimed in pleasant surprise.

When the robot stripped the three people's clothing in the process of treating them, the tattoos at their backs had also been revealed. It was a snake with wings, and although it was just a tattoo the snake's eyes gave people a cold and dark feeling.

"Cillin, we're pretty lucky. It's a member of the 'Flying Snakes'!" Lung immediately began to query the relevant information on this Sector S local force 'Flying Snake'. This was because the riot in the grade one prison not long ago was caused by none other than the two organisations 'Flying Snake' and 'Mad Owl'.

In Sector S, the two organisations 'Flying Snake' and 'Mad Owl' could be considered one of the few major forces. If these two great forces had clashed in the grade one prison, could they have clashed intensely at some other places beyond the prison too? Otherwise, there's no way the condition of these three people would've turned out to be this terrible.

Although these information took a little effort to acquire, the end result of the query made Cillin and Lung felt that it was worth it.

Eight hours later, the man with the strongest recovery ability and that had a flying snake tattoo at his back that was obviously different from the other two men woke up.

“Yo, you woke up pretty quickly. You truly are the ‘Little Flying Snake’ Qi Geyou.”

The moment Qi Geyou opened his eyes and abruptly sat up, a frivolous voice immediately rang before he was able to observe his surroundings.

Qi Geyou felt his body’s current state for a bit, and saw his two subordinates lying down on tables not far away. The instrument beside the tables were displaying all kinds of bio characteristics and data. Qi Geyou raised his eyes, and the pupils of his amber colored eyes were shaped like sharp ends instead of the round shape of the average human being. When narrowed, they were in a slender shape that looked just like the cutting edge of a blade.

Although he and his two subordinates were rescued, Qi Geyou did not let down his guard, “Who are you people?” since the other part had already learned about his identity, Qi Geyou did not plan to beat around the bush or speak excessively.

Even though he was sitting on the table, even though he had just awakened from serious injuries, an extraordinary aura emanated from him the moment he spoke.

“Sigh, not even a thanks I see.” while speaking, the medbay’s door opened to reveal a standing robot beauty. She was carrying three sets of clothes, or more accurately speaking three gowns. Lung did not have many clothes that did not fit his size.

Qi Geyou glanced at the smiling robot beauty standing at the entrance of the medbay before getting off the table. After a momentary daze, he quickly readjusted himself and took over a gown to put on himself. There was also another robot beauty waiting outside, and when she saw Qi Geyou walking out, she raised a hand and said very politely, “Please, this way.”

Without too many words spoken, Qi Geyou followed the robot and arrived at the control room. Originally, he thought that he would be brought to a meeting room or some other places, but he did not think that he would be brought directly to the control room. These two people were pretty bold. Weren’t they afraid that he would snatch the control authority for himself?

Their ages actually didn’t look to be that far apart. After looking at Lung and Cillin, Qi Geyou quickly formed an opinion at the bottom of his heart: both of these men were difficult opponents. One guy looked frivolous and dim-witted, whereas the other guy looked simple and honest, but in reality they were complete fucking cons.

The screen beside Lung was even displaying the information related to the ‘Flying Snake’. There was no intention to avoid sensitive topics here at all.

Qi Geyou walked over, pulled a chair for himself and sat down, “Speak. Why did you save us, or should I say what is your purpose behind saving us and what kind of reward do you want?”

“We thought we saw your life pod floating outside so we just grabbed it along the way, and we learned about your identities because we saw the tattoo behind your backs. As for the reward…”

Cillin cast a glance at Lung lowering his eyes and seemingly thinking hard and thought: Please, you finished thinking about the reward a long time ago.

Lung slapped his palm, “Aiya, I got it! But before we get to that, I need to ask. Were you guys escaping from ‘Mad Owl’?”

Qi Geyou’s eyes darkened as the surrounding air seemed to freeze around him. However, Cillin and Lung maintained their normal expressions and remained unmoved.

You angry? What the hell are you getting angry for? Everything he said was the truth.

Qi Geyou let out a smile, but his eyes were completely chilled, “For now. Since I’m alive, then that battle hasn’t ended yet.”

Lung lifted a leg and kicked Cillin, “look at this guy, he’s full of imposingness even though he’s been beaten to such a shape! He truly is the ‘Little Flying Snake’, man.”

Cillin could obviously feel the air pressure around Qi Geyou growing even lower than before.

That being said, Qi Geyou did reveal one information from his words earlier. He planned to make a comeback, and logically speaking this presented an opportunity for external forces to put a foot into the situation. After all, ‘Flying Snake’ was still pretty influential in Sector S.

However, Cillin and Lung were obviously not what Qi Geyou had imagined.

Cillin slowly let out a yawn. He hadn’t been resting well lately, so he should replenish himself with a nap given the opportunity.

Lung was twirling around on his seat, seemingly uncaring for Qi Geyou’s words.

Qi Geyou’s slender pupils shrank like a snake’s.

When the silence lasted for a few minutes, Qi Geyou straightened his sitting posture. He understood that he was the one who was in need right now. If he did not speak frankly, this duo’s answers were absolutely going to piss him off.

“Alright, I need you to send me to a place. Tell me what kind of reward you want.”

“Are you talking money?” Lung spun his chair left and right,

“I’m very sorry, but right now I’m not interested in money. As for energy ores, I’m not interested either unless it’s the very special kind. What can you give us?”

Qi Geyou fell silent. He wasn’t afraid about being requested of something, because he could at least know what the other party was pursuing that way. But now…

After a moment’s thought, Qi Geyou said, “I do not know you people. I do not even know which forces you belong to. Therefore, I do not know what you need. I can give you many things, and I cannot give many things as well.”

“What you can give and what you can’t, huh…”

Cillin and Lung matched eyes. They understood what Qi Geyou was implying.

“If you go back, what do you think the success rate would be?” Cillin asked.

“I cannot guarantee anything.” Qi Geyou said, “But I will fight. Blood must be repaid with blood.”

There were too many things that were involved in this matter, and it was related to Qi Geyou’s status and authority he possessed in ‘Flying Snake’ as well. Plus, Qi Geyou was planning to fight with his life on the line from the very beginning, but the unexpected appearance of a traitor had caused his plans to be disrupted

completely. At first, he thought that his life would end just like that in reluctance, but he did not imagine that he would be rescued instead. Since he was still alive, then he would continue to fight. Some things could not end without death.

Qi Geyou sat very quietly on his seat after he was done talking. However, the killing intent emanating from his body was thick.

“Alright, we can send you to the place you speak of, but you should know that favors are very difficult to return. We’ve saved you and your companions, and we will be sending you back also we gave you a chance at vengeance. Therefore, value wise this reward is pretty hard to decide.” Lung said in a giggly tone, “But I guess being able to watch the show is worth the price. I hope that you won’t disappoint.”

“You won’t be.”

When they were done speaking, Lung arranged a place to rest for Qi Geyou. As for Qi Geyou’s two other companions, they’d have to wake first before any arrangements could be done.

Although Qi Geyou still thought that Lung and Cillin were a little unreliable – after all, a trade like this was just too damn weird. All you want for saving our lives and sending us back to fight for a comeback is to watch the show? Are you screwing with us or what?! – for now Qi Geyou could not figure out their true intentions either. In that case, he might as well put this to the back of his mind and think about it later when he had returned to his domain.

Moreover, Qi Geyou did not know who Cillin and Lung truly were. After all, a foreign force that arrived at Sector S couldn't possibly be made up of two people only, could it...? Of course, that was if they excluded that cat and that half-man-half-dog fellow.

The place Qi Geyou told them about wasn't too far away, but just to be safe Qi Geyou pointed out a roundabout path that would allow them to avoid some attention and minimise potential accidents. Therefore, if they were to fly following the roundabout path they would have to spend another two days on this starship, and these two days were practically hell for Qi Geyou and his two subordinates.

The trio's conversation with Cillin and Lung was a case of okay if they didn't talk, and 'oh my god I'm going to go berserk' the moment they did. How could there possibly be such infuriating people?

Right now Qi Geyou and his subordinates' situation were like people whose feet were sunk in a swamp, whereas Cillin and Lung were the people who extended them a helping hand. However, while these helping people were pulling them out, they were also constantly trampling over their faces repeatedly while a cat was flinging cynical remarks left and right from the sides.

How could they not be pissed off?

Chapter 169: Counter Attack [Part 1]

Speaking of Qi Geyou, he seldom met any formidable rivals among his peers except for those few people he could count on one hand as ones of the new generation's candidates to succeed 'Flying Snake'. He believed that others could not compare to himself, which was why the people around him were basically all subordinates. This thinking also nurtured his behavior of treating others from the position of superiority. However on this starship, Qi Geyou had been humiliated more than one time already. In just two short days, he would find himself choked off every time he attempted to feel out Cillin and Lung's depths.

The two other people who were rescued along with Qi Geyou from the lifepod were called Snarker and Serpenter. They fell under the category of 'diehard loyalist', and Qi Geyou trust in them grew even more after this incident. If in the future, Qi Geyou was able to take over 'Flying Snake' successfully, this duo would not doubt stand very tall in the hierarchy as well.

Cillin and Lung paid no attention to the way they interacted with each other. What interested Lung was how they were beaten into their sorry looks and nearly lost their lives in the process. He even analysed the question on their behalf using words that could drive people crazy, hitting the nail right on the head and caring absolutely nothing for their faces at all. Every time Qi Geyou was so angry he wished that he could just murder the two fellows – no, three, since that butt shaking cat had chimed into the conversation too.

"Hey little flying snake, you better not lose this time! We've invested capital on you you know!" Lung said while stick one leg

over the other.

What capital? Capital what?

Veins popped on Qi Geyou's forehead, but he restrained himself and did not burst into anger. He had never held himself back like this back at 'Flying Snake', but borrowing Cillin's words, beggars can't be choosers. When Cillin said this the gray cat on top of his shoulders had even added with pretentious seriousness, "Young man, be calm, do be not impatient."

Go eat shit with your impatience!

Qi Geyou wanted to practice out of sight, out of mind, but it was necessary for him to sit down in the control room and lead the way. He was the only one more familiar with the more hidden parks of this area. If he were to pass the task completely to Lung, there might be a potential hiccup. He absolutely must be careful with his current opportunity.

During the previous incident, Qi Geyou had lost a group of people and nearly lost his own life. Naturally, he couldn't be feeling too well no matter what the circumstances were. At first, he did lose his patience and attacked Cillin and Lung after suffering their sharp and blunt remarks, but when Cillin had grabbed his snake spear barehanded, Qi Geyou knew that he absolutely could not compare to Cillin in terms of individual strength.

When Snarker and Serpenter saw this their hair almost stood on the back of their heads. Qi Geyou's snake spear contained high

voltage, and if it were them, they would have succumbed to the attack already. However, Cillin was able to take the high voltage without a change in his expression at all. Although Qi Geyou had only unleashed two levels of snake spear – the sharpest blade and snake fang were not yet unleashed – his attack still wasn't something that any ordinary person could grasp.

Snarker and Serpenter also wanted to test their hands against Cillin – it was an itch they often felt when they met someone who could fight – but Cillin immediately threw a line at them, "You want to fight before your bones are healed? Did shit get into your head?"

In the end, Lung gave out an idea. It was the childish arm wrestling.

Cillin won by a short margin.

Lung said that friendship grows from exchange of blows, so he took out his wine and celebrated for a bit. After Qi Geyou had downed a few bottles of wine he then sat at the side and watched the group of four get wildly drunk and sing. Every person was louder and more off-key than the next; it was as if they were competing to see who could be the most off-key of them all. After they were done playing bacchanals, they began to play cards with great vigor. In view of their terrible drunk disposition earlier, everyone cheated, played dumb, acted shameless and fooled around until they all fell asleep.

Although Qi Geyou were so infuriated by Cillin and Lung that the blue veins on his head had grown a size thicker, he had to admit

that he acknowledged them in his heart. Courage alone wasn't enough for two people to enter Sector S on their lonesome. Without true abilities, they could not have survived this place for long. As for character, while the duo had very cheap mouths that spouted very sharp remarks, they were also all truths. Of course, the fact that might be totally doing it on purpose wasn't ruled out.

Qi Geyou could not figure out both Cillin and Lung. The elders at 'Flying Snake' once said that if they had encountered people like them, people who appeared unreliable on the surface but had in fact concealed their true abilities well within themselves, then they should not offend such people recklessly. Qi Geyou himself had no intentions of making powerful enemies for himself, especially at such an occasion.

They quickly arrived at the planet mentioned by Qi Geyou. This planet was 'Flying Snake's' headquarters, but it was a very important place. In a few days, there would be a meeting in 'Flying Snake's' domain on this domain. This was something that had been scheduled in advance a few days ago. Originally, this meeting was just routine work and not all that important, but the 'Double Spy' incident caused 'Flying Snake' to suffer a blow, lose a group of elites and even 'Little Flying Snake' Qi Geyou, who was currently MIA.

Night befell the dark side of the planet. The streets were red with lanterns and green with wine, the night life was rich, and everywhere one looked there were groups of youngsters who were riding on hoverboards or driving modified flying cars. Many of them were less than twenty years old. They hooted amidst speeding air in search of stimulation and excitement.

means feasting and pleasure-seeking

A small motorcade flew by with the appropriate lights on, and the people who were originally hooting wildly and flying at random opened up a path on their own consensus. Moreover, some people would join the motorcade on its way; flying cars following right behind them and hoverboarders withdrawing their hoverboards with practiced motions before dropping directly into the cars with open roofs. The flying cars' roofs would slowly fold up after the people had come in. It was as if they had cooperated like this for a very long time.

A teenager with spiky hair about fifteen to sixteen years old spoke to the guy sitting at the driver's seat, "Are there any news about the boss yet?"

The driver controlled the steering with one hand and gripped a cigarette with the other. When he heard the teenager's question, he sucked in a mouthful of smoke and frowned, "Not yet."

For a time, the atmosphere within the car was a little stifling and oppressive. The teenager produced a cigarette, lit it and smoked. He completely curbed his brash behavior when hoverboarding with others and appeared unusually silent.

"Kids shouldn't smoke this. It affects the body's growth." the driver said.

"I'm about to turn sixteen right away." the teenager retorted while flicking his cigarette, "I've fought so many fights with you guys already. Don't treat me like a kid anymore. Say it, what are

we going to do this time?”

The driver stopped twisting himself with the smoking problem, sucked in a deep mouthful and flicked the unfinished cigarette into an opening. The cigarette was sucked into the small opening when it flew over it. The small opening closed.

“We will bring this up during today’s meeting.”

“What if those people finds a reason to delay it again?” the teenager asked.

“Then we’ll do it ourselves.” his words were extremely harsh.

“You’ve gotten the firearms?”

“Yup.” the driver let out a mocking smile, “Black Snake wants to use us to eliminate those people from Mad Owl and create an incident along the way so we can’t come back? In his dreams!”

The driver opened the car’s roof once more. The smoke inside the car was instantly blown away, and the men inside the car were awoken a little by the wind as well.

The size of the people gathered around this motorcade grew bigger and bigger. In the end, it became a large motorcade of several hundred people. If the people inside the car were to be included, then they numbered were well over a thousand.

The motorcade arrived beside a wide building. There were already people waiting for them there. The people parked their flying cars and came out.

“You guys came!” the people waiting at the building said.

Chapter 169: Counter Attack [Part 2]

“These are all our numbers. The rest are either bogged down by other stuff or are afraid to come.”

“Those cowardly bastards, I’ll kick them to death sooner or later!”

“Let’s talk about this later. Has the meeting begun?” the one who asked this was none other than the smoking driver. The teenager was following behind him.

“It has begun. I heard that the higher ups are having a fierce quarrel. Black Snake slandered boss quite a bit.”

“What about the rest of the people?”

“They’re the same as ever…”

While they were speaking, another motorcade had arrived. As compared to this motorcade, the newly arrived motorcade was obviously a lot more noisier. While letting the music flow out of their windows, they were even whistling and shaking their bodies cockily for a bit.

“Yo, Gold Ring. Why are you standing here? Can’t get in?” the fellow who walked out of the car with a hair that was done like a broom said with a sloppy appearance. While smoking, he even purposely puffed out a few smoke rings.

Before they could answer, the guy behind Broomhead sneered and said, “Could it be that you guys are here to snivel to the elders because your little boss died and no one’s here to support you?”

“Of course it is, do you even need to ask!”

“Look at those sullen faces, sigh, it truly is... an entirely appropriate punishment!”

The people this side got angry when they watched the people on the other side answering their own questions in a ridiculing and cocky manner.

“Fuck, you want to fucking die this badly? Your daddy can fulfill your wish! How do you want to die, huh? Spit it out!”

“I spit on your ancestors. Nothing will happen to boss even if black snake’s been cooked!”

“Even if boss isn’t here, you seriously think that wretched Black Snake can take over? Peh, even pigs are better than him!”

There was a rule since a long time ago to watch out one own’s words and actions before this building, which was why the two small groups had in fact restrained their speeches quite a bit despite the disharmonious argument and current situation. Otherwise, anything could’ve popped out of their mouths.

“Hey stop it, both of you. Do you know where you are right now!” a middle aged man walked out from inside the building.

This person might not be part of the higher ups of ‘Flying Snake’, but he was the principal manager of this place. Therefore, logically speaking both parties should have given him face and stopped right there.

However, the flames on both sides had only grown stronger and stronger. They were slowly starting to lose control and itch for a fight.

An alluring twenty years old or so woman walked out from behind the middle-aged man and pulled his sleeves, “It’s better if you don’t interfere. Neither side will think anything about your opinion at all. Let us report this to upstairs and mobilise a group of men along the way to guard this place just in case their fight gets too intense and affect the people inside.”

Earlier, Black Snake had already told this woman not to interfere if these two sides of people started arguing with each other and let them do whatever they wanted. Black Snake had already sent his men to add fuel to fire in secret. It would appear that Black Snake was going to use the ‘Double Spy’ incident to clean out ‘Little Flying Snake’s’ subordinates as well.

Seeing that the two sides’ arguments were growing so intense that they were practically seconds away from pulling out their weapons, Gold Ring raised his hands and pulled the two people at the front, getting ready to say something. Suddenly, a terrific sense of danger assaulted him, and he reflexively moved his body

sideways. He was still shot, however, although thankfully he managed to avoid getting shot at a major organ.

"Fuck, motherfucker they actually shot us!"

This time the situation was full to bursting. Both parties took out their weapons and fired immediately.

But they hadn't managed to shoot more than twice when an angry roar nearly pushed the sounds of both parties' gunshots.

"Stop right now!"

When the people who were so angry they could spit blood heard this voice, they fell silent before exclaiming in shock, "Boss!"

Meanwhile, the faces of the people at Broomhead's side distorted like they had just eaten a mouthful of shit. They froze, not because they couldn't move but because they did not dare to. The second they heard this voice they immediately felt a tremendous pressure.

Gold Ring held his stomach and looked towards the sky. Three people on hoverboards slowly descended from above. The leader of the trio was none other than the main subject of the topic that had triggered this conflict, 'Little Flying Snake' Qi Geyou.

Even though it was night, the sparkling orange lights of the lamps still complemented his sword-like pupils and gave it a most bizarre feeling. It even caused the surrounding temperature to fall

by several degrees.

“Boss, Snarker, Serpenter!” some cried out in pleasant surprise.

Qi Geyou walked down from the hoverboard with a dark expression. Both parties consciously opened up a path for him. No one dared to act wantonly in front of ‘Little Flying Snake’.

Ignoring Gold Ring and the others’ exclamations, Qi Geyou continued to walk his own way. However, no one was bothered by the slight because Qi Geyou’s return was already the best news they could have.

Qi Geyou was walking close to the group of people around Gold Ring. He walked and walked, and suddenly, before anyone could react, Qi Geyou’s snake spear suddenly flashed out and extended all the way up to its third level right away. The long and sharp snake fangs went right between several people and nailed into the body of one person. The parts where the snake fangs had penetrated swiftly turned black and rotted.

The nailed person tried to cry out, but the only thing that escaped his throat was an indistinguishable hoarse sound. His eyes were filled with fear and despair.

“Boss, you…”

A person at the side was just about to say something before he recalled something and stopped himself.

Qi Geyou glanced at him and nodded satisfactorily.

Qi Geyou's temperament meant that he would not kill carelessly without good reason. Therefore, his subordinates should not question his decision even if they had doubts because he was the boss of this organisation. This was something everyone on Qi Geyou's side knew, which was why the person who spoke shut up upon recalling this.

He pulled out the snake spear. The front ends of the snake spear drew back as the weapon returned to its original form.

"There's nothing I hate more than traitors!"

When Gold Ring heard this, his eyes narrowed, "Boss, you're saying that that bastard is the guy who shot me! I knew there was a traitor in our midst when I was shot, but there was no time to find out who it was just now. Now I think that death is going way too easy on him."

"Drag him out and chop him up a couple more times then." Snarker said. The current Snarker was not as casual as he was when facing Cillin and Lung. Right now Snarker was also wearing a dark expression and appeared incredibly imposing just like Qi Geyou.

Although Serpenter didn't hold a face of ice like the other two, the gleam that glowed between the thin slits of his eyes appeared dangerous no matter how you looked at it. He looked just like a

poisonous serpent who was about to deal its prey a fatal blow.

Qi Geyou stopped looking at the traitor and turned to cast a glance at Broomhead. Then, he slowly walked towards him.

Seeing that Qi Geyou was walking towards them, Broomhead and the others unconsciously retreated backwards.

“Why are you retreating? Did I give you permission to retreat?”

Qi Geyou’s voice was very level when he said this, but those who knew him well knew that it was his usual expression before killing someone.

“Bo... Boss Qi Geyou, misunderstanding... it’s all really just a misunderstanding, this...”

Broomhead’s words were swallowed right back into his throat before they were sprayed out along with his blood.

The deep slash marks in Broomhead’s throat nearly cut off his entire head. However, Qi Geyou’s attack was done skillfully so as to avoid several important nerves. Therefore, Broomhead had not lost consciousness and died right away. Instead, he was able to feel his blood flowing out of his throat and experience the fear and despair of life flowing out of his body.

Qi Geyou gave a sideway nod and said, “Teach them a lesson.”

After he said this, he stopped paying attention to the matters here any longer. Snarker and Serpenter led the men and charged towards the other party. A lesson was something that could not be memorised unless it was profound.

Qi Geyou walked into the building. When the mobilised and full armed men inside the building who were just getting ready to charge into the fray and stop the conflict saw Qi Geyou, they immediately withdrew their weapons and opened up a way for Qi Geyou to come in.

“You can forget about the situation outside. It’ll end very soon.”

“Yes sir.” the leader of the squad answered respectfully.

When Qi Geyou walked through the inner door, the full armed squad wiped the sweat off their body.

“He is Little Flying Snake alright; his aura is getting rounder and rounder lately. Is that killing intent just now? How terrifying. I felt like I was being watched by a huge snake.”

“No wonder the higher ups look so highly upon Qi Geyou. Black Snake is far lousier compared to him.”

“Tsk, Black Snake? If he didn’t have a good daddy, he would’ve been crushed by Qi Geyou a long time ago.”

“That being said, the fact that he survived that kind of situation meant that Qi Geyou truly has some real skills.”

“Never mind this. We gave Black Snake face because of the rumor that Qi Geyou had died and because of that person up there. But now that Qi Geyou is back, Black Snake’s face should be all gone.”

…

in the sky not far away from the building, Cillin and Lung were sitting inside a flying car and watching the scene unfolding down there.

Right now, Cillin and Lung were wearing the camo face mask newly developed by the Andrea Family. It would be very difficult for anyone to detect their true faces unless they were put through an in-depth investigation.

As for the gray cat, it was teaching the little fellow how to read in the starship outside the planet. The now invisible starship was parked at a place not far away from the planet.

“Tsk, he deserves to be called Little Flying Snake alright. Pretty imposing, ain’t he? I’m so envious, he looks so cool man! I’m jealous, ah, I’m jealous!” Lung complained.

“Is this the so-called internal strife in gangs? It seriously is cruel. They kill their opponents directly without so much a word.” Cillin sighed ruefully. It was obvious that the gang rules of Sector S were

much crueler than the internal affairs of a Hunter regiment. No wonder someone like Qi Geyou was nurtured.

"Cillin, I want to enjoy the thrill of being a boss too just like Qi Geyou. It feels like it'd be pretty enjoyable and much cooler than just bringing a bunch of bodyguards around. Mm, I'll lead a huge group of people wearing black windbreakers and sunglasses, each holding an assault rifle in their hands while their waists..."

While Lung was talking dreamily, Cillin rudely cracked down on his dream and said, "Old Berzett would die from anger."

Lung covered his face and wailed in anguish, "Can we not bring up that terrible old man? Gentleman etiquette is a trap!"

Cillin and Lung waited for Qi Geyou directly outside the building. Qi Geyou once said that he would pull out the thorns behind his back after this meeting, then come up with a new arrangement to make a comeback and take revenge.

Cillin and Lung had expressed that they would participate in their planned mission at the grade one prison. Therefore, it was best that they waited until Qi Geyou had finished his meeting before discussing the relevant matters. Of course, since they'd arrived on 'Flying Snake's' domain, as the master of this place Qi Geyou had to receive them properly, not to mention that they were his savior too.

Three hours later, Qi Geyou came out. After talking a little with Snarker in a low tone, he left along with the long motorcade.

Then, while the people were distracted, Snarker seized the opportunity to lead Cillin and Lung to another place that belonged to Qi Geyou.

Chapter 170: Change In Prison [Part 1]

Logically speaking, Snarker was a strength type fighter whereas Serpenter was a speed type fighter. If they wanted to do something, then Serpenter and his speed was without a doubt the more convenient choice. However, it was also exactly why more people would place their attentions onto Serpenter. If Serpenter were to disappear from Qi Geyou's side, those people would definitely think: Did Qi Geyou send Serpenter away to do something secretive again?

That was why Snarker was able to bring Cillin and Lung to Qi Geyou's domain more secretively while Qi Geyou and Serpenter were attracting more attention onto themselves.

"Little Flying Snake's place is pretty good." Lung circled around the room Qi Geyou had arranged for them and said.

They called it a room, but in reality it was pretty close to a garden villa already. There was also a swimming pool as well. When Lung saw the swimming pool, he stripped off all his clothes and jumped right into the swimming pool to enjoy himself.

Cillin thought: Thank goodness Berzett wasn't here, or he would be so mad that he would lose hair again. The purpose of the so-called etiquette was to be forgotten.

Naturally, Cillin knew that Qi Geyou was very busy. After the big meeting, he had to gather his subordinates for a small meeting, plan for ops and settle the internal strife in his organisation as

well. As the leader of this small organisation and as the main target of study and choice to succeed ‘Flying Snake’ in the future, naturally Qi Geyou needed to analyse the problem better and fight a comeback war after experiencing his first defeat.

Shawton once said that in a Hunter regiment, the development of a B Squadron was based on individual strength, opportunities, and network.

Compared to the other B Squadons in Vanguard, the Sixth B Squadron was severely lacking in terms of ‘network’. It had nothing to do with individual strength and foresight, and the main reason their network had fallen to such a state was because the former Sixth B Squadron commander was way too much of a ‘loner’. This caused the Sixth B Squadron’s development to fall off in a straight line the moment Seru had left their Squadron.

With more network, there would be more development branches and trading channels. Only then could the Hunter regiment develop faster.

Just the same, Cillin needed to find out certain things that were not known to the common people even if he was currently away from the Hunter regiment. Not only did he need to travel around the galaxy, he also need to acquire a wider channel such as the local forces of Sector S to learn more news. Since fate had brought him and Little Flying Snake Qi Geyou together, after a period of association he found that Qi Geyou was a thread that was worth grasping.

Obviously, a member of an influential merchant family like Lung

understood this even better. Your elders might have existing channels to share with you, but they were in fact not suitable for you. After all, the other party had given you access for your senior's sake and not yours. If one were to rely on his seniors forever, then it was only a matter of time before they were stepped on by others.

Cillin took a bath, filled his stomach, grabbed a bottle of wine and lay on a sofa, drinking and watching the local news of this planet. He had to say that the TV shows here were pretty fancy, less restricted and spoke blatantly. No wonder the people here matured earlier than usual.

While watching, a communicator beside him rang. It was a communicator Qi Geyou instructed Snarker to prepare for them. This way they would be able to communicate easier on this planet.

After the line was connected, Qi Geyou's image appeared on screen. He looked very tired, but his eyes were just as bright. It was obvious that today's meeting was met with pretty good results.

"How is it? the place is pretty good, isn't it? I haven't ill treated the young masters, have I?" Qi Geyou was fairly confident in the place he arranged for the duo. This place could be considered a luxurious zone even in the entire planet.

"It's pretty good. But the walls of the training room aren't tough enough, and the swimming pool isn't wide enough..."

"Two choices. it's either there or on the streets!"

“I guess I’ll stay here then.”

“Alright, if there’s anything, call me directly if you can’t find Snarker or Serpenter. They are capable of handling some of the matters here at least. You guys just rest for the day. We’re in the middle of planning a countermeasure right now, and we’ll come back to you once we’re done. Oh right, do you guys need any weapons? We can sell you for a cheap price…”

“We’re fine with weapons. Go have your meeting. Take care not to get hunted to a lifepod again.”

Cillin’s words obviously upset Qi Geyou again as he cut off the comm with a beep.

After cutting off the connection, Qi Geyou looked beside him and said, “What do you think of them?”

There was an old man holding a crutch and sitting beside Qi Geyou. The exterior of the crutch was shaped like a snake. Both of the old man’s hands were placed on the snake’s head of the crutch.

“They are not our enemies for now. It is good as long as they are not our enemies.”

“Then I’ll be proceeding with the original plan.”

“Mm. Work well.”

Two days later, Qi Geyou came over to inform Cillin and Lung about the time of the operation and the rough itinerary. Of course, the specifics of the ops of the Flying Snake’s internal division were not told.

“Alright. Just get us the prison’s map layout, and we’ll work separately once we reach our destination. Relax, we won’t hold you back.” Lung laid at the edge of the swimming pool and said, “We do not need you to supply us any equipment of whatever either. It’s such an amazing deal, right?”

Qi Geyou overlooked Lung’s final line directly, “Alright, that’s it then. I will have Snarker receive you when we depart.”

Qi Geyou’s schedule was pretty hectic, and he did not have much time to communicate with Cillin and Lung. After explaining several important items, Qi Geyou then left in a hurry.

“Let’s go and tidy up the equipment.” Cillin kicked Lung who was lying beside the swimming pool and not feeling like moving at all, “It’s time to test your family’s new products.”

Inside the room.

Lung opened a box and took out two sets of clothes from inside. There was also a face mask that was so thin it was also transparent.

“The clothes, pants and face masks are all part of a set called the ‘Copy Set’. It can copy up to hundreds of clothing material and style. It’s controlled using brain waves, and it is not suitable for people who don’t use their brain.”

While speaking, Lung put on one of the Copy Set before opening the wardrobe in the room. He spread out the clothes that were hung on the hangers and stood in front of a formal suit. Then, Cillin watched as an identical formal suit slowly appeared on Lung’s body. Moreover, it automatically adjusted to the wearer’s size and appeared very fitting on his body.

Then, Lung turned on a small projector as the head of a stranger was displayed. At the same time, Lung’s face swiftly transformed and became exactly the same as the face on top of the projector.

Cillin gave it a close look and nodded, “It’s good. How much is this ‘Copy Set’ on the market?”

“It’s still at the testing phase and hasn’t made it to the market yet. However, it’s very difficult to buy something like this without the appropriate channels.” Lung said while tidying his attire and looking at himself in the mirror along the way “I’ve decided to experience the life of a prison guard and a convict for a bit. Although this is just a grade one prison, if all goes well we may be able to try it out again in a grade two and three prison.”

Cillin chose a few guns that suited him well, whereas Lung began loading stuff onto his own body like he was loading a treasure box. The stuff were probably prepared accordingly to Lung’s character before he came to Sector S since there were more tricky weapons

than direct ones. Strictly speaking, the variety of weapons were more leaned towards hidden weapon types, although these hidden weapons were a little too destructive.

"Are you seriously going to blow up the prison?"

"No. But this is a rare trip, and I've got to leave some memories behind, don't I? Who knows if it may come in handy." Lung continued to load up the micro remote bombs.

Cillin shook his head. This fellow was the perfect candidate to stir up a row.

Originally, Lung's objective was to take a look around the prison of Sector S and seize the opportunity to stir up a mess and entertain himself. However, Cillin had a feeling that their gains this time might be pretty huge.

Fifty years ago, some of the famous figures had all vanished without a trace at the same time. Cillin thought that he might be able to find the answer in Sector S' prison.

The great hermit retreats into the city.

the translation of the full idiom would be, 'the little hermit retreats into the wilderness; the great hermit retreats into the city'. In brief, it means to say that a person who has attained true enlightenment would not be disturbed by their environment, and be able to live life the way they want to.

Would they find some people in a grade one prison?

Cillin looked forward to it.

The day of the operation quickly arrived.

Chapter 170: Change In Prison [Part 2]

This time, ‘Flying Snake’s’ men were split into several group for the operation. Cillin and Lung were secretly arranged by Qi Geyou on a spaceplane that was headed towards the grade one prison.

From outside space, the majority of the grade one prison planet’s face looked like it was enveloped in fortress-like prisons. It was filled with a heavy and oppressive feeling. However, the people of ‘Flying Snake’ were feeling different. The closer they got to the prison planet, the more excited they became.

Today, a group of people would finish their sentences and be released from prison on this planet. ‘Flying Snake’ and ‘Mad Owl’ had all sent a group of men over. The last time it was a riot in prison, but this time it would be different. This time they were ready to fight both in and outside the prison.

Firearm attacks were forbidden within a certain area around the prison, and anyone who broke this rule would be attacked by the prison’s defense system decisively and without distinction. However, the places beyond this area were where the convicts often took care of their problems. The prison guards had installed plenty of monitoring cameras in those areas. While the convicts were fighting heatedly on the other side, the prison guards would watch the show happily inside the monitoring room. This was literally better than watching TV. It was a fight in the flesh! Not only was it live, it was free as well.

After the spaceplane had descended, Cillin and Lung then split ways with Flying Snake’s people. Their objectives were different,

which was why their itineraries were different too.

A large transport slowly flew over from the prison's direction before descending at the edge of the garrison. A prison guard walked out from the transport and looked at the spaceplanes parked in the area. There were obviously several forces currently present.

The prison guard smiled to the point where his cheeks trembled after sweeping a glance across his surroundings, "Looks like the lineup is pretty big this time." the bigger the lineup, the more intense the fight later would become. He had to get back soon to watch the live battle.

While thinking, the prison guard shouted two lines to his back so that the people inside could come out quickly.

The people inside the transport came out and walked towards their respective belonging forces. The eye interactions and secret signs between the convicts and their companions had already begun. While walking, the convicts moved their bodies so that they could return to top form as soon as possible. The bloodthirst and excitement in their eyes were insuppressible, especially the ones from 'Flying Snake'. This time they would mount an impressive counter attack.

Once the released convicts had all walked away, the prison guards returned to the transport and piloted it back into the prison.

There were thirty or so prison guards among the escort. When the transport flew into the warehouse, the people inside the prison's monitoring room began shouting even before the guards came out, "Quick, it's started it's started! Fuck, what impressive firepower! This time the fireworks are huge!"

The prison guards of the escort hastily quickened their movements, charged out of the transport and rushed towards the control room. However, they did not notice that there were another two people wearing the same prison guard uniforms coming out together with them.

Cillin and Lung operated separately. While donned in the prison guard uniforms, they calmly walked into a passage.

Looking at the time, it was almost the time Qi Geyou had mentioned. The riot inside the prison was also about to begin.

Bang bang bang!

Noises began to resound from the other side of the prison. There were plenty of convicts imprisoned in that place.

"Fuck, they're fighting inside as well!" a prison guard yelled.

"Let's watch both sides together. Bring up the monitoring footage inside the prison now!"

"Tsk sk, looks like the commotion this time is pretty huge. I

guess ‘Flying Snake’ wants their revenge this time.”

“Should we go take a look? What do we do if it gets too big?” a prison guard asked with slight worry.

“Who cares, if it gets big the fines are paid by the people behind them and not them. If they’ve gone blind and went over to the forbidden zone, then they can’t fault us for taking measures against them.” another prison guard pressed a red button while speaking. It was the button of the prison rooms’ defense system. After the button was pressed, the status of the system was changed to Grade A. It also meant that any convicts whose fight went beyond the allowed area would be killed instantly.

Cillin left after listening in on their words.

There were basically no prison guards inside the passage. Right now, they were all sitting in their respective monitoring rooms and watching the live battle. They had left all the defense work to the defense system.

Perhaps they had done this for many years, but they could never imagine that today was a special day.

While walking towards the prison rooms, Cillin suddenly stopped and looked behind him. There were still no one there.

After looking for a bit, Cillin turned around and continued walking.

When Cillin turned around, a small shape abruptly protruded from the walls of the pipe-shaped passage and moved towards the direction Cillin was headed to.

After Cillin had gone through this section of the passage, he did not continue towards the prison rooms and instead, took a bent and walked down a different passage. This passage did not lead towards the prison rooms but the warehouse.

Along the way, he encountered several prison guards of the area, but they were all out here to pee and take care of their physiological problems midway. After giving Cillin a hasty greeting or a simple nod, they immediately ran back to the control room to watch the show. Cillin had copied his face from a prison guard, but that prison guard was still some distance away from where he was now. Therefore, he wasn't at risk of being exposed just yet.

While listening to the prison guards loud discussion, Cillin thought: the scale of this fight is quite big, but...

Cillin raised his head. Another prison guard walked out from the warehouse. Cillin smiled and nodded towards the prison guard before brushing past him.

After Cillin had took a turn around the corner, the prison guard turned to look at where Cillin had disappeared. A red light flashed past his pupils as stretched out his tongue and gave himself a lick. This was nothing unusual, except for the fact that his tongue was

deep blue in color and extremely long. It could almost touch his on forehead. The smile he wore was full of cruelty.

When Cillin walked towards the warehouse, he had raised a communicator that looked nearly the same as the prison guard's on his wrist. In reality, this was a modified communicator. Of course, this modified communicator did not have voice communication functionality, but it was also more stealthy. It could swiftly deliver a coded message to a person on another planet.

After entering a few brief messages, Cillin withdrew his communicator and raised his head, looking towards the warehouse. He smiled.

On the other side of the prison, Lung turned on his communicator and looked at the message Cillin had delivered to him. He replied with a 'roger that' before continuing on his way. There was a mark that looked very much like a pool of water stain beside him, and if someone were to pay it close attention they would find it sticky and was composed of about the same substances as blood.

At the same time, on another planet, Qi Geyou who was fighting alongside his subordinates discovered that the communicator on his hand had vibrated once. The frequency of the vibration allowed him to know that it was Cillin who had transmitted this message. If Cillin had transmitted something to him at such a time, then it was probably very important. Therefore, after cutting down a person who had jumped at him, Qi Geyou extracted himself from the battle and motioned for Serpenter to take over for a

while. Once he was got out of the battle zone, Qi Geyou looked at the message displayed on the communicator. It wasn't elaborate, but it had clarified out all of the important issues.

When he saw the message on the communicator, Qi Geyou's face changed abruptly. After explaining himself briefly to the people behind him, he swiftly returned to the spaceplane and activated several communication channels at the same time, sending out various orders to each of them.

At the grade one prison outside the prison zone where Cillin was at, the clashing personnel received a message from their PICs, "Hurry up. We will evacuate in ten minutes!"

Inside the prison, the 'Flying Snake' men who were fighting a messy battle in the prison rooms also received their orders and altered their movements to fit the new operation plan.

The closer Cillin got to the warehouse, the more obvious the stench of blood became.

Judging from the smell of this blood, it was probably a human. The time of death wasn't long, and it was only several minutes at best. Cillin's fingers moved when he recalled the person who had earlier brushed past his shoulders. A blade had appeared soundlessly between his fingers.

Other than this warehouse, the doors of the remaining warehouses were all closed. The stench of blood had spread out of this open warehouse.

The stench of blood grew stronger and stronger, and there were bits and pieces of chewing sounds coming from inside as well. Judging from the sound, there were likely a lot of them.

He soundless appeared beside the cabin door and hid his presence. Although the interior of the building wasn't lit, Cillin could see clearly the state of the man inside. The prison guard had been chewed almost down to bones, and he was surrounded by a dozen or so feeding mice-like creatures.

They looked like mice, but they did not have hair. Instead, their exterior was covered in a layer of metallic like armor. Its limbs were thicker, and its sharp claws could draw many deep marks on a person's bones. The barb on its long tongue scraped layers of meat off the bones again and again as they fed.

Pak!

A soft sound surprised the feeding fellows inside. Amidst darkness, they looked outside the cabin door with scarlet eyes that shone with the light of madness and bloodthirst.

Swoosh swoosh swoosh swoosh!

Before those things could leap on their feet, Cillin had already tossed out the blades in his hands. These flying knives were all made of special materials, and they were about the same as the ones that had killed the 'Skull King' back then. However, these new ones were smaller, and the shape of the knives had been

modified as well. The toxin inside the knives was also changed to a different kind.

The five knives struck five of the creatures directly. While those things had tough exterior armor, it wasn't at the level where the flying knives could not penetrate their bodies. The creatures that were struck by the flying knives slowly turned into a pool of something that looked like water stain as they died. It was just a little stickier than usual, and the creature's armor had long since melted along with its main body as well.

After taking out five of the creatures at once, Cillin raised his hand and popped out a half length wrist blade. The blade flashed around repeatedly, but the actual sound of split air was very thin. It was only when the blade struck those creatures that there was a slightly louder noise.

The several creatures who leaped towards him had all been slice in half cleanly. There were three creatures that had tried to escape, but they were nailed on the spot by Cillin with three flying knives and turned into water stains.

After he was done dealing with these creatures, Cillin then turned his head and looked towards a nearby corner of the passage.

Before Cillin could say anything though, a person had walked out of the corner. The person appeared to be a little petite with a pair of small slanted mustache and a head wrapped in a scarf.

"Very sorry, I didn't do it on purpose." the person's tone seemed

to say ‘sorry, I totally did it on purpose’.

The soft noises from earlier had been created purposely by this person. Their objective was to attract these creatures’ attention so that they would attack Cillin.

Chapter 171: Another Weirdo [Part 1]

Cillin did not say anything. He simply stared at the little mustached guy as his blade leaped from finger to finger, reflecting cold gleams under the illumination of the wall lamps.

"Alright." Little Stache raised both his hands and flipped his hands around to show that he wasn't holding any threatening weapon and that he was harmless, "I express my sincere apology for what happened just now. But I do not regret doing it."

Seeing that Cillin hadn't turned resentful and attacked him because of his words, Little Stache's eyeballs rolled once before he continued, "I have my own objective. You met a weirdo when you came over just now, haven't you? Mm... Right, he was wearing a guard uniform. I wonder if you noticed?"

Cillin indicated for him to continue while he stared at him.

Little Stache pointed at the sticky liquid on the floor and said, "He created these things. He was the one who killed the patrolling prison guard in the warehouse too. I don't know who he is, and I don't know if he's even a human. At any rate, he's a dangerous fellow."

The person touched his little pair of mustaches before showing Cillin a helpless expression, "At first, I was here only to watch 'Flying Snake' and 'Mad Owl's' battle, and perhaps benefit myself and cause a little bit of destruction if the opportunity presented itself. However, the moment I entered here I immediately noticed

that something was wrong. Thank goodness I escaped quickly and avoided danger by hiding in this side of the warehouse. That weirdo did not notice me. So er, I was just testing your skills for a bit. If you're strong, then I think we can cooperate with each other. If you can't even deal with those little things, then there's no need."

"If I can't deal with those little things, then I most definitely would have ended up like that prison guard in the warehouse. But if they strained me somewhat or greatly, then you would have killed me, wouldn't you?"

Although he had phrased it as a question, Cillin's words were strong with certainty.

Little Stache did not put up a denial. He simply shrugged and curled his lips.

"There are two unknown forces that had arrived at this prison this time. They are not from Sector S, and with their abilities they should not be showing up in the lousiest grade one prison right now. There's no reason an important person would be imprisoned in a mere grade one prison, much less someone at their level of strength. Every one of those people could become a core member of the few famous forces in Sector S. However, according to my observation of these people's movements and targets, there is an important person inside this prison. It's just that no one knows about it." Little Stache rolled his shoulders for a bit, "You can consider me as a member of a certain force as well. After I came in here, I was forced into hiding and seeking shelter. I've been waiting all this time for a chance to leave this place. The enemy of

my enemy is my friend. Therefore, let's cooperate with each other."

Cillin did not answer his offer to cooperate immediately. Instead he asked, "You're saying that there are another two unknown forces in this place, and that they're both pretty powerful?"

Little Stache nodded, "They're super powerful! I think that anyone of them is at least at the level of a grade four prison convict. I suspect that their objective this time is to destroy this prison, so it's better if we cooperate, hurry up and get out of this place!"

"Please find someone else to help you. I am not ready to escape just yet."

"What!?" Little Stache glared, "You're just committing suicide! Do you not understand what is going on right now? Do you want me to help you analyse things for a bit?"

Little Stache took two back and forth steps, causing the pigtail wrapped in his scarf to shake around. His footsteps came to a pause as he looked up at Cillin. Then, a gun appeared in his hand following the movement of his wrist. However, Cillin did not attack him for the action because Little Stache did not have the intention to shoot at him. He was aiming the barrel at the passage wall.

Pupupu!

He shot three times in a row. The gun had been modified, and the gunshots were very soft. In fact, even the impact of the bullets had become much softer. However, its destructive power was not weakened in the slightest, and in fact it was quite the opposite when compared to some other firearms. A normal gun would at most cause a small dent when it was fired at the passage wall, but Little Stache's gun had opened a deep hole in the passage wall directly.

Although the gun and its destructive power were very eye catching, what Cillin needed to pay attention to wasn't this but the defense system.

Normally speaking, the energy waves caused by gunfire would immediately be detected by the defense system. Anyone who opened fire at a non shooting zone, be it the prison guards or someone else, would trigger the defense system to sound the alarm and take defensive measures to suppress the internal threat. However, the passage's defense system did not react at all even though Little Stache had opened fire three times in a row.

Little Stache withdrew his gun and said, "As you can see, the defense system here has been modified. It's not just the warehouse; in every location those people passed by, the defense system had become ineffective as well.. That is why I deduced that they may be aiming to destroy the whole prison at the end considering how big their movements were and how they killed without mercy."

Cillin did not answer him and brought up the communicator around his wrist instead. The display stated that there was no connection.

BOOM!

A loud explosion resounded from afar.

“This is bad this is bad, it’s started already. Hey, let’s escape already, why are you still hesitating? Our lives are first priority!” Little Stache got anxious and jumped where he stood. He wished he could just drag Cillin over and forcefully alter the thoughts in his mind.

Cillin wasn’t hesitating. He was sensing a kind of sound wave that did not belong to a normal human being hidden within the explosion.

The gray cat once said that anyone who was familiar with sound waves could sense a person’s strength through the sound they make, and Cillin had made up his mind after he felt the sound wave hidden within the explosion. Right now, he really wasn’t strong enough to get mixed up with those two mysterious forces.

‘Flying Snake’ and ‘Mad Owl’ had probably figured out the new situation through the local forces inside the prison and all sorts of other channels by now. The chaos over at the side of the prison rooms had become bigger and bigger.

About Lung, according to Cillin’s understanding of his personality, he was a smart guy who would never put his own life at risk. In fact, he would even seize the opportunity to toss in a few explosives of his own for fun. Now that he thought about it, the

micro bombs Lung had carried with him would actually come in handy right now. Lung probably hadn't expected the existence of two such forces, but he had always been a guy who acted according to his instincts.

Cillin then glanced at Little Stache, who was looking left and right and seemingly sensing if there was danger nearby. This fellow was capable, and his hiding skills were pretty good. Otherwise, he would not have been able to avoid that weirdo. As for which Sector S force he belonged to, Cillin did not have the time to question him closely. It's not like he would tell the truth with his behavior anyway. However, Cillin knew that this fellow did not belong under 'Flying Snake', 'Mad Owl' or those dangerous forces. That was enough. For now, this fellow would not be a threat to him.

Little Stache was holding up his ears and listening to his surroundings. Suddenly, he felt that someone – Cillin – was watching him and took a step backwards. Then he thought it was the wrong move to take and glared back with wide open eyes. He took two steps forwards and said with a rough voice, "Hey, how long do you need to make a decision? What a coy and hesitant person. Are you a man or not!"

Cillin did not say anything. He walked towards Little Stache directly.

"You… I'm telling you, don't you think I won't dare to fight you right now. I'm not so weak I can't do without you as a partner. I can just find another one…"

Little Stache was very anxious. He could not figure out Cillin's depths since he had taken out those little monsters too cleanly. One thing was certain though, and that was the fact that he would not necessarily be able to defeat Cillin if they truly fought each other. Even if he could win, he would have to pay a huge price. At any rate it wasn't worth it, and considering the current circumstances he seriously did not want to fight Cillin right now. But as Cillin walked closer and closer, Little Stache's gloved hands felt a little sweaty.

When Cillin was two steps away from Little Stache, and Little Stache was about to open fire at him, he spoke.

"Girl, you're in the way."

Chapter 171: Another Weirdo [Part 2]

The bucket of bloody accusation fell on her head, drenching her messily in utter and complete defeat. Little Stache felt that her expression was kinda falling apart.

an original metaphor from the author, probably improvised from ‘a bucket of cold ice/water’

Cillin went around Little Stache and walked towards the passage behind her.

After freezing for a moment, Little Stache immediately chased after him.

“Hey, about that, how did you know I am a female?” Little Stache touched her own face. For so many years no one had been able to identify her true gender, not to mention that her disguise had been done by her own master!

Cillin did not explain. It’s not like he could tell her directly: Girl, I checked your sex chromosome and found that it was XX, could he?

Seeing that Cillin had fallen into silence once more, Little Stache knew that he had no intentions of giving her a reason. Therefore, Little Stache stopped wasting time and asked a different question instead, “Why are we walking through this passage? We’re getting farther and farther away from the exit.”

“It’s a detour. The passage i came from earlier had been locked down by the prison guards. There’s a heated battle happening there right now, and if we went there we would be directly involved in it.” Cillin asked.

This time Little Stache wasn’t stupid enough to ask how Cillin knew what was going on down that passage. Instead, she paid careful attention to her surroundings, gripping her gun and preparing to shoot directly if there were any abnormalities.

Cillin was very satisfied with Little Stache’s reactions. Setting aside the matter of her strength, a person like her would at least not cause too much trouble. A smart person would take stock of the situation and react accordingly to it instead of wasting time asking about fruitless questions.

The faraway rumbling noises were growing more and more frequent, and the prison guards had all lost their interests in watching the show inside their monitoring rooms. Everyone in the entire prison had been dragged into the mess. It probably wouldn’t result in the worst outcome if they did not resist the two mysterious forces directly. The people of those two forces had clear objectives coming to this prison, so they would not waste their time taking out other people unless absolutely necessary. However, if they did resist the two mysterious forces directly and caused them trouble, then be it ‘Flying Snake’, ‘Mad Owl’ or other forces native to this Sector, the prison guards or the prisoners of other Sectors imprisoned here, they would all end up dead.

Although Cillin had only brushed by that guy who was disguised as a prison guard, he already had a rough estimation of his

strength after that brief moment of contact. The prison guards had no lack of capable and ruthless personnel among their ranks, but it wasn't hard to imagine the final outcome of a head on clash between two sides judging from the fact that the two mysterious forces had easily made their way into this place.

Right now Cillin was walking very quickly, but his soft footsteps were extremely soft. Little Stache was obviously an expert in this aspect as well as they traversed quickly through the passage, but made no noticeable noises at all.

Suddenly, Cillin's footsteps came to a pause. Little Stache took a step backwards and entered a state of alert after Cillin had stopped.

The wall lamps of the passage began to blink following a certain rhythm and regulation, creating visual illusions that could draw someone into a daze just like hypnosis. However, both Cillin and Little Stache were obviously no normal people. They were capable of resisting against the effects.

One second passed, two seconds passed...

Suddenly, a person suffused with metallic luster suddenly charged out of a location three meters away from Cillin. His face was unclear; they could only see that the assailant had a human form. When they charged towards Cillin, a sharp thorn emerged from the person's palm and was thrusted swiftly at Cillin's face.

When the person had emerged from the passage's wall, Cillin had also popped out his wrist blade.

Qiang!

The flying sparks of clashing metals were incredibly eye catching beneath the blinking wall lamps.

After thrusting out the thorn, the person had stretched out his fist and attacked Cillin in the next moment. Putting strength into one length and borrowing the force from rebounding wrist blade, Cillin twisted forward and staggered the attacking fist instead. He swung his own arm and smashed it down onto the assailant fiercely.

There was a dull bang, and the person's body was forced downwards for a bit. Before they could raise their body, Cillin followed up the attack with consecutive strikes, not giving them the opportunity to get up at all.

As the hits continued, the person's center of gravity got closer and closer to the ground.

However, this did not mean that that person had fallen into disadvantage.

In between the attacks, the man sent a sweeping kick towards Cillin at a bent that nearly exceeded the physical limits of the human leg.

Fuck, he's trying to kick the lower half of my body!

Cillin pressed down his arms to block the kick. He took the opportunity to jump, and while twisting in midair kicked towards the assailant's other leg that was stretching towards him. When he landed on the floor, he abruptly bounced forward and clashed directly against the assailant fist to fist.

Bang!

That person was knocked back several steps.

A pair of bizarre looking pupils that looked like electricity swept across Cillin and Little Stache. Then, with a swing of the arm, the person shot a hail of flying nails directly at the two of them. Cillin used his wrist blade to block the nails shot at him, whereas Little Stache dodged rather quickly out of the way. Since the nails were mainly targeted at Cillin, she was able to safely avoid all of them.

After swinging out the nails, the person then entered directly into the passage wall and went away.

So this was a fellow who could melt into and walk inside the passage walls. In the end, were they human, or not?

Little Stache was seriously regretting coming to this prison as she looked at the nails deeply embedded into the walls. If she knew that so many unknown forces and so many elites would suddenly show up in this prison, she would never have come and put her insignificant life at risk.

Although that person had only exchanged blows with Cillin for a very brief moment – the whole fight lasted not more than a few seconds – Little Stache could already the see the gap between herself and them. Even if the gap wasn't big, she absolutely was going to lose horribly if she didn't use her final ultimate attack in a real fight.

It was only when he sensed that the person had truly left that Cillin finally withdrew his wrist blade and moved his fists for a bit. That person's fist was extremely tough, and although it looked like the assailant was the one who had lost the fist clash just now, Cillin knew that their fist wasn't hurt in the least. Even after he solidified his own fist, he still wasn't able to hurt the enemy. Just what kind of constitution did the enemy possess?

This person's physique was obviously not of the same category as the gray cat's cyborg physique, but it was also drastically different from a normal human being's as well. When he touched his opponent during the fist clash, Cillin had immediately analysed their DNA. He discovered that their DNA wasn't shaped like the double helix form a normal human possessed. Their DNA was shaped in a more complicated helix format. Genes like this had resulted in that person's special abilities.

Right now Cillin was seriously thankful that his side wasn't the target of his enemies.

The assailant had appeared and vanished quickly and decisively. It was obvious that that person did not wish to waste too much time here. If they had really fought with all their strength the

battle could have gone on for a while, and Cillin believed that he would not lose during this period. Of course, Cillin knew that that person had a trump card of their own, but since they both had trump cards and the assailant themselves were in a hurry, they made the decision to leave right away.

Killing intent.

The enemy's killing intent had came at him swift and fiercely, but when they left it vanished decisively and completely too. A person like this... Cillin thought to himself.

Was it a hitman?

Cillin had made the effort to learn about all of the hitmen organisations that were on the list of some authoritative publications. Moreover, he had also learned about some of the methods and preferences from some of the seniors within the Hunter regiment. However, Shawton once revealed to him that the top class hitmen in GAL were not on the list. This was because these authoritative were incapable of estimating their true fighting strength and thus, did not try to rank them.

Those who had hidden themselves from the world were the most dangerous.

"Who... was that person? Are they human? Are they from the same group as that weirdo?" Little Stache asked after letting out a long sigh of relief.

“They’re human, but I don’t know which of the two forces they belong to.” Cillin asked.

Little Stache pressed the passage wall and confirmed that the walls were perfectly normal. She seemed surprised that that person was able to directly penetrate it.

“I’ve heard of such people before, but I never thought that I’d be able to see one with my own eyes.” Little Stache sighed.

“Alright let’s leave already. If we run into a bad tempered enemy later they may decide to use their ultimate attack and eliminate us directly.”

Little Stache touched her mustaches after listening to Cillin’s words. This was her habit after putting on a disguise even though she wasn’t truly a mustached person.

“Ultimate attack, huh… to be honest, if my own life isn’t at stake I seriously would like to watch their fight. This is a fight between true masters!” Little Stache said.

Cillin was just the same. But they had to be able to survive after watching the fight. If they saw any important secrets then the outcome would not turn out as genial as before. They would ultimately be faced with certain death.

What on earth were the two mysterious forces looking for?

Take that person he fought against earlier. They were just one person belonging to one of the two mysterious forces. If the people of both sides were all made up of special races just like the assailant, and considering the fact that the assailant wasn't the strongest fighter of the two forces, just how strong could they be if the two forces were to be added up together?

Cillin did not know how high their combined combat strength would be. But he did know that a combat strength at that level could easily destroy this whole prison.

Cillin sighed. As he thought, he was still too weak.

After Cillin and Little Stache had left, an eye suddenly appeared on the passage wall where they hung around just now. After looking round for a bit, the eye closed and vanished once more.

The sound of gunshots and explosions were happening continuously everywhere in the prison. 'Flying Snake' fared a little better since Qi Geyou's orders allowed the 'Flying Snake' members inside the prison time to prepare and stop fighting against 'Mad Owl'. The second they discovered something was off, the PIC of the small teams inside the prison decisively evacuated every member within the prison. It was an acceptable outcome even if they had to return and sit in jail for several more years. Right now, the most important thing was to preserve their own lives.

Inside a monitoring room in the prison, there was a person was standing in front of a monitoring display. His face was unclear since he was wearing a mantle and a hat. The prison guards on the ground who had stopped breathing slowly melted beside him.

Chapter 172: Fuse, The Beginning Of Chaos [Part 1]

The person wearing a cape quietly watched the images on the display. It was the monitoring images if the prison rooms. Right now the prison rooms had fallen into disorder, and the original riot had risen in intensity. Perhaps they themselves did not know why things had turned out this way. It's just that things somehow veered away from the original plan while they were fighting. They could not control themselves, did not wish to stop fighting, and could not stop fighting.

At this point, all the convicts had killed until their eyes were all red. The floor was completely covered in blood, and the people who hadn't gasped their last breath on the ground yet were trampled on repeatedly. Almost all of them had died from being trampled on.

They were like a bunch of madmen who felt no pain. Their self consciousness was gradually being replaced until all that's left was the bloodlust to kill, and kill some more.

The virus had invaded since a long time ago.

The virus would cause people to grow excessively excited, crazy, and blood thirsty. The sounds of explosion and the stench of blood especially excited their nerve cells even more.

Mantle guy stared at the images on the display monitors and appeared to be searching for something very seriously, not letting

go of every minor detail on the screen.

Suddenly, an eye appeared on the wall of the monitoring room. Then, a human form slowly extricated itself from the wall. Just like the weirdo Cillin had run into earlier, this was another person who could move inside walls. However, unlike the other person, this man only had one eye.

“Have you found it yet?” mantle guy said.

“No. ‘Merciless’’ members are very cunning. They do not seem to be in a hurry to find ‘Secret’.” noticing mantle guy’s silence, the one-eyed man continued, “While pursuing them, I discovered two rather special people. They probably do not belong in this prison, but they were able to hold off a member of ‘Merciless’ for a bit.”

“Ignore the others and keep looking. Waste no time if they are not under ‘Merciless’.”

“Yes sir!”

Once he was done reporting, the one-eyed man melted into the wall once more and went away, leaving behind mantle guy who continued to watch the displays inside the monitoring room.

Cillin and Little Stache continued to wander around inside a passage. According to Cillin’s understanding of the prison’s layout, they should find an exit once they’d walked through this passage.

However, the passage was extremely long and shaped like an arc. There would be a byway leading towards the prison room. The most dangerous section of the passage was also that place.

“I had a feeling that we were being watched just now.” Little Stache said while staring carefully at her surroundings, “But that feeling is gone now.”

Cillin also had the same feeling. He already sensed that there was a fourth person watching from the sidelines while he was fighting against the weirdo earlier. It would seem that the reason the weirdo earlier had wanted to leave quickly instead of continuing battling against Cillin was also because of the presence of this observer.

Now that he looked at it, the weirdo and the person watching them in secret belonged to two separate forces. However, looking at their behaviors, they did not seem to be looking for a straight up brawl. Just what on earth were they trying to do?

Once they got to the front, they would be approaching the byway of the passage. Cillin already detected that someone was headed their way.

Little Stache had already taken out her gun and readied herself without needing Cillin’s direction.

The footsteps grew closer and closer. They knew from the sound alone that it wasn’t the footsteps of those weirdos but the convicts inside the prison. Right now, the prison room area had fallen into

complete chaos where explosions were followed by more explosions. It was not strange that the convicts would run away from there. However, when Cillin saw the convicts he immediately realised that something was wrong.

The convicts with bloodshot eyes holding sticks, knives and even guns wore crazed expressions on their faces. The second they saw Cillin and Little Stache, they immediately charged towards them.

He had no idea how these convicts managed to acquire so many knives and guns. Was the prison's management this bad? It really wasn't farfetched when he thought about it though. They were all people of the same Sector, so the prison guards turned a blind eye on things.

Cillin avoided the hail of bullets and cleanly took out a pouncing convict. Cillin noticed that the back of several convicts were engraved with the 'Flying Snake's' tattoo. Cillin only knocked him out because of Qi Geyou, but if the convict were to struggle excessively then Cillin would not hold himself back.

When Little Stache noticed Cillin's movements, she also changed what would've been a killing blow into a kick that knocked out her opponent. Little Stache thought: So this guy was originally a member of the 'Flying Snake'. She wondered since when did the 'Flying Snake' have such a powerful person in their group? She knew all the prominent figures among her peers, and she had made an effort to learn about the somewhat famous 'Little Flying Snake' and 'Black Snake' among the younger generation in 'Flying Snake'. However, she was sure that she had never seen the young man beside her before. Although Cillin had disguised himself, Little

Stache was sure that Cillin's age was more or less the same as hers.

That being said, it was best to make friends with a person like Cillin, not to mention that they're in a cooperative relationship right now. She had to give him some face, so she chose to beat the convicts just a little lighter than she would have. At the very least, she would not kill her opponents if she could. He should thank me for doing this, shouldn't he?

Cillin looked at the 'Flying Snake' convict Little Stache knocked out, and then at her. Little Stache used her thumb to stroke her mustaches and lifted her chin, meaning: See, I'm such a good face giver!

If it was just the convicts, Cillin could've taken care of them with relative ease. What Cillin was paying attention to right now were the viruses carried inside these convicts' bodies.

A person of stronger constitution could resist this type of virus. However, they must have a firm will, or they would be invaded by the viruses while they were idle and before their bodies had fully generated the antibodies, then become as crazy as these convicts. This madness would keep them excited, and the excitement would consume a large amount of stamina and would continue until every energy inside their bodies were spent.

Ka!

Little Stache broke the neck of a 'Flying Snake' member directly charging towards her with a kick. Looking at the force she used,

the poor guy's head would've parted ways with his torso if she had put any more force into her leg. The people that came after her before this guy though did not belong to 'Flying Snake', and she had subconsciously killed them without any thoughts of mercy. However, looking at the bodies they were all killed with a bullet to the head.

Cillin glanced at Little Stache. It would appear that she was also starting to show some symptoms as well. Her eyes were starting to look red.

When Cillin glanced at Little Stache, her expression changed for a moment. She seemed to be regretting her attack just now. She had kicked that guy directly before she realised it. Originally, she was planning to conserve a bit of energy, so why had she killed him with the kick instead?

After grabbing a gun from a convict and killing the few people in front of them, Cillin seized the opening to tell Little Stache, "They've been infected by a virus. This virus would cause a person to go mad and stimulate their killing instincts. Watch out and don't let yourself become fully infected!"

When Little Stache heard Cillin's words, shock leaped up in her heart as she hurriedly adjusted her emotions and suppressed the blood thirst and excitement inside her brain.

The closer they got to the byway, the more convicts they ran into. Here, the passages were littered with the bodies of convicts who had mutilated and killed each other. However, it would appear that the convicts had just reached this place. They would

have to hurry up now, or things would become difficult when the main bulk of the convicts would arrive. Dealing with one or two convicts was okay, but dealing with several hundreds was just masochism.

Boom!

There was yet another large explosion.

Unlike before, this explosion wasn't far away from where they were. A sense of extreme danger suddenly assaulted Cillin. This wasn't something he could deal with.

"Run!" Cillin roared.

Chapter 172: Fuse, The Beginning Of Chaos [Part 2]

Cillin sped up. Right now he could no longer care to check which forces was standing in his way – anyone who does, dies. How could he be bothered to check when his own life was at risk? Plus, it's not like every 'Flying Snake' member was Qi Geyou's subordinate. Qi Geyou should have ordered his men to evacuate this place, shouldn't he? And even if they were Qi Geyou's men, the fact that they hadn't left in time basically meant that they had little hope at survival. After all, they had failed to resist the virus and began slaughtering the people around them, and the elites of the two forces were still around too.

They hadn't encountered a single prison guard up to this point, so they were probably all taken out already. Although every prison – even just a grade one prison – had pretty powerful people, since as the saying goes, 'however strong you are, there is always someone stronger', the two forces who came here seriously weren't something they could deal with right now. He could not expect anything from the prison guards now. He could only rely on himself.. Earlier, the sound of a faraway explosion made Cillin feel much more settled. That explosion was caused by Lung's microbomb, and judging from the sound Cillin could confirm that Lung was probably near an exit. If he still failed to escape with these conditions, then he would not be a member of the Andrea Family.

When Little Stache saw that Cillin had increased his movement speed, she hurriedly chased after him. She took out a folded long blade and killed every convict who stood in her way. If Cillin himself did not care who was standing in his way, then naturally

she cared even less.

The sense of crisis grew stronger and stronger. Cillin did not understand why he would feel this way. Although he had not seen his opponent, he knew based on feelings alone that he was absolutely no match for his opponent right now. This wasn't a distance that could be closed with a gun or two.

Almost, they're almost at the byway!

Boom!

A sudden explosion cleaned out all convicts around the byway of the passage. This was no normal bomb, and the center area of the bomb was covered in flames. Even the byway's walls were slowly deforming under the flames.

Thank goodness Cillin had not arrived at the byway yet, and during that one moment they sensed the abnormality both Cillin and Little Stache had paused their swift footsteps and retreated instead. Otherwise, they most definitely would've been engulfed by the flames too.

The explosion and flames excited the convicts beyond the area further. They charged towards the duo from the surrounding passage of the byfork.

Cillin and Little Stache had not time to loiter around this place. They locked their eyes onto a particular passage and ran over to it.

The passage leading towards the prison rooms' direction at the byway was also where the explosion had originated from. Blue lights that were as straight as blades appeared from the flames before a figure slowly walked out from inside it. It was a blue skinned woman whose eyes looked about the same as the blue blades in her hands, cold, icy and emotionless. The flames did not seem to affect her.

The woman swung the blue blades in her hands when she saw the convicts charging at her. She easily slashed through the charging convicts entirely. The woman did not seem to be paying any attention to these convicts at all. Her eyes were staring right where Cillin was.

When else should they run but now?!

Cillin charged into that passage, and Little Stache was right behind him. They were running for their lives; it was obvious that that woman was no easy picking at first glance. Of course they were running since they were no match her!

That woman ran faster and faster. The convicts blocking her way were like pieces of tofu that were easily cut down without even the slightest noise.

Right now Cillin seriously hated the convicts for how soft they were.

Suddenly he felt a chill behind his back, and Cillin put strength into his legs and jumped to the sides. At the same time, the wrist

blade on his arm popped out.

Crack!

The five hundred thousand credits wrist blade heralded by Cary as rare goods broke in response about as cleanly as you could expect.

Fuck! The five hundred thousand credits wrist blade did not even hold out for more than half a second!

He dodged away from the blue blades slashing towards him. It looked like a special energy excitation type weapon, but Cillin had never seen one like this before because the weapon was fully attached to the woman's hand even though she obviously wasn't a robot.

Right now Cillin did not have the time to ponder this problem though. The woman had painted them as targets.

After they backed away, Cillin and Little Stache stood still two steps away from each other and faced the woman chasing after them together.

The woman did not look behind her as she cut a charging convict in half. Then, she took one step after another towards Cillin and Little Stache.

Cillin and Little Stache exchanged a short glance with each other.

If they couldn't get away, they they would fight. They had no other choice.

Just when Cillin was about to act, the alarm suddenly started with a series of beeps.

It was the alarm of the prison's core defense system. Logically speaking, this alarm should not be sounded even if the defense system's instruction program had been tampered with, unless the prison had already reached a critical state that resulted in the final instruction activating. That instruction must not be tampered with, for the the whole prison would forcefully activate its self destruct program the second that it was. Therefore, the two forces could not have triggered the final instruction while they were still inside the prison.

Since it wasn't the latter, the former explanation had to be the reason why the self destruct program had been activated. Just what kind of power could put the entire prison in a critical state?

There was no time left for Cillin to think. The exit connected to that passage had entered countdown and was about to close!

There was no need for words. Cillin and Little Stache used nearly all of their strength and charged towards that passage. The woman had paused on her feet momentarily, and this short pause enabled Cillin and Little Stache to charge to the exit. The countdown on the exit had also just reached zero at this moment.

But just as Cillin's charging footsteps hit the ground, a terrific

attractive force suddenly pulled at him. It was as if a giant hand had forcefully pulled him back into the passage.

He could not resist at all. No matter how he struggled, it was futile.

A whip entangled itself around Cillin's wrist when he was being dragged back into the passage. Little Stache tried to pull him into the exit, but the attraction force was so powerful that she was being pulled back into the passage instead. However, as the exit closed the whip was cut off as well.

Little Stache stared blankly at her broken whip for a bit. Then, she glanced at the closed door with a complicated expression. Although she hadn't cooperated with this guy for more than an hour, her impression of him was pretty good. If this man managed to get out, she would absolutely invite him to 'Fire Phoenix' as a guest.

Fire Phoenix was a great force at the same level as 'Flying Snake' and 'Mad Owl'. It was just that this area didn't belong to Fire Phoenix. Little Stache had slipped out only because she wanted to watch 'Flying Snake' and 'Mad Owl' fight. Who knew she would run into such a troublesome matter and nearly threw her life for it.

Little Stache sighed and turned away. The prison was not long away from destruction.

Back to Cillin. When Cillin was sucked back into the passage by the attraction force, it was not the end but just the beginning.

Everyone in the passage including the woman holding the blue light blades were being forcefully pulled to the other end of the passage.

However, an even bigger counter force suddenly appeared in the next moment, and Cillin was sent flying like a ball who had been thrown to one side before being slapped back where he came from with great force.

The two combined force and terrific impact caused Cillin to fly out like a ball that ran into a bat. He could even hear clearly the cracking sounds resounding from his own body.

His bones were broken. As for how broken they were, Cillin no longer had the energy to check. He only knew that this time, he was in deep shit.

Not only did the change in pressure and impact around his body in that very instant caused every bone in his body to crack, and blood to pour out of his nose, ears and mouth, his skin was also cracking up like a dried land as blood poured out from it.

After he had crashed heavily against the exit door, Cillin collapsed powerlessly to the ground. Every miniscule movement felt like it would take incredible effort to execute. When Cillin turned his head with great difficulty and looked at the woman who were sent flying just the same as he not far away, a cold shock rolled over his body.

Although they had both suffered the same blow, he was half dead

whereas that woman had only spat out two mouthfuls of blood before settling down into a combat stance and heading towards the other side of the passage.

His head seemed to be hurt as well. Since he was lying sideways, the blood also flowed in that direction and into his eyes. How did he feel?

He didn't know. Right now Cillin was feeling numb. He wasn't sure if his nerves were damaged since he couldn't feel any pain at all. It's just that everything before his eyes was red.

The air seemed to have become heavier. It was difficult to even breathe. Cillin knew that the symptom was caused by his damaged lungs though. Lungs aside, his internal organs were probably pretty hurt as well, right?

Am I going to die?

Cillin did not close his eyes. He kept staring at the end of the passage. His vision was really blurry; so blurry that he could only see the flickering blue light blades. Who was the woman fighting against? He could not see clearly. He truly could not see clearly. Cillin had done his best, but he discovered that even the blue light blades slowly disappeared to leave behind only darkness.

Cillin could neither see nor move, but he could vaguely hear some sounds. It was the sound of the battle just now. There was a momentary silence after a bang, followed by another bout of intense battle and another pause.

Just when Cillin thought that the people were all gone, two voices rang beside him.

Cillin could only vaguely hear some broken tidbits. ‘Still breathing’, ‘leave’, ‘explode’…

The whole prison had not undergone its final destruction sequence yet, but it was heavily damaged and already looked more like an abandoned refugee camp than a prison.

Inside the prison, blood stains were everywhere be it the passages, prison rooms or monitoring rooms. Less than a hundred prison guard out of several tens of thousands were still alive. Moreover, none of these people had seen anyone from the two forces at all. Perhaps that was exactly why they had survived.

Who could have imagined that the grade one prison that was regarded as a native force of the area, a place that considered both convicts and prison guards to fall under Sector S’ personal affairs, was almost completely destroyed.

This matter affected the many great forces of the Sector that regarded ‘Flying Snake’ and ‘Mad Owl’ as their leaders. Every prison guard in Sector S was alarmed by the news. If almost every prison guard in this prison was eliminated, then who could say that they wouldn’t be next on the chopping block?

Meanwhile, the garrison of Sector S began to move.

As the incident ended, all forces began to take their own respective steps. A reorganisation began to roll through every prison in Sector S starting from grade one to grade five, but a series of incidents were bound to happen during such sensitive times due to the reorganisation.

It was this grade one prison incident who played the role as a fuse and ignited the beginning of chaos in Sector S.

Chapter 173: The Chip Reactivates [Part 1]

Outside of this grade one prison planet on board Lung's spaceship, the gray cat had lost all mood to teach the little hellhound fellow to talk. Right now, unusual impatience was the only thing it was feeling as it paced back and forth repeatedly on top of the table of the control room.

The little hellhound fellow laid on top of a chair and stared wide eyed at the pacing gray cat. It did not know what happened, but it could feel the anxiety emanating from the little cat. Therefore, it obediently laid where it was and said nothing. If it didn't act tactfully then it would probably provoke a merciless paw strike.

The gray cat had slapped it often with its claw while teaching it to recognise words when the little fellow's performance wasn't enough to satisfy the gray cat. The good news was that the little hellhound fellow had good IQ and fast learning capability, and the effects of education under its paws were rather good. But just now, the gray cat had suddenly lost the mood to teach and charged to the control room instead, pacing back and forth.

Something bad happened. Something bad must have happened!

Lung did not close off the control room, allowing the gray cat to enter and exit as he wished. Plus, there was a large group of robots here, so Lung wasn't worried if anything would happen here.

After walking around in circles for a while, the gray cat came to a pause and seemed to have made up its mind about something. It

then crouched down and faced towards the control panel.

The cat's eyes began to turn green, and unlike the kind of green present in the little hellhound fellow's eyes, the green color in the cat's eyes was like a pair of bright green lights in darkness. There was also some near indiscernible twitches that looked like a combination of codes and programs.

As the green in the cat's eyes appeared, the buttons on the control panel before the cat began to flash. An image jumped into in the display as the picture of the planet grew larger, and larger, and larger...

The gray cat's whiskers trembled once when it saw the prison that was devastated beyond recognition. Then, it continued to zoom in the image as it began its search by performing deep scans and life detection.

But what disappointed the gray cat was that there were corpses everywhere inside the prison, and most of them were deformed. There were convicts and prison guards among the bodies, and judging from the prison's degree of destruction, it wasn't just caused by mere explosives. Moreover, judging from the wounds on the dead people, they were killed by a group of very powerful people, but these people were absolutely not Lung and Cillin. The gray cat knew Cillin very well, and it could see from the wounds that it was not done by Cillin.

Different images flashed across every display in the control room almost instantly, but the gray cat looked incredibly serious as it watched the displays. If someone had seen this scene, they would

definitely have suspected that it was just pretending.

Not far away, the two robot beauties were looking at the situation going on in the control room. They were still wearing perfect smiles on their faces, but their eyes were flashing just the same as they recorded everything happening in the scene before them.

The gray cat knew about the robots' surveillance but did not stop them. It did not have the heart to stop them now anyway. It had lost contact with Lung and Cillin.

Both Lung and Cillin had brought with them an emergency contact device before departure, and they had the Andrea Family's latest GPS system too, but now...

Hmm?

The gray cat finally found a GPS coordinate, but it did not know why its signal was so incredibly weak. Although the signal was very weak, the gray cat knew that it belonged to Lung. Moreover, looking at the signal reflection and movements of the coordinate, it would seem that Lung was still alive. However, Cillin still could not be found, and there were no GPS signal reaction anywhere.

The reason it could detect Lung's position but not contact him was probably because the contact device on Lung was broken.

It was at this moment the gray cat noticed that some spaceships

and spaceplanes were flying towards the planet. They did not belong to the government but the native forces of Sector S. Every spaceship and every spaceplane had a logo on it, and one of them was the ‘Flying Snake’s’ logo.

Right now, the forces were not causing each other trouble, and they did not have the heart to pay old grudges any mind.They too had noticed the crisis of chaos in Sector S. Previously, they had thought that as long as the forces of foreign Sectors kept out of their own Sector’s business, it wasn’t necessarily a bad thing to turn a blind eye and even cooperate with them when the necessity arised. However, the events on this planet had exceeded their predicted development.

One whole prison, hundreds of thousand of convicts, and tens of thousands of prison guards. Less than a hundredth people managed to escape the place alive, and the high defense prison system was almost completely paralysed. The defense system’s weapons system was destroyed before it barely managed to put in any effect at all, and the special made prison walls and passages were destroyed beyond recognition.

This was just a mere grade one prison. It should not have been infiltrated by foreign forces, but it had suffered such serious damages all the same. What about the other high grade prisons? If every prison planet in Sector S was to suffer such heavy losses, then how much of an impact would it bring to the native forces? At the very least, they would feel like there was a fish bone in their throats that had to be removed.

All monitoring devices within the prison were destroyed, and all

monitoring records were obliterated without any chance of recovery. The barrels of the cannons of the defense system were either broken in half or melted by high temperature. Even if there were prison guards who wanted to reactivate the weapons system in this area, the weapons would not be able to play a role.

But how could the weapons of the prison's defense system possibly be twisted and melted so easily? Who was the one who had done all this? Regardless of whether these invaders had relied on their own abilities or used special weapons to do this, it all pointed towards the fact that they had come prepared.

All the forces in Sector S could no longer be bothered by their internal strife when faced against a prepared, unknown force. They were now united against a common enemy.

The higher ups had ordered 'Flying Snake' and 'Mad Owl's' men to put down their strife for now and make clear the situation as soon as possible. The higher ups would be sending some men to help them.

While Qi Geyou was leading his man and fighting against 'Mad Owl', readying himself for one final sweep, he suddenly obtained the news from the prison and the order from his higher ups to cease fire at the same time. This wasn't a suggestion but an order, said the old men from above who had done nothing to help with their internal affairs in recent years. Qi Geyou might be reluctant, but he had to obey all the same. Qi Geyou too felt that something exceptionally serious must have happened at the prison, and when he connected this order with the news delivered by Cillin earlier, he immediately called for his subordinates to stop whatever they

were doing and led his men to prison planet.

Since Cillin had sent delivered them a message earlier stating that there were unknown forces inside the prison, and that they were so strong that they had attacked even the prison guards, Qi Geyou immediately called to everyone inside the prison to be cautious and to evacuate the second they spotted something abnormal just to be on the safe side. This was also the main reason why ‘Flying Snake’ had managed to evacuate the most men out of the prison.

After arriving at the planet, Qi Geyou inquired about the situation for a bit. The alert zone was nothing but a mere title right now, and there were all sorts of forces searching for survivors inside the prison.

Qi Geyou then asked about Cillin and Lung, but no one knew what happened to them. However, it wasn’t long before two ‘Flying Snake’ members carried Lung to him. Lung did not look to be in good condition, but he still had some spirit in him.

“Hey, Little Flying Snake, did you have any news about Cillin?” Lung asked.

Qi Geyou shook his head.

Lung was lifted to the medbay inside the spaceplane, but Lung did not allow the medical personnel to perform an overly in-depth inspection. After treating his wounds for a bit, he arrived beside Qi Geyou once more.

After Lung had exited the prison, he didn't manage to run far before he was knocked out by a strange shockwave. His feet was a little unstable even after he woke up, and when he had requested 'Flying Snake's' men to send him over after he saw them. He was feeling a lot better now though.

Right now Qi Geyou didn't have much information in hand. The amount of useful information he could get from investigating the interior of the prison was little. Lung sought out some of the rescue situation going on inside the prison, but apparently not a single survivor had been found yet.

Right now, the people around Qi Geyou were busy contacting the people of all places who had arrived at the prison to understand what was going on around here. However, each message they received was more terrifying than the previous one.

Right now Lung was also incredibly annoyed. The camouflage suit he had given Cillin would absolutely give out a return signal if even a tenth of it remained intact, but right now he could not detect any signal at all. Lung believed that Cillin was still alive, however.

Just when Lung and Qi Geyou were discussing the matters inside the prison, the people who were busy communicating around them suddenly discovered that the communicators' signals had all been severed.

"What's going on?" Qi Geyou turned around to ask.

“The communication signals are suddenly severed.”

“I can’t get a connection.”

“Same here!”

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However, the loss of connection only happened to the people within ten meters radius. The communicators further away were still fine.

When Qi Geyou was about to send them slightly further away and see if the communicators would recover, the communicator in their hands suddenly let out a rhythmic buzz at the same time. It was the followed by an angry and impatient voice.

“Lung, speak up!”

There was only voice and no image.

Qi Geyou thought that the voice was a little familiar. It was when he saw Lung hastily picking up a communicator from a nearby person that he recalled that it was the gray cat’s.

“Wheeze, do you have anything on Cillin over there?” Lung hastily asked.

“Meowf*cker! How would I know when I’m so far away?! At any rate there’s no GPS signal at all, not even in the slightest!” the gray cat roared.

The people holding communicators nearby hurriedly moved slightly further away from the area.

“I couldn’t find his GPS signal from here either.” Lung wiped his face agitatedly.

“Tell your robots to send me over. I’ll look for him!”

Lung was surprised for a moment upon hearing the gray cat’s words. He quickly regained himself and laid down an order to the robots on the starship.

After performing a long range verification of Lung’s identity, one of the robot beauties in the control room then carried the gray cat towards a small spaceplane. It did not reject the little hellhound fellow when it wanted to come along. Right now every person was an extra helping hand. It wasn’t that the gray cat looked down on the rest of the people on the planet, but that their abilities never satisfied the gray cat in the first place. How could it possibly expect people that were so weak that they could be killed in one slap like a chick to do anything? It should’ve followed Cillin at the time. What a regretful mistake.

This was the first time the little hellhound fellow saw so many unfamiliar humans. Although they did not have the scent of its prey, the little hellhound fellow was still extremely wary. It had bared its fangs and let out low growls from its throat out of habit almost the instant it smelled the large group of unfamiliar scents outside the ship when the cabin door opened.

However, it didn’t get to growl more than twice before the gray cat smacked it to a stop, “The meow are you growling for! Follow me!”

The little fellow raised its nose before it tentatively walked out of the spaceplane.

It was walking on all fours as usual, but it was now wearing clothes and looking slightly better than before. Cillin had even opened a hole in its pants so that its tail could be let out and fit the little fellow's standards.

The combination of one cat and half dog-human attracted plenty of attention when they came out. However, since they were all 'Flying Snakes' and Qi Geyou had notified everyone in advance, there would not be too big of a commotion.

The gray cat did not dilly dally. The moment it saw Lung, it had straightened its tail and gotten ready to run towards the prison. In the end Lung borrowed a flying car from Qi Geyou and took the two fellows towards the prison.

Since they did not know exactly which area of the prison Cillin was at, he did not park the car upon arriving at the prison. Instead, he drove the car around the prison. With the gray cat and the little hellhound fellow's nose, he believed that this way of moving would be more effective.

...

Cillin did not know what was going on outside. Right now, he was in a very special state. He was very familiar with this state. It was just like when he was tied onto the lab bench back in the

underground laboratory beneath the slums of Planet Brown Earth, Sector X.

It was the familiar pain that went all the way down to his bone marrow. His entire body was twitching, and every blood cell in his body was moving erratically. The limits of his nerves were challenged at every moment, and his mind was almost scattered by it. However, Cillin would always work hard to regather his thoughts after the short period of blank outs. He knew that if his mind was scattered and his thoughts were cleared out, he might never wake up again.

Cillin's nerves were assaulted by greater pain and impact at every moment. Every time he would do his utmost to regather his mind.

His mind and his thoughts could not disperse. It was over if they dispersed.

The familiar pain and experience made Cillin recall that spinning knob on the control panel; that spinning knob that had been turned 350 degrees at the time. If he were to calculate the chips' activation degree at the time, then it was probably pushed beyond 97% at the time. Now, Cillin could clearly sense that the activation degree had gone even higher.

The chips injected by Horay were easy to activate at the beginning, and gets increasingly difficult near the end. At the time, 97% forceful activation was Cillin's absolute limit of limits already. Although his genes had evolved and his constitution had become much stronger than before, it did not mean that he would be able activate much of the remaining chips. Cillin tried to touch that so-

called limit. Where would his new limit lay with his current constitution?

It was as if Cillin could see the chips themselves while he was in the process of trying. He captured, zoomed in, and analysed the current activation state of a group of chips.

These chips had already become embedded into his own genes, and they reproduced and acted in sync with his genes. However, after acquiring a form they would automatically degrade and deactivate themselves. They would only become active when they were inside Cillin's body.

Cillin could see the action of every molecule of the chips that were almost the same as his genes, breaking up and connecting with each other. He could also see the intermolecular force between electrons from the molecules.

The changes of the chips embedded into his genes caused the chemical and non-chemical bonds of his original DNA to undergo a series of changes. Originally, these intermolecular forces were the factor behind the double helix structure of human DNA. But due to the change in these intermolecular force, the double helix structure of Cillin's DNA was slowly transforming.

A sudden thought appeared in Cillin's mind when he recalled the DNA helix structure of the weirdo he had analysed earlier. Although his DNA structure would not become as complicated as that weirdo's, the chips activation had caused the helix structure of his original DNA to undergo some changes. Although these changes weren't too acute, was there the possibility that a special

ability would be born from this changes?

Limit. Cillin could finally sense his limit. When he ‘saw’ that the chips’ changes were no longer stable, he knew that he had reached the boundary point of this activation already, If he were to continue further, not only would he fail to activate the chips, he would even lose his life.

Wake up. It is time to stop.

Cillin abruptly opened his eyes and breathed in and out rapidly. He was like a drowning person who had finally found air.

The pain in his entire body was still incredibly obvious, but it wasn’t like the pain caused by broken bones or internal injuries. It was very much like the sensation when the activation experiment had ended many years ago. His condition was more severe than that time however, and he wasn’t even able to get up immediately upon waking up.

And so Cillin laid on the ground just like that, opened his eyes and looked at his surroundings.

It was still the same passage as before. He was leaning on the exit’s door. It was very dark inside the passage, and every wall lamp inside the passage had been extinguished. However, there were pointing arrows inside the passage that used light storing substances to indicate a path, enabling someone to find the direction towards the exit even when there was no electricity. Logically speaking, there should be plenty of such arrows inside the passage, but in reality that was not the case. It would seem that

many of the light energy contained in the light storing substances had been absorbed. There was only a little bit of light left on the arrowhead closest to the door.

With this little bit of light alone, Cillin was able to see clearly the situation inside the passage.

Unlike the passage he recognised prior to his unconsciousness, the passage looked like it had been forcefully widened and compressed. The cracks and creases on the passage walls all indicated that something had happened when Cillin was out cold.

Right now the ceiling of the passage was just half a meter away from Cillin. He would hit his head if he even tried to sit up. The dozen meter or so passage was like a pipe that had been compressed from top to bottom, sealing off the way completely.

Oh well. He might as well lie down like this until his strength had recovered.

Since there were cracks in the passage walls, the passage wasn't completely sealed off. There were still specks of air seeping into the passage, and although they were few, they were enough. After all, Cillin was the only person inside this small section of the passage.

The camouflage suit he was wearing was extremely tattered too. Cillin closed his eyes and ignored all this stuff. He began recalling the blurry sounds he heard and sensations he experienced before he completely blacked out. At the time, there was an extremely

acute change in magnetic field and air pressure. The temperature had risen above fifty degrees in one second, before dipping below zero degree in the next. At the time, he could not see anything and could only hear some fighting noises. There were also strange sounding gunshots. Every gun had their own defining traits when fired, and in the case of bullets they would have their own special shockwave. The excitation type projectiles would have their own unique energy wavelength as well. At the time, Cillin thought that the wavelength he felt was very strange since it was something that he had never sensed before. It didn't fall completely under the category of bullets, nor did it fall completely under the category of excitation type projectiles either. Although he was already half unconscious at the time, he had etched the memory of the types of wavelengths touching his skin deep into his mind. Now that he had woken up, Cillin played back the memory for a bit. If he encountered the same wavelength again in the future, he would definitely be able to identify it.

Cillin had also memorised the two talking voices. Who knows if he would get a chance to see these people in person in the future.

Right now, the gray cat nose's twitched above the flying car outside. Then, it jumped down from the flying car and raced towards a particular direction. Lung hastily drove after the gray cat.

When the little hellhound fellow saw that the gray cat had jumped down from the car, it followed suit and raced after the gray cat on all fours. Every step it took would draw a claw mark on the roof of the prison.

Chapter 174: Departure, Scarlet Wind [Part 1]

The gray cat moved incredibly swiftly and without pause. It ran straight towards the same direction until it arrived at a tear in the prison. A hole was blown on top of the building because of a big explosion.

The gray cat jumped inside, and the little hellhound fellow followed closely behind it. Lung also followed them hastily after parking the flying car at the side.

The electric power source devices inside the building had all been destroyed. After they entered deep into the building, everything in the surroundings were covered in darkness. Lung fished out a few floating energy lamps. The surrounding sights were revealed clearly under the lamps' illumination.

There were dead people everywhere. More than half of them were convicts since there weren't many prison guards in this area. Lung looked and checked how some of these people died. Some had died from mutual conflict, whereas some were killed in a single, clean blow. It was very likely that the men of the two forces had dealt the single blows.

Lung let out a sigh. Of all times, why did they have to run into those two forces now? If he knew that they would appear at this place he absolutely would not have come for an adventure. But then again, who would've expected that those two forces that were high up in GAL would come to a mere grade one prison?

After making a few corners, the gray cat jumped down to the lower floor and sniffed again. Then, it continued to run once more.

It wasn't just the gray cat. The little hellhound fellow had also caught Cillin's scent.

"Wheeze, how is it?" Lung asked while running behind it.

"I can smell Cillin. But there is also some foreign smell; a very strange smell." the gray cat replied without looking back.

Not long after, the gray cat arrived at the warehouse and let out a sneeze abruptly.

"What a disgusting smell!" the gray cat shook its whiskers and said.

The little hellhound fellow obviously shared more or less the same feeling. It frowned, bared its fangs and circled around a puddle of sticky water not far away before shaking its head and leaving.

"I've ran into these things before." Lung said. It was the trace left behind by that mouse-like beast creature after it died.

The gray cat ignored Lung and looked at one direction of the passage. Cillin had come over from this direction, whereas a most

disgusting fellow had also departed to this direction. Therefore, Cillin had probably encountered that disgusting fellow.

The little hellhound fellow walked to a corner and let out a low growl from its throat.

“A woman.” the gray cat sniffed and said, “This woman had left together with Cillin.”

A woman? Seriously, Cillin…

“They went that way!” the gray cat spread out its four limbs and ran down the other direction of the passage.

Lung brought up the prison’s layout. According to the displayed layout, Lung also figured out roughly Cillin’s escape path.

The gray cat had paused at a certain part of the passage. This was the part where Cillin had fought against the weirdo who could melt into walls, and where that single eye had appeared.

Although Lung believed that Cillin was alive, he was still very anxious. After all, running into the two forces head on was no joke. One slip of the mind would be fatal. Thankfully, they did not find Cillin’s blood at this place. The gray cat continued to search for Cillin following his scent.

Gradually, the amount of dead people began to grow numerous. This was especially true at the byway of the passage, and many of

the bodies were cut in half in a single strike. The gray cat had also talked about catching several special scents in the air.

Special scents meant special people. They were not your common and average human, and this meant that the people of the two forces had shown up once more.

Hmm?

Lung looked at the surrounding dead bodies. Every bone in these dead bodies was broken, and this was especially true for those who were already dead and those who had no power to resist at all. Almost all of their bones had been completely crushed, and their muscles were torn off. These dead people lay on the ground like many pools of glue, their bodies deformed. Upon closer inspection, it would seem that they had been affected by a certain force after their deaths. If it wasn't for the skin wrapping around their flesh, they would have hardly been able to maintain human form.

Lung had instructed robots to capture photos of everything they had seen along the way. He would analyse them once they got out of this place. This was an important piece of intel, and he would upload it to the other Andrea family members who had arrived at Sector S.

Excluding these discoveries, Lung also noticed that the gray cat and the little hellhound fellow's fur had puffed up. It wasn't that they had sensed any present dangers right now, but that there were some incredibly powerful people here before.

The gray cat locked down its sights onto a particular passage and ran into it, “He’s here!”

At first they were pretty exhilarated, but they didn’t run too far before they realised that the passage had become narrower and narrower. In fact, at one point the top and bottom of the building had been compressed together directly.

“Cillin, give me a meow if you’re still alive!” the gray cat roared from the other side.

In reality, Cillin had noticed the gray cat and the others’ arrival a long time ago. He could hear their footsteps, and the cat’s footsteps in particular was way too familiar to his ears. There was also Lung’s and another creature’s footsteps that made sounds like claws scratching against the floor. It was likely that little hellhound fellow.

When he heard the gray cat’s call, Cillin very respectfully responded with a ‘meow’.

The gray cat’s ears twitched. Cillin’s meow was very unpleasant to the ears, but it was fine as long as he was alive. Plus, judging from his voice, he wasn’t hurt too badly.

Lung was finally at ease as he sat down not far away from the ruin. The reason he didn’t go over was because this side of the passage was too narrow.

“I’m going to dig in directly. Is there a problem?” the gray cat asked again. It was worried that it would cause a collapse or something if it dug strongly.

“Just go at it at full force!” Cillin said.

Cillin could now move his arms, but he was still feeling somewhat lethargic. Plus, he couldn’t stand up in such a small space.

The gray cat began getting rid of the surrounding walls using its claws. The little hellhound fellow followed suit when it saw this.

Lung’s mouth twitched as he watched the two fellows working before looking at his own hands. He shook his head and sighed: This disparity!

It wasn’t long before a hole appeared in the compressed passage. When the gray cat dug over to the other side, it took a look at Cillin and sniffed his body once. After patting Cillin with its paw and confirming that he had not suffered a fatal wound, the gray cat then jumped on top of Cillin’s head and began scratching his hair.

“See, I knew you couldn’t get by without me around!” the gray cat slapped Cillin’s face hard while messing up Cillin’s already disheveled hair even worse than before, venting.

Cillin smiled and raised a hand to scratch the gray cat’s chin. Then he pointed at the closed door beside him and said, “Come on,

be good. There's still a door in the way. Keep digging."

The gray cat humphed once before slowly walking before the door with a highly raised tail and began digging.

The little hellhound fellow had enlarged the hole the gray cat had dug earlier so that both it and Lung could pass through it. When Lung came in through the hole and looked at Cillin on the ground, he pushed at the debris and said, "Brother, it's way too small in here. Let's get out quickly."

Cillin looked at Lung crawling over to him and said, "Give me a moment. I don't have strength right now."

"We'll rest for ten minutes then. There shouldn't be any danger for now." Lung turned around and lay on his back. He gave Cillin a kick and asked, "Hey, the cat said that you were with a woman. Where's she?"

Cillin pointed outside the door, "She went out."

"Where's the comradeship? This is no good, the woman you found can't be trusted! Your eye for woman just can't compare to mine." while Lung had said this smugly, a killing intent was permeating through his words.

"It's not her problem. At the time we had both rushed outside the door together, but I was dragged back into the building by a kind of force. She wanted to drag me back outside, but it was too late."

While saying this, Cillin pointed at the snapped stretch of a whip beside the door.

"A kind of force?" Lung's attention was diverted, "Was it someone of those two forces?"

"How did you know that it's two forces?" after a pause, Cillin asked again, "You know who they are?"

Lung let out a long sigh and put his arms behind his head, "If my guess is correct, that these two forces should be the two finest hitman organisations who had never appeared on the hitman's table of ranking, 'Mist' and 'Merciless'!"

Chapter 174: Departure, Scarlet Wind [Part 2]

Cillin had guessed that they were hitman organisations, but he did not know of ‘Mist’ and ‘Merciless’ that Lung talked about.

Lung himself expressed that he didn’t know much about them, “They did stop showing up for fifty years. After that incident fifty years ago, the two top hitman organisations actually lay low as well. The decision really was quite puzzling, since they were apparently not involved in that incident. Of course they could have participated in it, it’s just that no one knew about it.”

“Oh right!” Lung asked Cillin excitedly, “Did you encounter several people from the two forces?”

Cillin nodded, “Their target wasn’t me however, so we never really clashed against each other. That blue-skinned woman in the end did try to kill us, but something happened at the time. It was probably the arrival of someone from another force.”

“They’re really strong, aren’t they?”

“They are!” Cillin closed his eyes and recalled the scene at the time, briefly explaining what he encountered back then. The gray cat and the little hellhound fellow also straightened their ears, lay on the ground and listened to him.

“We could not fight against that blue-skinned woman at all. We

could only escape. However, even that blue-skinned woman was hit by that final strike, so there was obviously someone even more powerful in there. You know, I've always thought that I could take at least a blow or two, but when I was dragged back into the passage back then it felt really bad."

Lung understood what this 'really bad' meant. One second you thought that you had escaped the quagmire, and the next you were dragged even deeper into the abyss without being able to resist at all. It was an undisguised blow to one's spirit.

"It's fine. At the very least, you survived the incident. Plus, you look like you're doing pretty good other than a little bit of lethargy." Lung knocked Cillin once with his elbow.

"I am much better now, but at the time a lot of my bones were broken, and my internal organs were severely damaged. If I was unable to endure it, I would've died just like that."

"..."

Lung stopped saying anything. Perhaps not even his father had expected that 'Mist' and 'Merciless' would appear at such an unexpected place. If he knew, he absolutely would have dragged Lung back into his home and locked him in, forbidding him from getting involved in Sector S without needing Lung to say anything.

If the other forces who arrived at Sector S were about the same strength as 'Mist' and 'Merciless', then just how big was the probability that they would be able to return home safely?

But even if he knew that he was still leagues apart from the elites, even if he knew that those people were very strong, Lung wasn't actually afraid right now. Fifty years equalled a generation of men, and as an active representative of the current generation Lung did not want his contact to become too limited by surrounding matters and people.

He was still young, and youth itself was a kind of capital. What he lacked was experience and opportunities, and he had to say that every time he hung around with Cillin he would run into something special. There were plenty of prison planets in Sector S, and there were at least hundreds of grade one prison planets, but somehow the incident just happened to happen where they were at.

Opportunities...

"Cillin, what are you going to do next?" Lung asked.

Cillin touched the door at the side, "Are you scared?"

"Scared? A little I guess. But I suddenly feel really fired up too." Lung rubbed his palms, "Let's go find a grade three prison planet to play with once we recover."

"Alright." Cillin tugged the corners of his lips.

"Bring me together with you next time!" the gray cat also said.

Cillin pinched its ear, “If nothing unusual happen then I’ll bring you all with me.”

Cillin had used the words ‘you all’, so he meant that the little hellhound fellow was included as well.

The little fellow seemed to understand this and wagged his tail real joyfully.

Ten minutes later, Cillin climbed out of the big hole the gray cat had opened up on the door. He had recovered much of his strength, and walking was not an issue.

When they found an exit, Lung took out the car key and pressed it. The flying car automatically flew towards their direction. When he sat on the flying car, Cillin suddenly recalled a matter and asked, “Did you guys feel anything strange when you came searching for me?”

Lung felt his own body for a bit before confirming, “No, I didn’t.”

Cillin looked at the gray cat, and the gray cat shook its head, “I didn’t notice anything unusual.”

The little hellhound fellow’s ears drooped. How sad that it didn’t know how to talk yet.

Cillin leaned against the seat, “Lung, you probably noticed that there was something wrong with the convicts in the prison rooms, didn’t you?”

Now that Cillin had reminded him, he did recall that they were acting quite strange. At the time, he had put most of his attention on guarding himself against ‘Mist’ and ‘Merciless’.

“Something was wrong those people, it’s like they’ve gone insane or something. But I thought that it was done by one of the two forces and didn’t think deeper into it.”

“It’s a kind of virus, but those viruses have now disappeared.”

“Could theyy have been destroyed by the other force? No, that can’t be right. Those viruses were probably ineffective against someone at their level, so naturally they didn’t need to waste energy to eliminate them. The surviving people inside the prison had all escaped, so logically speaking no one had the time to tinker with those stuff, did they?” Lung asked.

“They were not destroyed by someone.” Cillin rubbed his face, “It was probably something specifically researched by the force who spread out the virus in the first place. The viruses were injected with programmed death genes, causing their Median Lethal Time to be shrink greatly. The timing was just right so that most of the viruses were dead by the time they were finished with their business. Now, the viruses are basically all gone.”

This meant that these people also knew how to cause trouble

using ways other than participating themselves. Although the virus used this time was very simple and not fatal, what about next time? What kind of virus would they spread?

A hitman organisation that was well versed in viral weapons was even scarier than norm.

Thank goodness it wasn't parasites.

When Cillin saw Chamondine's diary back then, there was a line written in broad point pen, "In the near future, parasites would replace viruses to become an even deadlier weapon. This is because that not only parasites could act as a carrier of viruses, they also possessed intellect."

Never mind. Let's stop thinking for now. Cillin rubbed his head. It would be counterproductive if he thought too much right now. He should consider the matters at hand first.

When Qi Geyou saw Cillin he was quite happy. It was a rare case for someone to be able to walk out from the site. This was also a reflection of power, and Qi Geyou's attitude towards powerful people had always leaned on the better side, not to mention that Cillin and Lung had saved his life once.

Cillin and Lung didn't say too much before their little group got ready to depart by spaceplane. There would be all kinds of forces of Sector S arriving on this planet one after another, and Qi Geyou himself was quite busy. Cillin's group also had their own plans to make. However, before he left Cillin had revealed a bit of

information to Qi Geyou. Right now, any bit of extra information was a great aid to Qi Geyou's influence in 'Flying Snake'.

Lung also cut off some footage and presented it to Qi Geyou. He patted Qi Geyou's shoulders and gave him a 'I have high expectations for you' look. "Grab the real power in your hands soon. We'll cooperate with each other when that happens."

Qi Geyou's eyebrows rose. The fact that Lung could say such a thing meant that his background ran pretty deep. He smiled confidently, "Alright, cut the nonsense and get out already! If you don't get out now it'll be difficult later on."

It was true that Cillin's group would find it difficult to leave once the higher-ups of every force had arrived.

When Cillin's group had departed on a spaceplane, Qi Geyou instructed his subordinates to deal with a certain number of things. If what Cillin and Lung said was true, then the information he obtained would be enough to draw the higher-ups' attention.

There was no one who knew about this incident better than those who had lived through it, and other than those two forces, those who had the experience were basically all dead. This also reflected just how valuable the information Cillin and Lung had supplied him was.

The moment they returned to the spaceship, they immediately flew away from the area just in case they were discovered when the visitors' number grew.

Cillin made a fist while lying on a chair. Although he could obviously sense the change in his genes, and the helix structure of his DNA had changed a little, right now he hadn't discovered any special abilities in himself yet. However, his constitution had improved quite a lot, and his strength had grown bigger as well.

Lung went to sleep after enjoying a fulfilling meal. He had exhausted quite a bit of energy this time, and he would replenish them as soon as possible.

The gray cat was crouching on four limbs while teaching the little hellhound fellow how to speak. The little fellow could now say some simple words, although full sentences were still impossible for it. Even if it did manage doing it, its intonation was still incorrect.

Cillin had to doubt the gray cat's ability to teach.

"Wheeze, just teach him the most basic literacy. Once he knows how to read, tell him to watch some educational videos on his own."

"I've taught him the basics a long time ago." the gray cat said proudly.

"That's good then." Cillin picked up a headphone and put it on the little hellhound's head. Then, he brought up some basic educational videos and gave him time to watch them. The videos would teach him the most correct intonation, and some smart

daily dialogues would be conducted at the background of the video. The video Cillin chose for the little fellow was quite attractive, and it no longer needed the gray cat once it began watching the video. The gray cat happily lay on top of Cillin's thighs and had him scratch its chin and tell it in detail what happened inside the prison. It wasn't satisfied with the rough explanation from before.

While talking, Cillin suddenly heard speaking coming from the side. The little hellhound fellow was speaking one word after another according to the guide within the video.

They were all basic terms. There were terms of weather, and there were terms of color. There were also terms of some commonly seen objects and etc.

The little fellow's intonation grew smoother and smoother after he got past the initial shakiness. Suddenly, the little fellow appeared to have thought of something as he came to a stop, took off his headphones and turned to look at Cillin, "Scarlet... wind..."

The gray cat shook its ears and cocked its head, "What's that?"

The little fellow pointed at himself and said, "... scarlet... wind..."

"You're saying that you're called Scarlet Wind?" Cillin had told the little fellow once that he would give himself his own name once he had learned the language. He didn't think that he would come up with his name so quickly.

He had probably made the decision after seeing the word ‘scarlet’ that represented the color red within the terms of colors, and the word ‘wind’ within the terms of weathers. Since the wind was very fast, the little fellow probably thought that he could run as fast as the wind.

Seeing the little fellow nodding, Cillin walked over and rubbed his head, saying, “Alright, from now on your name is Scarlet Wind.”

Chapter 175: Which Force Is It? [Part 1]

Cillin regarded Scarlet Wind's problem as a matter of great importance. He had said earlier that he would give Scarlet Wind two choices to whether become a man, or a dog.

Different choices meant different ways of training. Right now Scarlet Wind was nearly a blank slate excluding its current abilities and nature brought by its genes. He would pass the choice of which development path to follow to Scarlet Wind himself. If Scarlet Wind were to regret it in the future, he could only blame himself. One would be encouraged to make progress only if the decision was their own.

Scarlet Wind had self-learned very quickly, and his intelligence was obvious to all who saw him. The genes and brain he inherited gave him quite the sizable amount of talent that many people did not possess. Even if he had started slow, he would be able to catch up pretty soon.

Man, or dog?

The gray cat looked down on Scarlet Wind from a high ground as the latter practiced conversing with a smart learning machine. In reality, the gray cat wasn't all that interested in Scarlet Wind's choice to develop himself as a man or a dog. From the point of view of a cyborg, neither man nor beast made much difference in its eyes. It was fine as long as Cillin was with it. Whether the others were men or beasts was no concern to it. They were just extra companions.

In fact Scarlet Wind himself did not quite understand why Cillin wanted him to make such a decision in the past. However, after understanding the different orbits of life of a man and a dog, Scarlet Wind chose to become a man without hesitation. Dogs gave emphasis to domestication and loyalty, whereas men gave emphasis to autonomy. The reason Cillin decided to bring Scarlet Wind with him back then was because he liked Scarlet Wind's 'autonomy' when compared to the other hellhounds. Scarlet Wind had not obeyed blindly the twisted and single minded responsibility of a protector hellhound.

Although Cillin had predicted that Scarlet Wind would choose to become a man, he was still very happy when Scarlet Wind had made his choice firmly. Since Scarlet Wind had chosen to become a 'man', then he would have to teach Scarlet Wind using a 'man's' standards.

Cillin instructed Scarlet Wind to start walking on his feet instead of all fours, and to start using his hands when he ate his meals. Right now Scarlet Wind was still unfamiliar with the use of his claws, no, hands. Sometimes, his five fingers were too stiff. While they were pretty agile when tearing a prey apart, wielding tools was a different story. In fact he had accidentally crushed many tools because he could not control his strength properly. However, Cillin paid no heed to this. It had been many years, so there had to be a process for his habits to form.

The good news was that Scarlet Wind often saw Cillin and Lung's movements and learned fairly quickly. He still wasn't quite used to walking on both legs and could not run swiftly, but walking was no longer a problem. Some of his hair had been shaved too, since the description 'ungrown hair' could not be applied to Scarlet Wind.

The little fellow's hair was way too thick since he had a dog's genes. Although it was not as obvious as a dog's, his hair was still rather offensively conspicuous compared to a normal human being.

After shaving the hair on his face, hands and other places, giving the small clump of hair on his head a cut, and putting clothes on him, Scarlet Wind looked more or less like a normal kid if one were to ignore his sharper-than-norm ears and his furry tail at his back.

Today, after Lung had awakened from literally several days of sleep, he circled around Scarlet Wind several times and admired his appearance.

"I can't believe that little dog kid from back then actually looks decent now." Lung said at the dining table.

It was a small dining table with four seats. Scarlet Wind was holding a spoon with his hands and scooping the food inside the bowl. His long nails had long been withdrawn back into his fingers, and he looked rather harmless with his grinning, childish face.

The gray cat would scoop up the broiled fishes in its plate from time to time with its paws, first nailing it with its claws before lifting it up like a fork and delivering it to its mouth.

After teasing Scarlet Wind for a bit, Lung said, "Cillin, have you figured out which planet you want to go to?"

Before he slept, Lung had told Cillin to consider the latter part of their journey. Since they had decided to head towards a grade three prison planet, they must first decide on exactly which grade three prison planet to head to. Lung himself did not care where they were headed to, and he had passed the decision making power directly to Cillin. He was going to fly straight towards their destination after he woke up.

The reason they chose a grade three prison planet was because there were too many Sector native forces in grade one and two prison planets. These forces had become even more anti-foreigner after the grade one prison planet from before had suffered a devastating blow.

High grade prison planets were too difficult for them since those places were the main focus of firepower right now. Most of the large forces outside of Sector S had all set their sights on these high grade prison planets. After calculating the risks for a bit, a grade three prison planet was the most suitable target for them. If after the journey they felt like they hadn't enjoyed themselves fully yet, then they might go take a look at high grade prison planet depending on the circumstances. Those planets were not places they could cause trouble whenever they wanted to, however. Bravery did not equal asking for trouble.

If he had to make a choice, then Cillin preferred putting at least some thoughts behind the choice. He chose a planet after looking at the star map. This grade three prison planet wasn't too far away from where they were right now, and it wasn't the closest grade three prison planet to the grade one prison planet earlier. Lung agreed after giving it a look. He inserted the coordinates of that grade three prison planet as the target destination of the starship

and travelled towards it using the robot-assisted auto pilot.

Now that there was a new talking companion, Lung teased Scarlet Wind like he was teasing a child. Scarlet Wind gave Lung face and did not express dislike towards Lung's talkative mouth, however.

They received a secret transmission before arriving at their destination. It was a transmission from the Andrea Family. After Lung had inserted the decryption program, the message revealed itself to the duo.

The Andrea Family might not have participated much in that incident fifty years ago, but several of their seniors were sent to Sector S' prisons prior to it. Therefore, the main reason they sent their men this time was to protect the safety of those few family seniors. After all, there was no telling if someone would seize the opportunity to assassinate them under the current circumstances. Now that 'Mist' and 'Merciless' had come out, and Blue Butterfly of the great four was growing restless as well, who wouldn't take the utmost caution?

Lung also shared the secret transmission with Cillin after looking through it. There weren't much secrets contained in the message, and it was useful for their latter operation anyway.

"A devastating catastrophe?" Cillin muttered after reading the message.

Lung scratched his head, "Isn't that way too much an

exaggeration? Even if that group of people you said came to Sector S, saved and killed some people, it couldn't have triggered a planetary catastrophe, could it? An apocalyptic catastrophe no less?"

In reality, no prison planets of Sector S were at planetary habitability rank A. They were all either rank B or rank C, and the higher a prison planet's grade was, the lower its planetary habitability was. The rank A planets in Sector S were mostly controlled by the forces native to Sector S.

But even a rank B or C planet was still valuable. Wasn't it a pity to destroy it just like that?

Cillin sighed, "Of course they don't care since it's not their own planets."

It was a true statement. The reason Sector S's forces were anti-foreigner wasn't just because they hated foreign forces interfering with their own businesses, but also due to worry that a foreign force would ignore the circumstances of a Sector and destroy some good planets. After all, even a rank B planet was difficult to find these days.

When they recalled what happened on that grade one prison planet, both Cillin and Lung had fallen into silence. To some people, destroying a planet was only too easy. It might just be a grade one prison, but it was destroyed all the same in less than half a day. No one could tell if the other prison planets would follow its footsteps.

A grade one prison's defenses were relatively simpler than others, so it did not take both 'Mist' and 'Merciless' much to break through it. Earlier, they used viruses to create confusion. The other forces may use a similar method as well." Cillin said.

Just like how Cillin had used parasites to nearly turn the planet 'Poison Fang' was garrisoned on into a graveyard, there were only too many methods to destroy a planet and send it into an apocalyptic catastrophe.

Sometimes, people complained that GAL's military and government were too powerful and hypocritical, but it could not be denied that the places governed by the GAL army and alliance government had much better law and order compared to other places. In Sector S, the only ones who would be having a headache after the destruction of a planet there were Sector S' forces. GAL's military and government wouldn't give a damn about it.

"Let's be more careful once we get there. Now that even grade one prison planets are unsafe, we might run into some trifle in a middle stage grade three prison planet."

"That's all we can do. The situation's not so bad that we have to give up, is it?" Lung yawned and when to the armory to prepare the stuff. This time, they would have to make even more preparations so that they wouldn't be put in the passive too much if anything were to happen.

When they were almost at their destination, Cillin hesitated

whether to bring Scarlet Wind with them. After all, the gray cat had made up its mind to follow him no matter what, and the little fellow looked very unhappy to be left alone on the starship. He had been staring pitifully at Cillin and Lung for the whole day, going so far as to make whiny sounds and putting on a pitiful appearance.

"Just bring him along." the gray cat licked its paws and wiped its face, "It's not like he's weak."

Lung also agreed to bring Scarlet Wind with them. After all, even if they wouldn't be operating together, he might be able to help them with his beastial talents.

Due to something that happened later, it didn't take long for Cillin to give his consent.

Chapter 175: Which Force Is It? [Part 2]

Coincidentally, the grade three prison planet Cillin chose just happened to be the planet Ghost Butterfly had hung around earlier.

GAL time, six hours ago.

Inside the prison of this grade three prison planet.

Due to a major accident that had happened on a certain prison planet, every prison had strengthened their defenses, increased the frequency of patrols, and checked the defense system – especially the weapons system – every once in a while to prevent being invaded without noticing it.

Since a grade three prison's management wasn't as loose as a grade one prison's, the convicts basically never even exited their prison rooms. Naturally, the confusing situation of a group brawl wouldn't happen either.

What set the prison guards at ease was that the prison had been very calm lately. Other than the rise of tension among the prison guards, nothing abnormal had happened inside the prison.

But their relief was way too soon.

Some convicts grew restless and anxious. There were plenty of convicts who went 'crazy' during the norm, so their change did not

appear too obvious when mixed among the other ‘crazy’ convicts.

Some convicts began to show nausea, vomiting and other symptoms, whereas some had fainted right away. Some convicts discovered that their limbs were heavy, and their muscles were somewhat withered, without strength and even paralysed. Some convicts discovered that their eyesight had fallen off sharply, and their joints felt painful and swollen.

One convict discovered that some unusually rugged skin ulcers had appeared while he was washing his own face. The area of the ulcer was even spreading.

Some convicts discovered that they were scratching clumps of hair off their heads when they scratched their own heads impatiently. Even their eyebrows and facial hair were starting to fall off.

The sudden and terrible fear caused the convicts’ long suppressed emotions to erupt at once. They began hammering the walls and screaming in despair. Even when they were isolated, they could feel the restlessness of the other convicts stirring around them.

In reality, some of the prison guards themselves were facing similar problems. Since they had made all sorts of preparations beforehand, they swiftly took measures to counter it after the situation had happened.

They had prevented the viruses, but they failed to prevent radioactive materials. Since when were these radioactive materials

smuggled into the prison? Why did the radiation detectors in the prison failed to warn this in advance?

The prison guards were busy rescuing themselves while checking the defense system. The convicts were wailing anguishly inside the prison.

Ghost Butterfly Fourteen did not have the time to go crazy with the other convicts. Upon noticing the abnormality, he had taken out the thing Ghost Butterfly Zero left behind for him and opened the door of his prison room.

Ghost Butterfly Fourteen was none other than that big man with an unkempt beard.

The surrounding reactions were different from to the plan Ghost Butterfly Zero had explained beforehand. The situation had happened one day ahead of time. This meant that it wasn't Blue Butterfly who had done this, but someone else.

Ghost Butterfly Fourteen did not wish to stay in here any longer. The radiation wouldn't affect him too much within a short period of time, and he had not wasted his time when he spent these years inside the prison. He was much stronger than he was before.

It wasn't just Ghost Butterfly Fourteen and a few other 'Blue Butterfly' members who had walked out of the prison. There were also a few figures of certain forces who had done the same. It was obvious that someone had acted again during this period of time without anyone realising it.

In order to create enough confusion to escape this place, the people who exited their prison had released the other convicts as well.

“Fourteen, go get Seventeen quickly. The situation has changed, and we don’t know if he’s still safe. The amount of radioactive materials is growing bigger and bigger. Leave quickly!” one of the Blue Butterfly members said.

“I know. You guys go ahead. I’ll catch up right away.” Ghost Butterfly Fourteen arrived at a prison room and opened the door.

The person inside the prison room was sitting on his chair and reading his newspaper calmly. He was not affected by the situation going on outside, nor was he panicking in the slightest in face of the radioactive materials. He was still emanating with the gentle and cultivated aura of an academician.

Jiada did not raise his eyes to look at Ghost Butterfly Fourteen for having unlocking his door. Ghost Butterfly Fourteen was not dissatisfied in any way either despite Jiada’s cool disregard. Instead, he saluted Jiada as he was someone junior to him. Many people would salute Jiada when they saw him, and even Ghost Butterfly Zero had to take the initiative to greet him as a way to show respect.

Ghost Butterfly Fourteen left and acted with his companions once he saluted Jiada.

After Ghost Butterfly Fourteen had left, several crazed convicts came into the room. These convicts had nearly lost all of their self consciousness and were no different from a madman. When they entered Jiada's prison room, they pounced towards him with a cruel smile on their faces.

Pupu!

The two convicts who entered the room collapsed directly on the ground without a wound on their body. However, a closer inspection would reveal that their hearts had shattered.

Jiada's movements never changed throughout the entire process. He finished drinking his water and set down his tea cup as the old newspaper in his hands flashed with the old images from a dozen or so years ago. He folded the old newspaper tidily and put it on top of the table. Jiada patted his pants and slowly walked out of the prison room. The convicts that were crowding in the surrounding were forcefully pushed away by a kind of force. Anyone who was too adamant would be killed straight away.

The prison rooms' defense system had already become paralysed. Despite the prison guards and the technicians' best efforts, they were unable to change this fact.

He did not need to deal with the monitoring cameras around him. They were already useless. Before he walked out of this floor, Jiada glanced towards a particular corner. There was an invisible person in that corner, but it wasn't Ghost Butterfly Zero.

When that person saw Jiada looking at him, he showed that he meant no offense and tensed up his whole body. He was still a little shocked when he saw Jiada earlier, but now that Jiada was looking at him he hastily threw that shock to the back of his mind and expressed his standpoint.

Jiada was feeling good, so he paid him no heed and walked away from this floor.

Interesting. These hibernating fellows had all come out of their nests.

The prison guards were busy handling the escaped convicts. Since they had made preparations earlier, they weren't completely helpless against the situation. Booming noises resounded from many parts of the prison. The convicts of a grade three prison weren't completely fearless in the face of bullets, and there were plenty of killed convicts on the floor already.

When Cillin's group had arrived around their destination planet, they already noticed that something unusual was happening on it. It would appear that even the satellite scanners orbiting the planet had malfunctioned. At the very least Lung got no response when he tentatively transmitted a signal at it.

"What do we do? It seems that the riot inside the prison has already begun." Lung said.

Prior to arriving at Sector S, Lung had been preparing himself to create some riots of his own. But after he arrived here, he realised

that he wasn't needed at all. There were already more brilliant people who had finished his job beforehand.

Cillin did not say anything. Instead, he stared at the satellites orbiting the planet. He kept feeling that something was going to happen with these satellites.

Lung brought up the scanner and the scanner page. The energy fluctuations on the planet were pretty widespread already. There were not only energy fluctuations inside the prison, but outside the prison as well. The amount of people exchanging fire were quite large, and the escaped convicts were also clashing among themselves. It was common sight for someone to seize the opportunity to take out a thorn in their side.

While staring at the image on the screen, Cillin pointed at the satellites outside the planet just when Lung was about to say something.

Some smaller satellites had become separated from those satellites, and Cillin knew what this type of satellite was. These satellites would fly to every corner of the planet and form a gigantic network of defense and offense at a specific position from a specific angle – it was a microsatellite array!

It would appear the management of the prison had been pressured to take extreme decisions. A network like this would cause more destruction to the prison, so they would not have activated a network like this if they weren't pushed to a certain extent.

It wasn't that the scanners did not react to Lung's foreign signal, but because it had no time to spare to react to it. Right now, the controller of the satellites had probably set the formation of the satellite array as top priority.

However, this microsatellite array did not manage to play a role before white beams shot out of a couple of mother satellites and swept past where the microsatellites were.

A series of dazzling explosions happened.

All of the microsatellites had been exploded into smithereens.

"What's..." Lung's mouth opened, "... that?"

"I don't know." Cillin said, "But the planet's external defenses are all gone. Some kind of device was apparently installed on those mother satellites."

That being said, this was the first time Cillin a microsatellite array being destroyed in an instant too. Just which force was it who had developed such a technology?

"Do you want to go down and take a look?" Cillin said.

The planet was in chaos and easier to invade now.

“Of course!”

“Let’s use site specific teleportation.”

“Alright.”

Chapter 176: 'Grim Reaper's' 'Godfather' [Part 1]

Cillin chose a temporarily unmanned place that was slightly further away from the prison and used site-specific teleportation to appear there right away. As for the starship, it kept a low profile and stayed invisible while hanging around in a certain area around the planet.

Cillin and Lung did not split up this time. Last time's lesson taught them that every prison planet in Sector S was deadly. They would not be able to rescue the other party in time if they were far apart.

As for the gray cat and Scarlet Wind...

"Wheeze, your main task this time is to bring Scarlet Wind around and familiarize him with a battlefield environment. Don't act recklessly, and put concealment and observation as top priority." Cillin said.

"Observation?!" the gray cat's whiskers straightened as it got ready to express its opinion, but when it thought of something, it said reluctantly while turning its ears backwards, "Alright."

"Teach some of your battlefield techniques to Scarlet Wind, especially regarding electronics and firearm equipment. The former environment he lived in did not have any of these. This shouldn't be a big problem for you, right?"

“No problem.” the gray cat answered with ears hanging downwards, “No problem.”

Cillin pinched the hair at the back of its neck, lifted it to eye level and said, “Promise me you won’t act recklessly!”

“I promise!”

After briefing Scarlet Wind with two simple lines, he told them to put their own safety as their priority. If they were to die here he would ditch them, and if they caused any trouble they could forget coming together with them in the future too. They finally split up after acquiring their promises.

As Cillin watched the two swiftly departing figures, he sighed, “I can’t help but feel that those two are going to cause trouble.”

“There shouldn’t be too much problems as long as they don’t attack first in such a chaotic environment. Plus, the two of them aren’t weak” Lung patted Cillin in the back, “Come on, let’s go see who we can run into this time.”

The people appearing in Sector S this time weren’t people they could meet anytime they wanted beyond Sector S. They were always able to obtain some very important information during every thorough examination they conducted, and that was one of the reasons why Cillin and Lung had still chosen to come despite knowing the risks.

Cillin and Lung slowly infiltrated their way towards the prison. There were some people embroiled in a messy fight at some of the buildings near the prison. They were basically all convicts who had escaped from the prison. Their targets were beasts functioning as watchful guardians and robot guards. The prison guards were currently busy dealing with the internal matters inside the prison and could not be bothered with what was happening outside.

The duo carefully avoided the firefight between the convicts and the guards. A guardian beast discovered them along the way, but it was shot in the brain and killed by Cillin before it could manage a growl.

“Good shooting.” Lung smiled.

“Good gun.” Cillin withdrew his gun and continued to move stealthily.

The gun he was using was provided by Lung. The gun specially created by the Andrea Family was not something a normal gun could compare to.

The stench of blood was spreading everywhere. There was human blood, beast blood, and destroyed robots making sizzling sounds along the way.

Compared to the previous grade one prison, the defenses here were a lot more complicated. However, the collapse of the main defense system had nearly taken off the figurative arms of the

prison. This made the prison guard's task to control the situation a lot harder.

Cillin was walking towards the prison when he suddenly paused his footsteps and looked up sideways at a particular spot.

There were no overly tall buildings on a prison planet, but there were plenty of two to three storeys buildings. They were not normal civilian building, but rent buildings that were rented out at a high price to those people who came to visit the convicts, and temporary residence for material handlers. However, it wasn't the time to resupply yet and there weren't many visitors on the prison planet. Most of the buildings were empty, and right now they were completely trashed by the convicts, robots and guardian beasts.

Cillin made a hand gesture at Lung before moving towards a particular direction. There was a locked bathroom where he was headed.

Opening a lock like this was child's play for Lung. He took out a decoder and, with a beep, quickly unlocked and opened the bathroom's door. Cillin saw a young man drenched in blood inside the bathroom. Many parts of his body were penetrated, and they did not look like they were pierced by sharp weapons.

"I can't believe he's still breathing with a wound like this." Lung said after taking a look.

This person's internal organs – especially his stomach – were severely injured. This was obvious upon sight of the wounds and

the mucous membrane and small bits of flesh flowing out along with his blood. However, despite this degree of injuries the person's life force was preserved and even looking to trend towards a recovery. The rate of his recovery was extremely slow, but it was recovering all the same.

"He doesn't look like a convict here." Cillin looked at the person's equipment, "Eh?"

Since there were many holes in the person's body, Cillin saw a tattoo beside a bloody hole at his stomach. Cillin extended a hand and pulled open the clothes covering his stomach. The tattoo was mainly etched around the person's waist.

It was the tattoo of an extremely sinister and eerie-looking butterfly with wings of flowery patterns.

Ghost Butterfly!

Cillin and Lung matched eyes in both astonishment and puzzled.

They were astonished to find a Ghost Butterfly member appearing at such a place, and they were puzzled by the identity of mysterious assailant who managed to hurt him. This person should be pretty strong judging from his constitution.

While Cillin and Lung were puzzled, the young man sitting against the wall suddenly opened his eyes. The killing intent that erupted in an instant caused the surrounding temperature to drop

sharply.

However, the killing intent quickly faded as the man stared doubtfully at Cillin and Lung.

“Ghost Butterfly Seventeen?” Lung spoke up. There was the number seventeen inside the ghost butterfly tattoo. It also represented his identity.

This young man was none other than the Ghost Butterfly Seventeen who had acted along with Ghost Butterfly Zero. After Ghost Butterfly Zero left, he had been lying low in the surroundings and waiting for the operation to begin. What he did not expect was that he himself would fall into trouble.

Seeing that Cillin and Lung hadn’t shown any killing intent despite knowing his identity, and that they did not look like convicts who had escaped from prison, Ghost Butterfly Seventeen nodded in response but said nothing. Right now he did not have the energy to speak, and the fact that he was barely starting to recover was a boon already.

“It doesn’t look like he can speak.” Lung frowned, “His vocal cords aren’t damaged though.”

Ghost Butterfly Seventeen’s face twitched. Sure my vocal cords aren’t damaged, but my lungs and other organs are!

Ghost Butterfly Seventeen glared at the duo. His eyes might not

have had killing intent, but they did not look like they were going to help him either.

And so both parties glared at each other.

Not even the gunshots and sounds of fighting outside caused the trio to break eye contact.

Finally, Cillin moved his gaze and looked at Lung. When he saw Cillin's gaze Lung clutched his chest and said, "With an animalistic constitution like his a normal one is enough! It's way too wasteful to use high grade medicine on him!"

"Alright, my normal medicine it is then." Cillin crouched and looked at Ghost Butterfly Seventeen, "Let's make a trade. I can give you this booster med, and it will boost your recovery rate. But in return, you'll sign an IOU and buy this for one million credits each and tell us what's going on around here. What do you think? Nod if you agree to this."

Ghost Butterfly Seventeen's face was a little stiff. One million for one normal booster medicine??? If this isn't a fraud then what is?!!

But Ghost Butterfly Seventeen did not have a choice in the matter. His life was on the line, and the battle outside was fierce. If he didn't run into Fourteen and the others, then he was absolutely going to die with his current recovery rate.

Ghost Butterfly Seventeen's face that was already pale from

blood loss turned paler. He nodded while gritting his teeth and thought: Once I recover I'm gonna beat the two of you to death!

Cillin searched for the item before he finally took out a bottle of medicine, "This may be small, but its effects are pretty good."

Ghost Butterfly Seventeen felt like committing suicide when he saw the tiny item in Cillin's hand. Wasn't the volume of a normal booster medicine one milliliter cube? Since when was it just ten microliters?!

That being said, while the medicine was little, its effects were pretty good. Ghost Butterfly Seventeen was obviously recovering much faster after consuming the medicine.

Two minutes later, his wounds had already turned into scabs.

Lung couldn't help but comment, "This truly is an animal's constitution!"

Ghost Butterfly Seventeen rolled his eyes at the duo before standing up and taking in a deep breath. He felt a lot more comfortable now.

"All my equipment has been destroyed, and I do not have one million with me right now. What's your name, and how do I contact you? I'll send the money to you later."

"I was going to make you sign an IOU, but we can skip that

process. With your identity as Ghost Butterfly Seventeen, I believe that the Blue Butterfly should be trustworthy. They are one of the great four after all." Cillin said with an expression of great tolerance while tossing him a nutrient pill. The man had exhausted too much strength after a boosted recovery, and he had to replenish his energy somewhat.

"Thanks." he swallowed it after accepting the pill. He was extremely strained right now.

"Not at all. That will be one hundred thousand credits."

"..." Ghost Butterfly Seventeen's eyelids jumped again and again, "Fine, I'll cough out your dough."

When he saw Cillin and Lung looking at him with a face that clearly said, 'are you an idiot?', Ghost Butterfly Seventeen felt as if his IQ had degenerated alongside his injuries.

Chapter 176: ‘Grim Reaper’s’ ‘Godfather’ [Part 2]

Deciding not to confuse himself with this issue any longer, and considering that the people making a din outside had subsided a little, Ghost Butterfly told the duo about his encounter.

Originally, they had planned the starting time of the operation. Once the clock started ticking, the convicts would break out from inside the prison while Ghost Butterfly Seventeen provided them support from outside. There shouldn’t have been a large commotion if everything went according to plan. However, this confusion that had suddenly erupted completely screwed up their plans. After receiving Ghost Butterfly Fourteen’s news from inside the prison, Ghost Butterfly Seventeen got ready to provide him support. However, along the way he encountered a person, got beaten into the state he was in, and some of his equipment had been destroyed as well. If he hadn’t escaped quickly he would’ve died there and then. After he escaped, he then hid himself inside this bathroom.

“Who’s the guy who hurt you?” Cillin asked.

“I don’t know. He was invisible. He was very strong.” Ghost Butterfly Seventeen answered.

“I’m surprised. You Blue Butterflies are imprisoned in just grade three prisons?” Lung rubbed his chin and said.

Ghost Butterfly Seventeen obviously did not plan to talk further

on the matter. He was now feeling a lot more spirited, and he expressed that he was going to find his companions and leave after wiping away the traces inside the bathroom.

“Oh right, since you’re already here, let me tell you something.” before he left, Ghost Butterfly Seventeen said, “There is a VIP in this grade three prison. He has probably come out by now. Take care and don’t offend him.”

“Who is it?”

Cillin and Lung looked at Ghost Butterfly Seventeen at once.

“Hunting Blade Jiada.”

After parting ways with Ghost Butterfly Seventeen, Cillin and Lung switched a new relatively hidden location to hide under and pondered about Ghost Butterfly Seventeen’s words.

“What are you thinking?” Lung asked.

“There’s no blood.” Cillin said.

“Ah?”

“You remember the time when we went looking for him? There was no blood on the ground. He did not bleed when he was escaping, and had only started bleeding when he was inside the

bathroom. This meant that he could control the bleeding of his wounds. The bathroom door had also been processed. There are other scents that covered up the scent of blood. Not even a guardian beast could have sensed it."

"Someone from Blue Butterfly truly cannot be underestimated." after a pause, Lung asked again, "What are you going to do about Hunting Blade Jiada?"

"Let's just go with the flow. Hopefully we won't run into him, but even if we do, he shouldn't raise a hand against small fries like us as long as we don't offend him, right?"

While supporting his own head, Lung stretched his fingers through his hair and scratched, thinking, "I really didn't think that other than Blue Butterfly, Hunting Blade Jiada would be here as well. If we were to query the convict data, we probably won't find his records in it."

"Actually, I'm guessing that 'Mist' or 'Merciless' had a VIP hidden in that grade one prison from earlier too." Cillin said.

"It really is unexpected; to think that Sector S' prisons had become their hiding spots."

"Are we still going in then? After all, you're the employer of this mission to come to Sector S. The choice is yours." Cillin looked at Lung.

“Don’t you think it’ll be a huge shame to leave just like that? Let’s go. We have to clarify some things now that we’re already here, and even if we couldn’t, it is still very important for us to get some information.”

Boom!

There was another explosion over at the prison.

“Come on, now’s our chance!”

Cillin and Lung seized the opportunity of the chaos created by the explosion to enter into the prison through a hole in the wall. The second he stepped into the prison, Lung suddenly felt discomfort all over his body. Cillin pulled Lung into an empty office. There was no one inside. The prison guards had all gone out to deal with the convicts.

“What’s going on? I’m feeling discomfort all over my body.” Lung looked at the scanner and confirmed that there weren’t any other life forms around them. But he just couldn’t help but feel uncomfortable.

“Radioactive substances!!”

Upon hearing Cillin’s words, Lung hurriedly looked at the mini detector on his hand, “There are some radioactive rays and particles, but they are not within a threatening level. My detector would’ve sounded the alarm a long time ago if it was very serious.”

Cillin felt the substances in the air around him before shaking his head, “There are radioactive substances in the air, and quite a lot of them too. However, they had gone through multiple radioactive decays and are no longer at a threatening level. The threatening period had already passed.”

Lung looked at the elements and degree of radiation displayed on his detector, “You’re saying that they’d mostly undergone radioactive decays already?”

A radioactive substance that had gone through a decay would transform into another kind of element. No wonder the data displayed on the detector was strange.

But how did it decay this quickly? It’s understandable if it’s just a small amount, but from what you say this is a huge amount of radioactive substances! I thought that the precise timing of decay of radioactive elements could not be estimated?”

“Godfather!” Cillin said the name directly.

Lung’s entire body shuddered once, and with a gaping mouth he stared disbelievingly at Cillin. Then, he squatted on the ground and covered his face, “Cillin, why’s our luck so darn ‘good’?!”

‘Godfather’ was a person. Twenty years ago, he discovered a method to control the time of decay of radioactive elements as a four star scholar in GAL research institute. He was able to manipulate the activity in a radioactive element’s nucleus and cause the decay time to go according to his plans. At the time this

research affected the entire GAL academic circle, but there were plenty of academicians – especially from GAL research institute – that voiced out different opinions. Later on, when 'Godfather's' research claimed the lives of many innocent research personnel during the research process, the research was put under control.

'Godfather' would escape along with his technology later and join the organisation 'Grim Reaper'. Since he had always been an authority in the research of radioactive elements and decay, he was later given the title of 'Godfather'.

'Godfather' affected a lot of people. 'Good' or 'evil' aside, in terms of the research of elements the people greatly admired this 'Godfather' for his work. There were no longer any news about 'Godfather' after he joined the organisation 'Grim Reaper'.

Since 'Godfather' had brought with him his technology and research findings and joined the organisation 'Grim Reaper' no less, what could've won him a space on the publication of absolute authority, 'Code', was waved away just like that.

If they were to talk about 'Godfather', then they had to talk about 'Grim Reaper' as well. 'Grim Reaper' was an unconventional organisation. There was no such concept as good or evil in their dictionary, and they did not belong under the category of Hunters, adventurers or hitmen. Although the government labeled them as a 'menace', they still had plenty of supporters in GAL. The reason for that was their power – their absolute power.

Although Blue Butterfly's average individual combat strength was the highest among all Hunter regiments, they could only

submit in defeat when compared to ‘Grim Reaper’. That being said, not everyone within ‘Grim Reaper’ had incredible individual combat strength. For example, ‘Godfather’ had poor combat strength since his expertise were leaned towards academics. Overall, every person in ‘Grim Reaper’ had their own familiar field of expertise and absolute authority there. It was just that they applied this authority with real action.

Radioactive decay, system hacking, destruction of defenses and an unknown combat strength. ‘Grim Reaper’ was even more of a headache to both the government and the military when compared to ‘Mist’ and ‘Merciless’. At least ‘Mist’ and ‘Merciless’ were simpler to define – hitman organisations, right? – but this wasn’t the case with ‘Grim Reaper’. They could roleplay a hitman, a Hunter or an academician too.

However, the amount of activities from ‘Grim Reaper’ had been pitiful as of late. Cillin’s generation and his father’s generation had only heard of ‘Grim Reaper’ as an entity in legends.

But now…

“That’s it. It has to be ‘Grim Reaper’. The instantaneous destruction of the satellite array earlier was probably their work as well.” Cillin sighed. Ever since he arrived at Sector S, the amount of sighs he let out had obviously increased.

“Why did ‘Grim Reaper’ come here?”

“Who knows? Just like how no one would’ve expected that ‘Mist’

and ‘Merciless’ would appear in a mere grade one prison, all those people who should be appearing at grade five prison planets were all popping up at unexpected places.”

Cillin sent a message to the gray cat. Since the situation on this planet had gotten even more complicated than before, he had to warn them one more time.

The gray cat quickly replied his message. They had found a food storing warehouse, and there were still some fresh food in it. They were currently eating...

Lung’s mouth twitched upon seeing the gray cat’s reply.

“Screw it. We’re not returning empty handed at least!” Lung adjusted the parameters of his mini detector and said, “Let’s go rob a profit while it’s chaotic!”

“What are we robbing?”

“Energy blocks!”

The amount of energy needed to maintain the defenses of a grade three prison was quite a lot compared to a grade one prison. Therefore, the amount of energy storage here should correspond accordingly as well.

“The fresh food supplies on the starship are getting low too. After we got the energy blocks, we’ll go to Wheeze’s location to collect

some food supplies, just in case we get delayed by whatever that might happen later and couldn't find food."

Nutrient pills were seriously unpalatable. There was absolutely no way Lung would want to live his life eating them.

After making their plans and enlarging the scan to acquire the prison's overall layout, Cillin and Lung picked a route and headed towards the storage room containing the energy blocks directly.

What was strange was that the closer they got to the energy storage room, the fewer the people they encountered along the way. This was because most of the people who survived long enough to come here were dead. There were plenty of dead people lying on the ground of the passage leading towards the energy block storage room, but no fatal wounds could be found on the surface of their bodies. All of the wounds that were visible had been inflicted by them upon each other.

Chapter 177: ‘Grim Reaper’s’ Star Net [Part 1]

Logically speaking, the energy storage room should be pretty well defended. Other than the interior of the prison and the main defense system, the energy storage room also had a separate defense system and was specially built to prevent energy leakage. This was because its potential threat value was higher. After all, if certain unstable factors caused large amounts of energy blocks to become destabilised, then the explosion they caused would be big enough to destroy more than half of the prison.

However, they did not encounter any robot guards along the passage towards the energy storage room. The energy storage room was categorised as high radiation area, so normally there should be certain robot sentries guarding the paths leading towards it. However, other than a number of convicts lying dead on the ground, they did not find even one robot sentry.

Lung checked the display of his life scanner and shook his head at Cillin, indicating that no life forms had been detected in this area as of now.

No other life forms?

The way these convicts died didn’t look like a robot’s work.

After looking at his surroundings carefully, Cillin crouched down and put his hand on a convict who had no wounds on the surface of his body even though he was dead.

“His heart is crushed.” Cillin said in a heavy tone.

He then checked a couple more convicts with no wounds on their skin and found that their conditions were the same as this convict. The large majority of the convicts inside this passage had died this way.

A human had done this and not a robot, but both Cillin and Lung were puzzled. Just who on earth had the ability to easily crush these convicts’ hearts without wounding their skin?

Was it someone from ‘Grim Reaper’? Or was it someone else?

Cillin and Lung walked towards the energy storage room with even greater caution than before. They did not dare to overly rely on the life scanner since machines sometimes would ‘lie’ too.

The energy storage room’s door was open, and there were no signs of any forced entry. The thick custom made cabin door was obediently opened, and some energy fluctuations were emanating from inside the energy storage room at the same time.

These energy fluctuations weren’t big. You could even say that it was very docile. But this was exactly why Cillin and Lung had become even more nervous.

The were only docile energy fluctuations coming from inside the energy storage room. There was nothing else in there; not even the

breathing sounds of a human. Was it really a robot?

Cillin and Lung arrived near the door, but did enter immediately. Lung released a small, ball-shaped detector, and the object flew towards the entrance of the energy storage room. However, when detector reached the front of the door, its program instantly became disrupted and ran away about as fast as one could imagine.

Lung: "..."

Cillin made a hand gesture. He was going to go in and check things out first.

When he shuffled carefully to the entrance, Cillin could obviously sense the change in magnetic field surrounding the storage room's door. No wonder Lung's scanner had experienced a disruption in its program. This was probably why there were no robot sentries around here.

However, when Cillin saw the person inside the room, he no longer had the mood or thought to consider the robot sentries and the change in magnetic field.

It was actually a human being!

Lung swiftly moved over to Cillin when he saw him standing there with a taut body, but had not suffered any kind of attack. He looked towards the storage room. When he saw the person inside, Lung's pupils also shrank in an instant.

The boxes containing the energy blocks had already been opened, and the man's back was facing towards them. One of his hands was placed directly on the energy ores. Unlike the energy blocks inside small-sized home-use electrical appliances, these energy blocks were one meter tall and stacked in a bunch. However, Cillin could see clearly that the energy blocks beside the man had already been depleted.

The man was absorbing energy!

He could actually absorb energy directly from the energy blocks without any mediums at all?!

That being said, Cillin recalled that he himself seemed to have done something similar.

The man never moved or turned around, maintaining his body posture and appearing as if he hadn't noticed Cillin and Lung's arrival at all. However, Cillin dared wager a bet that that man had absolutely noticed the two of them since a long time ago.

This person could not be detected before he was seen since he lacked too much presence. However, those who really saw him they would experience a feeling of absurdity instead. He was like the amalgam of contradictions.

Cillin and Lung tacitly understood each other and did not disturb the man from absorbing energy. They did not attempt to attack and rob the energy blocks while he was busy either. However, if

they left this place immediately, there was no telling if they would be killed right away. At the very least, Cillin had a feeling that the man would murder them to the last if they tried to do so. There wouldn't be so many dead convicts around the area otherwise.

Cillin gave Lung a look, indicating that it would be best if they didn't act recklessly.

It wasn't long before there were other convicts who came over to this place. When they saw the energy blocks, they all wore greedy looks on their faces.

Cillin and Lung had ducked into a corner of the storage room and avoided meeting the convicts in a head on conflict. Meanwhile, the convicts who made their way over obviously painted the man absorbing the energy blocks as their primary target.

Several convicts raised their guns and fired rapidly at the man. The guns were all forcefully taken from the prison guards. The prison guard's sign on the guns proved this. It would seem that the prison guards were doing extremely poorly too.

Bang bang bang!

However, the fired bullets looked like they were met with great resistance when they approached the vicinity of that man. When they reached half a meter away from that man, their velocity dropped down to zero directly.

After a few gunshots, the convicts understood that this man wasn't someone they could deal with. There was a person who got ready to take out a booster type high energy weapon, but had collapsed immediately before he could do anything with it. Cillin could feel that the person's heart was crushed just like the convicts at the passage.

No one saw how he killed the person. In fact, he never made any extra movements at all. But the convict more than twenty meters away was killed all the same.

The rest of the convicts wanted to escape, but they collapsed directly just when they had escaped to the entrance.

Lung gulped and looked at Cillin. What are we going to do next?

Let's maintain this deadlock for now, Cillin thought.

More people came in the middle of the deadlock, but the outcome was always the same. By now, there were more than twenty people lying dead at the entrance from the same cause.

Five minutes later, the energy fluctuation slowly subsided calmly, collectedly and unhurriedly. By now, the energy blocks inside the box were already dim and lightless. The man withdrew his hand, turned around and looked towards Cillin and Lung.

There was no killing intent of displayed malice. In fact, the man was even wearing a faint smile on his face. He gave off a gentle and cultivated feeling, but it was this person who had killed so many

without a sound at all.

Both Cillin and Lung could only feel every hair on their body standing at the back of their end when they were gazed upon by the man wearing a faint smile that was somewhat polite and cordial. The more he acted this way, the more dangerous he was in their eyes.

In his mind, Lung had already thrown this man into the freak category directly. Those people whose outside and inside were joined by an absolutely twisted nature were all freaks among freaks, not to mention that this freak was the kind who killed with a smile on his face. When the convicts had died, they probably didn't even sense any killing intent coming from this person.

Jiada glanced at the two little boys standing not far away from him. That was what he thought of twenty year olds from his standpoint.

He had discovered Cillin and Lung since a long time ago. A layer of electrical charge had been imbued to the top, bottom and side walls of the passages stretching outward from the storage room. Jiada was capable of sensing anyone who entered into this area. He could even determine how powerful the intruder was from these electrical charges.

Jiada was curious when Cillin and Lung had entered his domain. He hadn't killed them immediately and instead, watched their reactions while he was absorbing the energy. Obviously, the duo's reactions hadn't incited his killing intent.

“Who are you, little boys?” Jiada asked. Even his voice was gentle.

Little boys…

Cillin and Lung wanted to roar: Is this guy a super old freak or something?

Chapter 177: Grim Reaper's 'Star Net' [Part 2]

In reality, Jiada looked like he was just approaching middle age. Therefore, when he suddenly called them 'little boys' both Cillin and Lung felt a muscle cramp on their faces.

Suddenly, Cillin recalled his awkward teacher. Sir Mo had even called him a 'child' back then. Now that he thought about it, this person before him was probably over around a hundred years old, wasn't he?

"Ahem. Hello, I am called Lung." Lung bowed and saluted him. His usage of the etiquette Berzett taught him was pretty impressive; the form of his salutation was perfectly standard. He did not give out his surname directly since there were plenty of people who disliked a member of the Andrea Family.

"Judging from your salutation, you're probably a member of a certain big family, aren't you?" Jiada said. At the same time, he returned a corresponding salutation of his own, looking much more like a gentleman than Lung was.

Lung's face cramped yet again. A single salutation had exposed his identity.

"Er, yeah. My full name is Andrea Lung." he did not lie. Lung thought that he would absolutely be found out if he attempted to lie with his own abilities. The man before him was an old freak after all.

“Oh, so you’re the descendant of that old fox.”

Lung lamented inside his heart: Ah, my beloved grandfather, your title as a fox truly is widespread!

However, Lung did let out a sigh of relief on the inside when he heard Jiada’s answer. At the very least, Lung had not sensed any malice during the instant the other party heard the name Andrea.

“You’re okay. You have better prospects than your father.” Jiada commented before looking at Cillin.

“I am called Cillin Gen.” he did not salute like Lung did. He simply performed a very commonly seen salutation done when a junior Hunter encountered his elders.

Lung cast a glance and thought on the inside: since when are you called Gen again?

“You are a Hunter?” Jiada knew that Cillin was a Hunter the moment he saw the salutation he performed.

“Yes, I am.”

“Are you a solo Hunter? Or are you with a Hunter regiment?”

“I’m with a Hunter regiment; the Hunter regiment Vanguard.”

Jiada nodded. Nothing else could be seen from his countenance.

Jiada's reaction made Cillin felt a small twinge of disappointment. He had purposed given out the surname 'Gen' to see if the man before him would react to it. The results however, were a little disappointing.

After looking at Cillin and Lung, Jiada waved a hand and shifted two large boxes containing energy blocks inside several meters away before Cillin and Lung. He said, "Take these two boxes with you. The rest is mine."

Both Cillin and Lung sighed seeing that the other party did not plan to look into their intrusion any further. The fact that he gave them two boxes of energy blocks was respectful of him already.

After thanking Jiada, Lung then withdrew the two boxes of energy ores into the subspace container on his hand. Energy blocks could not be put inside subspace for a prolonged period of time, so he had to take them out the moment they returned to the starship to prevent the conflict between energies causing the subspace to destabilise and collapse.

"When you go back, do greet that old fox Fergus and that old man Ji Feng for me." Jiada said.

Lung's grandfather Fergus wielded great influence within GAL, his sphere of influence extending over to business, politics, military and so on. As for Ji Feng, he was the leader of Vanguard

and one of the Six Stars of Hunt – a Star Rank Hunter!

If Jiada had only mentioned Fergus, Cillin and Lung would not have been as surprised. After all, Fergus' activities span over to quite a number of places, not to mention that there were plenty of people who knew and dealt with Fergus. Ji Feng was different, however. If this man was able to say Ji Feng's name directly and talk about a Star Rank Hunter with such a tone, then…

Jiada!

Cillin looked towards Jiada, "Are you the Hunting Blade Jiada, senior?"

The honorific used among Hunters was 'senior', and Jiada did not deny it either. He waved his hands and beckoned Cillin and Lung to leave, "You have one full hour of time left. 'Grim Reaper's' 'Star Net' would be activated in one hour, and with your current level of strength, you won't be able to survive it when that happens."

"Star net?" they knew that the Grim Reapers are here, but what on earth was a 'Star Net'?

Jiada did not give any additional explanation, "You will know when the time comes. This is an experiment to 'Grim Reaper'."

When he was finished, Jiada turned around and did not bother with Cillin and Lung any longer. He continued to open a new box

and absorb the energy inside.

Cillin shot a glance at Lung to transmit the message that they should leave first before doing anything else.

After leaving the energy storage room, Cillin and Lung did not waste time entangling themselves with the unsolved mysteries and instead, rushed to where the gray cat was. According to their calculations, they should reach that warehouse in ten minutes time. After they had collected the food, they would then leave this place and return to the starship. If there were no mishaps, then they should have ample time.

This time, Cillin and Lung did not conceal their presences on purpose. Instead, they moved faster and hurried along the way. There weren't many people left in the passage leading towards the food warehouse, and if Cillin and Lung were to spend time conducting an in-depth scan they would discover that there weren't much people left inside the prison. Most of them had ran outside.

When they passed by a junction, Cillin saw a person leaning at that junction. Yes, he had definitely seen them. Cillin could see them him even though that person was obviously in a state of invisibility.

He couldn't identify their face. There was just a blurry approximation where the face should be at.

The person simply looked at them and did not attack when Cillin

and Lung ran past him. Even though they knew that Cillin could see them, they did not move and simply watched Cillin and Lung run right past him.

When Cillin and Lung had ran far away, that person let out a soft laugh, “This generation’s youngsters sure are interesting.”

As compared to that Ghost Butterfly Seventeen they encountered earlier, the person actually thought that these two young men were more interesting. Even though they obviously could see him, neither of them had actively attacked him like Ghost Butterfly Seventeen did. Their guards were pretty high too. They were guarding against them even though they had ran far, far away from them.

After they had gone far away from that junction, Lung said while running, “There was a person in that junction just now.”

“I know, but they did not look like they intended to attack us.”

“The person who wounded Ghost Butterfly Seventeen is them, isn’t it?”

“Even if they’re not, they are not allies.”

“A ‘Grim Reaper’. Thank goodness they did not have any intentions of attacking us, or neither of us would be having a good time now.”

Cillin and Lung were in a hurry right now, and leaving aside whether they could win against that person if they had actually fought, even if they could they would have wasted a lot of time. After listening to Jiada's words, the duo simply wanted to get to the warehouse, store up some food and leave as soon as possible.

They did not know what the 'Star Net' was, but since the word came from Jiada both Cillin and Lung believed that it existed.

Along the way, they ran into convicts in groups of twos and threes. They were basically all in a confused state, and the second they saw Cillin and Lung they charged right at them. However, they were all quickly taken out by the duo.

When they arrived at the warehouse, they saw the gray cat hugging a fish and making loud crunching noises as it bit the fish head. The fish that was almost a hundred times bigger than the gray cat was eaten to the point where all that was left were bones.

Beside the gray cat, Scarlet Wind was chewing a beef jerky. The gray cat had told him to eat as much as he wanted, so he wasn't giving any quarters either.

Cillin and Lung selectively collected some food supplies from the warehouse. They still had plenty of food on the starship, so their main priority right now was to find some fresh food supplies. The fresh food supplies around several other connected warehouses around here were all taken away by Cillin and Lung.

Cillin looked at the emptied warehouses and checked the time,

“We still have forty minutes.”

“Let’s leave. We should hurry up.” Lung said.

“Time to go, gluttons!” Cillin turned around and called out to Scarlet Wind and the gray cat.

Seeing that Cillin, Lung and Scarlet Wind were heading outside, the gray cat held the fish head it had half consumed in its mouth and ran out. Even though half of the fish head had been consumed by the gray cat, it was still a lot larger than the gray cat’s current body size. In fact, the fish’s pharynx and the sharp teeth inside its mouth were all exposed because half its head had been chewed off. It was a rather ugly sight as the teeth swayed rhythmically as the gray cat held it in its mouth and ran.

There was nothing that impressed Cillin more than the glutton’s ability to eat while running. It ran and ran, and the half eaten fish head went into its stomach just like that.

Since Scarlet Wind wasn’t too familiar with running on two legs just yet, he dropped back on all four after taking for a few steps forward. He would not be able to catch up to the others otherwise.

The amount of people outside the prison had increased by a lot. When Cillin’s group ran out of the prison, they were met with a sizable amount of resistance. Some came from the prison guards, and some came from the convicts. When Scarlet Wind encountered these men who were obviously harboring malice and killing intent towards them, he had instantly transformed from an

obedient darling into a wild animal just like how he originally was when he was hunting preys on his origin planet. The way his claws plunged deep into the enemies' bodies and tore them apart directly with impressive brute force caused Lung's stomach to churn.

The gray cat's behavior was a lot more moderate, however. It had simply kicked and left deep hind claw marks on those people's faces. After all, Cillin said that they were in a race against time, and it was feeling sleepy after eating till it was full.

Thankfully, the resistance hadn't persisted the whole way. The firefights were mainly concentrated at the port where transports and spaceplanes were parked. The convicts wanted to snatch a ship and escaped this place, and the prison guards absolutely refused to let them succeed. Therefore, both parties were engaged in intense combat at that location.

The place Cillin's group chose was far away from the port. After arriving at a temporarily empty location, Lung lifted his hand and popped out a dashboard from his wrist, performing a remote control. At the same time, the robots piloted the starship and flew it towards them. After the starship had locked onto their position, Cillin's group then teleported back to the starship.

After returning to the starship, the starship did not depart from the planet immediately. Instead, it maintained its invisibility and watched from a nearby spot.

After putting the energy blocks into the storage room and the food into the warehouse, Cillin and Lung then watched the scenes unfolding on the control room's displays.

Two minutes was left on the clock when they checked the time.

The lucky convicts managed to grab a spaceplane and flew out of the planet. The satellite defense network at the perimeter of the planet was paralysed since a long time ago, so these spaceplanes were able to leave as they pleased.

Perhaps these lucky convicts could not have imagined what was going to happen next on the planet?

When one hour was up, a web that looked very much like the light rays of electricity suddenly appeared outside the planet. It had enveloped the entire planet.

“Is this, ‘Star Net’?”

Chapter 178: Leaving Sector S [Part 1]

Although there were a lot of gaps between this large electrical network that enveloped the entire planet, not a single spaceplane could be seen passing through between them. A lot of spaceplanes slowly lost control and either crashed or exploded when they approached this network.

The energy drive equipment of these spaceplanes had become destabilised due to the effects of this network. The serious cases had exploded right away.

There were also some spaceplanes who noticed their predecessors' downfall and did not go close to the web. Instead, they activated the weapons systems and opened fired at those webs. However, the network persisted despite the missiles coming into contact with the light webs and exploding.

They could see from the footage captured by the monitoring devices Lung left on the planet that an obvious change had taken over the planet's surface. The battle between the convicts and the prison guards had already stopped, but what came next was an even bigger problem.

There was an obvious layer of electrical light flashing across the surfaces of objects such as metallic fences and metallic walls. A convict who was kicked against a metallic wall was electrocuted into a charred remain because he failed to stand up and get away in time.

Even without touching these metallic substances, the convicts still felt like they were trapped in a space full of electric charges. Every hair on their bodies was standing on its end, and the guns, knives and other weapons etc they were wielding had already been tossed aside. Right now, they were all looking towards the sky above them in fear.

Through the monitoring devices continued to transmit sets of gauge data to the starship, both Cillin and Lung could imagine what was happening on the planet right now. As the density of electric charges continue to increase, the situation on the planet would only grow more and more severe.

As for the rest, Cillin and Lung could only speculate based on the images they saw on the screen and the analysed data. The coverage and density of the network was gradually increasing. At first, Cillin and Lung could see see some of the changes happening on the planet from the starship. However, the dense web formed by the electrical lights gradually covered the entire surface of the planet, and the gaps were also slowly covered up by a layer of light film after the gaps had become smaller. They had lost connection with the monitoring devices Lung left on the planet, and they could guess that the signal must have been affected to the point it was severed completely.

Before long, many electrical lights shot out from the network and hit straight towards the ground. The entire planet became enveloped by lightning and was filled with electrical light.

Cillin could not see exactly what was happening on the planet's surface, but he could imagine the outcome of an outpour of

lightning strikes at this level of strength and density. No wonder Jiada said that they were incapable of surviving under ‘Star Net’ with their current abilities.

The people who were trapped on the planet might not be able to see it clearly, but Cillin saw it very clearly from outer space. This electrical network had originated from the mother satellites outside the planet. The satellites that were scattered at different orbits and some objects that were probably launched by ‘Grim Reaper’ had joined together to form the initial networks. Then, these isolated networks began to branch out and reconnect with each other. Just like a spider web, the bases were fixed in place before a dense web was swiftly developed from these few bases.

The planet beneath this web looked like it had been ravaged by an intense electromagnetic storm. What followed after was an omnipresent thunderstorm.

Cillin did not need to watch further to know that after today’s incident, when the ‘Star Net’ was withdrawn, this planet would be utterly riddled with holes. The prison, buildings and so on would no longer exist as well.

Perhaps there might be a small number of survivors after the ‘Star Net’ had passed, but that number would have to be extremely small. The rest of the people, buildings etc would all be annihilated under the electrical light.

Cillin and Lung had witnessed the destruction and the ending of a planet. Right now, they were feeling rather complicated on the inside.

Jiada had said that this was but an experiment for ‘Grim Reaper’, but why had they chosen this planet as the site to conduct their experiment in the first place?

Was it because GAL’s governmental jurisdiction in Sector S was weak? Was it because of the same reason Cillin and Lung had chosen this planet? Or was there another reason?

Cillin didn’t know.

What he knew was that there were still a lot of powerful people and forces in GAL. The destruction of a planet might just be something that happened in the blink of an eye to them.

It was very difficult for humans to see themselves clearly without a frame of reference.

Perhaps it was because too many people had forgotten those people and forces who had risen to fame in the past after fifty years of time; those once familiar names that lived in a previous era. Fifty years had passed, and the new generation had not grown up in an environment like theirs. Now that these veteran forces had surfaced once more, would the new generation be able to withstand the pressure and continue fighting?

‘Mist’, ‘Merciless’, and ‘Grim Reaper’. Every one of these forces were no weaker than the four great Hunter regiments be it in terms of technology or individual combat strength. After this Sector S incident, GAL would be welcoming a wholly new era; an

era where both challenges and opportunities exist as one.

“Let’s go.” Lung exhaled and began operating on the control panel.

Cillin nodded.

There was nothing else to be gained by staying here any further. No one knew how long ‘Star Net’ was going to last, and no one knew what kind of result ‘Grim Reaper’ was expecting from their experiment. Right now, the most important thing to Cillin and Lung was to protect their little lives. Right now they did not have the ability to resist ‘Grim Reaper’, and the gap of between them was simply too huge. Sure, that invisible person from earlier had no intentions to fight them, but what if they felt like fighting now?

Even Ghost Butterfly Seventeen was beaten to the sorry state they were in, and neither Cillin nor Lung had any intentions of following in his footsteps. Leaving now would be the wise decision to make. Surely I could hide if I could not fight you, couldn’t I?

The energy blocks they carried with them were sufficient for them to leave Sector S, not to mention that they had acquired two big boxes of energy blocks from inside the prison’s storage room earlier. Their food was sufficient as well. As long as they did not run into anything unusual later, then all was fine.

However, with Sector S’ current situation, nowhere was safe.

They hadn’t left that grade three prison planet for long before Lung received some messages from the Andrea Family members at other places. Right now, both grade four and grade five prisons were in a complete mess, although no one over there was an easy picking. Any random person over there was at the level of a commander of a four great Hunter regiment B Squadron, not to mention that there were a large number of hidden elites, coupled with new technology and weapons.

The four great Hunter regiments and a few other Hunter regiments who were slightly weaker than the great four, but were overall pretty strong in the entire GAL had all appeared. The GAL military themselves had dispatched a group of men in secret. Hitmen organisations, adventurers and a few other big families had also showed their shadows as well.

In comparison, all local forces in Sector S had announced a cease fire to their civil war and became united as one to resist against the foreign forces.

What greatly excited the big forces was that there were news of the star map pieces of Aurelio’s Cage. Cillin suspected that these people had already guessed that the star map pieces would show up from the beginning, which was why they had appeared one after another.

What did surprise Cillin however, was that ‘Mist’ and ‘Merciless’ had become quiet ever since they had made their appearance at that grade one prison planet. In fact, they had not even participated in the competition for the star map pieces later. If Cillin hadn’t experienced the assault himself, he would not have

known at all that the two veteran hitman organisations who had kept a low profile for dozens of years had actually shown up in Sector S.

Leaving aside ‘Mist’ and ‘Merciless’, ‘Grim Reaper’ also hadn’t participated in the battle for the star map pieces despite having made a high-profile appearance.

“I’m guessing that they’re just not interested in the appearance of the star map pieces. Not all of them are interested in the five Aurelios.”

In ‘Genesis Mythos’, the five fingers of God that locked down the five Aurelios each represented courage, nascence, paradise, redemption and evolution. In reality, the five corresponding star maps also represented five different objects.

The Aurelio that represented courage in ‘Genesis Mythos’ was ‘White Night’ in reality. It was an omnipotent energy and the desire of many Hunter regiments, adventurers and military armies who often travelled around the universe. Meanwhile, the Aurelio that represented redemption was the ‘God’s Tear’ Lung and his family needed.

Now then: which star map piece exactly had appeared in Sector S? No matter which it might be among the remaining three Aurelios, neither ‘Mist’, ‘Merciless’ nor ‘Grim Reaper’ had joined the battle for it. This meant that they were uninterested in this new Aurelio, and it also meant that they had the star map pieces they needed.

Cillin did not know which category the star map piece in his possession belonged to either, but right now he did not have the ability to participate in this competition. Lung adjusted their course and made up his mind to leave Sector S.

“Sigh. At first I thought that at worst the great four and some families would show up and make a riot, but who knew that the veteran forces that had stayed low key for dozens of years would all show up.” Lung mumbled to himself while lying on his chair.
“Other than the great four, some adventurers and the military, there weren’t that many people who participated in that struggle fifty years ago. So why was it considered the dividing line of an era?” Cillin asked.

Lung swirled the wine inside his glass and said slowly, “I once asked my beloved grandfather fox the same question. He said that it was a coincidence.”

“A coincidence?”

“Yes, a coincidence. Although this is just my grandfather personal opinion, I actually agree with him now looking at the current situation. Every force is as sly as a fox, and they had all made latter plans after the coincidence. They are all forces who are well versed in hibernating, and once these veteran forces had hibernated the once smaller forces all grew up to become stronger. Naturally, the new forces couldn’t help but be brash and even arrogant with their power, when in reality they might not be able to withstand a single blow once the powerful veterans that had come out of their seclusion. Just watch, the forces in certain areas

are going to be purged clean once we got out.”

Cillin did not care to ponder about whether other forces would be facing a purge now. When he head back, he would still have to continue bearing the responsibility of a lieutenant commander.

At the very least, he must ensure his growth as quickly as possible. His strength was still insufficient.

Cillin rubbed the curled leaf pattern on his finger. Back in those days, he was just a lone, powerless stranger who knew little about GAL. But even after he joined Vanguard, took up the burden of a lieutenant commander and met many powerful people, he still had nothing on the Elder Tree Fuji Gen Family.

Now that he looked at this from a different point of view, Cillin decided that he still needed to continue developing himself, see more place and meet more people. So Jiada didn’t know about the Gen Family. What about the others? One of those veteran forces who had existed for hundreds and thousands of years in the galaxy had to know something, right?

The lieutenant commander rank was far from sufficient. He needed to enter the heart of the Vanguard’s A Squadron before he could come in contact with wider information.

Chapter 178: Leaving Sector S [Part 2]

On the way away from Sector S, both Cillin and Lung were making their own plans. After Lung was done making his own plans, he loosened up by a lot once more. He was just about to order his robots to prepare some fine meals to reward his own brain when he raised his head and saw those two idiots not far away from him.

Since Scarlet Wind was self-learning, some relaxing music was being released from the educational video. The sound wasn't loud. Scarlet Wind cheerfully wagged his tail while listening to the music, whereas the gray cat was swaying its fat butt following the rhythm.

"Yo, Wheeze. You dancing or what?" Lung smiled.

The gray cat continued to dance without even turning its head around, "Yeah. You all look as depressed as a rock. If this continues then you'd really become a rock."

It was referring to Cillin and Lung not exactly holding their heads high and talking much due to harboring certain thoughts after the events they went through. The gray cat was feeling pretty resentful when it got back.

"Alright. We should be leaving soon going by the plan. I'll take you guys someplace and fully entertain ourselves once we got out of this Sector." Lung said generously.

“There’s no need. You simply need to pay off our compensation. We’ve accompanied you and journeyed through Sector S for this mission, and this mission should be considered complete once we got out of the Sector, right?We should be paid in full soon after the mission is finished, right?”

Lung’s eyebrows rose, “You guys joining me on a visit to Sector S may as well be a holiday trip. You guys also picked up a companion, used and ate my stuff on the starship for free, and speaking of consumption you’re the one who ate the most out of our fresh stock. You sure have the nerve to say that when what you ate a full sum of several tens of thousands credits!”

The gray cat didn’t care about these, “I’ve seen the contract before. You said that you’d be covering all of our basic needs, and you did not put a limit on consumption level either. Don’t forget, you should bank in our money as soon as possible. Interest will be added if you delay payment!”

Lung paused for a moment before saying, “Wheeze, why don’t you come to the Andrea Family and help me? We can go earn money, a lot of money, and when it is time I’ll install a large aquarium for you. The aquarium will be holding the fishes you love to eat, which you can eat whenever you’re feeling hungry. Mm, a big villa is also necessary. It will be filled with beautiful queens, and…”

female cats

The gray cat’s whiskers were straight at this point. It turned around to glare at Lung and interrupt him, “How dare you think so vulgarly of my taste!”

The corner of Lung's mouth twitched non-stop as he listened to its reply. I'm sorry, just how noble did you think your tastes truly are, sir cat?

It so happened that Cillin had just finished his activities inside the training room and walked into the control room, and so Lung told him, "Cillin, your cat is just too outrageous."

Cillin's eyes stated 'and you only realize that now?' then he said, "You haven't seen its more outrageous moments yet."

The moment Cillin recall the cat battling Rikulab to a dance-off at 'Dance Night', he would experience a 'ah, this monster's Dao is so deep' moment.

"Cillin, that kid's trying to renege on his debt!" the gray cat raised its chin slightly, lifted a forelimb and pointed its paws at Lung.

Cillin poured a bottle of water down his throat and answered, "Let him. According to the agreement, we can roll up more interest if he reneges."

Without another word, Lung took out a bill and scribbled a series of numbers on it. Once he was done, he slapped the bill onto the gray cat's head and said, "This young master has nothing except one thing: he's so poor all he has left is money!"

The gray cat pulled the bill off its head with its paws and gave it a close look. Scarlet Wind also came closer for a look, and the gray cat took the opportunity to teach it how to read a bill.

Reading bills was the first skill the gray cat learned when it first encountered Cillin. It was a thing that affected the cat's entire lifetime.

The gray cat nodded in satisfaction after it saw the numbers on the bills. In fact, it even checked the bill's digital barcode and secret orders, pissing off Lung so much that he nearly spat out a mouthful of blood. This motherf*cker actually suspected the authenticity of his bills!!

After the inspection, the gray cat help the bill in his mouth and jumped onto Cillin's shoulder. It raised a paw and patted Cillin's head, "I want to buy fish biscuits once we get the money!"

"Sure, do it!" Cillin nodded.

"Hehe." the gray cat was so happy that it leaped onto the table and continued twisting its fat butt while humming a small tune rhythmically.

Lung walked over to Cillin and tapped him once with his elbow, "Your cat has turned into a demon."

"It's also a glutton too." Cillin answered with a smile as he cast a glance at the cat.

“Are you going to push for the Sixth B Squadron’s strong development once you get back?” Lung asked.

“I am a lieutenant commander right now, the majority of the work is still done by the commander. I still have to increase my own strength as much as possible.”

“You’ve risen quickly enough already. Sigh, to think that I am the lousiest out of the four of us now. Ci Jincheng is actually one hell of a dark horse, you know. There was one time we competed shooting skills and I lost a million credits to him. Since then I’ve decided that I would not compete shooting with him ever again. It’s no different from gifting him the money outright.” Lung complained.

Cillin gave Lung a kick, “Keep talking. You’re not much better than him when it comes to being a dark horse.”

Unexpectedly, Lung did not object to Cillin’s statement, “Sigh. What can I do? I’m the Andrea Family’s first young master.”

“Keep up your low profile.”

“Of course.”

Lung had never revealed his true strength. Outsiders knew that young master Lung’s family produced a lot of high-tech product, and this was obvious from the items he used in his daily activities.

However, it was also these high-tech products that had obscured everyone's vision and acted as a shroud that hid Lung's true strength from prying eyes.

Cillin knew that Lung was in fact very strong, but this guy would not easily expose his strength unless absolutely necessary. His identity as the future successor of the great business family, Andrea, was obvious for anyone to see, so the more strength he managed to conceal from prying eyes, the greater his chance of survival.

Just like how it was back at Seven Lights, there were many things that did not need to be said out loud. It was fine as long as they knew it inside their hearts.

Since the route they chose to leave through went around the hot zones, they safely exited Sector S despite spending a little bit more time. The conflicts in Sector S would probably continue for a while, but they were no longer within Cillin and Lung's considerations. Right now, they all had their own respective plans to fulfill.

A spaceplane left the starship. This spaceplane was robbed and not a property of the Andrea Family, so after they bid Lung goodbye Cillin took the gray cat and Scarlet Wind on the spaceplane with him and flew out of the starship.

"Cillin, are we returning the Sector K directly?" the gray cat looked to be in a good mood.

“Yeah. We’ve hung around Sector S for quite some time already. Once we got back, the B Squadron would probably undergo a consolidation before continuing onto the next phase of the plan. This could also be considered as a new a start for the Sixth B Squadron. We also have new squad members such as Udoze, Rikulab and Scarlet Wind. The rest of the B Squadron commanders will also be introducing some new squad members too since supplies need to be replenished every time a consolidation is done.”

“Our B Squadron is the strongest!” the gray cat said with a lot of pride.

Cillin smiled, “Yes, we are the strongest.”

Along the way, the gray cat talked about some of the B Squadron’s members under Cillin to Scarlet Wind. The people he talked about were strictly limited to Tang Qiuqiu and a few other familiar faces. As for the rest? It never noticed any of them at all.

Scarlet Wind was feeling a little apprehensive and nervous, but the bigger part of his emotion was still eagerness.

Cillin turned his head back and continued to pilot the spaceplane after casting a glance at the duo.

Manpower and talent; combat strength and technology were absolutely necessary for the development of the squadron.

As for Sector S, he would come back and revisit it if he had the chance in the future.

Chapter 179: Stay-At-Home Dad Cary [Part 1]

At the hall, Cary was emanating with anger, resentment and low pressure as he sat there with an ashen face.

There were four fellows crouched in front of him. From left to right, they were the gray cat Wheeze, Scarlet Wind, Snowball and Dough.

The gray cat was licking its paws and wiping its whiskers, cleaning up the dredges of food around its mouth. It paid no heed to the low pressure surrounding Cary at all. Scarlet Wind wagged his tail somewhat nervously, keeping his head bowed and casting a glance at Cary from time to time. He looked like he acknowledged his errors slightly. Snowball looked charmingly naive, and on the outside he looked simple and honest. In reality, everyone who knew this white fatso understood that it was just a front, and that it had a bellyful of evil tricks up its sleeves. It learned from Dough and was getting naughtier and naughtier. As for Dough, the chameleon was long since hardened by many similar experiences. It would play pretend or grovel when need be, looking more innocent than even Cary himself.

The moment Cary saw their appearances, the blue veins on his head bulged and pulsed. He had only gone out to race fighters with Udoze for a short while, but when he came back he discovered that his storage cabinet was three kinds of empty – eaten, drunk, and carried away completely.

Words could not describe his fury when he swept a glance across

Snowball. Recently, this white fatso had learned how to store food like a hamster. Cary thought that the reason this white fatso's mouth had become so big was because it was stuffed with food.

While holding his forehead, Cary said in a heavy tone, "Tell me, why the hair are you guys always targeting my storage cabinet? Xiao Shang, Ba Dao and Beaver had plenty of food in their storage cabinets too, hadn't they? You think I'm easy to trifle with, huh?"

Dough blinked. It did not know how to speak, but this little devil was the origin of it all. It continued to feign innocence.

"Who opened the lock?" Cary asked.

Ever since he came back to Sector K he had changed the lock three times already. He had even purposely acquired a so-called high security lock from the A Squadron not long ago, or he would not have let down his guard in recent days. As a result, the sight that greeted him when he returned was an empty storage cabinet.

He was wrong, he truly was. He should not have let down his guard especially after this gray cat had returned. When these fellows were gathered as one, they were literally no different from scourges who found the backing of several organizations!

The trio on the right looked at the unperturbed gray cat at the leftmost corner in unison upon hearing Cary's question.

The corner of Cary's eyes jumped at the sight. He knew that it

would be the cat.

Cary loved and hated the gray cat at the same time. It did save its life once, but god if this fellow wasn't infuriating.

Cary thought for a while before asking, "Wheeze, I gotta ask. Did Cillin abuse you and not feed you?"

"No." the gray cat was very calm and undaunted.

"Then why are you emptying out my storage cabinet with them?!"

"That's because Dough and Snowball said that you have specialty food from Sector K. I haven't eaten much specialty food from Sector K; at the very least I haven't eaten the stuff in your storage cabinet before." the gray cat said without any self-consciousness that it had committed a mistake at all.

Cary's eyebrows jumped. He stepped right onto the tail of Dough who was just about to escape, before grabbing onto Snowball's big face, "You two..."

Dong! Dong!

Cary gave each pet a chop to the forehead.

Snowball clutched its head with its fat palms and looked aggrieved, whereas Dough slowly slid down the wall as its flat body

began to recover in pitiful fashion.

"Enough with the old tricks!" after Cary gave Snowball and Dough a good fixing*, he turned towards Scarlet Wind and advised patiently, "Scarlet Wind, you mustn't learn from these two naughty fellows. Let me teach you a saying called 'proximity to pitch makes you black'. Breaking into someone's cabinet and stealing their food is wrong! You should not do it!"

*basically means beat up

Scarlet Wind wagged his tail and cocked his head. He seemed to be digesting Cary's words.

After the gray cat had licked its paws, it looked at Cary and asked, "Cary, why are the stuff on this planet so expensive? Isn't this Vanguard's headquarters? How can they treat their own members like this?"

On this planet, the prices of a lot of food were doubled or even multiplied many times, so the gray cat felt miserly after it saw the food price. The amount of allowance Cillin gave it was limited, and it really wasn't worth spending on these items. That was why these fellows had gone to rob Cary at the beckon of Dough's tail.

"In reality, every B Squadron was expected to prepare its own food and etc, and only medical and some other facilities fell under public use. The lay in of supplies and wealth were all a test to the B Squadrons. The general census is that capable B Squadrons are self-sufficient and able to maintain a relatively abundant amount

of wealth. Those who aren't self-sufficient would have no choice but to pay an even greater price in exchange for their needs."

"I see. How stingy of them!" the gray cat said with a flick of its ears.

"This isn't stinginess. If you wish to buy large sums of food, the best way is still getting on a spaceplane and buying it from someplace outside. Ten squads couldn't feed someone with your appetite, you know."

Although these four fellows looked pretty small, they were in fact all ravenous gluttons. Dough's food intake was three times its own weight, whereas the gray cat, Scarlet Wind and Snowball were all beings of great metabolism.

Right now Snowball was almost sixty centimeters in height when it stood upright. Its growth could be said to be extremely speedy. Cary had already gone out on a spaceplane midway to shop for supplies, but he did not factor in the appearance of the gray cat and Scarlet Wind. Right now Scarlet Wind was in the process of growing, and his food intake was evenly matched with Snowball's. Cary pondered and thought that he might have to go out on a big shopping spree again.

Suddenly, a strange look flushed over Cary's face as he gave himself a slap.

F*ck! If Cillin and Tang Qiuqiu themselves did not care about their pets, then why the hair am I putting so much thought into

this? Doesn't that make me a stay-at-home dad?!

Scarlet Wind looked at Snowball and Dough and figured that their words were pretty accurate. Stay-at-home dad Cary was pretty easy to deceive, although there seemed to be a slight problem with his psyche. He didn't think that Cary would slap his own face.

When Cary looked at the four fellows interacting with each other through their eyes, he waved his hands helplessly and said, "Get out of here already, my stomach aches every time I see your faces. Scarlet Wind, Snowball, the exam to test your level of your culture is about to arrive. If you fail it your salary will be deducted, and considering that your salaries are already in the red, hmph hmph, when the time comes there won't be my storage cabinet for you guys to empty out."

Scarlet Wind and Snowball had been learning about culture as of late. Although they hadn't learned for long, they improved pretty quickly. An exam would be prepared for them in a few days, but the standard of the exam would not be reduced just because they were beginners. The exam's difficulty was at the level of intermediate education, and it was also the reason why these two rather intelligent creatures had had their salaries deducted to the negatives. Vanguard members were not without pay even during the recovery period of their five-year mission, and every official member was paid a steady salary. The only two members in the entire Sixth B Squadron whose salary were deducted into negatives were Snowball and Scarlet Wind.

The exam's level of difficulty was set by Cillin himself. He

believed that they would be able to catch up very soon judging from the level of development of their brains. Cillin had been feeling a sense of urgency ever since the trip to Sector S, and there was a necessity to integrate these two fellows into the squad as soon as possible. Otherwise, a hiccup might arise when they were out on a mission later.

Snowball and Scarlet Wind went to the study room to study. The gray cat and Dough also followed after them: one to teach, and one to enjoy where the crowd was.

After the four fellows had left, Cary got up and went out to inhale some fresh air and exhale the stale air in his chest. He felt as if he had gotten old having to face these little bastards every day.

To his surprise, the second he got out of his room he saw Xiao Shang, Beaver and the others coming back from outside.

“Yo, stay-at-home dad! You done lecturing the kids?” Xiao Shang said laughingly.

Cary felt the string known as rationality in his head snapping with a dull noise, “You’re a stay-home-dad! You’re all stay-home-dads! Your whole life and your past life and your future life have been stay-home-dads!”

“Hey, isn’t it good that they’re close to you? You should know that Snowball and Scarlet Wind are already very strong even before they grow up completely. Once they do, your backing would be most impressive.”

“Mm. Speaking of which, Scarlet Wind is starting to feel more and more like a human. Just yesterday I saw him unlocking a retro lock with impressive smoothness.” Beaver said.

The corner of Cary’s eyes twitched yet again. Opening a lock?... I have a bad feeling about this...

Chapter 179: Stay-At-home Dad Cary [Part 2]

At the researching building of the Sixth B Squadron's base.

Cillin and Rikulab were conducting a research. Cillin had brought back a lot of good stuff from his journey this time. The alien bacteria he brought back from another planet had already undergone a colony expansion, and there was also the bacterial strain he brought back from the grade one prison planet. Although they had perished extremely quickly in that prison's environment, Cillin had frozen and preserved them through a special method and brought them back to the B Squadron's research lab.

Ever since they discovered the special energy ores at Sector Z, Shawton had gained some confidence when standing among other squadron commanders. However, that merit alone wasn't enough. Right now, the only person whose good news could give him a pleasant surprise was Cillin. The recruitment of both Rikulab and Udoze greatly pleased Shawton, and now Scarlet Wind had joined the party as well. That little mixed blood fellow had unusually strong attack power.

The duo roughly discussed about the squadron's situation, and Cillin also learned some news about Sector S from Shawton.

"It's not just Sector S. The undercurrents of several other Sectors are turbulent as well. Just the day before a top ten hitman organisation on the ranking board had been taken out without leaving a single man alive. Vanguard had sent someone to confirm the news, but no one knows what the real situation is. This was a

wake-up call to everyone, reminding them that they had gotten too used to the easy and comfortable days for the past dozens or so years. It was mortifying for the new forces to realise that they did not even have the ability to retaliate when the veterans show up. While Vanguard didn't fare that badly, it is necessary for us to preserve a level of caution."

"So it is chaotic outside now?" Cillin asked.

"No, not really. Only a certain number of forces – a few small hunter regiments and hitman organisations – were struck by calamity. The great four are still doing okay."

Cillin suddenly recalled something and said, "The men at Dias' side have almost fully recovered, but don't you think we should send someone to get them looking at the current situation? The major treatments had already been completed, and they would be spending the rest of their time on recuperation. Considering the situation is somewhat complicated right now, it may be better if we take them back into the squad."

Dias and the others were just treated not long ago, and they had not fully recovered just yet. No one knows if an enemy of Vanguard would attack them where they were.

Shawton thought for a moment and replied, "That's fine. Discuss this with the rest of the lieutenant commanders and just report the results to me later."

"Got it."

After breaking off the connection, Cillin stood at the corridor and watched the faraway sceneries instead of returning immediately to his house.

They had failed to set a ‘fire’ at Sector S, and had returned after just wandering around for a bit. The fact that he was unresigned with this result was a matter of course. The combined strength of Lung and him was just too weak, and their thoughts were far too simple compared to the two veteran hitman organisations ‘Mist’ and Merciless’, and that special organisation that was a headache even to the government, ‘Grim Reaper’. It was only when they had actually visited Sector S that they realised the places they could interfere with were far too few. When they had visited the grade one prison planet they nearly threw their insignificant lives away, and when they had gone to the grade three prison planet they were told to leave quickly before they managed to do much at all.

Both the development of the veteran forces’ overall combat strength and new technology were at an incredibly rapid state. More often than not they would stun the world in a single brilliant feat.

Now, he was back at Vanguard’s base, resting and recuperating. Going by the squadron’s plan, some of the inessential distant voyage missions were stopped temporarily until the situation stabilises.

However...

Practice was necessary if he were to grow strong as soon as possible.

Cillin sought out the other lieutenant commanders and explained the situation over Dias' side briefly. Although the lieutenant commanders all agreed to his plan, they were hesitant when the topic of who to send to pick them up were brought up. Moreover, this matter was considered an issue within the Sixth B Squadron themselves, and going by the rules, the A Squadrons would not lend them a hand. This meant that they had lost the big protective umbrella that was the A Squadrons, and the situation had become a lot more dangerous.

Every commander had some elite units of their own, but no one wanted to head out and test the waters themselves knowing how messy the situation outside was right now. They had spent a lot of effort to preserve this group of 'elite units', and they were reluctant to set them loose and risk losing them.

Cillin had predicted the lieutenant commanders' reaction from the start. He tapped the table with his finger and said, "Actually, I already have a list of candidates in mind. All that's left is to pass the decision."

"Cillin, who are you going to send to pick them up?" Zaya Kasa asked.

Zaya Kasa was more on the conservative side in regards to this matter. Although she also wanted Asiya and the others to return safely as soon as possible, she was hesitant when it came to appointing someone specifically for this task. After all, she hadn't

been appointed as a lieutenant commander for too long, and some of the decisions she made in some matters just could not be considered bold.

"I will be leading a team myself personally. A big number of personnel isn't necessary; my team alone will be enough. There aren't many people who are still in treatment at Sector E right now, and they number about fifty or so people. A middle sized spaceplane will be sufficient for the task. That being said, the armaments and the allocation of fighters of this spaceplane must be high level."

"Of course the spaceplane must be given high level equipment." Akayi said, "However, don't you think that just the few of you are..."

"It won't be a problem. If even we can't handle it, then it won't matter even if we add more people into the mission." after a pause, Cillin smiled and said, "The truth is I find my team a little too idle these days, and I plan to take them out to get some fresh air. We may not necessary run into trouble if we head out either. The news brought back by the A Squadrons came from many different Sectors, and they appear extremely serious only because they are gathered together. There shouldn't be a problem if we are just picking up our men from Sector E."

Judging from the current information they possessed, Cillin thought that 'Mist' and 'Merciless' were mainly targeting a number of hitman organizations, and 'Grim Reaper' so far had continued to maintain radio silence. As long as these three organisations didn't pop up, he did not believe that the situation

would become too dangerous for Vanguard.

Besides that, Cillin thought that this was an opportunity to train his team members even if they did run into some trouble. In this era where the strong come and go constantly, they would only be left farther and farther back if they could not catch up with the times. This was not what Cary and the others wanted as well.

In fact, Cillin had noticed that Cary and the others weren't doing too well these days. Tang Qiuqiu would fall asleep at the shooting range, whereas Udoze would habitually put his finger on the attack buttons multiple times while piloting a fighter. These were all reflections of their true thoughts.

Fledglings had to leave their nests eventually.

After the lieutenant commander meeting was done, Cillin summoned the combat personnel in his team and confirmed the list of participants on a mainly voluntary basis.

Cillin would be leading the 10 man team consisting of Cary, Beaver, Eudy, Xiao Shang, Ba Dao, Tang Qiuqiu, Udoze, Rikulab and Scarlet Wind.

Dough would absolutely appear where Eudy was, Snowball would absolutely appear where Tang Qiuqiu was, and the gray cat would absolutely appear where Cillin was. Cary thought on the inside: at least the food I've recently stocked up in the base's storage cabinet would not be emptied out this time.

Inside a building within the domain of the A Squadrons' base.

"I knew it. It is that kid."

"He is the only one who has some drive in him out of everyone else in the Sixth B Squadron now."

Chapter 180: The Angel In White Who Eats Beautifying Pig's Trotters [Part 1]

For the trip to receive Dias and the others, Cillin's team kept a very low profile. They did not put any representative signs on the spaceplane, and the badge Udoze polished brightly every day was strung up with a chain and worn inside his clothes just like Tang Qiuqiu.

It was not that they were afraid. It was just better to minimise as much conflict as possible at such a time.

"We need to keep a low profile this time." this was what Cillin had told them before they departed.

Although they were going to execute this mission with a low profile, Udoze's excitement was palpable since this was his first time participating in a mission. Rikulab had originally planned to continue researching antibiotics at the Sixth B Squadron's base, but since Cillin and the others were heading out he too decided to put down his research temporarily and visit Sector E along the way. So many years had passed by. How far had the Sector known for its medical science developed?

Scarlet Wind was dressed in a very cute children's clothing. These were the clothes Cary had purchased along the way while he was buying new clothes for Tang Qiuqiu. Scarlet Wind's height was almost the same as Tang Qiuqiu, and since the clothes looked rather nice he just bought them along with Tang Qiuqiu's. they did look pretty suitable on Scarlet Wind after he wore it.

One had to admit that had Cary had the tendency to become a stay-at-home dad.

Currently, the two little fellows wearing children's clothes, Scarlet Wind and Tang Qiuqiu were talking to each other. Tang Qiuqiu was telling Scarlet Wind about Dias with Snowball hanging behind he back. It would see that it was well familiar with this posture considering that it hadn't fallen off her back yet.

They had already informed Dias, and once they arrived Dias would probably have gathered the men together already. The operation plan looked fairly simple, but no one could see if they might run into some bad luck.

Cillin's team arrived at a district planet of Sector E following the coordinates Dias had provided them. This was not the most central part of Sector E. Although Dias had received his treatment at the central zone, he was transferred to this planet after his core treatment was complete. This also meant that they avoided some of the complications that might have arisen had they gone to the central zone. After all, Dias was the former lieutenant commander of Vanguard's Sixth B Squadron. With Asiya, another former lieutenant commander by his side as well, they might haven ran into bigger complications if someone who had enmity with Vanguard were to think maliciously towards them. They might as well find a quieter place to receive their treatment and recuperate in peace.

After parking the spaceplane at the parking zone of the port and paying the security fee, Cillin led the team towards the place Dias

had mentioned.

The second Rikulab got off the spaceplane, he frowned, “What a strong chemical smell.”

Udoze shrugged and said, “I don’t smell anything, but I do feel a little cold.”

In reality, the sunlight was pretty strong today. But for some reason, they couldn’t help but feel a little solemn, oppressed and cold despite the good weather.

“This is how Sector E is. It is just like a huge hospital, and you have just stepped through its front door.” Cillin said.

Cary and the others subconsciously shivered at his words. They hated hearing the word ‘hospital’ the most. It just didn’t feel right.

This planet was slightly quieter than the few planets they passed by. There weren’t many hospitals on this planet, and most of them were subsidiaries of some large and reputable hospitals. They were mainly focused on aftertreatment.

The planet’s main hue was white and green. It was the white of cleanliness, and the green of life.

After exiting the port, the group became a lot quieter. No one knew if it was because of the planet’s atmosphere. In reality, this planet was much better than the other planets already. Partings

and reunions could be seen everywhere on those planets that were mainly focused on core treatments and emergency rescues. There, death filled every nook and cranny at every moment. Those people who were screaming in pain and helplessness would affect the mood of others around them.

True to its medical environment, the food here paid stronger emphasis on nutrition and recuperation. Although their taste might not necessarily be great, the important thing was that they were healthy. Some additives were not allowed in this place.

They took a circle line train and got off at a station. They only needed to walk for the rest of the road. All flying cars except hospital use vehicles were forbidden from entering the aftertreatment area.

At first, Scarlet Wind was a little nervous. After all, he thought that he was somewhat different from the people around him. He gradually calmed down, however.

Although some people found Scarlet Wind's appearance a little novel, they did not pay him any extra attention. After all, there were plenty of different races in a place with better development like this one. No one gave Ba Dao six exposed arms a second glance, and there were countless people who had a tail behind their backs. Although the average human was the dominant human population on this planet, no one would give a stranger too much attention as long as they didn't look too unusual.

Scarlet Wind began to grow lively after he realised that he wouldn't be treated as a monster. He curiously stared at the

surrounding buildings, and those white single function robots and the flying cars in the air.

“Oh, it’s here.” Cillin pointed at a big door and said.

The door plate on the door was labeled pretty clearly. It was none other than the subsidiary recovery center Dias had pointed them to. Dias and a few others were having their aftertreatment at this place.

Cillin’s group entered the recovery center after they had scanned their identities.

“Still, isn’t this recovery center a little too big?” Xiao Shang stared.

A wide lawn stretched as far as the eyes could see. Buildings were scattered sporadically across the land. There were bamboo racks, forests, wooden benches and gardens etc. When the patients were bored, they would come out to relieve their boredom and exercise a little.

“It looks like those patients are all feeling pretty great.” Xiao Shang said.

Ba Dao cast him a glance, “You can come here often in the future then.”

“In that case, never mind.”

Following to the minute address Dias had provided them, after Cillin's group had learned the distribution of the buildings from a navigation robot, the robot then led them to the Area 16 Dias was staying in.

The recovery center had plenty of areas, and every area had a corresponding setup of sick wards, personnel and so on.

In reality, the areas were only partitioned by some small fences. They weren't too enclosed, and sometimes people from different areas would gather together to interact with each other. The recovery center was a rather monotonous place already, so it could get boring if there was no one around to chat with.

The navigation robot left after taking them to Area 16. Cillin searched the room with the door plate number Dias had provided him, but found no one inside. After he asked the people in charge of this area, they said that he had probably gone out for business or hadn't returned yet from their outdoor trip. Here in the recovery center, patient rules were not strict as long as the patients were out of danger. The patients also enjoyed a lot of freedom at this place, although of course they must all return by night time.

"Let's go out someplace and take a seat. We can eat something while we wait." Cillin checked the time and said.

The group agreed, but did not look like they have much appetite for food. After all, although this place was just a recovery center, they were not completely unaffected by it. They couldn't help but

feel oppressed by their surroundings.

Area 16 had a specialised cafeteria, but there weren't many people in it since it wasn't lunch time. Cillin's group found a large table near a forest and ordered a few meals to enjoy during the meantime.

The group hadn't chatted for too long before a person came to a small, round table not far away from them.

Specifically speaking, this person was a tall and slender beautiful woman. Her long hair were casually tied together at the back, and her countenance looked a little abstruse. The small, upward tug at the outer corner of her eyes made her look like she was smiling all the time, and she carried with her a heroic spirit instead of the delicacy of a common female. Her bearing was pretty strong. She wore a white medical use coat and looked more like a doctor than a nurse.

"Wah, an angel in white!" Xiao Shang said like he was hiding a great secret.

"She has a pretty good figure." Cary and the others also echoed his words.

The angel in white on the other side raised her head and cast a glance at Cilin's group. Without an expression, she withdrew her gaze and sat down on her seat. She stretched a hand into her pockets and fondled around for a bit, taking out a tiny, palm-sized white rabbit. The rabbit's ears were drooping. It was probably bred

this way.

Chapter 180: The Angel In White Who Eats Beautifying Pig's Trotters [Part 2]

The rabbit looked a little dazed even after it was put on top of the table. It had probably just woken up.

After the angel in white had put down the little rabbit, she then ordered some meals from a service robot that came flying to her direction. Before long, the service robot had served her meals.

In reality, only three plates served on top of the table.

There was a plate of fresh carrots, white radishes, red carrots etc and many other types of radishes that formed a radish collection. There was also a simple plate of steamed wheat buns. Finally, there was a large plate of beautifying pig's trotters that did not belong here.

They did not know what kind of pig it was, but a single trotter was as large as a watermelon. There were at least eight trotters in the plate, and they were all sprinkled with sauce. The dish was supposed to be very aesthetically beautiful, but Cillin and the others couldn't help but feel a little ache in their stomachs.

The little rabbit grew spirited after it saw the radish collection. It happily jumped next to the plate and started eating and grinding its food with its small teeth and iconic three-lipped mouth. It was eating very energetically.

Meanwhile, that angel in white picked up a steamed bun and swallowed it in one go. Then, she picked up her knife and fork and began eating that jumbo beautifying pig's trotters of hers.

One must admit that the angel in white's fingers were very beautiful, and the way she used her table knife was an art in itself. Agilely, she cut the meat off the big pig's trotter with the table knife before picking the meat up with the fork and delivering it into her mouth.

There were many people who did not use table knives when eating pig's trotters because they found it more troublesome than not. However, the way this angel in white used a table knife to eat them looked pretty pleasing to the eye, giving off the impression that this was how people were supposed to eat pig's trotters in the first place. Of course, this would not be the case if she was a different person. The reason that this scene was filled with aesthetic beauty was due to the person using the table knife.

The group basically busied themselves by watching the angel in white and her little rabbit eating their own meals. Their own meals on the table were barely touched.

Half an hour later, the whole plate of beautifying pig's trotters were cleaned out and fully eaten. The angel in white gracefully picked up a napkin, wiped her mouth and began drinking the drink served by the service robot. On her opposite side, the little rabbit hadn't finished one quarter of its radishes yet, and it would probably be done by the time she finished her drink.

"Hi, pretty!" Xiao Shang was pretty straightforward, and he

greeted the woman the moment she turned around to look at their direction. However, his greeting was incredibly frivolous.

"Hi, handsomes!" the angel in white replied with a smile. Although it was obviously a similar type of greeting, her aura was so overbearing that Xiao Shang's smile was a little stiff.

"Good knife skills." Cillin raised his cup in toast and finished the alcoholic beverage inside in one go.

The angel in white simply smiled and took a careless sip of her drink in response.

Cillin did not mind the gesture, and instead looked towards Rikulab. He knew what Rikulab was thinking right now. It would seem that the so-called recovery zone wasn't as peaceful as it seemed.

"You've just finished an operation?" Rikulab asked. He frowned slightly instead of smiling, "Why is an emergency rescue operation like this still necessary in the recovery zone?"

The angel in white looked at him with a somewhat surprised expression after she had heard Rikulab's words. She could glean from the group's expressions that Cillin and Rikulab had guessed correctly that she had just finished an operation, whereas Cary and the others were surprised by the revelation.

The angel in white nodded, "Yeah, in reality there are no such

things as absolutes even in the recovery zone. Although theoretically speaking a patient here is considered to have escaped danger, and they only need to undergo late stage supplementary treatment and rehabilitative exercises, nothing is absolute in this world. The outcome depends and varies according to the person."

"That means that you are a very good doctor." Cillin praised.

Although the woman had changed a new coat, the odor of chemicals were still present. The odor revealed that the surgery she performed was the kind that belonged under major surgery procedures and emergency rescue operations. Moreover, an operation like this was extremely exhausting and could not be taken over by robots. It was no wonder that the woman had eaten such a large plate of food after the operation.

However, Cillin guessed that this woman was probably the surgeon of the operation. Even if she wasn't, she would be a very important assistant. One must say that it was very rare to find a person with such abilities at such age. She was literally brimming with talent.

The angel in white did not act modest and nodded at Cillin's praise with a small smile on her face. Then, she continued to drink her beverage.

By now Cary and the others were feeling more impressed than anything. Although the group was unwilling to hear words like doctor and so on most of the time, they really were impressed by her abilities. Plus, as combat personnel they were often hurt in battle, so they knew even better just how precious a good doctor

was.

Cary, Xiao Shang and the others made meaningful glances at Cillin. Let's get her over to our side, LC! She's a talented person, and right now we're sorely lacking in talented people!

Although Rikulab would sometimes roleplay as a doctor, his real occupation was a medicine maker. Surgeries were something he seldom performed. That was why he very much agreed that they should absorb a doctor into their ranks too. There was a problem, however. Even if she was a very experienced doctor, whether she was willing to give up her work here and join Vanguard, and whether her moral standing was in the right place were very important questions to consider.

A good doctor with shrewd hands could take a life without anyone noticing it. They could also make the death look like an accident and exclude themselves completely from the circle of responsibility.

Naturally Cillin knew what was at stake here, and the same goes with Cary and the others. That was why they hadn't pushed the matter further.

It was at this moment a clamor came from nearby.

It was quite obvious that several youngsters were attacking an old man and a young kid.

The leader of the youngsters were pointing at a stain on his sleeves and speaking loudly and domineeringly. The obscenities flying out of his mouth were so smooth that he probably said such things quite often daily.

The youngsters were beating down on the old man on the floor. The old man was protecting a child in his lap, and the child was choking on his sobs already.

No one came out to mediate the fight even though many people saw what was going on. They did not even dare to match eyes with the young man who led the group and left hurriedly.

“F*ck, how can there be such a terrible person!”

Cary got up and was about to head over. Xiao Shang and the others got ready to stand up as well.

“I advise that you do not head over and cause trouble, or more people will suffer because of this.” the angel in white said.

“Why is that?” Cillin asked.

Anyone with a discerning eye would know that the incident was really trivial. It was probably the kid accidentally kicking a ball at the young man’s sleeves and dirtying it as a result. That was why he was met with a terrible beating.

“If you don’t interfere, the incident will pass after he vents on

them. No lives will be threatened, and in fact that old man and the young kid will get even better treatment than before. However, if you interfered, not only will you fail to save that old man and young kid, you will attract quite a lot of trouble to yourself too."

Cary was so troubled by this that his eyebrows had become knitted together. He had never liked such twists and turns.

Cillin patted Cary's shoulder to make him sit down. Xiao Shang and the others had also taken their seats once more as they stared in dissatisfaction at the event developing over the other side.

The angel in white glanced somewhat in surprise at Cillin. She did not think that an incredibly young fellow like him would be leading these people, not to mention that he was far calmer than anyone else in the group. Suddenly, she seemed to recall something as she scrutinised Cillin and the others closely to the point they began to feel uncomfortable.

"Ahem, er, who might that bastard be?" Cary said to divert her attention.

The white dressed beauty withdrew her gaze and smiled contemptuously, "He is the 'prince' of this district. He fooled around with women too much outside to the point where he reeked of trouble, and his father sent him over to take refuge. Well, he took refuge and was safe from his troubles alright, but the people at the recovery center suffered as a result instead."

"If I was his father I would've choked the life out of him a long

time ago!” Cary said mercilessly while moving his fingers about as if he could actually feel that bastard’s neck.

“There are plenty of people who wants to choke him, but none has succeeded.” the angel in white pointed at the robots hovering about in midair. Some of them were service robots, and some were navigation robots, “At certain times, these robots would turn into zealous bodyguards. After all, this recovery center was established by his father, and he is very protective of his beloved son. Moreover, they share a lot of connections with the higher ups of that famous large hospital at Sector E this hospital is a subsidiary to. Therefore, as long as he doesn’t kill someone, those people would not say a word.”

“Doesn’t that mean that they’ve already eavesdropped on our criticisms?” Beaver looked around and found the eyes of the service robots in the restaurant were shining with light. However, their attention were mainly focused at the clamor on the other side and not on the people at the dining tables.

“It’s fine. As long as you don’t act then nothing will come. There are countless people who backbite him.”

“In that case, why are there still so many people who came here to undergo recovery treatment even though they obviously knew about his moral standing?” Cillin asked.

“For the patients, the fee here is cheap. For the doctors, the salary here is high.” the white dressed beauty answered.

It was a very pragmatic question. For those people who were lacking in funds and qualifications, this place was without a doubt a very good choice.

“Isn’t there a saying that evil has its retributions?” Tang Qiuqiu spoke up. This was an idiom that she had learned after she came to Vanguard. Although this idiom would make a lot of people turn up their noses, she remembered it very well.

“Evil has its retributions?” the white dressed beauty smiled as her eyes sparkled with unfathomable meaning. She said in a low voice, “Perhaps.”

The beating on the other side was finally over, and the old man and young kid was carried away by a few medical personnel. According to the white dressed beauty’s words, these people would be getting better treatment for free.

The young man who led the group continued to swear while talking, and he accepted a glass of water from his subordinate and abruptly poured it down his throat. However, because he drank the water too hastily, he had choked on the water instead. He couldn’t stop the moment he started choking. In the end, the choking had turned so severe that he was hurried into the ICU by medical personnel.

On top of the white dressed beauty’s dining table, the little rabbit flicked its drooping ears and jumped down to the chair. Then, it jumped down onto the ground and cast a glance at the white dressed beauty. Finally, it left the scene.

The white dressed beauty stared at the leftover radishes in the plate and ignored the little rabbit who had jumped away from her. However, the corner of her lips had curled up a bit, and her eyes were serene and hidden in depth.

Cary was just about to say something as he watched the rabbit. Cillin caught his attention with his eyes and shook his head. He then continued to eat his meal.

Five minutes later, a disturbance broke out from the other side. Everyone, be it the doctors or the nurses all wore expressions that looked like they were facing the end of the world. Meanwhile, the little rabbit had returned before they knew it, jumping up the chair and the table before cleaning up the rest of its radishes.

Chapter 181: Tico And Her White Rabbit [Part 1]

There were plenty of doctors dressed in white work uniform rushing over from other areas of the recovery center. Despite the sweat all over their heads they did not even bother wiping it and simply charged straight into the ICU, looking a lot more rushed than they normally would when performing an emergency rescue. Some nurses had even broken out in tears due to sheer anxiety.

The building was probably filled with people. Some of the doctors and nurses who failed to force their way in were all walking circles with an anxious look on their faces. From time to time they would look inside and inquire the situation inside from the surrounding people.

“What happened over there?” Cary asked.

They all turned to look at the white dressed beauty. The question was directed at her to begin with.

However, the white dressed beauty spread her arms and expressed that she did not know as well.

Cillin and others looked at the strange expression on the white dressed beauty’s face before turning to look at the rabbit that was nibbling its radishes. They couldn’t shake the feeling that they knew what was going on.

The gray cat stared at the white rabbit not far away on the table. It could confirm that this little white rabbit was almost the same as a normal rabbit. Its constitution could only be considered as healthy, but it was not as special as Snowball's. Moreover, it could not detect any unusual energy fluctuations from the rabbit at all. To sum it up, this was just a normal miniature lop. However, it was this fellow that looked no different from a normal rabbit that gave the gray cat a strange feeling. The gray cat could not tell what this strange feeling was, but it felt absolutely strange regardless.

Cillin was also staring at the rabbit on top of the table. If his eyes weren't mistaken earlier, the rabbit's eyes were slightly reddened when it returned. It was only when it jumped up the chair that they slowly returned to black. This rabbit was definitely connected to the incident going on the other side just now, but since the white dressed beauty wasn't willing to admit anything, they would not probe into this further.

A spaceplane flew over ten minutes later. No one said anything even after it knocked off a corner of the building. Then, a long-shaped object was carried out from inside the building. Cillin and the others could only see that the container-like object was carried up to the spaceplane, but because there were a lot of people in the way they could not see exactly what it was.

"What's that?" Xiao Shang asked.

The white dressed beauty did not explain. Rikulab took the lead instead.

"Commonly speaking, it is a device that could seal off a near dead

person inside, but preserve the state of the person prior to the sealing. Sometimes the place a wounded was at lacked certain necessary life saving medicaments or equipment, and the doctors were incapable to do anything to save a life. In that case, they would seal the wounded inside a container like that one and transport them to another place with the proper qualifications to perform a follow-up rescue."

"So, you mean that container is holding someone who's about to die?" Cary said.

Rikulab looked at the departing spaceplane, "It can be someone who's about to die. It can also be someone whose heart had just stopped not long ago."

"That... could it be that's..." Xiao Shang saw the service robot who had left earlier returning and thus, did not voice out the latter half of his sentence. Instead, he gave everyone a meaningful glance.

They all knew who Xiao Shang was going to say.

He was referring to that arrogant young man who choked on water and was rushed into the ICU.

While speaking, Cillin caught the glimpse of a figure.

"Dias is coming over!"

“Where? Where?”

Cary, Xiao Shang and the others stopped discussing upon listening Cillin’s words. They hurriedly looked at their surroundings.

Two people was walking over to them from afar. It was a man and a woman holding onto each other. They were none other than Dias and Asiya.

“LC… ahem, big bro Dias.” Cary called out to Dias the usual way out of habit, but then noticed that he had made a mistake. He hurriedly changed the way he addressed him, got up and ran towards Dias.

Cary, Beaver and the others went over to greet Dias. Cillin ordered a few more meals that were suitable for recovering patients and added a few extra stools to the table.

“Long time no see!” Dias came over and gave Cillin a big hug, “We went out on a walk and missed you.”

His ripped arm had completed its process of directional induction and differentiation. He was recovering well too.

There were a couple of ways to regain a ripped arm. One could perform a tissue culture using a specific tissue on one’s body, and reconnect the arm with an operation once the arm was fully grown in vitro. One could also choose to perform a localised mono clone*

and so on. However, these choices were all in vitro induction. Dias chose the most painful method of them all so that he would acquire the most perfect reconstruction of his arm, and that was the directional induction and differentiation of cells from his own body.

*referring to the adjective ‘monoclonal’ for those who are interested. I cannot find a noun to ‘monoclonal’ so I did the next best thing that preserved the original wording.

The directional induction and differentiation of cells would be performed where Dias had lost his arm during the core treatment. During this process, anesthesia could not be injected in order to accurately induce and mold the patient’s arm into full growth. The main body would have to endure all of the pain brought by the induction, and it wasn’t a kind of pain that anyone could endure. It was also why more people were willing to accept in vitro induction and molding.

However, the advantage of directional induction from one’s main body was that the regrown arm would be more compatible with the main body. As a Hunter, it was obvious that an arm that was induced and regrown this way was more beneficial for Dias.

Cillin gave him a thumbs up, “You are a true man!”

Cary, Beaver, Xiao Shang and the others also echoed in agreement, “A true man!” however, their gazes looked as vulgar as one might imagine, sweeping back and forth repeatedly between Dias and Asiya.

The men grew slightly more serious only after Asiya put on a stern face and glared at them. However, there was an obvious blush on her face, and her stern face was no longer as imposing as it was before. While Asiya wasn't paying attention, the men winked at Dias with a 'we completely understand' expression.

"Aiyo, my beloved little Tang Qiuqiu, I miss you so much!" Dias held Tang Qiuqiu and tossed her up into the air.

"Eh? Wow, this here is actually a real bear. Here I thought it was just a bear-shaped backpack." Dias looked at Snowball behind Tang Qiuqiu as he rubbed its head strongly and gave its round ears a pinch with a chuckle. Mm, the bear feels pretty comfortable to touch. God knows how much it ate to grow this fat.

Snowball grinned while wearing a simple and honest face and said, "Hello, big bro Dias!"

This time both Dias and Asiya were surprised. Even the white dressed beauty was staring at it curiously. This bear could actually speak!

Their reactions caused Snowball's grin to grow even wider.

"Don't be fooled by this fellow's face. In reality he's just a naughty kid that's as bad as Dough!" Cary snorted.

Dough opened its mouth wide and hopped once on top of Eudy's

shoulders, seemingly rebuking Cary's claims, to which Cary had ignored directly. Therefore, when Cary had attempted to scoop a meatball with his spoon, Dough intercepted and stole the meatball with its long tongue in a flash. After swallowing it down his throat, Dough had even smacked its mouth and hid behind Beaver's neck, poking its head out and showing off to Cary.

"May diarrhea claim your life!" Cary said angrily.

However, Dough was one of the most unusual variants among chameleons. It literally could eat anything be it cooked or raw, or it would not have instigated the gray cat and others to raid Cary's storage cabinet so often.

Cillin then introduced Udoze, Rikulab and Scarlet Wind briefly to Dias. Dias was very satisfied with their recruitment from the bottom of his heart, and to Beaver and the others, the fact that these people were able to satisfy Dias made them feel like that had eaten a pill of reassurance*.

*it means what it says; very reassuring.

"Alright alright, come take a seat before we continue talking, boss. I'm treating today, so just order anything else that you want, big bro, sister-in-law." Cillin smiled and said.

"Yeah, what do you guys want to eat, big bro and sister-in-law..."

Cary failed to finish his sentence before Asiya made him swallow

the rest of his words with a red-faced glare. Although Cary did not say anything further, the smile didn’t fade from his face.

Chapter 181: Tico And Her White Rabbit [Part 2]

Dias and Asiya did not sit down immediately. Instead, they looked towards the white dressed beauty.

In reality, Cillin had noticed Dias and Asiya's attitude towards that white dressed beauty who had been sitting calmly at her seat and cared nothing about arousing suspicion at all since just now. The fact that Dias had expressed nothing about her presence informed Cillin that they actually knew each other.

As expected, Dias smiled and pointed at the white dressed beauty and introduced her to Cillin and the others, "This is Merzenich Tico*. She is a very impressive doctor. It is thanks to her that my arm healed this quickly." after he said this, Dias turned to Tico and said, "Let's join tables, Tico."

*In case you guys have forgotten, the reason her surname is in front of her actual name is because powerful families like Lung or Knight normally have their surnames at the front.

Tico a.k.a that white dressed beauty looked at the white rabbit that was nibbling its last radish and answered, "It's okay. You guys should go ahead and enjoy your meals. Once Little White is finished I'll be heading back to my place. I've just finished a big operation and I need to rest."

"We'll talk after you're rested then."

“Okay.” Tico scooped up the white rabbit that had finished its meal and put it back into the big pocket of her white work coat. She left after telling Dias and the people around his table to take care.

“Wow, big bro Dias, is that beautiful lady really that good?” Xiao Shang came closer and asked.

“This is all your bastards think about, isn’t it!?” Dias let out a laughing abuse and glanced meaningfully at the same time. We’ll talk later once we get back.

That was why they had had only talked about Dias’ recovery status and how the others were doing at the dining table. The atmosphere of the dining table was rather relaxed once they heard that everyone was recovering quite nicely.

After dinner was done, the small group gathered at Dias’ sick ward.

They might call it a sick ward, but in reality the sick wards of this recovery center were pretty much the size an apartment. It didn’t feel cramped even though there were a dozen or so people inside.

After they sat down, Dias said, “I heard some rumors when we returned earlier that the young master here was met with a mishap. They said that he was sent to the main hospital for treatment.”

“Mm. We were all watching the incident unfold.” Cillin retold the situation at the time to Dias briefly, “We and that Dr. Tico were watching throughout the whole thing. However, Dr. Tico’s rabbit ran out once midway.”

The moment Cillin brought up the rabbit, Asiya, who was smearing ointment on Dias’ body and giving him a massage raised the corner of her lips.

“That white rabbit doesn’t look like it’s anything special.” Cary said. His thoughts were mainly focused on the rabbit’s appetite. That plate of radishes wasn’t plenty at all, and it wasn’t even enough to fit in the gaps between the gray cat and Snowball’s teeth. However, the rabbit had taken unusually long amount of time to finish it. This should be the normal appetite of a rabbit, right?

The others were also paying attention to the conversation.

“If that is the case, then there’s no way that young master will survive.” Dias said with certainty.

“Oh?” Cillin was very curious about this. Just like the gray cat, he could not figure out exactly what was strange about that rabbit. Constitution wise, the rabbit was not an alien. It probably couldn’t even jump over a meter, and it could not endure weapons as well. But for some reason, Cillin couldn’t help but think that the rabbit was very strange.

After falling silent for a moment, Dias said, “You all know that I’m an atheist, but there are some things that science could not yet explain in this world. It may be because that our current technology hasn’t reached the level where it can be explained just yet. Regardless, some of the stuff regarding that rabbit is pretty difficult to explain.”

It’s that supernatural?!

The crowd grew even more curious. The gray cat sat up on top of Cillin’s body and listened to Dias with straight ears.

Dias did not explain immediately, Instead, he asked, “You all know about the Watchers mentioned in ‘Genesis Mythos’, don’t you?”

Cillin nodded. However, Scarlet Wind, the gray cat and Snowball did not know about this, and judging from Udoze and Tang Qiuqiu’s expressions, they had no idea about the Watchers either. Therefore, Cillin explained to them, “The Watchers of ‘Genesis Mythos’ would stand guard beside the souls of those people of great sins and snatch away their souls, so that they will never be able to commit evil again.”

“You… you mean…” Cary felt a slight chill behind his back.

“Of course, it’s not nearly as supernatural as what was stated in ‘Genesis Mythos’, but the outcome of that rabbit’s appearance was about the same. Just as you guys have mentioned earlier, how could that young master possibly have choked on water and passed

away just like that, and was irredeemable despite having so many medical instruments and experienced doctors around him?”

“If it’s not soul snatching that what is it?” Xiao Shang shook off the goosebumps on his body and asked.

“A coincidence!”

“Coincidence?”

“Yeah. When that rabbit is around, there would always be all sorts of coincidences. Normally, these coincidences would not seem like anything, but when they are all gathered in one place, you would notice that the rabbit’s influence was far bigger than one might expect. It may be a problem relating to one’s windpipe, throat, lungs, heart or something else. It may also be the body’s drug resistance or allergic reactions. Regardless of the factors, when all these coincidences came together as one, the person involved would not be far away from death.”

“Isn’t that rabbit a little too strange? Should we go pay our respects to the gods or something too?” Cary said.

“I remember a phrase at the back of ‘Genesis Mythos’: An materialistic world, an idealistic man.” Cillin spoke up.

Dias gave him a helpless smile, “That is true. We do not believe in ghosts, but there are certain things that we really can’t say for sure. It is just like how people love to emphasise about luck, and

that virtue has its rewards and evil has its retributions. That is why Asiya and I were quite conflicted when we first learned about that rabbit."

"That rabbit really didn't do anything?" Cillin asked.

Asiya's massaging hands around Dias' elbow paused once before continuing its work.

Dias continued, "Let me tell you guys a story. This is something Asiya and I had seen with our own eyes. It was also a night that day, when Asiya and I had walked to the winding corridor beneath the bamboo frame outside because we couldn't fall asleep. We talked about the Sixth B Squadron. The scenery of the night sky was great, and the planets were plenty and bright. While we were enjoying the nightscape, Asiya suddenly caught the glimpse of a white figure. Then, we saw that little rabbit climbing from the eaves of the first floor to a window on the second floor. It just stayed there until a series of alarm rang from inside the room."

The alarm sound was the alarm system's automatic response when the patient inside the sickroom was met with life threatening danger.

"The little rabbit left after that, and it didn't take long before the news that the person inside the room had accidentally slipped on their feet, knocked their head and died while they were heading to the toilet at night. That rabbit had zero contact with that person at all throughout the entire process. After that, we grew more and more familiar with Tico and learned a little about that rabbit."

Even Cillin felt a wave of assaulting chill after listening to Dias' words.

That really was a just a rabbit; a weak rabbit that anyone could kill with a simple squeeze! But still, wasn't all this a little too supernatural?

"So, was the person inside the room a bad person too?" Cillin asked.

"They do very much deserve to die." Asiya said.

If even the normally silent Asiya had said this, then this person must be unusually terrible.

"Erm, big bro, as you know people like us have god knows how much blood on our hands. Do you think that we'd attract that rabbit's attention?" Cary felt that even the hair on his body had turned stiff.

Dias said amusedly, "Aren't I the same? But I've never seen that rabbit showing anything after such a long time."

Cary and the others all let out a sigh of relief.

"That's why I thought that this rabbit has its own judgment and standards, just like the demonic beast in 'Genesis Mythos'."

“Demonic beast?” Cary’s face was odd, “I’ve never seen a demonic beast, but I know several that look almost like one.” Cary seemed to be hinting at something.

The gray cat, Dough, Snowball and Scarlet Wind turned to look at Cary in unison. Cary felt that the hair on his body had turned even stiffer.

“Let’s talk about something else for now.” Cillin redirected everyone’s thoughts away from the rabbit and asked Dias, “Big bro Dias, you gave us these prep talk is for a reason, isn’t it?”

Dias nodded with praise and said, “The reason I tell you guys these is so that you will understand Tico and her rabbit a little better, and not act flustered or say something that’s ill-timed. Barring no accidents, Tico would soon become a member of our squad too.”

“Awoo! Our squad is finally going to have a new beauty!” Xiao Shang let out an odd cry.

Everyone was pretty happy to hear Dias’ declaration. It wasn’t just because they had a new eye candy in the squad, but also because this beauty was a doctor; a young but very experienced doctor. This was good news for the entire Sixth B Squadron, since a good doctor was even harder to find than a combat personnel.

“Logically speaking, Dr. Tico should be earning quite the high salary with her abilities, isn’t she? Why did she want to leave here

and join a Hunter regiment?" Cillin asked.

They had always believed in Dias' insight. Dias' insight on people was in fact one of those things that couldn't really be explained by science. This was because Dias had an exceptionally good eye for people despite the fact that he would sometimes get lost on the streets. In reality, Cillin wasn't interested in Tico's reason for joining a Hunter regiment, but that didn't mean that the rest of the squad wasn't interested to know. He only asked this so that the answer would clear up some of their doubts and facilitate their future interactions.

"She just doesn't want to stay here anymore, that's all. We've discussed about this in detail after we came here, underwent recovery treatment and came to know Tico. I'll skip some of the details in-between. The point is that she seems to be a little tired of this place, and she expressed that she wanted more to become a Hunter instead. However, Tico said that she wanted to give this a trial run before making any commitments, and if everything was fine then she would join us officially. Isn't our squad lacking a doctor? Rikulab's main profession is a medicine maker, so it'll be even better with Tico's participation. Speaking of which, what is our little squad's current combat strength?"

"We're doing okay. Everyone is improving, and we have new recruits joining us at the same time. Plus, that white fatty isn't a good-for-nothing glutton, so it'll be stranger if our combat strength hadn't gone up." Cillin said.

"I knew you would be more suited for that position than I am." Dias patted Cillin's shoulder and said sincerely, "With you around,

my life is made much easier!”

When he was the lone lieutenant commander of the squad, Dias had spent the majority of his time being gloomy and depressed. In reality, he knew that he was unsuitable for the position not long after he had assumed the role of a lieutenant commander. He had also been searching for a suitable replacement until Cillin joined the Sixth Squad.

“Hey, Cary, what on earth are you giggling yourself silly about?” Dias smiled and gave Cary, who was bowing his head and laughing quietly to himself a kick.

“Oh. Hehe, I was just thinking that the rabbit will be joining our squad along with Dr. Tico. In that case, well, er… let me give you an example. For example, let’s say that the enemy sniper was aiming to shoot your heart. However, his hands suddenly cramped and so missed the shot…” Cary said happily.

The entire room fell silent.

Chapter 182: The Appointment From Nata [Part 1]

The other Sixth B Squadron members who had come along with Dias to Sector E to receive treatment sent in their notices in succession, agreeing to meet up a day later at the planet's spaceport and depart together to Sector K.

After chatting with everyone, Dias called upon Cillin to go search for Tico with him. The rest of the group would rest inside Dias' sick ward. Asiya went away to take care of the recovery center's discharge procedure.

Dias had exercised a lot more restraint ever since he and Asiya became a couple. He no longer acted as indecently as he did before, or at least that was how it seemed on the surface. He did not throw winks or whistles at beautiful nurses, and generally looked like an upright gentleman.

"You've moderated yourself a lot." Cillin teased him.

"Ahem, it's not like I have a choice. This is the helpless life of a person with family." he said that, but he wore an extremely pleased look on his face.

Pleased my ass!

Cillin cast him a disdainful glance before continuing, "If this is the case, then when are you holding a proper wedding ceremony?

Your relationship may have been cemented, but you still need a proper status. Asiya's custom attaches much importance in such things, don't they? After the wedding, we'd be able to call her sister-in-law properly."

"Mm, that is a matter of course. But Asiya only has herself to begin with, and the only blood relative I have is my elder brother. We've talked about this for a bit and decided to hold a ceremony at the Sixth B Squadron's base in Vanguard's HQ."

After a sigh, Dias continued, "I may have lost this arm for Asiya's sake, but Asiya never left my side especially when I was undergoing the directional induction portion of my core treatment. There were days I couldn't move a muscle, and Asiya took care for me personally without ever disdaining her work. Tell me; what can be more satisfying than having someone taking care of you closely and carefully, especially when people like us, who often tread the edges of danger, lie on top of a sick bed? I have my own reasons for not willing to assume the role of a lieutenant commander, but there was no doubt that it was because of me Asiya had given up her position as a lieutenant commander.

At first, I was planning to tour her around the famous scenic spots of each Sector after we got married. I've seen that 'Little Garden' Qiqiu and you went to, and I would have liked to visit it myself. Plans have changed, however, and Asiya's intention is for us to wait until the situation completely stabilises and when an opportunity presents itself. We cannot take the risk."

Cillin nodded. Right now they didn't know what Sector S had turned into. The A Squads hadn't publicly announced any news

yet, and what the news media in GAL revealed were very brief notes. The actual heart of the news was very fuzzy.

Dias suddenly recalled something and came to a stop. He unbuttoned the two upper buttons of his shirt, pulled, and revealed a tattoo on his chest.

The corner of Cillin's mouth twitched, "Is this..."

Asiya's name was tattooed onto Dias chest. Judging from the font, it didn't look like Dias' handwriting.

Dias' eyebrows looked so happy they could fly, "Asiya had tattooed it on herself!"

"That means..."

"That means she had the tattoo of my name written by me on the same spot as well!"

Holy shit this is corny!

Cillin shook off the goosebumps on his body and pretended not to notice the expression on Dias' face that said: Don't you envy me? Don't you begrudge me? Don't you admire me?

"Oh right, there's something I need to ask you." Dias' face suddenly straightened as he asked.

“What?”

“Do you know Yu Family’s Yu Linglung?”

Cillin frowned and nodded somewhat helplessly.

“You know about the people of Yu Family, right?”

“Not too much. Back at Seven Lights, I only knew that she’s called Linglung, but not her surname Yu. I’ve heard a little more something about her after that. I only know that the Yu Family has a huge amount of influence over the political circles of the entire GAL.”

“It’s not just the political circles. The Yu Family is infinitely connected to the military, business and academic world as well. It is rumored that one of the Four Heavenly Edict Generals is surnamed Yu!”

Cillin’s pupils shrank. This was the first time he heard something a little more in-depth about the Four Heavenly Edict Generals. If there really was a person surnamed Yu among the Four Heavenly Edict Generals, then the Yu Family was far more complex than he had imagined. No wonder Lung did not want to provoke their ire.

After he said this, Dias gave Cillin a careful look with an odd expression on his face, “Your current appearance isn’t handsome, and in fact you’re even less handsome than I am now. What on

earth did that little princess of the Yu Family see in you? Could it be the mischiefs of first impression? You did look a lot like a pretty boy previously."

Cillin did not say anything. He did not wish to be entangled in this subject.

Cillin might not wish to bring up the topic, but Dias wasn't ready to let him escape, "Hey, kid. That Yu Family girl gave us a lot of help. Part of the reason we're able to receive treatment so smoothly and quietly is because her."

The best medical region in Sector E was only this big, and most core treatments were basically done there. Considering that there were so many people in the whole GAL, Dias and the others should have experienced a lot of small frictions even if they might not have necessarily ran into big troubles. However, Dias encountered Yu Linglung while he was receiving his treatment at Sector E. In fact, Yu Linglung was the one who had offered to help on her own. No one in the Sixth B Squadron but Dias and Asiya knew about Yu Linglung's appearance. At one point, they were confused why their treatment had gone so smoothly.

Cillin sighed on the inside as he listened to Dias' words. I guess I owe that girl one.

"I know that that girl had helped us only because of you. Otherwise, with her background she may not necessarily need to give face even to the great four, much less people who aren't even A Squad members like us. Although, in her eyes, the A Squad may not necessarily be more respectable than us." Dias let out a low

laugh before patting Cillin's shoulder, "Not bad, kid. Didn't think that you would get your hands on a Yu Family member."

"Big bro, your use of words turned vulgar again."

"Ahem, it's fine to be vulgar occasionally. I do have a family, and thus I can't always be vulgar. That being said, while the Yu Family's situation is incredibly complex, emotion isn't something anyone can interfere with. As you know, while I'm no good in anything else, I do have a good eye for people. That Yu Family girl is serious about you. Don't be troubled by what the A Squads would think in the future. If you really do like her, then don't trouble yourself with someone else's viewpoint."

"... Let's talk about that later."

They did not discuss about Yu Linglung any longer. Dias had only brought her up to Cillin because she had helped him once. Yu Linglung had helped them as a gesture to Cillin. The girl would be bitterly disappointed if he said nothing at all.

Tico and the other doctors lived in an isolated, one hundred plus storeys building. The treatment of doctors like her was pretty good, and the surface area of the apartment was big too.

When Dias and Cillin came to pay Tico a visit, she had just woken up from her nap.

Before this, in Dias and Cillin's imagination, the apartment of a

single woman based on Tico's behavior and style should prioritise on tidiness and have a very pragmatic layout.

In reality, her apartment was tidy and practical. There was no garish objects to be found.

However, Tico's type of tidiness struck a sizable amount of fear into the hearts of Cillin and Dias.

Chapter 182: The Appointment From Nata [Part 2]

The walls were hung with many anatomical charts. 3D models made of skeleton and entire sections of muscles were used as decorations. Molecular formulas were imprinted above the curtains, and they were all components of important medicines for patients during and post operation. The stereoscopic pattern of a huge antibody profile was outlined on the floor. They wondered whose antibody profile it belonged to...

In short, Cillin and Dias didn't say a word for a long time as they stood at the entrance with eyelids that wouldn't stop twitching.

"What's wrong? Did I scare you?" Tico passed over two glasses of water so they could suppress their alarm.

"... Dr. Tico, you are seriously quite the character!" Dias smiled in embarrassment.

Cillin recovered quickly and looked around for a bit. The little rabbit was sleeping inside a specially made little house. One could see the white fur on its body through the circular doorway.

The rabbit was a lot quieter than its kind. It only twitched once after Dias and Cillin had come in, probably planning to continue its sleep. If they hadn't learned so many incredible things about the rabbit, no one would have assumed that this rabbit was special.

“Alright, let’s talk business.” Tico’s style had always been swift and direct. She disliked talking too many polite phrases or nonsense.

Dias dilly dallied no longer after hearing Tico’s words and set down his glass. He pointed at Cillin and said, “He is Cillin. I believe that you’ve figured it out yourself. Since you both know each other, let’s get straight to the point.”

“Dr. Tico, big bro Dias had told me about you already. However, I would like to explain a few points before you make a decision.”

Tico looked at Cillin and said nothing. She awaited his next words.

“In a Hunter regiment – especially a B Squadron who’s in the development stage like us – the fixed salary of even an excellent doctor is very little. Each member in the squad is given a limited amount of fixed salary, and we basically earn by means of manpower or goods. You will not enjoy a stable amount of high salary like the one you receive here.”

“I don’t mind this. After saving up for so many years I have just about enough.” Tico said.

“There are a lot of rules in the squad.”

“Dias had already talked to me about this. I’m fine with them. I will obey.”

“In Vanguard, you are allowed to act with a greater degree of independence and freedom. However, betrayal is absolutely not acceptable. This is something every person who joins a Hunter regiment must know about.”

“Of course, I don’t like traitors either.”

After speaking for a while, Cillin found that Tico had done her research on the rules of Hunter regiments, and had planned for what she was going to do in the future too. She had prepared very well before the transfer.

“Alright. I am very glad that you are able to join Vanguard’s Sixth B Squadron. Oh right, there is one more thing. I can only recommend your recruitment as a lieutenant commander, but it is up to the commander and lieutenant commanders of the Sixth B Squadron to make a joint decision on whether you officially qualify during a meeting. Moreover, we have several subteams inside the squad too, and you’ll have to choose…”

“I choose your team. I am pretty satisfied with the members of your team.” Tico smiled and said, “Plus, Little White would have friends if I join you.”

They were the only team with a lot of animals in the entire Sixth B Squadron, and none of them were characters to be trifled with. Someone had even said jokingly that in the Sixth B Squadron, you would rather offend their men than offend their animals.

“In that case, there’s nothing else I would like to add.” Cillin said and cast a glance at Dias. Dias shook his head to show that he had nothing else to add too.

“When are we departing?”

“Tomorrow.”

They informed her about the time of meeting and latter arrangements so that both sides could match their activities. Tico said that she would definitely arrive on time.

Naturally, Tico would not openly walk together with Dias and the others. She would leave with them after she had turned in her resignation. Some people in the recovery center would absolutely hold an opinion about her resignation, and they might even cause her trouble as well. It was exactly these eccentric and hypocritical bastards that Tico hated in this place, and what was even worse was that they were busybodies too.

The next day, Cillin and the other waited before the spaceplane at the spaceport at the appointed time. The Sixth B Squadron’s members arrived in succession too. Tico was very punctual. She wore a dark colored windbreaker and wore glasses on her face. That rabbit should be inside her pocket.

After making sure that everyone who were supposed to show up had shown up, Cillin then ordered Beaver to start the engines and to get ready to take off.

Not long after Cillin's spaceplane had left, there was a man standing not far away from where their spaceplane was originally parked. He turned around to leave and opened a comm channel at the same time, "Tell the Miss that they had departed safely. The rest is under your responsibility."

Cillin's flight home was incredibly smooth. At first they thought they would run into some trouble, but in reality the flight was inconceivably smooth. There were almost no hindrances along the way.

Cary and Udoze sighed while facing each other. They were hoping they would get a chance to fight, even if their opponents might have turned out to be some blind small fries. Itchy. They were so itching for a fight.

Cillin said nothing throughout the way, and Dias and Asiya did not linger around the subject either. They discussed with everyone about the Sixth B Squadron's potential future plans.

The gray cat swept a tail across Cillin's face while it lay on top of his shoulder, "What's wrong? You pretending to look deep or something?"

Cillin grabbed the gray cat off his shoulders and put it on his lap. The gray cat was about to pursue the matter further, but its chin was scratched so comfortably by Cillin that it let out a lot of wheezing sounds from its throat. A few rubs later, it began to feel sleepy.

Cillin continued to think about certain things as he scratched the gray cat's bottom chin. The smoother their journey was, the more prominent Yu Family's power and ability showed themselves to be. While Yu Linglung might not be able to bring much forces into play on her own, it was enough to guarantee their smooth journey in Sector E.

In fact, it wasn't just Sector E. Their journey from Sector E to Sector K was incredibly smooth, and they did not encounter any abnormalities at all. Sometimes the places where the borders between Sectors intersected were pretty chaotic, and there were at least pirates roaming about the place. Moreover, it was possible for any single spaceplane or transport that did not look like it belonged to a large force to be intercepted by them. However, although they had once discovered two starships obviously approaching them with malicious intentions, they left not long after for whatever reason and caused Cary to sigh for a long time. In fact, Cary wasn't the only one who was sighing. Many of the personnel who had received recovery treatment were itching for a fight too. It was only natural for their hands to get itchy after idling for such a long time.

Dias and Asiya's reaction towards their feelings was a stern scolding. They were in a critical period, who cares about their itching hands! If they really were itching for a fight, they could find someone from other B Squadrons to train with after they got back to Sector K.

Those people who received treatment were very excited after they had returned to Sector K and the base smoothly. The moment they came back, they went away and sought out their friends to reminisce about old times.

Cillin's 'easy' mission shocked god knows how many pairs of eyeballs out of their sockets. The fact that not a big scratch could be found on the spaceplane showed just how big of a dumb luck Cillin had managed to pick up on his journey.

However, before Cillin had the chance to discuss about Dr. Tico with the other lieutenant commanders, a transmission from the A Squadron pulled him away immediately.

"What is it? Who invited you?" Dias asked.

A moment of silence later, Cillin answered, "Nata."

Nata was the former commander of the Third B Squadron. He was detained during the incident fifty years ago and was imprisoned at Sector S' prison. Now that Nata was back in the A Squad's base, it meant that whomever was performing the mission at Sector S had done well. Nata had already been safely escorted back home.

This was Nata, the guy who shared a very close relationship with Enji and Chamonidine. Why on earth had he come looking for him the second he returned from Sector S?

Despite Cillin's current status as a lieutenant commander, he wasn't allowed entry without an A Squadron pass. Therefore, Nata had already informed him in the transmission that Falvey would be receiving him. As the son of Nata, Falvey was the current commander of the Third B Squadron. He possessed an authorised

pass just like Shawton.

Falvey had flown over on an airplane. The airplane had the A Squadron's symbol on it. Nata was probably the one who mobilised the vehicle, since he was the only one who had the authority to mobilise a plane like this.

Some of the Sixth Squad's members were frightened when they saw Falvey. Everyone knew about the few B Squadron commanders in Vanguard, not to mention that Falvey had never displayed a good attitude towards members of other squads. In reality, Falvey's face just wasn't very expressive to begin with. He looked incredibly mature and wielded high prestige when he put on his title of commander, but word from the members of Third B Squadron was that Falvey was actually a pretty good person.

As rumored, Falvey lacked expression on his face. However, the fact that he had gotten off the plane to exchange a few words with Cillin was an incredibly rare occasion already. Had it been a different lieutenant commander, Dias had a feeling that Falvey wouldn't have even bothered getting off the plane. He would just speak directly in the plane itself.

It was probably less of Falvey's own intentions and more of Nata's instructions, he thought.

That assumption was in fact, true. Even now Falvey was still annoyed by this. They had gone through much difficulty at the risk of their lives to finally rescue his dad. The battles at Sector S' grade five prisons were just too intense, and four out of the ten personnel the A Squadron had sent to the rescue suffered grievous injuries

and nearly died at that place. The rest of them were more or less hurt too, and they weren't able to save a couple of people from the grade four prisons. Still, the fact that they were able to save so many people was something to be lauded.

The problem was that Nata had asked for Cillin, a newly appointed lieutenant commander of the Sixth B Squadron the moment he came back and had a chat with old friends who visited him.

With Falvey's horizons, and after he was appointed as a commander for so many years, a mere lieutenant commander was beneath his attention, much less the lieutenant commander of a B Squadron that was just recently promoted.

However, he was unable to endure his dad's earnest exhortations, and so Falvey flew over personally on a plane his dad had mobilized personally to receive Cillin with extreme reluctance.

Falvey's first impression of Cillin was... not much at all, really. He looked a little stupid, and he was way too young. He also lacked a fierce atmosphere and appeared very amiable.

"Are you Cillin?" Falvey said with a rigid voice. No one could hear any emotion from his voice, and this was a reason why Falvey was excellent as a commander. It was exactly because he lacked an expression on his face and even emotions in his voice that his subordinates thought that he was highly mysterious.

"Yes, I am." Cillin did not mind Falvey's attitude. He did not

forget the proper courtesies.

Falvey nodded expressionlessly, “Let’s go.”

What followed after that was silence. Long, long silence. Seeing that Falvey had no wish to talk after getting on the plane, Cillin did not ask anything either. He closed his eyes and took a small nap.

The duo arrived at the A Squadron’s base in silence just like that.

The airplane landed at a particular spot. It wasn’t the same spot as the one Cillin had arrived on earlier, but judging from the level of authorisation, it would seem that their current landing spot was of a higher rank.

Chapter 183: The 'Parasite Code' Left Behind By Chamonidine [Part 1]

Falvey led Cillin to a low-rise semi circular building. Without a word, he started the ID inspection process and caused a scanner display to pop out of the door. After the duo was scanned and their IDs were confirmed, they entered the building and took the lift straight up to the fifth floor. They arrived beside a door.

"Father, I've brought him over." Falvey said.

The door opened with a beep after Falvey's voice.

An old man sat inside the room. In reality he wasn't that old, he just had a full head of white hair and looked like he had gone through a lot in his life. Judging from Falvey's hair color, Nata should not have a head filled with white hair, so it could only be an acquired change.

Age wise, Nata might not necessary be much older than Barthus or Songba Leruo. However, it would seem that fifty years in prison were an ordeal to Nata.

"Father." Falvey's face grew much gentler when he was facing Nata. The feeling of estrangement from before was gone.

Nata gave a smile that was completely different from Falvey's. Nata's smile was very cordial, although for some reason his current smile had a very vague hint of sadness in it. Perhaps it was

because he had just returned from Sector S.

Nata was holding a book when Cillin and Falvey had come in. It was a printed book that looked rather old.

“Take a seat, Cillin.” Nata pointed at a chair at the side and turned to Falvey, “You may leave first. I will call you later.”

Falvey opened his mouth, but chose to say nothing in the end. He left in silence, but there was a shred of reluctance in his eyes.

After Falvey left, Nata examined Cillin closely once more. He looked like he was looking at a junior he valued greatly.

“I never thought that the Sixth B Squadron could produce someone like you.” Nata sighed.

Cillin was puzzled. A person like me? What kind of person are we talking about exactly?

Nata smiled again when he saw Cillin’s puzzlement. He asked, “You’ve read some of Chamonidine’s notebooks in Enji’s possession, haven’t you?”

Cillin nodded.

Enji was brought up by Chamonidine, and Chamonidine was originally a member of the Third B Squadron.

Nata felt like sighing a little. He had taken it pretty hard when he heard of Enji's death earlier. The original group was almost all gone. Back then Chamonidine was even relieved by the fact that he had transferred Enji to the Sixth B Squadron, but in the end they weren't able to meet each other after he came out of Sector S.

Nata stood up and said to Cillin, "Come with me."

This place was probably Nata's private property. After going through a few doors, Nata had led Cillin into a study. Yes, it was a study.

Many of the books here were printed, and most of them were notebooks, diaries and pertinent records.

Some of them looked almost just the same as the few books Cillin had in his possession. They were probably Chamonidine's belongings.

"Most of the books in Enji's possession are duplicates and incomplete. All of Chamonidine's records on the research of parasites are here. Right, there's also that." Nata took out a thick notebook from a closet. The notebook was half electronic and half paper, different from the other normal printed books. It was similar to some published newspapers where the images on the paper were movable.

Cillin carefully accepted the thick notebook from Nata for a look after he saw the cherishing look on his face. Cillin did not open the

book and look at its contents immediately, and instead looked at Nata with puzzlement.

Nata explained, “This is the opus Chamonidine was never able to complete. We call it ‘Parasite Code’. There are many kinds of parasites recorded inside the book, and almost all of them were seen with his own eyes while Chamonidine was performing missions with the squad everywhere in the galaxy. The records are incomplete however, and many in-depth researches to be conducted were cut short. One reason was that there wasn’t much idle time to research a particular parasite, and the other reason was that he was working with limited resources. Back then, there were many people including the original members of the Third B Squadron who had doubts about Chamonidine’s parasite research. Then the incident happened fifty years ago, and everything came to a stop.”

“Then, you mean…”

“Cillin, whenever you think to research anything in this respect, you may pay this place a visit whenever you want. Although some of these documents were considered classified by the regiment and should not be given access to non-key researchers, most of the A Squadron’s research personnel are not working on a project in this respect. In order to keep Chamonidine’s research findings from being wasted, I’ve decided to share these data with you.”

“Although I am very glad to be given access to these materials and to read senior Chamonidine’s research findings, but can you please explain your intentions a little clearer to me, senior Nata?” even now Cillin still did not understand where Nata was going

with this. Was he planning to have him take over Chamonidine's research project and continue his research? But Cillin was the Sixth B Squadron's lieutenant commander right now. While he couldn't claim to be swamped by work on a daily basis, but he definitely did not have much free time to research this specifically either.

Nata shook his head, "I simply did not wish to see Chamonidine's research go to waste. In reality, there are very few people who truly understands the value of 'Parasite Code', and I am one of them. Perhaps it is because I don't understand these things. However, when the incident was over the admiral* classified 'Parasite Code' as a secret document, and no one knew about this record's existence barring some key research personnel. Most of the people who knew about it had died fifty years ago." Nata's voice sank a little when he said this. He had obviously recalled the bad memories of the past.

*or colonel-in-chief. Army wise, the head of a regiment should be a colonel, but Vanguard is not the army and the highest rank of a fleet is admiral, hence the choice. I am happy to correct my mistake if someone believes that I've made a mistake here.

"You think too highly of me." Cillin wasn't really overjoyed by Nata's words. Nata was a person who had just returned from Sector S. On what basis did he think so highly of Cillin's abilities? There was no way it was because of Enji. From Enji's diary, Cillin knew that Enji wasn't all too important in Nata's eyes. If it wasn't for Chamonidine, Enji would not have entered Nata's eyes at all.

While caressing a notebook, Nata said slowly, "After I came back,

I was no longer commander of the Third B Squadron and had entered the A Squadron straight away. Logically speaking, I should not be bothering myself with these things any longer. However, Chamonidine was a good friend, and before he passed away, he transferred all of his research findings to me. I have a right to decide what to do with these data; it is the responsibility I have chosen to bear after all. I believe that these things that he valued so much must be of incredible value. Even during the time I was in prison, I would often think: what should I do to make them shine?

After I came back, I learned about Vanguard's current situation, and came to realise your achievements, Cillin. Barthus and Songba Leruo had communicated with me, and they both knew that I am rather concerned in news related to parasites. That is why they've recommended you to me, Cillin. That being said, it wasn't until I checked your data that I realise just how far your abilities had exceeded my expectations."

While saying this, Nata brought up a piece of information. Cillin was very familiar with the data flashing across the screen. It was the data on the two parasites he used to eliminate 'Poison Fang' back then. The analysis was incredibly detailed. The A Squadron's key research institute had probably conducted an in-depth research into the two parasites' samples since back then, or they could not possibly have obtained such a detailed conclusion.

"According to the explanation provided by the research institute, both kinds of parasites had been purposely implanted with a series of death inducing genes. The parasite would perish as long as a segment of the series of death inducing genes was activated, and the deciding factor of this trigger was time..."

It was true. Although that planet was filled with the parasites Cillin and the gray cat had unleashed at the time, there was a decline point in the life cycles of both parasites. This decline point was the time when the death inducing genes were activated, and once triggered the parasites and its colony would slowly decline and die out. Cillin had no wish for the entire planet to become the parasites' nest, because if that happened Vanguard would be hardpressed to bring the planet fully under control. Not everyone had a constitution like Cillin's, and a rare species of space like the gray cat was difficult to come by even in ten thousand years.

Nata couldn't help but grin after he said that, "You don't know this, but your former commander, Seru was bursting with joy when he talked about you."

This time Cillin was truly surprised. This was the first time he heard of their former commander, Seru's opinion about him. He didn't think that their former commander was still paying attention to them.

"Oh, I guess you probably don't know much about Seru. He just doesn't like to brag about, that's all. I heard that Seru was the one who escorted the military spy who went undercover in Poison Fang, Emmus, to negotiate his release with the military. He was so happy he could die back then."

In reality, those who had been promoted to the A Squadron would often pay attention to the news of their former B Squadron. When they met up with one another, they would compare their B Squadrons like a parent talking about their own children. After all, who wouldn't want to talk about the glorious achievements of

their own children? They couldn't wait to boast even their slightest achievements. However, Seru was gloomy for a few years, and during the low times of the Sixth B Squadron, Seru had the impulse to kick down the Sixth B Squadron's door and beat the shit out of those disappointing brats every time he talked about the squad with Barthus and the others.

However, Seru had gotten increasingly cocky ever since the Sixth B Squadron had gotten out of Sector Z. When Cillin was added into the mix, forget Seru, even Barthus and Songba Leruo praised Cillin a lot.

Talents and abilities weren't something that could be gotten just because you wanted too.

"Do whatever you want. Seru had said that you are the only one who had some drive in you in the entire Sixth B Squadron right now. Back then, Seru had led the Sixth B Squadron in a way that did not promote much independence. They were completely reliant on him, the commander. As a consequence, those who were left behind immediately lost drive the moment Seru was promoted to the A Squad." Nata said sincerely and earnestly.

Nata told Cillin that he could come over and check the data anytime he had a need. Everything in the study was taken over from Chamonidine, and the average person might not even have the privilege to read the duplicate copies of these documents, much less the original. Naturally, Cillin knew about this. There was no chance that he was letting a boon like the right to read Chamonidine's research findings and relevant records slip by him.

Chapter 183: The 'Parasite Code' Left Behind By Chamonidine [Part 2]

Cillin stayed back inside the study and flipped through the handwritten notebooks. He knew that there were definitely security cameras in the study, but he paid them no heed. Right now, the important thing to do was to memorise what he could as quickly as possible. With Cillin's faculty of memory, he did not need to photocopy any documents. He simply needed to read through the original documents once. In the future, he would not be returning here often since there was no telling when he would have the chance to return to the base once he went out on a mission with his squad.

Cillin discovered that Chamonidine enjoyed writing down his information on many occasions. Moreover, he especially enjoyed using the most common paper notebooks that were considered washed out goods in certain places.

Right now, the handwritten notebook Cillin was holding in his hand was one such object. When he flipped through the notebook, he could see that Chamonidine had jotted down plenty of records whom Chamonidine by pen. He even drew drawn many kinds of parasites personally in his notebooks. The sketches looked incredibly lifelike. Chamonidine once mentioned in a notebook that one could only understand these life forms better when they drew them with their own hands, thereby putting themselves in the parasite's shoes and understanding their potential weaknesses and relevant ecological characteristics.

While Cillin knew that there were surveillance monitoring in the

study, he could never have imagined who was monitoring him right now.

"How much do you think he can memorise?" a person asked.

"I don't know." Nata shook his head.

"This kid is extraordinary!" While speaking, the person could not help but smile, "He is a budding young Hunter; a rare one no less!"

"It is rare that you will give such an assessment, boss."

The man who was addressed as 'boss' by Nata was none other than Vanguard's number one leader and one of the Six Stars of Hunt – Ji Feng!

Cillin flipped through the notebooks really quickly even when he was reading the book known as the essence of Chamonidine's research, 'Parasite Code'. While he looked like he was skimming through the books absentmindedly, in reality Cillin had memorised everything inside them.

Cillin stayed inside the study for three days, and during this period Nata had sent his men over to bring Cillin food. Other than eating, Cillin spent the rest of his time flipping through the records inside the study. Nata did not try to advise Cillin against his actions and just let him be.

Three days later, Cillin finally stood up from his chair, stretching

his somewhat stiff limbs and moving his muscles. After three days of high concentration reading without stopping to sleep or rest, he had exhausted a huge amount of brainpower and could feel a wave of exhaustion rolling his way clearly.

He rubbed his eyes. Cillin walked out of the study, thanked and bid Nata goodbye before leaving.

Just like before, Falvey piloted Nata's airplane and sent Cillin back home. However, Falvey was now looking at Cillin in a different light. Cillin didn't know exactly what Nata had told him, but Falvey had actually taken the initiative to speak a few words with him. This turn of events greatly surprised Cillin.

The first thing Cillin did after returning to Sixth B Squadron was to tuck himself in bed. He paid no heed to Rikulab's progress in medicinal research. He had given it a rough look and saw no problems that he could find at that moment. Rikulab would eventually resolve all present complications given a bit more time.

Cillin paid no heed to Eudy researching the data on the prison defense system he stole from Sector S either. The paper Eudy had slipped him earlier prior to his departure was a request for Cillin to steal the prison's defense system programs and relevant data for research purposes.

Right now Cillin's brain was completely filled with dense packs of parasites, and flying molecular formulas and DNAs. He needed to digest them properly.

Before Cillin could return to his room and begin his ‘seclusion and great cultivation’, Dias told him that he and Asiya were going to hold their wedding in ten days. He told him that he must wake up before the day no matter what, or he would drag him to wakefulness one way or another.

In actuality, the ‘digestion’ process took less than ten days. Cillin had awakened after sleeping for eight days straight.

There were many little things that had happened during these eight days. For instance, Tico had officially joined Vanguard, the Sixth B Squadron’s animal corps had raided Cary’s storage cabinet once more, and Tico’s accommodation was now publicly known as the scariest place to exist in the Sixth B Squadron…

Regardless, Shawton was very satisfied with the current Sixth B Squadron. The squad had been blessed with a continuous stream of new and excellent talents all this time, and his former commander Seru had even taken great care of him when he was at the A Squad previously. Shawton was overwhelmed by the favor shown by his former superior, since Seru was itching to drag him to a corner and give him a punch or two every time he saw him before.

As of late, Dias was radiating with happiness. To quote Cary’s words, “A family man or woman is just not the same!”

When Dias’ old or new friends heard that the man was about to get wedded, even those who could not attend the wedding had purposely sent him their congratulations. The wedding venue was none other than the Sixth B Squadron’s big assembly hall.

Cillin had gifted Dias a huge red packet, requested by none other than Dias himself. Dias had said earlier that he wanted his gift to be a little more practical and pragmatic, which was why Cillin sent him a debit card with six figures in it. Dias was so elated that his eyebrows nearly flew off his face.

On the day of the wedding, Dias dressed himself very formally. As the saying goes, people are in high spirits when involved in joyous occasions. Dias wore a smile on his face all the way as he walked into the big assembly hall and held the bride's hands in his own.

Before them, the two little fellows Scarlet Wind and Tang Qiuqiu held a flower basket each and showered the floor with flowers all the way.

Scarlet Wind worked hard not to wag his tail, but it was a difficult reaction to control when he was in a happy mood. His smile was so wide that even his canine teeth was showing. This was the first time he encountered such a thing, and this was the first time he was joined with so many people. He was very happy to experience such a joyous atmosphere.

There was a period of time that was dedicated to performance, and plenty of people went up stage to present their congratulatory speeches or performances. Among them, the most dazzling performance of them all was the PK between the gray cat and Rikulab – a funk dance off.

When Cary heard that Rikulab was going to challenge the gray into a funk dance off, he had looked at the guy with a pitying look on his face. While the others might not know about the gray cat's secrets, he was at least educated in some of them, especially the gray cat's machine form. Challenge that bizarre life form into a funk dance off? What's the difference between that and making one's life harder?

As it turned out, the only people who had seen the two 'demons' dancing off in 'Dance Night' at Sector F's Acallela were Cillin, Udoze and Tang Qiuqiu. There were many people who never knew about the atmosphere these two people oozed into existence the second they started dancing. Therefore, when Rikulab and the gray cat merged with the rhythm and took the first step, everyone's attitude had changed.

Again, Rikulab presented his aura as Dance Night's 'Wolf King' on stage to the crowd. Although he was incomparable to the gray cat who already had an advantage in the first place, the two dancers absolutely detonated the passion of everyone present in the wedding. Even the commanders of other squadrons who showed up only to go through the motions could not help but praise the Sixth B Squadron for obtaining a few demon level characters this time. Nata and others wore pondering looks on their faces as well.

There was no need for proof of arms. The assembly hall had boiled up under the unique atmosphere alone.

Dias said that this wedding hadn't just made Asiya and him whole, but also spread Rikulab's and the gray cat's dancing fame

throughout the entire Vanguard.

When the two dancing fellows were done, it took a long time before the people finally came back to themselves and realise that they were humans and not robots.

this confused even my own editor, but this is referring to the people themselves. They're dancing the robot dance, and they were carried away to the point they forgot that they're human for a time.

While robots could express and move identically or even more fluently than humans these days with current technology, the illusion of executing a series of programmed instructions had stayed in the crowd's hearts for a very long time.

There could not be a wedding without a banquet, and the Sixth B Squadron was not lacking in gluttons. This was especially true for a certain white fatso who was running around happily.

Tico's Little White continued to nibble and chew at its carrots quietly at a corner with relish. However, its eyes would stray to the gray cat, Snowball and others in the venue from time to time.

Not long after the wedding had ended, the A Squad reported that the disturbance in Sector S had officially subsided.

The end of the disturbance in Sector S did not mean that it was the beginning of a period of tranquility. Perhaps, an even bigger tide was gradually approaching.

Chapter 184: The Co-Op With The Third B Squadron [Part 1]

Some time had passed after Dias' wedding, and the A Squad sent news for all B Squadrons to prepare themselves, stock up on food and inspect their equipment. The A Squad were sending people over to install the latest developed weaponries onto their starships.

Due to the Sector S incident, all ten B Squadrons had temporarily returned to Vanguard's base at Sector K whether they were currently undergoing a mission or not. It was very rare to see all Vanguard B Squadrons members gathered in one place.

When the A Squad sent people over to install a new weapons system for the Sixth B Squadron, Beaver, Eudy and a fews people had been watching from the sidelines all the time. The Sixth B Squadron's engineering technicians paid full attention and examined the A Squad's work closely. After all, if they went out on a mission and ran into problems, there was no way the A Squad would be around to repair them. They would have to test their own abilities.

Previously, the Sixth B Squadrons had developed several types of weapons using the special ores. However, the weapons developed by the A Squad were more refined in that they reduced the negative threats brought by the previous weapons system, and enhanced the weapons system's stability by a lot when the system's offensive and defensive power were increased.

The gray cat began to yawn non-stop after it took a brief glance at the installation. It was called out by Dough to watch the weapons

system installation, and it basically figured out the whole thing in just one scan. It was incredibly boring.

After sticking up its butt, stretching its body and licking its lips, the gray cat decided to visit the lab and harass Cillin.

Right now, Cillin was developing antibiotic medicines alongside Rikulab and Tico. All of the news transmitted by the A Squad showed signs that they were about to depart soon, which was why they were rushing to develop the antibiotic medicines before they left. After all, once they set off the experiment conditions on the starship was most definitely incomparable to the base's experiment conditions, not to mention that they would face many limitations as well.

While holding up a test tube, Rikulab's eyelids twitched when he saw the gray cat walking into the lab openly and jumping right on top of the bench. How on earth did this fellow pass through the system's inspection?!

This cat had seriously shocked him too many times already. He itched to whip this bastard cat every time he saw it, but Cary once told him that even ten of him might not necessarily succeed in the endeavor unless the gray cat willingly subjected itself to beating. What a shock!

"Say Wheeze, your majesty, are you here on an inspection or something?"

The gray cat cast a lazy glance at Rikulab and yawned, "Where's

Cillin?”

“The commander asked for him.” Rikulab took a few small tubes away from the gray cat, “This is not a place for you to play. Watch out for those liquid, they’ll hurt…”

Before Rikulab could finish his sentence, the gray cat immediately swiped over a small tube with its claws and gave its content a sniff. Then, it returned the tube back to Rikulab in disdain.

Rikulab shook his head helplessly before he tidied up the tubes. He was just about to speak when Tico started urging from inside the sterile room.

Rikulab picked out what he needed from the medicine cabinet. There were two support robots assisting him in tidying the items before he put them into an autoclave for several stages of scanning and sterilisation and delivered them into the sterile room.

“Alright, find somewhere else to play, will you? I need to continue conducting the experiment.” once he said this, Rikulab walked to a small room outside the sterile room and changed into his hazmat suit.

The gray cat did not stay and left the room with a raised tail.

Rikulab let out a sigh of relief as he watched the gray cat leaving the lab. What a worrying fellow.

After exiting the lab, the gray cat was going to visit the commander's office and look for Cillin, but it ran into Snowball along the way and was called to watch a show.

The so-called show was in fact Scarlet Wind's awkward attempts at shooting. Cary and Tang Qiuqiu were teaching Scarlet Wind how to shoot next to him. Right now Scarlet's fingers were growing more and more flexible, and he was slowly starting to accept life as a human being as well.

Other than shooting, there was also fighter piloting to learn. Both Scarlet Wind and Tang Qiuqiu were learning how to pilot a fighter, and judging from current trends they might need to pilot fighters a lot more frequently from now on. How could they not know how to pilot a fighter as the primary combat personnel? They must be well practiced too, or they might lose their lives or even cause the death of their own teammates if they panicked in a chaotic battle and made a mistake in control.

Cary dragged the snickering white fatty out of its hidden corner and tossed a gun into its hands. It was a beginner's gun that fired metallic bullets and was a lot simpler in design. Its recoil wasn't strong too.

Snowball, who obtained his 'toy' no longer had the mind to jeer at Scarlet Wind any longer. It began practicing shooting with its fat and meaty palms.

Five minutes later, the gray cat let out another yawn from above

the items cabinet at the side. It forced a word out of its mouth after cocking its head and observing Snowball's performance for a while, "Clumsy."

The white fatty's round ears twitched as it caught wind of the gray cat's comment while it was shooting. It turned its head to look at the gray cat, "Do you think you can do better than me? At the very least I can hold up a gun, but what about you? You can't even hold up a gun with your claws, can you?"

The gray cat's ears flicked in obvious disdain of the comment, "Why would I hold a gun for?"

The gray cat jumped down the cabinet, raised its head high and walked elegantly to Snowball's side. After look at the faraway target and moving a few steps to the side, it turned around to look at Snowball, "Keep shooting."

Snowball didn't know what the gray cat was planning to do. It raised its fat palms and fired a bullet with a bang, and the gray cat's tail swung at a speed that was almost indistinguishable with the naked eye.

Di——

"Ten points!" the system's voice rang.

This was the first time Snowball heard the system's voice after it started shooting for a long while. Previously, it hadn't even hit the

sides of the target since he started shooting.

Snowball's big mouth opened, closed, opened and closed again. It scratched its butt and head with its palms and asked, "It was you?"

Snowball might be terrible at shooting, but it did not mean that it was stupid. On the contrary, it was incredibly smart. Naturally, it knew that there was no way it could hit the center point of the target with its abilities.

"Uh huh!" the gray cat sat there with a 'worship me' expression, looking very pleased with itself.

"Great job!" Snowball went over happily to ask for its guidance. Humans have their own human methods, but so do they. The techniques that were suitable for humans might not necessarily be suitable for them.

While the gray cat and Snowball were investigating the shooting techniques of a beast, Cillin was inside Shawton's commander office.

The other lieutenant commanders were here as well. Shawton was passing down the A Squad's intentions.

All sides were starting to quieten down after the matter at Sector S had come to an end of a phase. The A Squad decided that the B Squads could start acting again, but with a new twist in the formula. The A Squad's wish was for the B Squads to cooperate

with one another in missions and watch out each other's backs. Right now, it was too easy for a single B Squadron to run into a mishap.

Two B Squadrons would form a group with each other, and the team on each side would discuss, decide and coordinate time of operation, target location and departure time in tandem.

"The Third Squad?"

The rest of the lieutenant commander looked very puzzled despite much thought. Why on earth had the Third B Squadron requested to cooperate with them on their own? They did not think that such a thing would happen with someone like Falvey in the other squad.

However, when they recalled that Falvey had personally piloted an airplane over to receive Cillin, the lieutenant commanders looked at Cillin and pondered on the real reason within.

Shawton tapped the table with his finger and said, "Alright, let's not think about the unnecessary and focus on the present. What I want to tell you all is that the Third B Squadron currently has a job at Sector G. Falvey has inquired my opinion on this since our two squads need to cooperate with each other, and according to our original plans our holiday hasn't ended yet. Therefore, I would like to ask your opinions on this. Should we continue the holiday as planned? Or should we go along with the Third B Squadron?"

"Why is the Third B Squadron going to Sector G?" Akayi asked.

“They’re transporting a batch of T13 minerals to the Robert Family. In light of the agreement, they would be given a batch of robots made of T13 minerals besides a considerable amount of remuneration after the job is done.”

“We’re going. Of course we’re going with them. We have been resting for a long time now, and all of the members receiving treatment at Sector E have returned safely as well. Right now everyone is itching to do something. If it wasn’t for the earlier incidents, they would’ve applied to head out a long time ago.” lieutenant commander Lu Suo said.

“I agree that we should go too. If we keep resting like this our bones will get rusty.” Lalo said.

Wa Qing also agreed with their opinions.

Zaya Kasa and Akayi kept quiet.

Shawton turned to look at Cillin. Although Cillin was also keeping quiet, he knew that it wasn’t that he hadn’t made up his mind yet. Right now, Cillin was considering some other things as well.

Sector G was the biggest manufacturing Sector of robots in the entire GAL. There, a kind of mineral was produced in abundance, and it was a very important element in the alloy materials used to produce robots. Quite a number of big families have manufacturing bases set in that location.

Noticing Shawton's gaze, Cillin straightened himself and asked, "How much are we profiting from this?"

"It's an overall four six split. We get a three seven split in terms of remunerations, and a two eight split in terms of robots." Shawton answered.

"That little?" Akayi was a little dissatisfied with a disproportionate split like this.

"They are the ones who found the T13 minerals. If it wasn't for the A Squad's arrangements, they would've gone to Sector G alone. After all, they don't want others to take part in their profits too."

"That is true."

The lieutenant commanders began exchanging opinions with each other.

Chapter 184: The Co-Op With The Third B Squadron [Part 2]

In the end, everyone agreed to head to Sector G. They should be safe with the combined strength of two B Squadrons, and the profits they would earn from this operation weren't bad either.

After the high level meeting was done, Cillin left Shawton's office and started walking towards his room. Cillin was thinking about the matters at Sector G.

The Robert Family was regarded as the kingdom of robots within GAL, and some of the members of their family worked within the military. While they might not necessarily compare to some other big families in terms of power, their technological prowess was undeniable. Their wealth and backings were the reason why they were able to stand tall among the big families of GAL.

Some people said that the Robert Family members were born to interact with robots. When Cillin was learning to assemble parts with Mo Heng, he had also brought up a little about a few people inside the Robert Family. Their assembly overall accuracy weren't low, and they were an extraordinarily talented family.

While thinking, he heard the gray cat's voice, "You came back, Cillin!"

It was obvious that this fellow was feeling pretty good listening to its voice alone.

The gray cat climbed up Cillin's legs familiarly and got up to his shoulder. Its tail slapped at Cillin's back repeatedly as it wore a pleased look on its face.

"What is it now?" Cillin scratched the bottom of the gray cat's outstretched chin.

"It's nothing. I simply taught that white fatty some shooting skills, that's all." that was what it said, but its tone was a blatant implication for Cillin to praise it.

"Heyo, I see you've started tutoring students now, sir cat." Cillin gave the gray cat the face it desired and said what it wanted to hear.

"Oh right, why did Shawton look for you, Cillin? Do we have a new job?"

"You guessed correctly."

"Wahaha, oh my meow I so want to show off my abilities right now! Ahem, of course, it doesn't necessarily need to have fighting in it." the gray cat corrected itself when it saw Cillin looking at him sideways and said, "It's real annoying to be stuck here, you know? If the squad wasn't busy I would've suggested that we head out for a spin."

"There's no need for that now. The entire squad is heading out.

However, this time we are not working alone, but cooperating with the Third B Squadron…”

Cillin explained the operation to the gray cat while walking back to his room. He also talked about the robots in Sector G. This undoubtedly drew a great amount of interest from the gray cat, but Cillin had also instructed that it should not expose its identity as a half cyborg unless it didn’t have a choice.

Everyone in the Sixth B Squadron grew lively when they heard that they had a mission to do. Cary, who had withered for the past few days had gotten as excited as a junkie again. During the few days they were making preparations for the mission, he called Scarlet Wind, Tang Qiuqiu and Udoze over for a full education and explained some of the countermeasures to take if they encountered certain emergency scenarios during the mission.

Before the operation began, Rikulab finally developed the antibiotic medicines with Tico’s assistance. This undoubtedly boosted the Sixth B Squadron’s confidence further.

Scarlet Wind gripped and fondled his own combat suit admiringly. He especially loved the hole in his pants and the elastic at that area. It allowed him to put out his tail very easily. After he put on the suit tentatively, he found that the suit was much more comfortable and tougher than the clothes he wore before.

They had to handpick their own portable weapons too. Cillin had told Cary about his wrist blade being slashed to pieces easily after he returned to Sector S. Cary was both wowed by the strength of the enemy’s weapon and saddened by the GAL credits that had

washed down the drain.

Every team had a few new members joining in for the big operation, and the addition to Cillin's team was the weirdest of them all. They had a doctor, a medicine maker, a few animals and a Scarlet Wind who wasn't completely human joining their midst.

Udoze took out the badge he wore inside his suit. He was very happy that he could wear the badge openly this time.

They agreed to meet Falvey at the space station outside the planet. A large number of spaceplanes belonging to the 2 B Squadrons flew towards the several starships parked outside the space station.

The squad members followed behind their direct lieutenant commander and flew their respective spaceplanes into the starships.

The moment the gray cat returned to the familiar starship, it immediately began inspecting its territory after a long time. This time, it took Snowball, Dough standing on top of Snowball's head and Little White along on the inspection. The rabbit Little White hugged and chewed at a carrot as it observed its surroundings. It didn't need to walk this time, so it looked rather carefree.

Scarlet Wind had stayed back inside a small room Cillin had partitioned for him because he was still young, and there were many things that he wasn't familiar enough to handle just yet. If he encountered any problems, Cillin could assist in handling them

this way.

Snowball obviously stayed together with Tang Qiuqiu, whereas the white rabbit followed Tico.

However, the animals would gather together to play everyday. Right now Dough was feeling happier and happier everyday. In the past it was the only animal on the ship, and it could only lay at a certain corner and hibernate alone after it was tossed out of the room by Eudy. Later on the gray cat joined the Sixth B Squadron, followed by the white fatty Snowball, and now a rabbit. Their army was growing bigger and bigger by day!

Udoze rubbed his face as he watched the four animals lying on the ground and playing a full holographic flying type chess piece game with a serious expression on their faces. Monsters; they've all turned into monsters...

The smaller starships of the two Squadrons were undergoing a merge inside the main starships, which was why an outsider could only see the two main starships that belonged to the Third B Squadron and Sixth B Squadron flying in space.

At the control room inside the Third B Squadron's main starship, Falvey was sitting on a chair and staring at the display before him. He was as quiet as usual, and the screen was displaying Sector G's two dimensional star chart. However, Falvey's thoughts weren't on it right now.

The reason Falvey had viewed Cillin in a completely new light

was because Nata had told him something about Cillin that day; something that not even Shawton himself knew about.

Not anyone could accurately control the decline of a parasite colony. Falvey had seen the specimens of the two types of parasites before, and he had heard from the A Squad researchers' evaluation about them.

An artificially engineered parasite was a terrifying weapon. Neither powerful radioactive energy nor conflict of firepower were necessary to deploy it. If these parasites were allowed to reproduce on a normal planet without being injected with a series of death inducing genes that would cause their programmed deaths at a specific time like a robot beforehand, they could destroy an entire planet if things went south.

Nata said that Cillin might the only person in the entire Vanguard who could continue Chamonidine's legacy, the 'Parasite Code' in accordance to its original standards. It's not that Falvey did not know the value of 'Parasite Code'. On the contrary, he knew very well just how important 'Parasite Code' was, which was why he had altered his views on Cillin by a lot after hearing Nata's words. It was exactly these words that prompted Falvey to seek out the Sixth B Squadron for a cooperative relationship on his own accord.

On that day, Nata had looked at a document in his hands and said, "'Grim Reaper' has Godfather, but we Vanguard may produce an existence who is no weaker than 'Godfather' in the future."

This 'existence' he was referring to was Cillin.

While Falvey was pondering about Nata's evaluation of Cillin, the 'existence' Nata spoke of was lying in his own bedroom and sleeping like a pig.

Previously, he had slept because he needed to absorb the data left behind by Chamonidine in 'sleep' mode. This time though, he had to work overnight with Eudy and Beaver to research Sector S prison's defense system, and the reason why 'Mist', 'Merciless' and 'Grim Reaper' were able to infiltrate it and cause a system paralysis.

During the next few days, Eudy and Beaver could not endure the fatigue and had to stop twice temporarily to replenish their energy. However, Cillin had not stopped to rest for a single moment. During that time, his vision was filled with densely packed programs and calculation formulas the second he closed his eyes, and if anyone were to voice out some relevant numbers beside Cillin's ears he would immediately substitute the numbers into those complicated formulas and come up with the results. It was the conditioned reflex he practiced during the research.

If it wasn't for Cillin, only god knows how long it would take for Eudy and Beaver to finish their research alone.

Right now, Cillin, Eudy and Beaver were all sleeping in their own respective bedrooms. He had not even bothered to shave himself. The gray cat jumped beside Cillin, took a glance and gave his messy hair a scratch and a sniff. There was a strange smell coming off it. Just how many days had it been since he last washed his hair!?

After letting out a sneeze disdainfully, the gray cat jumped on top of Scarlet Wind's little bed, grabbed his tail and rolled itself into a ball, sleeping. The chameleon had said that the days ahead might be a little more difficult than usual, which was why it should hone its strength for the big push. Yes, that was the expression to use alright.

Chapter 185: Robot Kingdom [Part 1]

This time, their destination was the core planet of Sector G District F, planet G-F100. Its size was moderate, and although it was appointed as the core planet of District F, in reality its planetary habitability didn't reach Rank A. It was a rank B planet that had poorer conditions.

The owner of planet G-F100 was called Robert Frentz. He was also the person who negotiated the contract with Falvey.

Speaking of the Robert Family; the GAL famous robot family, they actually did not number over a hundred people. They could be said to be the unconventionals of the unconventionals among all the other reputable families in GAL.

Unlike the other families, the Robert Family did not have human servants, bodyguards and so on. Instead, they were replaced with extremely realistic robots who looked so lifelike that many people could not differentiate whether the Robert Family's robots were real or fake humans even if they were to stand right in front of them. These robots could even fool some scanner as well.

In the past, the Third B Squadron and Sixth B Squadron had only learned about the Robert Family's robots through the reports in electronic publications. However, what they'd seen today with their own eyes obviously stunned them to a greater degree.

The starships parked at the space station outside the planet, and only a large majority of combat personnel and small minority of

logistics personnel were going to set foot on planet G-F100. Shawton had only brought three teams with him, and Cillin's team was one of them. As compared to Falvey's disposition of forces, Shawton's side was a lot more low-key. After all, they were only accompanying the Third Squadron, so they couldn't possibly grab the limelight for themselves.

After descending from the spaceplane, Cillin cast a glance at a flock of birds flying by in the sky.

"These are all robo-birds." the gray cat didn't look conflicted just because these birds weren't carbon lifeforms. In fact, it looked rather happy at the discovery. As a rare specie in the universe, its diet was incredibly diverse. Naturally, it could consume carbon birds, but it could consume robo-birds just the same. It's not bad to eat something different for a change after all.

"Moderate yourself. The observers would notice if any one of these robo-birds go missing. It'll be hard to explain things if their disappearances were traced back to you." Cillin stretched out a finger and poked the gray cat's head.

"I know, I'm just saying. I'll pretend that I don't understand what those robots are talking about." the gray cat licked its paw, looked up and inhaled deeply, "What a familiar smell." It was the smell of machines.

The planet's layout looked almost the same as a rank A planet's. In fact, it looked prettier than a rank A planet. After all, a robot would not generate as much daily garbage.

There were some people who were raising sheeps on a wide grassland. The grass was real grass, and the goats were real goats, but the same could not be said about the humans raising them. Perhaps they were all robots, but looked almost identical to normal people.

Falvey led the group over a stretch of road on the grassland before stopping to say, “It should be here; to the left side of the planet.”

Grasslands filled the left and right side of the group. They were spacious and empty, and the shepherds from earlier were all gone. They had not encountered anyone else along the way.

“This is the place we’ve agreed upon, so there should be no mistake. Let’s wait.” Shawton said to the Sixth B Squadron members walking towards him.

Since both the commanders had given their word, naturally no one would refute them. They waited obediently at the spot.

Scarlet Wind was obviously excited to see the grassland. The planet he was on earlier did not have such beautiful grassland.

A lot of animals liked grasslands. Snowball and the gray cat were already rolling on the grasslands. Tico’s little rabbit had also been set loose to feed on the grass. Dough’s body color was identical to the grassland’s, so it was impossible to see where it was unless one was paying attention.

“Actually, the reason this planet was categorised as rank B was because it had too little resources. However, this planet’s conditions slowly changed under Robert Frentz and his robot kingdom’s influence. After all, there were very, very few people who needed to eat on this planet. Most of the ‘people’ here only needed to absorb solar energy to function.” Shawton explained to the group.

“This was what made the Robert Family astounding. The robot kingdom is still the robot kingdom beneath this grassland.” Eudy said while looking at the scanner’s panel.

“After this planet was reformed, it became Robert Frentz’s kingdom, whereas Robert Frentz himself was the king of this planet.”

While listening to Shawton and Beaver’s words, Cillin also noticed the activity beneath the grassland.

The activity underground wasn’t big. In fact, it was almost indistinguishable above the grassland. However, the reason this grassland was able to grow so lushly wasn’t only because of the light shields. The ground itself was infertile, and the nutrients and elements necessary for the growth of all kinds of plants were lacking. That was why the machines beneath the ground had pumped nutrients and elements into this land.

Soil reform from underground was a lot more environmentally friendly than spraying the nutrients and elements directly on the

surface, and the utilisation rate would improve by a lot too. This method was also closer to the Robert Family's 'realism' standards, and it looked more natural on the surface.

However, what was reformed was reformed. No matter how lifelike they appeared, they were still reformed. Once the reformation process was stopped, everything would return to what it once was. The Robert Family was a group of people who enjoyed living in their own worlds.

The group didn't wait for too long when a flying car flew over from afar. It made a beautiful turn once it approached the group, stopped in the air before them and slowly descended to the ground.

A person walked out from inside the car. He looked very fit, and he wore a warm smile on his face. After roughly sweeping a glance across the people on the grassland, he walked directly towards Falvey.

"Mr. Falvey, I apologize to have kept you and your men waiting for so long. My boss was held up with something, and he could not to clear up the time to come personally. Please accept our apologies." the person said clearly and walked before Falvey. After saluting in the manner of an aristocrat, he said, "My name is Carl. My boss has ordered to welcome you."

"Mr. Carl, I am very happy to see you. We have not waited for long either."

Falvey did not reveal much emotion on his face, and the

‘happiness’ he spoke of did not show at all. Of course, this did not mean that he was angry. Falvey’s expressions were just scarce to begin with.

Carl continued to smile gently. After the brief introduction, he said, “Please follow me, everyone.”

A spaceplane descended from the sky following Carl’s voice. Carl made an inviting gesture, but he did not follow the group into the spaceplane. The spaceplane had a pilot inside already.

The spaceplane flew away when both squadrons had gone up the vehicle. Meanwhile, Carl leaped into the flying car he sat in before and followed them from behind.

The destination of the spaceplane was a village-like place. Here, there were no high rise buildings, and no atmosphere of bustling cities like other planets. It looked more like an isolated world.

The group were all a little amazed by the sight before them.

The ‘men’ carried many bags of packed crops into the warehouse. The ‘women’ were bantering with each other and drying clothes beside pomegranate trees. The ‘children’ were playing games in groups, running everywhere with soil stuck on their bodies.

“They’re all…” Cary looked a little suspicious.

“They are all robots.” Eudy said.

“They’re all robots?!” Tang Qiuqiu stared curiously at every person on both sides of the street. These ‘people’ looked different from the robots she’d seen before. Don’t they look a little too… real?!

“Wah——”

A child’s cry broke through the air. Several kids had accidentally kicked another kid while they were playing, and as a consequence the kid who was kicked did not snatch the playing card he wanted in time.

The crying sound was truly indistinguishable from the real one, drawing tears from anyone who heard it and shocking those who learned about it. The tears in the kids’ eyes were especially realistic, smearing his already dusty and soil stained face even dirtier than before.

“Are they… really… robots?” Cary asked again.

This time, Eudy and Beaver fell silent too.

A man walked out of the house because of the kid’s cries and picked him up from the ground. He wiped the tears from the kid’s face and tried to calm him down with a smile. He handed over a playing card to the kid, and finally the kid who had cried so hard that his face was swollen red finally broke into a smile.

Eudy and the others continued to maintain their silence. Even Shawton did not dare to guess recklessly, or it would be embarrassing if they made a mistake.

Carl who was leading the way in front simply smiled faintly at the sight. He continued to guide them forwards.

When he passed by the chair the kid had sat down on earlier, Cillin extended a hand and wiped the tear of the crying kid that had been left behind on the chair seemingly at random.

“What is it? Did you find something?” Cary moved over and saw the water on Cillin’s hand, “Is that a tear?”

The gray cat that was originally lying on Cillin’s shoulders grew energetic and stretched its neck over. Seeing this, Cillin wiped part of the tear on his finger directly onto the gray cat’s whiskers.

The gray cat shook its head in disdain, ‘Tsk, water.”

“Yes, water. That is all there is to it.” Cillin said.

Cary didn’t quite come to realisation just yet, “What do you guys mean?”

Tico, dressed in a big white coat walked over and explained, “If it just just water, then that kid just now really is a robot. A human’s tear does not contain just water. If we are to categorise them, they can be differentiated into basic types, reflexive types, emotional

types and so on. For example, the tears leaked when a person is sad or moved are different. The composition of the tear is different. Be it the metallic elements such as sodium, potassium, manganese etc or enzymes, the composition of a tear is different depending on the situation."

This was the complexity of a human being. Unlike human beings, a robot could only leak water from their eyes no matter how realistic they appeared to be. They were not as complex as a human's tear.

"I see." Cary nodded in understanding.

"Even so, Robert Family's robots are just too shocking." Eudy lamented. It was real, too real. The sensation of touch and the blue veins popping from the 'man's' arm when he held up the kid looked very realistic.

However, they were all robots. In Robert Family's robot kingdom, every 'person' here could instantly change modes and transform into a combat tool that was no less dangerous than the Third Squad and Sixth Squad's combat personnel if needed.

This was just the robots in Robert Frentz's robot kingdom. What about the domain of other members of the Robert Family? Did they look about the same as well?

"Robots like these could sell for at least eight figures per unit outside." Beaver said. He was aware of the Robert Family's special robots' selling price at least.

“Maybe we can buy an arm if we sell me.” Cary mumbled to himself.

Chapter 185: Robot Kingdom [Part 2]

While letting out sighs of admiration at Robert Family's robot kingdom, the group followed Carl to a building that looked like an ancient castle.

After they went inside, several people dressed in ancient knight uniforms standing beside the corridor performed an ancient salute when they saw Carl.

"Humph, those two robots are talking shit about us!" the gray cat said indignantly beside Cillin's ears after they walked far away. No one else but Cillin could hear its words.

"What did they say?" Cillin raised a hand and scratched the bottom its chin.

The robots weren't communicating with each other through words, but a kind of electromagnetic wave that was nigh undetectable even by rank A human beings. Therefore, although the two people dressed in knight uniforms looked like they were just standing there solemnly with their mouths firmly shut, they'd in fact communicated a lot of things with each other.

The gray cat's eyes narrowed at Cillin's chin rub, "They say that everyone of us look incredibly ugly and dumb, and that they can't believe we're bringing animals with us. They say that Snowball is as fat as a ball, and that my hair color is very ugly. What the meow! They have no appreciation for aesthetics at all!" the gray cat humphed.

“There’s no need to split hairs over them. You are a lifeform several ranks higher than them.”

“Of course I am! Didn’t you notice that I pretended that I heard nothing? This is what they call ‘disregard’, isn’t it?” the gray cat said proudly.

“Yes, yes, you’ve performed very well today!” Cillin said. A cat must be stroked the right direction, or its hair would puff up.

Carl led the group into a grand hall. There were some carefully prepared food in the grand hall and beautiful maids standing at the side. If they hadn’t known that more than ninety nine percent of the ‘people’ here were all robots, some of them would’ve stirred at the pretty sight. Now, they could only put all of their aroused energy on their food. Of course, a basic level of caution was a must. The two commanders hadn’t brought them along to play the role of gluttons and decorations.

Carl said that Frentz was still busy, and that they shouldn’t hold themselves back and eat first.

The group didn’t hold themselves back. In any case, the Robert Family was absolutely not lacking in money.

After they were done eating, Carl led Falvey and Shawton into the study first while the others waited outside. After meal refreshments and tea were served so that the guests did not look neglected.

Cary despised such superficial procedures greatly, but despising something and choosing to eat were two different things. Therefore, he had hadn't missed out on any refreshment and tea.

Cillin sat on his chair and drank tea at his leisure. Meanwhile, the gray cat lay on top of Cillin's shoulder, kept its ears open and listened in on those electromagnetic waves and 'gossip' between robots.

In reality, the electromagnetic waves transmitted by these robots could not be deciphered by anyone but people like Frentz, who knew how the electromagnetic waves should be converted into coded signals. Not even Cillin could figure out what these electromagnetic waves meant even if they were caught by instruments. The only reason the gray cat could understand it was because it had the advantage of being a half cyborg.

The gray cat tried very hard to keep a straight face as it listened in to the robot's gossip. However, its shaking whiskers let Cillin knew that this fellow was on the verge of exploding.

"Don't choke on it. Just laugh if you want to laugh. As long as it's not too ridiculous, no one will know that you're laughing over what those robots were talking about."

The gray cat grinned and was about to tell an interesting tale it just heard, when suddenly it froze.

"What is it?" Cillin noticed the gray cat's abnormality.

The gray cat thought for a moment before saying, "... something's wrong."

A while later, the gray cat worked hard to maintain a normal expression on its cat face. However, what it told Cillin made him tense up all over.

"I've just received a piece of electromagnetic wave that's very familiar and impressive... it's the electromagnetic wave that I've received back at the warehouse when we went to that grade three prison planet in Sector S not long ago."

'Grim Reaper'!

This was Cillin's first reaction. He could not think of anyone else but 'Grim Reaper' right away.

The grade three prison's defense systems and defense network – be it in or off planet – had completely collapsed. It was no wonder Cillin was this nervous in face of such technology. After all, the grade three prison planet's downfall was too horrific.

"Keep listening." Cillin told the gray cat.

"Mm, I know." the gray cat was no longer joking around. Because it had been controlling its expression all this time, no one noticed anything unusual from it even now.

Cillin did a concealed hand gesture, and everyone including Eudy and Dias felt sudden apprehension when they saw it. They might not know what was going on, but the meaning behind Cillin's hand gesture was all too important.

High alert!

Why did Cillin tell them to be on high alert?

When Tico saw Rikulab's hand gesture and the little rabbit folding its ears and trembling inside her coat pocket, she sucked in a deep breath.

There was trouble. Big trouble. Otherwise, Little White's ears would not shake this way.

Tico had always known about the little rabbit's ability to predict danger. She also figured out what its trembling ears meant after so many years of association.

The Third B Squadron had also seen the hidden message Cillin sent them. While they still appeared to be chatting and laughing as before, they were ready to react to anything.

They were all people who had experienced many things, and they all had their own ways of dealing with a situation like this. However, there were many robot maids surrounding them, so they could not react too obviously.

Scarlet Wind took huge bites off the food on his plate while keeping its sharp ears perfectly straight. Right now he was paying attention to his surroundings at every moment, and it was no longer wagging its tail.

Cillin stood up. Everyone around him was looking at him.

He smiled and said, “I just now received news about the T13 minerals. Let me inform the commander and Commander Falvey about it; we may be able to increase our price.”

No one believed Cillin’s words, but some people understood that it meant that the matter was related to the two commanders, and that the two commanders were in danger!

“I’ll accompany you.” Cary said.

It wasn’t just Cary; the lieutenant commanders of both Squadrons wanted to accompany him as well. However, Cillin had turned them down.

“It’s fine. It’ll only take a moment. You guys should wait here, there are a lot squaddies here after all.”

What he meant was: if something happens, you guys need to be here to lead our squadmates. If we all head over then things will get difficult to manage. Plus, it’s easier for me to act alone.

They did not insist after hearing Cillin’s words.

Udoze looked a little nervous. Thankfully, he lowered his head so that no one could notice the anxiety in his heart. Beaver patted his shoulder to indicate him to calm down. He looked up and gave Beaver a smile, “I’m fine, I choked on something just now.”

After inhaling deeply several times, Udoze also became a lot calmer than before.

Cillin walked to Frentz’ study. However, the maids did not attempt to stop him. This puzzled Cillin greatly.

This shouldn’t be…

Chapter 186: Robot Rebellion [Part 1]

Just now, the gray cat had intercepted a segment of an electromagnetic transmission that indicated that these robots were planning to rebel.

However, Cillin was puzzled: why on earth had they waited until they arrived to rebel? Why had they not chosen an earlier or later time? Also, was ‘Grim Reaper’ behind the robot’s rebellion?

Although he couldn’t confirm this, anything involving ‘Grim Reaper’ still must be treated with caution. Otherwise, there wouldn’t be the chance to regret anything if they were utterly routed.

A person dressed as a servant led Cillin to Frentz’s study.

Cillin didn’t deliberately pay attention to the servant leading the way in front of him. This servant was also a robot, and he was also a member of those ‘rebels’. On the surface, the servant didn’t appear to have strayed from the role Frentz had assigned him. He was polite, he wore a smile on his face, and he looked very friendly. If the gray cat hadn’t intercepted the electromagnetic wave transmitted from this servant, Cillin wouldn’t have known his next objective either.

The servant stood at the door of Frentz’ study and pressed the prompt button. A screen popped out of the door and displayed a middle-aged man’s face.

“What is it?” the middle-aged man asked.

Judging from the tone of his voice, he was obviously a little dissatisfied with the interruption just now. This man was none other than Robert Frentz.

“Master, this gentleman says that he needs to speak to the two gentlemen earlier about something related to the T13 minerals.” the servant said respectfully.

Falvey and Shawton sitting inside the room felt a shiver in their hearts. Frentz hadn’t changed the communication setting to private mode, so they could hear every word said between the master and the servant, and see that the person standing behind the servant was Cillin. This was also why they knew that something must have happened since Cillin wasn’t familiar with the details of the T13 minerals contract, and he wasn’t someone who would say such things for no particular reason.

Falvey and Shawton showed nothing on their faces even though they had something in their own mind. Instead, They actively covered up Cillin’s lie.

The irritation on Frentz’s face cleared up a bit as he nodded, “If it is for the matter of the T13 minerals, then come on in so we may talk.”

Shawton noticed that Cillin’s fingers hanging beside his body seemed to jerk at random. His fingers hadn’t even moved for five seconds, and during this five seconds all Cillin did was to walk into

the room from the door, greet and salute Frentz briefly. However, these five seconds were all too shocking for Falvey and Shawton.

The deciphered meaning behind the code Cillin's finger movements had transmitted was: High alert, robot rebellion, they want to kill Frentz.

Frentz cast a glance at Cillin and was just about to speak. Suddenly, a dozen or so gun barrels popped out of Carl's arm and open fired at Cillin, Falvey and Shawton at the same time.

Meanwhile, a high energy beam blade popped out of the hand of the servant who came in, while his other hand picked up a disc-like instrument. He charged to where Frentz was sitting at. There was an invisible energy shield blocking the way, and the servant swung the disc-like instrument at the energy shield.

The round disc caused the energy shield to become weaker and weaker, while Frentz was obviously a little caught off guard by the sudden commotion that was happening around him. He seriously could not figure out why these robots had reacted the way they did. It was only until the energy shield had dissipated and the servant was charging towards him with his beam blade that he finally thought of dodging out of the way.

Cillin sent the servant flying with a kick as he cut the servant's wrist in half with his own wrist blade. The servant's severed wrist didn't have blood in it. It was all some composite fiber, conductive circuits and so on.

The wrist blade Cillin was currently wielding had been obtained from the base. It was better than that tragic wrist blade that had been destroyed like tofu, and it had cut off the robot's wrist rather smoothly.

The robot did not feel pain despite having his wrist cut off. His movements wouldn't slow because of the loss of a limb.

Cillin avoided the servant's sudden kick, lowered his body to avoid the beam blade's attack and swiped his own wrist blade over the servant's neck like lightning at the same time.

Zzzt——

Although the robot's neck wasn't completely cut off, the result was almost the same. Some of the servant's circuits had severed, and the beam blade had vanished into its hilt. However, Cillin didn't relax just because the battle appeared to be over. He noticed something amiss and reflexively moved his head sideways. Two laser beams passed by the tip of his hair and caused a burnt stench to come off it.

The two high density energy laser beams were fired from the servant's eyes. Cillin had no choice but to keep smashing the servant after discovering that he was able to mount a counterattack like this even after his throat was severed.

Yes: smash. He smashed his fists onto the servant's face again and again. He had figured out the toughness of the robot's external composite materials while fighting him, and he knew that it was

fine even if he were to smash it with just fists.

The robot finally stopped kicking and expired after his head was smashed into the shape of a patty.

The trio who were prepared were able to dodge away from Carl's attack. They were also able to activate the portable energy shields they carried with them. Before they came in, their guns had all been placed at the storage box beside the door. They only had their wrist blade and some small cutting tools with them. However, this was enough. As long as their portable energy shields were activated, they could get close to Carl and find a chance to kill him.

While Cillin was dealing with that servant, the two commander level figures fought against Carl at the same time and forced him to retreat again and again. In the end, Carl seemed to have finally figured out the situation and retreated away from the room.

The room where Cillin was wasn't the only place to suddenly bustle with activity. A battle had been started at the grand hall as well. The entire grand hall was turned into a complete mess by both parties, and the luxurious dining table had been wrecked beyond recognition into many tiny pieces already.

Scarlet Wind had shedded his innocent appearance since a long time ago, and his entire body was brimming with brutality right now. His extended long claws pierced right through a female servant's heart before he forcefully split her entire body apart. Despite having watched the female servant's split body falling to the ground, Scarlet Wind still swiped at her head one more time. Just now someone was hurt by the laser beams shot from these

robots' eyes, and he had no idea if they were fully dead. Therefore, Scarlet Wind had acted very cautiously. He would completely destroy all body parts that presented a threat, and if one swipe wasn't enough then he would swipe a couple more times.

Not far away, the Third B Squadron's members felt their eyes twitching rapidly at Scarlet Wind's actions.

That is just way, way too f*cking brutal!

Tang Qiuqiu might not have Scarlet Wind's brutal ability, but her shooting skills were very good. There was almost no pause in between her shooting, and there was no such thing as aim time to her at all. She relied fully on the feelings in her hands and instinct to pull it off. The modified bullets entered the robots' head through their eyes before exploding. Therefore, every shot Tang Qiuqiu fired quite literally exploded her enemies' head.

A headless robot still possessed a certain degree of offensive power, but it was the kind of indiscriminate attack that hit not just the Third and Sixth Squad, but also other robots. This also reduced everyone's burden.

There was also a white shadow scuttling here and there, and wherever it went robots were always sent flying into the ceiling or surrounding walls. The walls were not damaged at all, but the robots were close to falling apart. Even those that hadn't fallen apart moved sluggishly at best.

Meanwhile, the starships outside the planet broke away from the

space station to avoid any potential threats that might arise from this place.

Cillin had already sent a transmission to the starships outside the planet before he went into Frentz's study. Of course, the transmission was encoded. To an outsider it would appear like a normal transmission, and to a squad member who decoded it it would turn into something else. Cillin instructed them to pay close attention to their side of activity, and the second they noticed something amiss they should break away from the space station and not make contact with any matter that was related to the planet. The matter of reinforcement must be arranged with great caution, and they absolutely must not be taken out in space before they could come over and assist them.

Inside the study, after taking out the servant and forcing Carl away, Cillin briefly explained to Frentz about the matter's development. After all, it was Frentz's robots who had turned traitor. It was not confirmed yet what exactly was going on, and whether the rebellion was caused by 'Grim Reaper' or some other factors.

Frentz cast a complicated look at Cillin before walking to the wall behind his chair in silence. He pressed his palm against the wall.

Where Frentz's palm had touched, a flat surface that looked like an electronic panel appeared. Frentz pressed a few numbers on the panel. Those numbers were definitely not passcodes, or there was no way he would insert them right in front of Cillin and the others.

After the numbers were inserted, a diagram and some data

appeared on the wall. After looking at the diagram and the data, Frentz exclaimed despondently,

“The 3rd generation…”

“What?” Falvey asked. Right now he was incredibly unhappy. What was a simple trade had suddenly developed to this state, not to mention that his subordinates were still fighting the robots outside. He didn’t know exactly how they were faring either.

Frentz let out a sigh, “All of the 3rd generation robots had turned traitor!”

Chapter 186: Robot Rebellion [Part 2]

3rd generation robots?

Cillin and the others didn't know exactly what the term '3rd generation' was pointing at.

Looking at the diagram displayed on the wall and the group of light dots approaching towards the center point in a circle, they figured that the center point was probably the ancient castle they were in, and the light dots were the traitorous '3rd generation robots' Frentz spoke of.

Frentz operated over the light wall for a moment before turning to look at Falvey, "Have all the people you brought with you entered the castle already?"

"Other than those left behind on the spaceplanes, they are all here."

"Alright. The castle will go into lockdown. Those traitors are coming to us."

Falvey said nothing and headed outside. Since the castle was going into lockdown, then the 'traitors' inside the castle needed to be cleaned out completely.

The 'knights' and 'servants' inside the castle had all turned traitor. The defenders who should be defending had turned against

them instead. The blood on the floor all belonged to the Third and Sixth Squad since these robots do not bleed. That was why Falvey and Shawton's hearts were heavy as they stared at the blood traces on the floor.

Regardless of whether their squads were in danger, they had definitely bled a lot of blood.

Perhaps it was because Frentz had activated the castle's internal defense system, but the robot rebels began to receive attacks from all directions. There was nowhere to hide inside the castle, although of course, they wouldn't hide to begin with.

Very soon, the robot rebels inside the castle were cleaned out. The medical personnel were treating the wounded. There were two members of the Third Squadron who had passed away, and there were plenty of others who suffered grievous injuries. Thankfully, there were plenty of high quality medicines and medical instruments inside the castle, so the heavily wounded personnel were all treated in time.

That being said, Shawton and Falvey were feeling pretty bad right now. They were currently trapped inside this ancient castle, and they had no idea how the members inside the spaceplanes were faring. They couldn't contact them, and their communicators couldn't receive any signal at all. Therefore, Falvey had sought out Frentz again to contact the people inside the spaceplane.

The good news was the spaceplanes didn't look like they were attacked. Right now, the people trapped inside were still puzzled as to why they had suddenly lost communication with them.

Earlier, Cillin had only told them to be on high alert, but he didn't tell them to leave this place. This was so as to avoid not having a spaceplane to use in the case of emergency. However, it would seem that they didn't need it right now.

Therefore, Falvey and Shawton ordered the men inside the spaceplanes to leave the planet and regroup with the starships first. They would contact them later for further orders.

Although both Falvey and Shawton very much hoped to take the spaceplanes and leave right now, they would only be shot down before they even came close to the ancient castle. Not all 3rd generation robots were land bound.

Before the Third and Sixth B Squadrons had arrived, Frentz was the only person inside the ancient castle. The rest of the Robert Family members and Frentz's wife and children were all on the other side of the planet. This was just a workplace for Frentz.

After trouble had visited them, Frentz contacted the people on the other side of the planet and activated the highest level of defense. There weren't many 3rd generation robots over the other side, and a large majority of the Robert Family members on the planet were all there as added insurance. Right now, Frentz wasn't worried about that side.

"A, transmit a wave band signal." Frentz said softly while lying on his chair.

A wave band was transmitted from the ancient castle, and it swiftly enveloped the entire planet. The 4th and 5th generation robots that received the wave band all began to transform. They no longer needed to continue their previous role, and the people Cillin's group had seen at the village and the town, be it man or woman, young or old, had all immediately begun to switch modes.

A while later, Frentz finally left his study and arrived at the grand hall. After all, he as the host had a responsibility to bear over his guests.

He drew something on the wall and changed it into an electronic screen that displayed what's happening outside.

"The 3rd generation robots had all been infected by the 'Virus'. Right now, I'm naming this virus as 'Rebel', and all the robots that are infected by this virus would no longer receive orders from the original core program and execute their antivirus programs instead. It is also what you've just encountered just now. What's strange is that the 4th and 5th generation robots are all normal. This virus absolutely could've infected the 4th and 5th generation robots, but in reality that is not the case. Therefore, this is a purposeful attack."

"Grim Reaper?" Shawton spoke up.

Frentz nodded, "It should be. No one in the Robert Family would do such a thing. Cillin had also said earlier that he had received an electromagnetic signal relating to 'Grim Reaper'."

No one asked why Cillin was sure that the electromagnetic signal he received was from ‘Grim Reaper’. No one asked why he knew these robots would rebel either. Right now, Frentz didn’t have the time to mull over such things anyway.

Looking at the images displayed on the wall, Falvey frowned and asked, “If the 4th and 5th generation robots you talk about are the commoner-looking robots we’ve seen before, then they do not look like they can fully hold back the 3rd generation robots even though they have the numbers advantage.”

After a pause, Falvey continued, “Since there are 3rd, 4th and 5th generation robots, shouldn’t there be 1st and 2nd generation robots too?”

Frentz didn’t answer this question. He simply looked at the images displayed on the screen.

Outside the ancient castle, the 4th and 5th generation robots were resisting against the 3rd generation robots. However, be it in terms of materials or weapon equipment, they were incomparable to the 3rd generation robots. Still, their suicidal way of attacking had impeded the 3rd generation robots greatly.

On the screen, a ‘child’ with only half a body left held onto a 3rd generation robot and self destructed. At that range, the explosion was a huge threat to the 3rd generation robot. However, everyone couldn’t help but feel a strange kind of oppression as they watched the many other explosion scenes on the screen. They knew they weren’t human, but they couldn’t help but feel something for them anyway.

There were many people who were looking at the images on the wall, but Cillin no longer paid them any attention after the initial glance. His eyes might still be staring at the screen, but his thoughts were somewhere else already.

The robots' earlier 'gossip' was to figure out if they could understand the meaning behind their transmissions. That was why everything had happened so swiftly after the gray cat pretended that it couldn't understand a thing. However, what puzzled Cillin was: why had the robots chosen this particular timing to act?

Or should he say, why had 'Grim Reaper' chosen this timing to make the 3rd generation robots rebel?

Frentz definitely knew nothing about this. Cillin could see that he wasn't lying.

In that case, what goal did 'Grim Reaper' have this time?

It was most definitely not to kill Frentz, or those robots would've stopped Cillin from going to the study. The reason was because they didn't actually want Frentz dead.

After pondering for a while, Cillin deduced that 'Grim Reaper' was targeting Frentz. However, exactly what they were expecting Frentz to do, he had no way of knowing.

The 4th and 5th generation robots grew fewer and fewer. In the end, many 4th and 5th generation robots were blasted into smithereens by heavy firepower before they could even get close.

The guns equipped on the 4th and 5th generation robots' bodies could only make a small hole or dent on the 3rd generation robots' bodies. Anyone with a discerning eye could notice the gap in strength and predict the final outcome.

"What should we do?" Falvey asked while staring at the screen.

The question was directed at Frentz. No one else had said a word. Cary was rubbing his shoulder cannon, Scarlet was toying with his own fingers probably because he hadn't had enough from the killing earlier, and Snowball was looking very quiet as it slept with its head leaning against Tang Qiuqiu. However, anyone who saw its eyes would know that this white fatty had a lot of 'fun' earlier.

More and more 3rd generation robots were starting to gather around the ancient castle. The Third and Sixth Squad didn't have the patience to calm down. They had no idea how long this ancient castle could last, and they were making preparations to face the robot's attack that might come at any moment.

Frentz rubbed his glabella and said helplessly, "A, activate the 2nd generation's activation wave band signal."

2nd generation activation? Was he referring to the 2nd generation robots?

What did the 2nd generation robots look like?

On a screen displaying the other side of the planet, there was a mountain area covered in range upon range of mountains. However, gradually, the crowd was stunned by what they saw.

One of the mountain began to transform and break down into many little pieces. Every little piece of the mountain would take on a humanoid shape after they became separated from the mountain.

Are… are those the 2nd generation robots?!

A mountain was huge, and even after it had broke into many smaller robots the ground was still going to be completely covered with them. Their numbers were still much fewer than the 3rd generation robots, but they were the 2nd generation robots after all. They should be stronger, and they shouldn't have any problems taking down the 3rd generation robots.

However, Frentz shouted loudly not long after.

"Impossible!!"

"While staring at the images on the screen, the gray cat lying on top of Cillin's shoulder shook its whiskers, "I think… we've fallen into a trap."

Chapter 187: The 1st Generation Activates [Part 1]

The images in the screen on the wall made everyone shudder.

The 2nd generation robots who had split away from a large mountain, taken form and awakened from their sleep hadn't even started dealing with the rebellion of the 3rd generation robots when they all turned stiff at once.

This so-called stiffness was the robots standing right where they were as if they had been frozen. They maintained their initial posture and didn't move a muscle. Only on occasion that fluorescent red light would flash across their eyes.

That fluorescent red light was triggered by the invasion of the virus. The fact that their eyes were flashing red was an indicator that their programs were being altered as Frentz's control over the robots grew weaker and weaker. Despite doing everything in his power to save the situation, he couldn't stop the virus from hacking the robots.

These 'Rebel' programs were incredibly invasive. Some of the 2nd generation robots' tool control programs couldn't be completely altered, and some of their encrypted microsystems couldn't be fully hacked. The 'Rebel' virus obviously took longer to infect a 2nd generation robot, and it had to forcefully wipe away some programs that couldn't be altered.

Therefore, when the 2nd generation robots started moving again

after they were infected, they didn't move as smoothly as they could've.

"It seems that the viruses hasn't completely taken over the 2nd generation robots." Shawton said.

Falvey and the others let out a small sigh of relief. The 3rd generation robots were acceptable enemies; at the very least they could still deal with them somewhat. However, the 2nd generation robots were troublesome. Five 3rd generation robots might not necessarily be capable of dealing with a 2nd generation robot.

"No, it's not over yet!" Frentz's fingers danced across the light panel that had popped up.

Eudy, Beaver and a few others slowly figured out some clues.

"The viruses are improving!" Eudy said.

Frentz didn't answer him. It was obvious that he agreed with Eudy's words.

"Does this mean that someone on this planet is modifying these virus programs?" Falvey asked.

A Third B Squadron member nodded, "It should be. Otherwise, these 'Rebel' viruses wouldn't have invaded with such purposiveness and improved this quickly."

The ‘Grim Reaper’ who spread the viruses artificially was right on this planet.

The 3rd generation robots were moving more and more smoothly. This meant that the viruses had invaded more and more parts of the 3rd generation robots. The command programs inside the robots were getting more and more unified, and resulting in increasingly quick movements. It was a given that the two contradicting orders sent out by Frentz and the other person controlling from behind the scenes would cause the robots’ reactions to slow, but as Frentz lost more and more control over the 3rd generation robots, their movements grew smoother over time.

The situation didn’t allow for any optimism. If they were facing only the 3rd generation robots, at the worst they could charge outside and make a bold gambit. However, now that the 2nd generation robots had joined the fray, a reckless charge was suicidal.

Right now Frentz couldn’t be bothered to wipe the sweat on his head. His hands never stopped moving, and he didn’t even dare to slow down. Cillin said, “If you can’t do it alone, then let some of us help you. There are some technical staff in both our squadrons who know about this stuff.”

Shawton and Falvey looked at each other face to face before casting a glance at the quiet Frentz. They frowned and shook their heads.

The Robert Family robots had their own special control methods and special coding procedures. These were all knowledge that couldn't be taught to outsiders. For example, Frentz was typing code right in front of them, but no one understood what he was doing because the code he typed were all special symbols that represented a different kind of meaning each.

Moreover, as a reputable robot family in GAL, the Robert Family possessed their own special programming language that was different from the common programming language used in GAL. Only a member of the Robert Family would understand the programming language that belonged exclusively to them, not to mention some exclusive development formulas and execution instructions too. If the two squadrons' technical staff were to join him, Frentz would have to reveal some relevant information. Otherwise, there was no way the technical staff could help at all.

Bang!

Frentz swung his fists at the wall strongly.

The screens continued to display some complicated data and unrecognisable symbols, but even if the crowd couldn't understand what they meant, they all understood that the viruses had completely taken over the 2nd generation robots just by looking at their smooth movements and speed that exceeded the 3rd generation robots, as well as Frentz's action of punching the wall with both hands.

In reality, the group was mistaken as to the reason behind Frentz's anger. He wasn't furious because the 2nd generation

robots were completely hacked by the viruses. He was furious because he found out the reason why they were hacked this quickly.

It was a hole; a hole that had been ignored for the longest time.

The core reason the Robert Family's robots could imitate a human so closely and still possess the super calculation ability and the martial strength of a robot was due to the liquid nucleus chips at the robot's brain.

The liquid nucleus chips were different from the solid chipset possessed at the core of other machines. The chipset in the robot's brain was in liquid form and contained inside it a nucleus. As compared to solid chips, they possessed greater flexibility and upgradeability. Their compatibility with machines were far better than the former as well.

This time, the 'Rebel' viruses were affecting the nanothreads at the outer shell of the nucleus. They couldn't invade into the nucleus, but after affecting the nanothreads they could cut off the liquid chips inside the nucleus from the execution circuits outside and make these execution circuits transmit the viruses' instructions instead.

Right now, both the infected 2nd and 3rd generation robots had lost their ability to execute super calculations and branch divergence programs. They were now just a weapon with a much lousier hit rate than before. This could be considered good news to them.

But to Frentz, this was without a doubt a figurative, painful slap to the face.

He couldn’t believe that the nanothreads and super nanofibers outside the nucleus could be cut off directly. While he had thought about this risk before, back then most of his family members thought that it was impossible to do such a thing. After all, the only way to stop the connection and control of the nucleus over the external execution circuits was to cut off every super nanofiber and nanothread between them. Since most people thought that that was impossible, they didn’t research too deeply in this regard. Therefore, every time the robots were upgraded the upgrades were directed at some other aspects.

However, Frentz wasn’t one of those foolish people. While he did produce his robots later according to the standards set by his family, his own proudest inventions hadn’t followed a similar design.

Frentz had sunk huge efforts into the development of a robot’s nucleus. In fact, he even went as far as to put layer upon layer of encryption in every section of the super nanofibers and nanothreads’ terminals. Because that part of the project was overly arduous, it was also the only time he created the robots using that particular method. The robots he produced later on were all similar with the standard robots used within the family, and they were the current 2nd, 3rd, 4th and 5th generation robots. As for the 1st generation robots, they were the batch Frentz spent the most effort, heart and soul to create. However, Frentz wasn’t willing to activate them. If he did this city would be crippled. The operations he was engaged in for so many years would become

wasted...

While thinking, Frentz slammed his fists against the wall again.

Cillin thought that the Robert Family members held a kind of obsession in their minds. It was a kind of obsession that forced them to believe an obvious lie that was dangled right before their faces. They had the right to be proud of themselves, but they were also too proud and too confident. Their attitude made them overlook many things.

Oh well. Cillin couldn't be bothered to comment about another person's affairs anyway.

Cillin flicked the gray cat's ears and asked, "How is it?"

The gray cat cast him a confident glance.

Cillin returned it a faint smile. There were far more people greater than the Robert Family in terms of machinery than the common masses thought. It was just that the Robert Family was too bright that they outshone the other stars.

The gray cat had already deciphered Frentz's unfamiliar symbols. It had even unraveled some data related to the nucleus.

Chapter 187: The 1st Generation Activates [Part 2]

Both squadrons at the grand hall were a little impatient seeing that there were more and more robots gathered outside. They kept hearing the cracking sounds of robots opening fire at them from outside. Now it was just the 3rd generation robots. Once the 2nd generation robots had shown up, there would be no telling if if the ancient castle still resist against them.

Right now Falvey was extremely angry since they had not agreed to protect their buyer on the contract. The problem was that their current deal wasn't finished yet, and while the price had been negotiated and the goods had been examined, they hadn't gotten their money yet. Judging from the current circumstances, it was unlikely that Frentz would pay them until the crisis was over.

This was a complete disaster that they, the innocent bystanders, were dragged into against their will.

Since the goods had already been turned in, they should be paid upon delivery of the goods, Plus, it didn't look like Frentz was going to ask for their help either.

Hence, Falvey explained his circumstances directly to Frentz. This was Frentz's problem, and the two squadrons were purely innocent bystanders who got dragged into his troubles. They would take their pay and leave, while Frentz would do whatever he needed to do to deal with the situation. Neither Falvey nor Shawton were idiots; they knew that Frentz must have his own trump card. In that case, why should they sacrifice their own

men's lives over someone else's robot problems? Although it was relatively difficult to break out of the encirclement, it would only get harder if they waited until the 2nd generation robots showed up. They might as well leave now, get on the spaceplanes and fly away from this planet.

However, what surprised Falvey was that Frentz had wished for them to stay, and he was willing to pay twice the remuneration for the T13 minerals as reward.

Still, no matter how much money he offered, they must be alive to be able to spend it. Moreover, due to a certain number of rules Frentz had set when they arrived, they had only brought some simple, portable weapons with them. It would be incredibly difficult for them to fight against those inhuman fellows with the equipment they currently possessed. A simple comparison of numbers would show that they were at a complete disadvantage.

"Two hours; I only need you to stay here for two hours. In two hours, I will work together with my people on the other side of the planet and find a way to eliminate the virus. If we haven't found a way by then, then I will activate the 1st generation robots to fight them -"

"- and trail the 2nd generation robots' footsteps?" Falvey said somewhat tauntingly.

"No, the 1st generation robots are different from the other generations. They are my proudest work. They will not be invaded by the virus." Frentz said with certainty.

Falvey cast a glance at Shawton, and Shawton looked a little doubtful: are all Robert Family members so blindly confident in themselves?

"Right now, the castle's defenses are more than sufficient to hold back the 2nd generation and 3rd generation robots. I'm not saying that the castle will hold up forever, but two hours is not a problem."

Now this statement was slightly more believable to Shawton and Falvey. The outer layer of the ancient castle was protected by energy shields, and the outer and inner walls were so tough that even Carl couldn't break through them.

To be honest, both Shawton and Falvey understood that right now was a good opportunity to leave if they wanted to be safe. If they stayed, then it was entirely possible that the situation would slip out of their control later. On the other hand, if they turned down Frentz now then the news that 'Vanguard' was afraid of 'Grim Reaper' and the Robert Family robots would spread to the world before too long.

God dammit, what a f*cked up situation this is!

After Falbey and Shawton had discussed the matter, they accepted Frentz's suggestion and signed a new contract. Both parties were a lot more at ease after the new contract was signed.

Frentz returned to his study to work, and Shawton and Falvey

stayed back inside Frentz's study as well. What if this fellow decided to change his mind and escaped?

Frentz didn't object to Falvey and Shawton's stay inside his study. He was sure that they wouldn't understand the Robert Family's exclusive programming language with their IQ and level of culture anyway.

Maybe Falvey and Shawton would have blown Frentz's brains apart if they could actually hear his internal evaluation of them.

Right now, both squadrons were hanging around inside the grand hall. A number of people were roaming everywhere inside the ancient castle since there were no robots to restrict them anyway. Frentz didn't voice an objection against their activities either, which was those people who were bored to a lack of activity walked around and checked out the castle. It's not everyday one get to see a castle.

"Fuck, the doors are all locked. Here I thought we might get to see something rare!" Cary pouted and complained after he explored the castle once.

"There's nothing we can do about it. This is the Robert Family's domain after all. This may be a castle, but this is also the work of a robot family. Why else do you think Frentz would let us hang around here without worry?" Eudy sneered.

"Don't forget about the guns that popped out of the walls everywhere and took out the robots inside the castle earlier too.

This castle is Frentz's 'eyes'." Beaver added.

Scarlet Wind and Tang Qiuqiu had no interest in such things. Snowball was pulling Tang Qiuqiu around and talking about his glorious achievements from the battle earlier. Scarlet Wind was playing with his own claws, while Udoze moved closer to get a better look at the claws curiously. Just how did these claws manage to tear those robots in half?

"Hey, what are you thinking, Cillin?" Cary bumped Cillin with his elbow.

Cillin and the gray cat had been quiet since the beginning.

The gray cat was lying on top of Cillin's shoulder with its eyes closed, looking like it was asleep. However, Cillin knew that it was processing the new electromagnetic waves it had received and the signals Frentz had transmitted. This entire ancient castle had revealed too much information, and while the others knew nothing about this, to the gray cat who had successfully deciphered the Robert Family's exclusive programming language, the information contained in this place was massive.

As for Cillin, he hadn't mulled over the same matter for an overly long period since his mastery of the machine language couldn't compare to the gray cat's. He was analyzing something else. When he heard Cary's question, Cillin looked up at Cary and the others.

"Did you guys realize that the village and town buildings we passed through earlier – be it the tall, short, luxurious or humbles

ones – were mostly intact even though some of them were destroyed? Even the buildings that were caught in the crossfire between the 4th, 5th generation robots and the 2nd generation robots are still intact. Those buildings are almost the same as the ancient castle we're in.

When he heard Cillin's words, Cary thought back and cast a glance at the display screens on the walls of the grand hall. The displays showed images from a variety of viewing angles, although the main focus was placed at the areas surrounding the castle. From these images, he could see that it was true that some buildings weren't damaged by the ensuing battle. Even though the 3rd generation robots were ramming into things here and there, only some bits and fragments came off the buildings.

"That's true..."

"What's the estimated time before the 2nd generation arrives?" Cillin asked.

Beaver and Eudy took out some small portable instruments and calculated.

"At the fastest, they will arrive in ten minutes." Beaver pointed at the flying type robo-birds on the panel. These robots were also the fastest among their kind, "It won't take long for the rest of the robots to show up as well. Once these pioneering squads had reached their destinations, the rest will arrive in succession.

Cillin nodded, "What else do we know?"

Beaver said with a bitter look on his face, “We’re cut off.”

“The incoming and outgoing signals in this castle had been cut off. Only Frentz and his people could continue to transmit and receive their own signals.” Eudy pulled Dough’s tail away from his arm and said.

Cillin gave a grunt of agreement and closed his eyes. He leaned against the chair and said nothing.

“Hey, you can’t possibly want to sleep in this situation?” Cary let out a strange cry.

Cillin didn’t even bother opening his eyes, “There’s nothing I can do even if I opened my eyes. I may as well take this opportunity to rest for a bit. A tough battle might just be right around the corner.”

Cary opened his mouth, but he didn’t say anything. He continued to watch Eudy and Beaver working on their statistics.

With his eyes closed, the incoming and outgoing signals in the surrounding area appeared in his mind. He could even distinguish those unfamiliar symbols, but he didn’t know what they meant. He would probably need the gray cat’s help to translate them once the time came.

Ten minutes later, the first group of the 2nd generation robots

arrived at the castle. They could sense very clearly that the castle was under even heavier fire than before.

While the castle itself wasn't damaged, the shockwaves happening on the energy shields had affected the building itself. Therefore, the people inside the grand hall were all tensed up as they feared that the energy shields might collapse in the next moment.

The good news was that the energy shield had held on for two hours. Although it was nearing the brink of collapse by the end of it, they had survived the two hours.

The bad news was that Frentz and the other Robert Family members on this planet weren't able to find a way to eliminate the virus. The virus was too crafty, and the more he understood the more he knew about its complexity and ruthlessness. One mistake and every infected robot might self-destruct at the same time. If that happened then this planet would truly be destroyed. Frentz's several dozens of years of hard work would all go to waste as well.

Two hours later, the look in Frentz's eyes had dimmed by a lot. Just like they had discussed earlier, he only had one method to use now.

Frentz stood up from his chair and walked to the wall behind the chair not far away from his desk. He placed his hand on the wall just like before. As a light screen and control panel appeared on the wall, he entered a series of symbols and went through a series of inspections such as identity scan, genetic verification and so on. Finally, Frentz said, "1st generation, activate."

The 1st generation was the generation of robots Frentz spent the most effort on. Unlike the 2nd generation robots that were placed at the mountain area, these robots had in fact been right next to Frentz and the other Robert Family members on this planet.

Chapter 188: Liquid Nucleus Chips [Part 1]

The 1st generation robots were the first batch of robots Frentz created back when he built his own kingdom. While some new technologies weren't implemented into these robots, they were far better than the next generation robots be it in terms of complexity or material quality.

Earlier, the Third and Sixth Squad didn't know where these 1st generation robots were.

The 4th and 5th generation robots were akin to civilians; civilians who lived in this machine city that imitated an ecology. The 3rd generation robots were akin to guards; soldiers who were garrisoned inside this city. Meanwhile, the 2nd generation robots fell under the category of hermits who would be awakened only during certain critical moments. So what about the 1st generation robots?

Everyone looked at the image displayed on the wall. Other than Cillin, Eudy and a few others who were mentally prepared after discussing something relevant to the topic, everyone else wore a look of astonishment on their faces.

Every building in this city – no, not just this city, but many other places on the planet where the Robert Family was present – that was undamaged by the armed rebellion stirred by the 2nd and 3rd generation was a 1st generation robot.

Although the ancient castle they were stuck inside hadn't

undergone a transformation, everyone was wondering inside their hearts whether it was also a 1st generation robot. Relatively speaking, perhaps they were now inside the stomach of a 1st generation robot?

In fact, the 1st generation robots didn't share the same humanoid shape as the other generations. They neither shared the same shape, nor did they share the same size. On the surface they looked incredibly crude, many of the robots were even covered in a layer of soil. They looked like a generation of robots who had phased out of time.

However, who was the better and who was the inferior was obvious the moment the 1st generation robots clashed against the 2nd generation robots.

A large body, agile speed, and excellent equipment. One could see just how much effort was sunk into these 1st generation robots just from their blinking energy shields and rapid transformation in order to adapt to the battlefields.

The fur on the gray cat's ears kept trembling as it lay on top of Cillin's shoulder. It wasn't a reaction that would draw attention from outsiders. After all, who would keep staring at a cat's ears for a prolonged period of time? Even if they did, they wouldn't think much of the trembling fur on a cat's ears.

Right now, every hair on the gray cat's ears was tracking a particular wave band of signal. When Frentz had activated the 1st generation robots, those wave band signals had suddenly increased in number. The signals hadn't came only from the 1st generation

robots, but also from an outside source. These signals carried data that was similar to the 'Rebel' virus, and if the 1st generation robots were to receive these signals then the virus could start infecting them as well. However, the good news was that these 1st generation robots had not turned out the way the 2nd generation robots did even after some of them had received those wave band signals. They continued to maintain their orders and cleaned up the 2nd and 3rd generation 'traitors'.

The shortest 1st generation robot was over ten meters tall, and the tallest 1st generation robot was over a hundred meters tall. The crowd had to admit that they felt pleased and a lot more at ease seeing these big 1st generation robots flinging the 3rd generation robots into the air like they were ants.

"The situation can be dealt with now that these 1st generation robots are here, right?" someone said.

"No, it is not that simple." Frentz, who had walked to the grand hall alongside Shawton and Falvey cast a glance at the group at the grand hall and said, "The build of the 1st generation robots has their own weakness, and they are not without gaps in their defenses. There are too many 3rd and 2nd generation robots out there. The 1st generation robots numbered only one hundredth or less to the 2nd and 3rd generation robots."

"So you're saying...?" Falvey figured out somewhat what Frentz was going to talk next. The decision to accept Frentz's requirement and miss the best time window to escape had made him feel pretty conflicted already. Falvey had even regretted his earlier decision because it put his subordinates' lives at risk.

Right now though, Frentz's tone suggested that he wanted them to join in the resistance against those robots. Currently, the world beyond the castle was the robots' battlefield. Was he telling them to commit suicide fighting those robots with their own flesh and blood? Moreover, their current weaponry and equipment were completely inadequate to meet the needs of the battlefield. If they knew from the start that there would be a battle at this level, their equipment would've been several times stronger than what they had now. They wouldn't have brought only some cold weaponry and simple guns with them either.

Frentz cast Falvey a glance for him to quell his impatience, "A, bring out the things."

Frentz had just finished saying his command when a long row of boxes were dropped down from the ceiling. The boxes were opened to reveal the objects inside.

Beaver's eyes lit up when he saw the objects inside the boxes. In fact, he nearly salivated on the spot. Everyone who recognized the objects inside the boxes were feeling the exact same thing as Beaver. If it wasn't for the circumstances they were in right now, they would've pounced over to grab the things already. The feeling of being able to see but not touch a desired object was just as uncomfortable as a cat not being able to scratch its itches.

"Half cyborg weapons!" Falvey raised an eyebrow at Frentz and indicated him to speak further.

The gray cat's body froze for a moment when it heard the word 'half cyborg'. However, as Beaver explained things with a soft voice, the wariness in its eyes slowly faded and became replaced with thick condescension.

You call these pieces of junk a half cyborg? The real rare specie of the universe and half cyborg is sitting right here, and this old man dare show off those ripoffs of his?

That being said, no one including Frentz knew that there was a genuine half cyborg right here in this grand hall. After all, the half cyborg created by the Robert Family was an imitation of another half cyborg like the gray cat. Moreover, the weapons had been modified greatly for portability purposes, shaped into many forms and installed with all kinds of functionalities based on various needs.

A half cyborg weapon was extremely expensive, and it wasn't standardized yet among Hunter regiments. Only an extremely small amount of Hunters would possess a weapon like this, not to mention that they weren't even the latest products. There were more people who possessed half cyborg weapons inside the military, and this was one of the reasons Hunters were jealous of the military.

If they understood Frentz correctly, not only was he supplying both squadrons with these high-end weapons for use during this crisis, he would give away some of them after the incident was over as well.

"The core unlock code of these weapons is still intact. I've

calibrated them to work for only 72 hours of time. Once this incident is over, I will unlock them and transfer their ownership to you. I would also pay you a sum of monetary reward identical to the one before too. What do you think?" Frentz looked at Falvey and Shawton.

Some people were swallowing down salivas already. They stared expectantly at their respective commanders.

They had to admit that Frentz knew very well how Hunters thought. He knew what a certain Hunter needed in a certain set of circumstances.

As a member of the four great Hunter regiments, no one got cold feet even though they weren't part of the A Squad, especially when things seemed to have taken a new and better turn.

A large majority of the people Shawton and Falvey had brought with them were combat personnel, and it was inevitable that combatants would lust for battle. Some people finally couldn't hold back after Frentz threw one attractive offer after another at them.

"Let's go, commander!"

"We will avenge our fallen squadmates!"

...

Despite the desires to avenge their deceased squadmates, to satisfy the craving for battle inside their hearts, or to obtain the half cyborg weapons Frentz offered them, Falvey continued to maintain his silence and weighed the pros and cons on the inside.

After Shawton had discussed the matter with a few people inside the squad, he looked at Cillin, “Cillin, what do you think?”

Cillin thought for a moment before saying, “‘Grim Reaper’ is likely going after those robots only, so they probably won’t raise a hand against us. Since Mr. Frentz had supplied us with weapons and defensive equipment, I suppose this deal is barely acceptable if he wants us to assist the 1st generation robots in the battle only. However, I still have some questions that I wish to ask Mr. Frentz about.”

Shawton nodded, “Mr. Frentz, my squadmate wishes to ask you something.”

Frentz recognised Cillin. If it wasn’t for him, he would’ve been killed by his servant already. Therefore, although the members of the Robert Family had always thought quite highly of themselves, Frentz’s tone turned out relatively amiable since he was facing Cillin.

“Just ask me anything you want to know.”

“Mr. Frentz, my question is this: shouldn’t you provide us with a little more something other than these weapons to combat this crisis?”

“A little more something? Such as?” Frentz looked at Cillin in puzzlement.

“Fighters, armored cars, spaceplanes.”

“Oh, those.” Frentz say on his chair as his fingers tapped unconsciously against the wall, “The Robert Family is famed for their creation of robots. Fighters, armored cards, spaceplanes, etc. do not fall under our usual category of use. However, I do have some of them in my possession.”

Frentz’s fingers slid across the wall and pressed, causing a screen to pop up and display some diagrams.

“These are the only vehicles in this area. The rest are a little far away on the other side of the planet.”

The small-sized fighters displayed on the diagrams had a very unusual and flat shape. The armored cars were thankfully more normal looking. The spaceplanes however were either too big or too small. Still, they could use the small sized spaceplanes and act in small groups. It was better than nothing: after all, how could manpower possible compare to tireless machines?

It was obvious that the members inside the squads were more inclined towards Frentz’s suggestions with the addition of these things now. It was difficult for Falvey to turn down the offer when everyone was looking at him with expectant gazes anyway, not to mention that he himself was inclined to agree with this trade.

In reality, Falvey, Shawton and many others knew very well on the inside that this was a trade that profited both parties. The two squadrons needed new weapons, and Frentz needed someone to test these weapons on a real battlefield.

Chapter 188: Liquid Nucleus Chips [Part 2]

Once the contract was signed, the crowd rushed over to grab a weapon to toy with impatiently.

“This thing is known to be a million credits luxury goods!” Cary carefully caressed the armband on his hand.

While it was true that these items could be sold for millions of credits at certain locations, their costs were in fact much cheaper. Therefore, Frentz wasn’t sorry to give them away. People like him valued technological improvement over obsession towards money.

Cillin followed Cary’s movements and put on an armband himself, and he immediately discovered that it fitted quite well with his arm. It wasn’t one hundred percent compatible, but eighty percent wasn’t out of the question.

Moving the weapons on the armband was as easy as moving his own fingers. Cillin tested and checked out the several kinds of weapons installed inside the armband. There were cold weapons such as sharp blades that were similar to wrist blades, ropes that were extremely thin but possessed incredibly carrying capacity, and excitation type weapons as well. The armband itself offered great protection.

Cillin grabbed an armor-like object and put it on Tang Qiuqiu since her constitution couldn’t compare to the rest of them. This protective armor was very light, possessed great defense and could bend along with one’s body. It could better defend Tang Qiuqiu’s

life.

Scarlet Wind played with an armband that looked almost the same as Cillin and felt incredibly uncomfortable when he wore it. He took them off and tossed them aside directly, paying no further attention to the equipment.

Cillin didn't force him to wear it against his will. After all, Scarlet Wind was different from other people.

Frentz had also provided them with some stronger guns. Everyone made their choices according to their likes and needs.

There was a small problem however, and that was the spaceplane produced by Frentz could only be called mini-sized.After taking a look at the vehicles and discussing things with Falvey briefly, they decided that each small team would take either a spaceplane or an armored car. They would act as a team and maintain communication with each other.

Cillin's choice of vehicle was the spaceplane. He was going to start from the outskirts.

After all teams had made their preparations, they began to act.

People who were biased towards fighters like Udoze chose to pilot a fighter immediately.

A fighter was very small and could only fit one person. In fact,

those who were slightly larger wouldn't entirely fit into the seat. Thankfully, Udoze's size was just right. After he sat inside the fighter, a single glance at the control panel was enough to cause Udoze's blood to boil with anticipation.

Udoze's fighter flew alongside Cillin's spaceplane. They took out some 2nd generation flying robots along the way.

The 2nd generation robots were pretty agile and speedy. One mistake, and one might be shot down from the sky.

However, after Udoze slowly familiarized himself with the fighter's controls, he became more and more skilled at piloting it and was even able to pull off several super flexible movements.

Cillin's group had flown to the edge from high altitude, so they hadn't encountered many 2nd generation robo-birds along the way. It didn't take long before they reached their designated location.

There were still some 4th and 5th generation robots fighting against the 3rd generation robots at this place. The main body of the 2nd generation robots had all ran into the city. Since there weren't many 2nd generation robots at this place, not a single 1st generation robot could be found in the area.

"The preys here are ours." Cary gave his armband a look, toyed with his guns and said.

“I want everyone to be alert when we arrive. You are not allowed to act alone, and at the very least you must act in pairs to avoid being trapped without backup.” Cillin stressed.

“Snowball, stay beside Qiuqiu and cover her back! Scarlet Wind, follow me!” Cillin nodded at Snowball and Scarlet Wind. The rest of the people had made their own selections some time ago.

After communicating with Udoze on the fighter briefly, Cillin waved his hand and declared, “Begin!”

Since the 1st generation had left, the former village was left with a bed of ruins. There were bullet holes, burned marks and cut lines caused by laser weapons everywhere amidst the collapsed houses.

They could see that the planet was still in the process of transformation. Otherwise, this land would’ve been mechanised just like how it was in the city.

Tang Qiuqiu’s role was to stay inside a sniper’s nest and snipe the robots, while Snowball destroyed the nearby robots that approached her. Cary, Beaver and Eudy had already charged forth to destroy the robots. The trio cooperated quite well with each other, and the same goes with Tico and Rikulab. In the air, Udoze grew more and more pumped as he challenged the robots lock on techniques at every moment. There was no one in the squad except the two young fellows Scarlet Wind and Tang Qiuqiu that demanded Cillin’s worry.

Bang!

Cillin sent a 2nd generation robot flying with a single punch, but he had only managed to cause a shallow dent in its plating. It hadn't been smashed apart directly like the 3rd generation robots. The 2nd generation robot quickly crawled onto its feet after it had fallen to the ground. It pointed a glowing tube towards Cillin's direction.

Cillin dodged out of the way, and when the robot opened fire at Cillin, Scarlet Wind pounced at the robot from the back. When the robot had turned its head around, his claws pierced right through its eyes and stirred around twice. The robot's movements slowed even more as if a bug had appeared in its program. Cillin had to throw in another slash to finally make it stop moving.

He dragged the robot to a secluded spot and used a particle cutting blade to cut open the robot's head, revealing the object within.

There was a hard object the size of a peanut at a spot inside the robot's head. This hard object was surrounded by many fiber-like threads that functioned as the equivalent of human nerves. However, these threads were not nearly as fragile as human nerves. Even if these threads were cut off, the robot's movements wouldn't be affected too much.

When Scarlet Wind stirred his claws inside the robot's heads just now, he had to cut more than half of the threads around this peanut-sized object before the robot finally slowed down.

The threads that were connected to the hard object inside its brain was the nanothreads and super microfibers, and the hard object was the Robert Family's special creation, the liquid nucleus chips.

Since this peanut-sized object wasn't damaged, it meant that the liquid nucleus chips inside were still intact.

Cillin took out a composite blade and cut the object. The blade made of special composite materials failed to cut open the tough shell in a single attempt, and Cillin had to perform a few more tries before he finally managed to create a small opening.

Crack. The tough exterior shell wrapping around the liquid nucleus chips broke apart, and a mercury-like liquid flowed out from inside. This liquid was the real liquid nucleus chips.

Cillin experienced an instantaneous moment of absentmindedness as he stared at the liquid. He felt as if he had returned to the experiment bench back in the lab and was being injected with that tube of liquid again. Didn't it look almost the same as these liquid chips?

Could that madman Horay be a member of the Robert Family too?

But that couldn't be right. Cillin had investigated about Horay after that incident, and there wasn't such a person in the Robert Family like Horay either. After all, no one in the Robert Family had a genotype as weak as Horay's. After coming into contact with

Frentz, Cillin also knew that the duo's DNA and genetic information were completely different.

The Robert Family had invented this liquid chip technology since several hundred years ago. Back then, there were no news reports about anyone who successfully researched a new type of liquid chip besides the Robert Family. All of the research topics were products that had been researched by the Robert Family since a long time ago.

In that case, had Horay invented that improved version of liquid chip by imitating the Robert Family's liquid chip technology?

The gray cat came closer and took a sniff and even a lick of the pool of liquid. It was okay as food, but it was nothing once the sense of novelty had worn off. The gray cat shook a paw before Cillin's eyes after seeing him staring at the pool of liquid and not talking, "Wassup?"

Cillin shook his head, "Nothing."

After a pause, he continued, "If you guys can obtain an intact nucleus like this one over here," Cillin pointed at the peanut-sized object, "then bring as many of them as you can to me. I have a use for them."

Scarlet Wind had no objections to offer. It was a relatively easy task to him since all he needed to do was to put a hand inside those robots' heads, and stir.

Chapter 189: The First Generation Liquid Nucleus Chips [Part 1]

Somewhere at a mountain peak on top of the planet, a person sat on the ground as he tinkered with the instrument before him. He looked very young and very average. He was the kind of person who would be almost invisible in a crowd.

There were the battle scenes of several places others that were on the instrument. In particular, the town where Cillin was at was given the biggest priority.

A 2nd generation robo-bird flew over and put down two egg-sized liquid nucleus chips before the young man. Then, it flew away once more.

The two 1st generation liquid nucleus chips put down by the robo-bird were perfectly intact. Of course, it wasn't easy to damage a 1st generation liquid nucleus chip. After all, the chip's exterior could be considered to be the toughest part of the entire machine.

The young man moved his gaze away from the instrument and stared at the two liquid nucleus chips on the floor. He picked them up and examined them closely before putting them inside a specially prepared little box.

After tinkering with the instrument for a moment, he closed the machine and stretched his back, saying, "Alright, that's that. Let's go."

“Why didn’t you infect the 4th and 5th generation robots as well?” a person sitting behind the young man asked.

“There’s no need. Let it be an act of mercy in this incident.” the man packing up the instruments said in a sympathetic tone.

The person behind the young man twitched his mouth. The expression on his face could be deciphered into two lines: Mercy my ass! Only an idiot would believe you!

After he was done packing the instruments, the duo then rode on the spaceplane parked not far away from them and left.

On the other side, the Third B Squadron and Sixth B Squadron were assisting the 1st generation robots in fighting against the rebels. The teams at the outskirts like Cillin’s were faring relatively well, and overall no casualties had been incurred thanks to the high level equipment supplied by Frentz. Those who weren’t injured too badly had also remained on the battlefield to fight.

In reality, the gray cat very much wanted to transform into its machine form, but it didn’t want to be found out by Frentz either. Therefore, it had no choice but to suppress the thoughts in its mind temporarily. Still, the gray cat was more than capable of cutting through the 3rd generation robots’ exterior and killing them in its cat form. The 2nd generation robots were slightly more troublesome, but they didn’t present too much of a threat either. Plus, there weren’t many 2nd generation robots in this place.

Cillin applied both blade and gun into the battle. His near seamless shooting made the dazzling bullets fired from his energy gun look like exploding fireworks. He wasn't just hanging around in one spot and shooting either. His figure blurred amongst the robots, and his light blade let out constant buzzing noise as it cut through the mechanical bodies again and again.

Not far away, Scarlet Wind scooped out the liquid nucleus chips with his claws from inside the heads of the robots that Cillin destroyed. If a robot were to approach him while he was working, then Scarlet Wind would take it out without mercy. He wasn't lacking when it came to fighting the 3rd generation robots, and his preferred killing method was to rip them apart.

While fighting, Cillin discovered that the reactions of these robots were getting slower and slower.

"The person controlling the viruses has left, and Frentz's side didn't stop working all this time. They are slowly but surely regaining control over the robots." the gray cat said. It had analysed and extracted all these information from the signals it was receiving. The gray cat was growing more and more impressed with its own analysis capabilities. I knew that I'm a peerless and irreplaceable existence!

It was as the gray cat had spoken. Before long, the 3rd generation robots slowed down like a youngster who had suddenly entered old age. By now everyone noticed that there was a change in the situation.

Shawton's voice came in from the communicator worn around

Cillin's ears. This proved that the cause behind the slowdown was more or less exactly as the gray cat described.

When the 2nd and 3rd generation robots suddenly stopped moving as if their power had been cut off, everyone paused what they were doing in accordance to Shawton's orders. However, they didn't put down their guard just yet.

Five minutes later, the robots fell into formation according to their respective categories. Frentz announced officially that they had regained control over the robots.

The gray cat snorted disdainfully as it crouched above Cillin's shoulder, "Those who didn't know the truth might be fooled to think that Frentz had scored a great achievement! If the enemy hadn't left on their own accord, there's no chance that they could've regained control so easily with their level of ability! Meow, I look down on him."

Cillin flicked the gray cat's ears with his finger and said, "Don't say this in front of Frentz, get it? We haven't gotten our rewards from him yet."

The gray cat immediately shut up the instant it heard the word reward. However, its tail continued to stand tall in an incredibly proud fashion.

When Cillin and everyone else returned to the castle, Frentz was already waiting for them at the entrance. The ancient castle from before had already transformed into a robot, encircling Frentz and

the others in a protective zone and isolating them from the 2nd and 3rd generation robots with its arms to prevent any unexpected accidents.

Cillin walked into this protected zone, but the gray cat didn't follow him. Cillin didn't force it to follow him either.

The two commanders wouldn't question too deeply about the cause behind this incident. They had completed their mission, and it was time for Frentz to make due his promises.

Contrary to what one might expect from someone of Frentz's character, he had acted swiftly and without delay. He transferred over the items he had prepared a long time ago to Falvey and Shawton. In reality, Frentz also knew that both squadrons had collected some liquid nucleus chips for themselves, but didn't mind the action. There were some technology that were privy only to the members of Robert Family, and he was confident that Vanguard wouldn't be able to figure out the chips they obtained despite their attempts at researching them. At best they would create an inferior copy, just like many others who had attempted to steal the Robert Family's technology. Let's also not forget that there were still plenty of people who bought the Robert Family robot from everywhere in GAL despite its expensive price. Those people hadn't figured out anything despite not missing the chance to extract the liquid nucleus chips for research either, had they?

Right now Frentz was concerned with preventing a second hacking by another virus similar to the kind that had attacked them. After this incident, he would order the connection to the nucleus of every robot on this planet to be built in the same way as

the 1st generation robots. He would also notify his family about this and explain the ins and outs of this incident. Frentz believed that his status within the family would rise higher after this incident. After all, anyone else's planets would've been annihilated had they faced a similar situation.

Frentz did have the right to be proud of himself, but Shawton and Falvey didn't have the patience to chat with a proud and arrogant person like Frentz for long. Frentz wasn't the only one who was privy to scorn; they were looking down on Frentz as well!

After the two squadrons had received their payment and checked everything, they withdrew from the planet without hesitation.

The starships outside the planet had been attempting to contact with those on the planet since the start. After 'Grim Reaper' had left, they quickly reestablished connection and had sent several spaceplanes to fetch them back to space already.

Cillin knew that something was off with the gray cat the second it jumped onto its shoulder. However, Cillin feigned ignorance and said nothing about it.

After they had returned to the starship, treatment was immediately administered to the injured personnel. It was during this moment Tico and Rikulab's addition to the squad revealed its great effects. The improvement of the medicines, medical operations and treatments all progressed smoothly and efficiently with them around.

The Third Squad and Sixth Squad had become much more acclimated with each other after the incident. After all, they had all fought together on the same battlefield and shared the same joy and hardships. No one had any objections to the distribution of their profits, and the members of the two squads had even huddled together for a drink.

Once the success celebration of this incident was over, everyone returned to their own respective teams to rest.

Scarlet Wind was forced to chug down a lot of alcohol by Cary, so right now he was sleeping like a log. Cillin himself was going to bed, but the gray cat had jumped on top of the bed and walked in many circles. It looked so jittery that its tail was coiled up and its ears were turned backwards. From time to time, it would even scratch its claws against the bed loudly.

Cillin turned around and looked at the gray cat that was just about to slap him, “Sir cat, seriously, did someone piss you off or something?”

The gray cat’s whiskers shook, and its mouth opened. However, it wasn’t sure what it should say. Instead, it put a paw on Cillin’s nose and pressed downwards.

Push, push, push!

Cillin pushed the gray cat’s paw away and lifted it into the air, “You have two minutes to prepare. If you want to say something then say it, because I’m not going to listen once the time is up.

Don’t you come crying to me that you can’t shit for a few days because of this later!”

The gray cat moved its ears and said, “I don’t need to shit in the first place.”

What followed after that was silence.

“One minute’s up.” Cillin reminded, because this stupid cat could daydream until Scarlet Wind wakes up.

Tsk, so stupid. Can’t lie; can’t even keep its worry from showing. How can there be such a stupid true cyborg life form in this world?

The gray cat licked its nose and stared at Cillin. Then, it spat out an object the size of an egg from its mouth.

It was none other than the liquid nucleus chip within Frentz’s 1st generation robot’s brain.

Chapter 189: The First Generation Liquid Nucleus Chips [Part 2]

Cillin picked up the object and gave it a look. It was slightly bigger than a 2nd generation chip, and the results of his analysis told him that its exterior was far tougher than a 2nd generation chip's as well.

Cillin looked at the gray cat, "When did you kill a 1st generation robot?"

The gray cat immediately puffed up upon hearing this, "I'm not the one who smashed it into the sorry state it was in!"

The reason the gray cat hadn't followed Cillin into the protected zone and went out for a walk earlier was because it saw some of the big fellows lying on the ground in confusion. Some of the robots were wrecked beyond recognition, and some of their heads were completely blown off their top.

Knowing that Cillin needed the liquid nucleus chips, the gray cat had jumped over to the bodies in search for more. However, it noticed that the nucleus chips were all gone, and saw a type of mini robot unlike any of these generation robots procuring the liquid nucleus chips from the robots' heads and taking them away. They were headed to the ancient castle. It would seem that Frentz valued these 1st generation nucleus chip a lot.

This made the gray cat even more curious. It went through some places and finally found a 1st generation robot whose head was

smashed to pieces and its body destroyed beyond recognition. It dug out the liquid nucleus chip inside its brain directly and swallowed it.

Unless the liquid nucleus chip was spat out, or the gray cat had willingly divulged the information, there was no chance those scanners could glean anything from it at all. That was why Frentz had not discovered anything amiss within the Third and Sixth Squad while searching for the three missing 1st generation nucleus chips. He hadn't found anything after searching for them throughout the entire globe either. Later on, Frentz concluded that the reason behind the missing chips was 'Grim Reaper'. This was because he discovered a disconnected segment within the memory section inside a 2nd generation robot's liquid nucleus chip that contained a footage of the robot transporting the 1st generation nucleus chips to the members of 'Grim Reaper'.

At first, the gray cat was waiting for Cillin to take the initiative and ask it what's wrong. This was because it felt that it could hide nothing in front of Cillin. In reality, Cillin had feigned ignorance and pretended that he didn't notice anything. Since he never asked the question the gray cat was waiting for, it had held back the urge to divulge the news all the time.

What an embarrassment this gray cat was for a so-called universally rare half cyborg lifeform!

In the end, the gray cat could no longer hold it in when it saw that Cillin was getting ready to go to bed. The string in its head snapped, and it swung its paw in attempt to slap Cillin in the face. It was at this moment Cillin opened his eyes and stopped it.

When the gray cat had explained everything it kept cooped up inside its heart, Cillin fell silent for a few seconds before stretching out his hands and rubbing the gray cat's head for some time. He stopped only when the gray cat was about to puff up again, and as he put away the 1st generation robot's liquid nucleus chip inside its leaf-patterned ring he patted the cat's head and said, "Let's sleep. I'll give you an extra large meal tomorrow!"

The gray cat instantly sent the questions prepped inside its head off with a flying kick the second it heard the words 'extra meal', "I want to eat fish biscuits!"

"Alright, fish biscuits it is."

The gray cat purred, rolled its body into a ball and pressed itself against Cillin's arm, getting ready to sleep. It feels so much better after I've said what I cooped up inside my heart... but what was I going to ask again just now? Oh, never mind. Let's think of fish biscuits.

Cillin smiled as he watched the stupid cat pressing close to him and curling up like a dumpling. This guy!

In fact Cillin had thought of attacking those imbecilic robots himself. However, there were a couple of reasons that prevented him from doing so. One, it wasn't easy to act when Frentz was paying close attention to the 1st generation robots. Two, the 1st generation robots weren't easy to deal with. Not only were they huge, they were also swift, tough and incredibly powerful. It

would take him a while to kill one, and it would be difficult to justify his actions if he was discovered. He didn't have the time to search for them after the battle had ended either.

This liquid nucleus chip is probably the same as the 2nd and 3rd generation robot's, except that it uses a different connection method. Cillin forgot the idea of obtaining some 1st generation liquid nucleus chip for himself since he already obtained some 2nd and 3rd generation liquid nucleus chips. However, he didn't think that the gray cat would manage to get one. That being said, he couldn't reveal this liquid nucleus chip to anyone else. If a blabbermouth somehow spread out the news then it was unavoidable that some friction would form between Vanguard and the Robert Family.

After he woke up, Cillin put a large bag of fish biscuits inside the gray cat's personal locker. Cillin had specifically prepared the locker for the gray cat after it had shown its envy for Cillin's. Everyday, the gray cat would rub its scent on the locker and the large area around it. If Dough dared set its gaze onto its locker, the gray cat was absolutely going to send that gluttonous chameleon flying with a slap.

The two commanders Falvey and Shawton went away to discuss their next course. As of now, the two squadrons were quite free. There were plenty of people who were testing their new weapons. They might have used them already on the battlefield, but they couldn't help but caress the beautiful things once they grew idle. It was an itch that they needed to scratch.

Cillin didn't follow their example. He had something else to do.

After Enji had passed away, his workshop had been inherited by Cillin. All kinds of experiment be it engineering or biochemistry could be completed in this workshop. Of course, it was impossible to conduct large scale experiment in this place. The conditions of the workshop were limiting after all.

Cillin analysed the 2nd and 3rd generation robot's liquid nucleus chips he had collected briefly. The exterior of the two kinds of nuclei differed in toughness. The liquid chips inside the nuclei were different as well.

The chips inside a 2nd generation robot's liquid nucleus chip were more complex and were encrypted to a greater degree. Its contained data and data collection ability were also twice as powerful as a 3rd generation robot's liquid nucleus chip. However, that was all there was to it. Perhaps he shouldn't forget to include the fact that the building material of the 2nd generation robots was better than the 3rd generation robots' too, but this wasn't what Cillin was hoping to figure out.

Right now, Cillin wanted to figure out exactly how different these liquid chips were from the ones inside his body.

Concept wise, the chips inside the 2nd and 3rd generation robot's nucleus shared some similarities with the liquid chips inside his own body in terms of construct and build. However, they were ultimately vastly different from each other.

The liquid chips inside the robot's liquid nucleus chip were mainly mechanical. They were mainly made up of liquid metal or nonmetal that could contain a large amount of information and

achieve great processing power. However, the liquid chips inside Cililn's body were biological liquid chips. Their composition was similar to his own genes, and they were capable of conforming to his genetic material, replicating and expressing with them in unison.

Cillin put a hand to his forehead, closed his eyes and pondered after staring at the data displayed on the screen.

A while later, he decided to perform an experiment.

He brought up a variety of robot construction blueprints and component prints related to the Robert Family and more. Cillin had acquired the Robert Family's robot construction blueprints by scanning them with his abilities directly. After comparing the many types of robots with each other, Cillin made changes to certain areas before fabricating a couple of small parts.

Then, Cillin began assembling these small parts.

He stretched his fingers for a bit. It had been a long time since he felt this sensation. He felt as if he had returned to Mo Heng's workshop, and that he could see that senior academician and ruffian crossing his legs, holding his tea and watching him assemble the moment he looked up.

Ten fingers danced without any unnecessary movements. Every angle and every applied force was just right every time he connected the parts together. One part after another was tossed into the air, caught and stirred by a single finger when they fell

downward. In the next moment, they had already been installed firmly into the most suitable position.

The chip installed in this small robot was a simplified version Cillin had created offhand. It wasn't a liquid nucleus chip, and its processing and calculation power were a lot smaller. However, Cillin didn't set the bar too high since this was just his first test product.

There were a lot of parts. After they were assembled into one coherent machine, Cillin checked the circuits and pressed the on button.

There were no overall accuracy tester lying around the corner, but Cillin was confident that his accuracy result was pretty good.

The ten centimeters tall small robot standing on top of the lab bench immediately moved as if it had suddenly come to life. Cillin gave it a series of orders, and the little robot immediately did exactly what he said as commanded on top of the lab bench. Its movements were very fluid, but Cillin couldn't shake the feeling that something was missing. He was dissatisfied with the result, but he thought that the outcome would improve once he replaced its core with a liquid nucleus chip.

He turned off the robot and began disassembling the parts. He could discover more problems through disassembling after the initial assembling process.

Cillin altered part of the design blueprint again after he had

assembled and disassembled the parts. He would try to build this robot closer to the ideal in his mind.

Finally, he was more or less done with designing the robot's blueprint and this stage of its creation. Right now, he was lacking some appropriate metals and nonmetals. The exterior materials of a robot were extremely important. They couldn't be too reactive, but they couldn't be too inert either. Only then it would be possible for him to mold more designs into his creation.

However, what materials should he use?

While Cillin was worrying over this matter, an incoming transmission informed him that the two commanders, Falvey and Shawton, had decided to search for rare mineral resources.

Right now, searching for mineral ores was good news to Cillin.

Chapter 190: The Stranger that Showed Up on the Starship [Part 1]

In GAL, Sector M is the place to mine for well known mineral resources. There were many big families and financial groups who had set up mining companies at Sector M, but after so many years, the amount of rare metals and the output of some precious metals had declined sharply. Therefore, it wasn't rare to hear some adventurers and Hunters selling rare and precious metals at a high price after they had returned from a mission. There were plenty of buyers who were willing to take up arms in order to acquire these metals. This also showed just how important these metals were.

That being said, a lucky encounter such as Falvey accidentally discovering the T13 minerals during their mission wasn't common. One could only bet on their luck to run into rare metals like that.

Although Sector M had plenty of mineral resources, the common ones didn't fall under Shawton or Falvey's regard. The two commanders had set their sights on one of the 13 backwater Sectors, Sector U.

Sector U was among the last in terms of development among the 13 backwater Sectors. The reason Sector U was incomparable even to Cillin's hometown Sector X was due to its planetary habitability.

Unlike Sector Z, Sector U was neither littered with danger nor attacked by unpredictable electromagnetic storms all the time. However, in this Sector rank A planets were literally as rare as phoenix feathers and unicorn horns, and rank B planets were all categorized as major development regions. 99 percent of the

planets in Sector U were rank C or rank D, which was why plenty of big businesses avoided investing in this place.

Without a market or even much cheap labor force, who in their right minds would pay attention to this place? If this region wasn't part of GAL's territory, it was likely that the government couldn't even be bothered to station troops here as a formality.

Since their goal this time was to probe for mineral resources, all of their attention would be focused around this objective. They wouldn't spend any manpower or resources on other interests.

The Third Squad and Sixth Squad had plenty of metal detectors, so there was no actual need to send anyone over personally. However, searching for mineral resources was a dry and dull task. They were plenty idle already back when they were searching for a habitable planet at Sector Z, although there were still things to do back then since they had to pay attention to any fast moving objects and electromagnetic storms in space at all times. However, Sector U was a comparatively much stabler environment, so everyone in both squadrons except for some technicians was entertaining themselves to pass time.

Since Cillin's team had a couple of new recruits, Cary and Xiao Shang weren't bored stiff just yet. From time to time they would duel Udoze in virtual combat on the microcomputer, crack some jokes that were inappropriate for children and so on.

The animals often gathered together to play chess too. Since the gray cat had set an example, everyone had procured their own storage cabinets now. Therefore, Cary's storage cabinet wasn't as

threatened as it used to be.

The moment Cillin had any spare time, he would research those liquid chips inside the workshop. He had improved all of the design blueprints, modified and upgraded the liquid nucleus chip's programs.

The task of modifying the liquid nucleus chip's programs was difficult. It was exactly why the Robert Family normally needed plenty of manpower to work on the liquid nucleus chips except during mass production. Even though the Robert Family members may be pretty good at creating robots and their individual calculation abilities were comparatively higher than other people, they still needed more than three people to work at the same time when programming a robot's liquid chip. Right now, Cillin was doing three people's worth of work with still plenty of energy to spare. After all, his calculation abilities were several times stronger than the Robert Family members. He might as well be a computer.

Eudy and Beaver were upgrading the squadron's defense systems, whereas Dias and Asiya were enjoying their honeymoon period. No one tried to disturb them. Rikulab and Tico had their own researches to busy themselves with, so overall speaking no one was too bored.

"Beep—— Beep——"

The internal comm of every team came to life. The dispatched detectors had finally reported back the heartening news of discovery after more than a month's time.

“Judging from the analysis and appraisal data transmitted by the detectors, that rank D planet contains at least two kinds of precious mineral resources!” Shawton said from the other side of the communicator.

“Commander, can you send me a copy of the analysis and appraisal data?” Cillin asked.

“Sure.”

Shawton sent Cillin a comprehensive document after connecting to the workshop’s main microcomputer.

Cillin’s heart skipped when he opened the analysis and appraisal data document and saw the various numbers, diagrams and relevant ratio analysis.

These functions… it looks pretty suitable!

Cillin wanted to create a special robot, and naturally its exterior’s materials couldn’t be of lower quality than Frentz’s 1st generation robot’s. To this aim, he had even researched all kinds of products produced by various robot manufacturers, and checked out their component ratio and relevant functions too. Using the theories of these designs, he calculated and came up with an ideal material mix ratio. Components built with this ratio would be able to alter their own properties under certain conditions, adjust their own magnetic fields to adapt to the different magnetic fields and gravity of certain planets, flexibly switch between a conductive

body and insulative body, possess viscoelasticity and good restoration abilities and so on.

Some of the mineral resources listed in this composite material mix ratio were pretty difficult to find. If he tried to buy them, he could spend every credit in his possession and still not acquire the ideal component he sought for. Cillin disliked substitutes, so he had decided that he might as well not create this robot if he couldn't find these ideal mineral resources.

To his surprise, his luck was holding up pretty strongly. He didn't think that he would make progress so soon.

Cillin calculated the data he saw on the display, and was very satisfied with the analysis data of the few kinds of minerals sent over by Shawton.

This was a rank D planet, so all dispatched personnel must wear a protective suit before heading out. The good news was that there were basically no life on a rank D planet, and this planet was no exception to the rule. They hadn't discovered any signs of life after scanning the planet multiple times, so no unknown lifeforms would be attacking them this time. The planet was a little small, but it contained a wealth of mineral resources. They didn't need to waste time and effort extracting the more common mineral resources. They only needed to focus on the precious minerals.

Shawton had discussed things with Falvey and pinpointed several locations with the richest amount of mineral resources. All teams were dispatched to their respective locations.

Cillin took a few people with him, rode on a spaceplane and descended at a designated coordinate.

While they were slightly encumbered by their protective suit, it was a necessary demerit for the sake of their own lives. It was better to be safe than sorry.

The mineral detectors were passed out to each person. Cillin stared at the detector in his hand, and all areas containing precious minerals in this region were displayed on view.

He transmitted the results of the scan to everyone's microcomputer, opened the toolbox and passed out the mining machines in preparation for mining.

Scarlet Wind didn't hold any tools with him. This was the first time he wore a protective suit, and he was obviously not very used to it. Moreover, the planet's environment had caused even his movements to become stiff. Therefore, Cillin told him to simply watch from the sidelines, to learn and to familiarise himself with this process.

Snowball was wearing a near round shaped protective coat. Since a custom made protective suit that could fit it hadn't been made yet, and it didn't want to be left behind on the starship, Cillin simply grabbed a protective coat and wrapped it around Snowball directly. Right now this white fatso was rolling back and forth on the ground due to a sense of novelty. It didn't look discomforted by the suit or the environment at all.

The gray cat was the only living thing among the group that didn’t wear a protective suit and was still able to leap and frisk about energetically in the area. This made the group much envious of it.

The gray cat was a free spirit, so Cillin gave it some verification programs. He told the gray cat to collect some of any minerals that matched the ones listed in the program.

As he watched the gray cat break off to the distance, Cillin waved his hand and said, “Let’s begin.”

Chapter 190: The Stranger that Showed Up on the Starship [Part 2]

When the two types of precious minerals were extracted, Cillin scanned them using his own upgraded scanner. He was very happy to find the metals contained in these minerals were exactly what his robot urgently needed right now. They would be sufficient for his purpose.

According to the rules within the Hunter regiment, they could choose to sell or retain the minerals they had mined themselves. The choice was theirs to make. Cillin would split the minerals the team had mined with everyone and let them decide what to do with them on their own. Meanwhile, he would be using his own share to create a composite material.

While Cillin and the others were busy mining the minerals, the gray cat sent back news informing him that it had discovered a mineral resource that matched up with Cillin's verification program. However, it wasn't on the planet's surface, but deeper in. In short, a deep well had to be drilled.

Cillin cast a glance at the data and the rock formation scan results the gray cat sent back to him. The mining machines they were using right now couldn't perform mining at such a depth, but other deep mining machines couldn't reach that depth while remaining intact either. This was because the machines would have to pass through a magnetite area, and judging from the data supplied by the gray cat, the magnetic field generated was strong enough to severely affect the machine's operational capabilities. There were basically no chance the deep mining machines were

making it to the mining spot. Most importantly, that type of mineral was present only in a small amount of area.

"In that case, there is a simpler way to do this."

And so the gray cat transformed while the others weren't looking. The transformation hadn't taken place at the planet's surface since anything that happened there would be captured and put on display by the observation satellites launched by the two starships orbiting the planet.

Cillin didn't plan to reveal the gray cat's full identity to the Third B Squadron just yet. Maybe Falvey knew some things about the gray cat, but some key info remained hidden from him.

The gray cat dug into the underground with its cat form first before it transformed into its machine form. The observation monitors' scan system wouldn't be able to catch any exact changes, and at best they would notice that there was now a life form moving beneath the planet's surface. However, every operation personnel was busy with mining, and the technicians aboard the starships were busy analysing the minerals right now. As long as it wasn't a foreign life form or another type of threat, the monitors and scanners wouldn't sound the alarm.

The gray cat only found a few minerals. The amount was probably just enough to create one robot after they were put through the purification process. Whatever that remained wouldn't be enough to create a second composite exterior for a second robot.

The gray cat noticed some crystals while it was mining the minerals. The gray cat was sure that it had never seen this type of crystal after scanning it; it hadn't detected any kind of reactionary signal from it while it was scanning the area from above. At first, the gray cat thought that these crystals were just a bit unusual, and it was going to leave them behind after a curious look. Before it left, it scanned the crystals with Cillin's verification program out of habit, and to its surprise, the line 'compatibility: super grade' jumped before its eyes.

The gray cat was stunned. The deep level metal mine it detected just now was one hundred percent 'excellent grade' at best, but these crystals were 'super grade'!

It hastily told Cillin about the news.

When Cillin heard about this, he was in a bit of a daze himself. The concept of 'super grade' was just an upper limit Cillin had set up as insurance; something he calculated based on his theories. It was common sense that there was always a gap between theory and reality, but he never thought that a thing at its theoretical limit actually existed.

The gray cat discovered that the object wasn't quite easy to mine as it was a sphere-shaped, one meter diameter object. Cillin had passed down his work to Dias immediately and arrived at the location where the gray cat was at for the crystal.

He used a machine to enlarge the hole the gray cat had dug into.

The hole was narrow only at the surface since the gray cat had dug deeper into the ground using a different form, so he didn't need to enlarge the hole beyond that point.

Cillin followed the tunnel and arrived at the place the gray cat spoke of.

He unlocked his close fitting protective cover, took off his protective suit and touched the spherical object with his hand.

The instant he touched it, a large number of data was sorted out in his mind.

It really was the theoretical value!!

The theoretical value he designed was at the far end of the spectrum to begin with. To some researchers, this value was practically impossible to attain. Cillin himself never expected to run into something that existed at the theoretical value.

This crystal was spherical in shape, but it was not entirely a round ball. It had a core at the center and countless branches that extended outwards from this core. Every branch was a strange and very complicated looking fine crystal column. These fine crystal columns looked like a layer of thick fur that wrapped itself around the core.

Cillin's hand moved, and he withdrew this crystalline ball into his leaf-patterned ring. At the same time, the gray cat had also put

away the dug minerals while grabbing the rest of it in its arms.

Most subspace containers couldn't be used on a rank D planet. Therefore, no one would suspect that Cillin had hidden anything for himself even if he walked out with the gray cat openly.

Cillin returned to the surface and headed towards the team's mining spot after he was done dealing with the minerals. Meanwhile, the gray cat continued on its underground journey of mineral exploration. It discovered that exploring for minerals underground was pretty interesting. At the very least, it was more interesting that doing tedious mining work like those people on the surface.

However, the gray cat was disappointed to find no other materials that reached the 'super grade' level other than that round-shaped crystal. In fact, there wasn't even a second 'excellent grade' mineral resource. The rest were all at the same level as the minerals the crowd was busy mining right now. Still, this outcome was more than enough to make Shawton and Falvey happy.

Three types of precious minerals were enough for them to earn a sizable amount of profit. They would sell a portion and turn in another portion to the A Squads. This way, the two B Squadrons would be able to greatly increase their influence in Vanguard.

After all teams were done mining, they returned to their starships and began processing the minerals. Cillin had long since decided what he was going to do with the minerals, so after he took his share, he returned to the workshop once more and busied himself with work.

Everyone else chose to sell away their share. They chose to sell the minerals in one big bulk and split the money amongst themselves later.

Cillin was assembling inside the workshop.

Some parts of the creation process had already been dealt with. The main task was to choose the robot's primary material.

The primary element of the round-shaped object the gray cat discovered was an alien element, but it could temporarily transform into a known nonmetal element or a known metal element when subjected to certain conditions.

Cillin was rapt with joy after a meticulous analysis of its characteristics. This was literally the perfect material for his theoretical design!

Not only was it pressure-resistant and capable of memory restoration and perfect recovery, it was also the 'triple-resistant' material Cillin had been looking for all this time!

It was resistant to radiation, resistant to acid and alkali, and resistant to electromagnetic interference!

Sometimes luck truly was an unfathomable thing.

He was seriously too lucky this time. There were plenty people who were never able to discover such an amazing material even if they spent one or many lifetimes. For example, the Robert Family members had never encountered such an amazing material.

The gray cat was the absolute man (cat?) of the hour this time!

The teams continued to search for minerals in Sector U. The two commanders were feeling a lot less pressured after they found three kinds of precious minerals. It was fine even if they were to find nothing during the remaining period of time.

The moment Cillin went into the workshop, he spent ten GAL calendar days inside.

The gray cat had also been staying inside the workshop and watching Cillin create his robot during these ten days. It had even dragged his own storage cabinet over so it could sleep after it was tired, eat after it awoke, and watch after it ate.

The gray cat got to rest from time to time, but Cillin hadn’t shut his eyes once throughout these ten days.

It was a massive amount of computations and work he had to deal with. He hadn’t stopped assembling since the moment he began his work. Although he he had relied on some fabricators many times throughout the process, he had overseen the critical areas himself. There was no room for even the slightest bit of sloppiness.

Ten days later, Cillin went out to replenish his energy for a bit. Then, he went back into the workshop once more to continue the last task of perfecting his creation.

“What’s on earth is LC Cillin doing right now?” Udoze asked while lying on his chair after logging out of virtual combat.

“Who knows? Our LC has never disappointed us though. Let me tell you a secret, Udoze.” Cary moved closer with a look of enigma on his face, “The last time he hung around his workshop for a few days, he destroyed a planet after he came out!”

Xiao Shang curled his lips when he saw Udoze’s mouth turning into an O-shape, “Unfortunately for us, we weren’t around to see him destroy ‘Poison Fang’ that time.”

Ba Dao also echoed in agreement from the side.

The ‘Poison Fang’ incident had left a deep impression in their mind. It was also that incident that made everyone feel a kind of reverence towards Cillin.

“I wonder what would happen after LC Cillin comes out this time.” Udoze’s eyes were filled with hopeful expectation.

Xiao Shang, Cary and the others suddenly remembered something at the same time. They all wore odd looks on their faces.

It can’t be parasites again, can it?

They only had a rough understanding of what happened during the ‘Poison Fang’ incident. However, they had seen with their own eyes the mountain of Poison Fang logos ripped from their members’ bodies and the Skull King’s skeleton at the end. They felt their blood turn cold even though they hadn’t seen those parasites with their own eyes.

Cary rubbed his stomach, stood up and moved his arms for a bit, “I’ll go bring some food over. Do you guys want some?”

“Do you seriously have to ask that?” Xiao Shang blurted out a few types of portable food at once.

Cary replied a disdainful hand gesture before opening the door and heading outside. Because Ba Dao had requested for a few more types of food, he turned around and swore a little while talking with them. He didn’t expect to run into someone when he walked out with his back was facing the door. He even stepped on the other guy’s foot.

“Oh, sorry…”

Cary turned around and was just about to apologise when he suddenly notice that he didn’t recognize this person. Why was there a stranger here when there were no notifications of visitors or recruits in this team?!

Cary instantly tensed himself into a state of high alert.

Why couldn’t he detect any signs of life from this person?!

Chapter 191: The Robot 'Czedow' [Part 1]

"Hey Cary, what's wrong?"

Xiao Shang got up and asked when he saw Cary instantly tensing himself into high alert mode.

At the same time, the rest of the people inside the room swiftly took out their weapons, fell into their best battle ready state and moved towards the entrance vigilantly.

Cold sweat formed on Cary's forehead as he watched the stranger before him.

This person was absolutely not a member of the Sixth B Squadron. After so many years, Cary was very familiar with every person in the Sixth B Squadron. It didn't matter if said person was a combat, technical or logistics personnel, because he had memorized them all in his head.

However, this person probably didn't belong in the 3rd B Squadron either. Cary was sure that a person like this would've left an impression in his mind if he existed in the 3rd B Squadron. In fact, he thought that it was impossible to forget someone like this after the first meeting.

He had no breathing, no heartbeat, and no warmth. He didn't possess any humanlike qualities other than the fact that he looked human from the outside. He felt just like an inanimate object...

The tip of Cary's eyebrows rose.

Was he a robot acquired by the commander from Frentz?

But that couldn't be right. Ever since they'd gone through that robot rebellion both squads had suffered bit of robophobia. Since no one could shake off the feeling that a robot was a hidden threat, they didn't ask for a robot at all.

In that case, what on earth was this thing before them?

While Cary was staring closely at the stranger before him and was ready to react to anything, Xiao Shang and the others shown up behind Cary and saw the person standing before the entrance while wearing a gentle smile on his face. They could sense neither any malice nor humanity from the person at all.

Moreover, Xiao Shang discovered that their communicators had been completely cut off from the outside world. All signals had been completely lost.

What the hell was going on around here?!

"Who are you?" Cary said in a heavy voice.

The rest of the group were holding weapons in their hands. They would attack without hesitation the second this person acted

beyond the norm.

The person smiled warmly and raised his hand, “Hello.”

A muscle twitched in Cary’s face. Was he asking for a handshake? But who would be stupid enough to shake hands with a complete stranger under such circumstances?!

Therefore, Cary continued to do nothing and ignored the person’s outstretched hand. As long as the guy before him didn’t try to do anything funny, he wouldn’t react carelessly as well.

The guy didn’t look angry in the slightest at Cary’s ignorance. He withdrew his hand but continued to wear a gentle smile on his face. He looked very sincere.

“Hello, everyone. My name is Czedow.”

His voice was calm, unhurried and pleasant to hear.

“I don’t care what you’re called…”

Cary was interrupted before he could finish his sentence, “I know who you guys are. You’re Cary, Xiao Shang, Ba Dao…”

Czedow cast a glance at Cary and the rest of the people in the group, voicing their names one after another.

While everyone was watching Czedow attentively, Czedow nodded towards them and took a step towards Cary. A shadow jumped out of Czedow's back at the same time.

"Walala~"

Cary nearly swung his light blade, and Xiao Shang and the rest nearly fired their guns due to the sudden voice that had came out of nowhere and the one step that had attracted all their attention while they were highly tensed.

"What the... f*ck!!"

For a second, Cary thought that his heart would jump out of his throat. He pointed a shaky finger at the head of a certain cat that had popped up from behind Czedow, "Y-y-y-y-you..."

Despite 'you'-ing for a long time, Cary wasn't able to spout anything coherent from his mouth and simply panted heavily where he stood. Xiao Shang and the others shared more or less the same reaction as him.

"We got them good, Cillin. Haha!" the gray cat said proudly on top of Czedow's shoulder.

The rest of the people finally relaxed when they saw Cillin walking over from behind Czedow.

Xiao Shang leaned against the door looking like he was about to

run out of gas, “F*ck! I was wondering if he’s someone from ‘Grim Reaper’!” Xiao Shang wiped the sweat on his forehead while saying this. Even his back was drenched in cold sweat. Goddammit, he nearly had a heart attack.

“I also thought that it was ‘Grim Reaper’.” Ba Dao moved his overly tensed muscles and said.

Xiao Shang cast a glance at his communicator and found that it was working normally once more. He shook his head and said, “LC Cillin, are you punishing us for not attending our duties or something?”

Cillin simply smiled at Xiao Shang’s complaint before pointing at Czedow, “Allow me to introduce him. He is an AI robot and what I’ve been working on for the past time. His name is Czedow.”

“Is he really a robot!?”

Cary came over and walked circles around Czedow twice before saying, “Something’s different. He doesn’t feel like Frentz’s robots. I’m not sure what it is, but he’s just different from them.”

“Hmph hmph! Cillin and I have spent much effort to research and create this guy. Of course he’s incomparable to the robots that Frentz created!” the gray cat stood on top of Czedow’s shoulder with his nose high up in the air as it spoke.

Cary, the others and even Cillin himself twitched his lips at that

statement: You and Cillin? Do you seriously think anyone would believe that? You were probably eating fish biscuits at the side while Cillin was researching on his lonesome, aren't you?

Their guess was in fact 100% correct. It's just that they couldn't say it without being scratched by the gray cat, so they didn't.

In reality, the gray cat's contribution in Czedow's creation was undeniable. If the gray cat hadn't found the ideal material to create Czedow, then his birth would have probably been delayed. That was why the gray cat had immediately labeled Czedow as one of its own while Cillin was creating him. To be exact, the gray cat saw him as its underling.

Xiao Shang moved closer and pinched Czedow's arm curiously.

"This feeling... is he really a robot?" not only could Xiao Shang see the arteries beneath the skin, he could feel the liquid flowing inside it. Shit, this really is a vein, isn't it?

Czedow didn't say anything. Instead, he stretched out a finger and somehow caused his fingernail to grow longer all of a sudden. Then, he cut a two centimeters deep wound on his other arm.

There was no blood. The wound looked almost the same as a fleshy-colored human wound, but no blood was flowing out of it. Then, the wound swiftly regenerated and restored itself to exactly the same look as before under everyone's shocked gazes.

“What the… f*ck!”

Now even Cary wasn’t sure what to say.

They had all seen the battle between robots during that robot rebellion. When the fourth and fifth rank robots were torn apart by the rank two robots, the color of their flesh absolutely looked nothing like Czedow’s.

Czedow’s body looked so realistic it could fool almost anyone’s eyes. At the very least, he looked a lot more lifelike that Frentz’s robots.

“Please don’t treat Czedow like one of Frentz’s robots. He can develop his own intelligence, and he can adjust the state of his body to share the same body temperature and heartbeat as human beings.”

Cillin briefly introduced Czedow’s characteristics to Cary and the others, but it didn’t do much to wipe away the worries they held towards Czedow’s existence. If this was before the robot rebellion then they would’ve raised both hands in agreement, but the fact was that they’d just gone through a large scale robot rebellion at Frentz’s planet. Everyone was extremely sensitive towards the word ‘robot’ right now, so there were definitely a lot of people who would voice their objection against Czedow’s existence.

As it turned out, Cary and everyone else’s worries were not unfounded. When Cillin presented Czedow before Shawton and the other lieutenant commanders, more than half of the votes

were against it.

Shawton had not expressed his opinion since the beginning. He had been staring quietly at Czedow.

The gray cat nearly blew its top a couple of times throughout the meeting as it lay on top of Czedow's head. If Cillin hadn't told it to keep quiet, it would've charged forwards and scratched up a storm already. How exactly is our Czedow in anyway lousier than that bunch of trash you call subordinates, huh?! (T/N: ooh. Ouch. Mercy, sir cat)

Shawton himself would be flipping some tables if Cillin allowed the gray cat to voice its opinions. Cillin knew from the start that the gray cat had no concept of control the second it started spouting things in anger, which was why he told it to be quiet from the start.

Shawton tapped a finger on the table, instantly quieting the discussion inside the meeting room.

Shawton looked at Cillin and said, "Cillin, how can you say for sure that he won't lose control just like Frentz's robots? And please don't use the 1st generation robots as your justification. As you know, that incident was just a tentative attack by 'Grim Reaper'. No one can say for sure whether they actually have the ability to control the 1st generation robot."

"I am the only person who knows the ultimate terminal control code. If anyone else attempts to hack him, it would only backfire

against them. This is the improvement I've made after analysing Frentz's 1st and other generations' robots and the robots developed by other GAL robot manufacturers."

The rest of the LCs wanted to say something in rebuttal, but Shawton raised his hand to stop them, "You are sure that nothing like Frentz's incident would happen?"

"I am sure." Cillin stared straight at Shawton as he said this without hesitation.

"Alright." Shawton looked at everyone's faces before continuing, "I will allow Czedow's existence. However, in consideration of everyone's opinions, he may only operate within your team's area for now."

"No problem." Cillin was okay with this. Even if Shawton did allow Czedow to move around the squadron, he wouldn't have allowed him to leave his team's area either.

Chapter 191: The Robot 'Czedow' [Part 2]

After Cillin took Czedow back to the team, Eudy and Beaver put down the stuff they were working on and waited for them.

"The commander agreed?" Eudy asked.

"Of course." Cillin was still pretty confident that Shawton would support him.

"Er, LC Cillin. There's something we'd like to ask you." Beaver moved over with a smile on his face, looked at Czedow before turning back to Cillin, saying, "Can we spar with him for a bit?"

Naturally, Cillin knew what Beaver meant by sparring.

Nodding, he said, "Sure. You'll work together with Eudy as a team. If long as you can break through the first line of defense and control any part of Czedow's body, then it'll be your victory."

Eudy and Beaver looked at each other before saying, "Okay!"

Since the contest happened within the team itself only, they didn't let anyone else know about this.

Inside the virtual combat room, there was a microcomputer each in front of Cary, Eudy and Czedow. All three microcomputers were exactly identical, and they had been procured by Beaver.

Beaver and Eudy sat on one side while Czedow sat on the other. There was a desk in the middle of the two parties, and at the center of the desk there was a projector.

All three microcomputers were connected to the projector. Whoever controlled this projector first wins the contest.

Not far away from the desk, every team member was watching from the sidelines.

Naturally, Dough was on Eudy's side. However, Czedow had the gray cat's support. Both Snowball and Scarlet Wind were hesitant to voice their support for either party, so they kept quiet instead.

The gray cat jumped onto Czedow's legs after he sat down. Its lifted chin seemed to say: come, give me a scratch.

And so the crowd watched as Czedow very naturally scratched the gray cat's chin with one hand while petting his hair with the other. The gray cat was so comfortable that it closed its eyes, ignored the battle and let out comfortable wheezing sounds. In reality, the gray cat already knew the results without needing to look at all.

"Are you guys ready?" Cillin asked.

"We're ready!"

Eudy and Beaver's fingers got ready to act the second the order to start was lay down. Meanwhile, Czedow nodded with a faint smile on his face as usual.

The gray cat once said that cat is a race that loves to smile. Therefore, it told him not to build Czedow like he had facial nerve paralysis. However, Cillin thought that his team was a little too noisy, and that it might be better if he built Czedow to have a calmer initial personality. He did, and so Czedow currently appeared unusually calm no matter what the occasion. Those who didn't know the truth would've absolutely thought that he was a show off.

"Beep——"

As the Eudy and Beaver's fingers danced the second the signal sounded. They were a blur in Udoze's eyes, and he couldn't catch up with their finger movements at all. I had no idea that they have an ability like this! No wonder Cary said that the two of them stands at the pinnacle of technology in the entire Sixth B Squadron. They're so cool!

Then they looked at Czedow and became dumbstruck.

Eudy and Beaver spared neither the time nor effort to pay attention to Czedow's performance at all. This was because they thought that his performance would be obvious during the process of their network battle. They would naturally know about either party's' 'actions' through the network.

If Cary and Beaver could spare even the slightest bit of attention

to look at Czedow, they would've raised their hands in surrender immediately.

Czedow had maintained the same posture as before: scratching the gray cat's chin with one hand and petting its hair with the other. However, the programs that flashed across the microcomputer's screen before him was so quick that even Cary couldn't capture them with his eyes. He could only see a series of symbols and programs flashing rapidly in the blink of an eye.

Rikulab cast a glance at Czedow's eyes, but he couldn't find anything in them. He looked exactly the same as he was before.

Rikulab had presumed himself to be fairly knowledgeable in all kinds of high-end robots ever since he was young, but they were all just backdrops compared to Czedow.

Robots were mysterious and unfathomable. It was at least possible to guess a human's feelings through some of their body languages or expressions, but such weaknesses didn't exist for robots.

How on earth had Cillin created such a weird fellow?

Beaver and Eudy's heads were sweating, and their fingers looked like they were going to quicken even further. However, it was obvious from their expressions alone that the situation wasn't going well for them.

It was a difference in strength that even an amateur could distinguish with their two eyes.

Czedow was just too relaxed to the point of absentmindedness compared to Eudy and Beaver.

Slowly, the projector at the center of the desk projected a 3D hologram.

It was an incredibly comical hologram. There were plenty of people who saw the image of a skull sitting on two crisscrossing bones, but while this hologram borrowed the same design it wasn't entirely the same. Instead of two crisscrossing bones, there were now two crisscrossing fish biscuits instead. What was supposed to be a skull above the fish bones wasn't a skull either. It was none other than the gray cat's head.

By now, Eudy and Beaver had already stopped whatever they were doing as they looked at their opponent. They nearly spat blood when they saw Czedow.

Had he maintained that posture from the very start?!

Eudy and Beaver turned around to look at Cary's group. They were all shooting sympathetic looks from their eyes.

Eudy stretched his aching arm and fingers for a bit before smiling helplessly and said, "So this is what it means by species advantage!"

Beaver felt the same thing as Eudy. If he knew this would happen he wouldn't have competed from the start.

At the same time, both Eudy and Beaver noticed that the little contest had lasted exactly – not a second longer or shorter – one minute from start to finish. It was not a coincidence; neither Eudy nor Beaver refused to believe in such coincidences. This also meant that their opponent had in fact not gone all out against them.

"We concede."

In reality, both Eudy and Beaver had attempted to hack into Czedow's core control program while they were fighting for the projector's control rights at the same time. However, not only could they not intrude into his system, they couldn't even find his signal link at all. They had no idea how Czedow operated his programs.

Eudy and Beaver weren't sore losers. In fact, they were quite happy that an amazing helper had joined their team. There was no doubt that the progress of their defense network would hasten with such a fellow on their side.

Hunters interact through strength. They used strength to win each other's respect, even if Czedow was just a robot. In this team, both humans and nonhumans were extremely capable in their own rights. Even Dough was a little expert at certain aspects, much less Snowball and that little rabbit.

Dias was very happy at this outcome. It had been a wise decision to pass down his responsibilities to Cillin.

“Big brother Cillin, I have a question to ask.” Tang Qiuqiu said.

“Ask away.”

“Why is he called Czedow? Are you the one who gave him his name?”

“No, it was Wheeze.”

Originally, Cillin was going to call him ‘X’ or ‘Shadow X’. Later on, the gray cat said that Shadow X was a shitty name, and that he should just call him ‘Czedow’ instead.

And so, Czedow was born to this world.

The moment more people in the Sixth B Squadron began to accept Czedow was when they were mining at a rank D planet.

Perhaps both squadrons had used up all their luck at the beginning, but after the initial jackpot, they were unable to find anything for a long period of time. After all, Sector U wasn’t as dangerous as Sector Z, and there were plenty of people who came treasure seeking just like them. Every person who came here were hoping to get valuables that others might’ve missed, so the fact that they were able to find that precious mineral on that planet was absolutely a super stroke of good luck.

Thankfully, the scanners finally picked up something again after a period of quietness.

While the minerals they discovered this time weren't as precious as the last ones, they were still worth quite the satisfactory sum of money.

As usual, everyone was wearing protective suits except the two oddballs, gray cat and Czedow.

The situation at the time had turned out like this.

While mining for minerals, Shawton discovered some pretty high quality energy blocks at his place. However, the energy blocks happened to sit at a spot rampant with magnetic interference. When the planet's geomagnetic field came into play as well, the mining machines stopped working when they reached the energy blocks.

There was no way Shawton was letting these energy ores slip by. After all, it wasn't easy to come by energy ores of such high quality. After discussing the matter with his LCs, Cillin had contacted Czedow right away.

And so Czedow nimbly dug his way into the mining hole under Shawton, the LCs and a few other surrounding members jaw dropping gazes and tossed out the machine stuck inside the hole. Then, he dug out the energy ores with his bare hands. While the energy ores might appear to be small in bulk, their combined

weight was absolutely comparable to that of a small spaceplane.

Czedow calmly put these energy ores into a long-shaped bag and drag them out of the hole easily. He didn't use any machines at all during this process.

The scene caused everyone's eyes to twitch involuntarily. Goddammit robots sure have it good!

Everyone in the squadron was tolerant of contributors. Moreover, Shawton was looking at Czedow like he was looking at some extremely precious minerals.

After all, while Czedow was also a machine, he wasn't affected by the interferences in the slightest. He didn't even experience any aftereffects common among machines from the magnetic fields.

A treasure. He was a precious treasure!

After he was done moving the energy ores, Czedow patted his clothes and restored himself to his former pristine condition. He didn't look as battered as the rest of the people entering the mines at all.

Over time, Czedow was accepted by more and more people in the Sixth B Squadron. He officially become a part of the Sixth Squad.

'Czedow' is pronounced 'Chedov'. While the name isn't translated to my best satisfaction for reasons that you will learn during the next few chapters, at least it's an existing name, I guess.

Chapter 192: ‘Rare Age’, City of Trade

Although there were no more gratifying harvests at the end of the mining mission, overall it was a rare good result. Their mission was not made in vain if they got even one type of precious mineral out of it, and they definitely found more than one type of precious mineral during their journey.

The original plan was to spend fifty GAL days to search for minerals, but in reality they used a total of sixty days. This was because they found some energy ores during the latter half of the mission. Although the quality of the energy ores wasn’t good, it wasn’t subpar either. Therefore, both squadron commanders decided to use the energy ores to sustain an additional ten days of mineral searching.

When the sixtieth day arrived, both commander lay down the orders to leave Sector U. They hadn’t encountered many difficulties throughout the journey, nor did they run into any robbers along the way. They did run into someone from Heaven’s Birth, but had parted ways after a simple greeting. Blue Butterfly continued to keep a low profile, whereas ‘Mist’ and ‘Merciless’ seemed to have evaporated into thin air once more.

Everyone thought that the general situation must have calmed down temporarily. Otherwise, there was no way their journey would’ve gone this smoothly.

Cillin didn’t think that those fellows would calm down this easily. The reason they hadn’t encountered any disturbance so far might be because the conflict wasn’t happening in their area.

Perhaps a major conflict was happening somewhere in GAL while everyone thought that all was peaceful.

However, Cillin didn't need to think about this right now. If he didn't have the strength, then even if he did come into contact with that level of conflict, he wouldn't have the right to speak. He would only be cannon fodder.

"Are we heading to Sector I this time too?"

Inside the meeting room, Wa Qing threw the question at Shawton.

Normally speaking, they would first submit the data on the precious minerals they found to the A Squads first unless it was for a specific mission. The A Squads would then decide how the precious minerals would flow. Generally, the A Squads would keep a portion to themselves according to their needs and sell the rest of the precious minerals away. This time there were no exceptions either.

Shawton nodded, "Both Commander Falvey and I have come to the decision to head to the City of Trade, 'Rare Age'."

It was a predictable outcome. The City of Trade, 'Rare Age' was an excellent choice to sell these precious minerals at a satisfactory price.

The City of Trade, 'Rare Age' Shawton spoke of wasn't the

regular city that most people imagined in their heads. While the City of Trade, ‘Rare Age’ had used the word ‘City’, it was far, far, far larger than an actual city.

The City of Trade, ‘Rare Age’ was situated at a Sector I’s Planet I-I100. This planet wasn’t small. It was five times bigger than the Planet Brown Earth Cillin was born in.

Looking with the visible eyes from space, Planet I-I100 only had a single continent, and this continent took up seventy percent of the planet’s surface. The rest of the planet was covered in sea with some sporadics islands of all sizes scattered in between.

This was where the City of Trade, ‘Rare Age’ Shawton spoke of was. The entire continent was a city of trade, and it was Sector I’s biggest and most famous trading center. Transactions of incredible value were happening at every place and every second in ‘Rare Age’.

The history of the foundation of the City of Trade, ‘Rare Age’ spanned over several thousand years into the past. Several thousand years ago, a few businessmen developed the only continent on this planet into a trading center. Several thousand years of development later, the City of Trade, ‘Rare Age’ had become one of the richest place in the entire GAL.

While this city of trade had a long history, in reality its architecture was inclined towards the neoclassicals. It wasn’t lacking in ancient buildings of incredible history, and some of its well preserved, age-old buildings captured the hearts of some literature researchers and artists.

The City of Trade, ‘Rare Age’ was also Sector I’s biggest precious mineral trading and processing choice. There were plenty of famous gems, enviable energy blocks, and familiar rare materials that were traded from this place.

The City of Trade’s uniqueness was exactly why its level of security was ranked among the top in the entire GAL. In fact, its security measures were even better than some of the places in Sector A. Therefore, no invaluable transactions conducted within the City of Trade needed to worry about robbery attempts. Of course, what happened outside the planet didn’t fall under the City of Trade securities’ scrutiny, although anyone who came here to trade was both capable and influential. There was no chance the average robber could get anything from them.

This time, the two squadrons were planning to register the precious minerals they found for an auction in the trading center. There was no need to worry whether the precious minerals would be sold; there were plenty of people in urgent need for these types of minerals keeping watch at the trading center day and night and inspecting goods that came through the whole City of Trade. They would automatically make their way to the auction houses the moment they found what they fancied or needed.

The items and samples had been submitted to ‘Rare Age’s’ trading center. Five days later, these precious minerals would be auctioned to the public. However, these minerals were all auctioned separately instead of lump sum. This was because the lump sum price of the minerals would be too high, and most people wouldn’t be able to prepare the money they needed to bid at first notice. Therefore, auctioning them separately would allow

the buyers a buffer time to gather their funds, and enable the precious minerals to be sold at a higher price too.

Planet I-I100's security inspection was incredibly strict. A person was forced to go through multiple inspections to prevent the carrying of dangerous articles or unknown viruses into the place.

This wasn't the first time Cary came here, but he was unusually nervous this time. He wasn't nervous for his own sake, but for the nonhuman behind him.

Their group had gone through the security inspection tunnel in succession. Cillin had gone through the tunnel without any troubles, and the gray cat on his shoulder had not triggered any alarm either.

Czedow slowly stepped into the tunnel from behind Cillin, and the rest of the group who had safely passed through the tunnel looked at him with rapidly beating hearts. Cary once saw an unrepentant person who got caught carrying a mini hand grenade with him, and countless muzzles and weapons had suddenly appeared all around the tunnel. Since it was a hand grenade the guy was carrying, he was instantly zapped into an ice sculpture by the ultralow temperature weapons around him.

Normally, any weaponry that didn't exceed the predetermined limits of offensive power would be returned to the person after they reached the other side of the security inspection tunnel without issues.

That being said, Czedow probably wouldn't be executed on the spot, would he? At worst, he'd be kicked out of the trading center with a serious warning.

It would be a lie if Cillin said that he wasn't nervous himself. He might be confident in his creation, but Czedow had never gone through a real life inspection either. The decision to have Czedow follow him was not without its risks.

As Czedow took one step after another through the tunnel, Cillin and everyone else's heart went up their throats, and fell back down to their chests.

No alarm was triggered. The word 'average human' was even displayed in the end.

Shawton gave Cillin a thumbs-up. Even Frentz's robot couldn't get an 'average human' verdict, could they?

Tang Qiuqiu made a racket about coming over with them too. She had heard that the sweets here were extremely rare, and she was willing to spend on them even if they would be extremely expensive to buy.

Snowball also followed her into the trading center. The security inspection tunnel didn't categorize an animal like it as a threat.

When walking on the streets of the City of Trade, 'Rare Age', they couldn't help but feel as if they had gone back to ancient

times.

There were no buildings that reached over the clouds. Buildings of rich traditional architecture were everywhere.

Shawton and Falvey had taken a few men with them and gone to the auction house they contacted earlier. The rest of them had some time to themselves. Cillin's group was split into four batches: Tico and Rikulab went to check out the medical type auction houses; Cary, Xiao Shang, Beaver and Ba Dao went to visit the bars since Cary said that the alcohol here was pretty tasty; and Dias and Asiya went away somewhere to enjoy their time alone.

In reality, Cillin was going to follow Cary's group into the bar. However, since Tang Qiuqiu wanted to buy some sweets, he told them that he would go to the bar and find them after they had bought Tang Qiuqiu's stuff.

Czedow, Snowball and Scarlet Wind walked together with Cillin. This was the first time Scarlet Wind saw an environment like this, so he could scarcely hide the curiosity in his eyes. While he couldn't help but feel wary as a matter of habit, curiosity was still the dominant emotion in his mind. Meanwhile, Czedow was absorbing new information into himself at every moment, but unlike Scarlet Wind who revealed both his curiosity and wariness in his eyes, he maintained a mild expression on his face.

Following the City of Trade's map, the group arrived at 'Sweet Street'. This whole street was used to sell desserts. The gray cat was urging Tang Qiuqiu to buy some sweets ASAP. Then they could go to the commercial street right next to this street where

luxury pet supplies were sold and buy some fish biscuits.

However, Tang Qiuqiu obviously lacked resistance against all kinds of sweets as she bit her finger in hesitation. She really wanted to just buy the whole street.

“Hey, Qiuqiu, faster faster! Scarlet Wind and I are still waiting to buy stuff from the street next door, you know!” the gray cat said impatiently from above Cillin’s shoulder.

Tang Qiuqiu ignored the gray cat’s complains and continued to hesitate. Suddenly, her attention was drawn by a fit of commotion.

It was a store built in the style of a village. The flora adorning the window sills were in fact all made of sweets. In fact, the window sills that seemed to be made of wood and stone were made of sweets too. Overall, the entire building exuded a neoclassical atmosphere and rich sweet fragrance.

Tang Qiuqiu wasn’t drawn by the store’s architecture, but the giant lollipop slowly floating above the store. It was a sign of free samples.

“Wait here, big brother Cillin. I’ll go snatch some sweets!”

Tang Qiuqiu had ran over before Cillin could say anything. Snowball had followed her as well as they squeezed between a crowd of other kids.

Seeing that those who squeezed their way to the store were all kids, Cillin decided to stand at a side and wait.

It was only when sweets were involved that Tang Qiuqiu would act childlike.

There was an unwritten rule in this street, and that was kids were the only one who were allowed to participate in sweet snatching events and the like. Adults were forbidden from participating in it. Therefore, the surrounding bodyguards, nannies, fathers and mothers could only shout from outside the commotion to watch out themselves and not be trampled by other people.

In reality, this store was a small branch set up by a sweet processing factory. They were promoting all kinds of sweets, and there were plenty of people who would put in huge amounts of orders everyday to this factory because their kids loved these sweets.

The sweets here were extremely expensive; it was obvious the second someone looked at the price tag. These sweets were the luxury goods among sweets, and that small bag of sweets could make up the price of a flying car already.

However, no price tag could stop the footsteps of GAL’s sweet lovers, and Tang Qiuqiu was one of them.

While the kids were on a rampage, cracking sounds suddenly resounded from a place not far away. Then, a big ball suspended in

the sky suddenly exploded with a bang, and the sweets stored inside it began to rain literally.

It was yet another free sweet snatching event.

Seeing that the surrounding kids were now charging towards that direction, Cillin turned around and asked, “Qiuqiu, why didn’t you go snatch those…”

Cillin’s voice cut to an abrupt stop. This was because he couldn’t see Tang Qiuqiu or Snowball anywhere at all.

There was absolutely no way Cillin would’ve missed them. If Tang Qiuqiu and Snowball had given up the sweet snatching event here and went over, they couldn’t have avoided Cillin’s vision.

How could this be?!

Chapter 193: Taken Away

When the bang happened, Cillin, Scarlet Wind, the gray cat and Czedow had all moved their gazes away for a second. It was just a blink of the eye, but Tang Qiuqiu and Snowball had already disappeared.

The communicator couldn't be contacted. Not even the signalling device Tang Qiuqiu carried on herself were reacting at all.

It all happened in an instant.

Scarlet Wind suddenly tensed up and shifted into a highly alert state. Claws suddenly jumped out of his hands.

"What's wrong, Scarlet Wind?"

"There's a strange thing with a very disgusting smell on it!"

"Czedow!" Cillin said heavily.

Czedow did look away just now, but he had a separate monitoring device that wasn't his eyes. Czedow opened his palm as a hologram appeared on it. It was a scene of the store that they had missed just now.

Tang Qiuqiu's figure was still pretty obvious despite it being mixed with many other children's. This was especially true for the

white fat bear following behind her. Then, a black shadow flashed by, and both Tang Qiuqiu and Snowball disappeared. At the same time, a loud bang resounded from the other side of the store.

When the video was slowed down, Cillin noticed that the thing that wrapped itself around Tang Qiuqiu and Snowball looked a little like tentacles. He didn't know what it was, but it should be pretty slippery and swift. The last place it vanished to was one of the exits of this street.

The gray cat took a sniff and said, "I can't catch Tang Qiuqiu or Snowball's scent anywhere. Our opponent is quite crafty. Moreover, that thing that snatched them away had the scent of sweets, allowing it to mingle with its surroundings. But it cannot escape my nose!"

Both Scarlet Wind and the gray cat had caught the scent of the thing that took Tang Qiuqiu and Snowball away. However, they allowed Scarlet Wind to lead the way instead of the gray cat since his reactions to the scent were stronger. The fact that the other party drew such a reaction from Scarlet Wind meant that they were absolutely not a normal human being.

Scarlet Wind led the way while Cillin and the gray cat followed him behind. Czedow hung at the tail of the group.

They tracked down the scent very quickly. While pursuing, Czedow also copied the security footages captured by every security monitor in the area without being discovered.

Looking at the footages, it would seem that Tang Qiuqiu and Snowball were taken into a normal-looking flying car after they were snatched from the street. Without these footages, it would've been difficult for them to track down their enemy even though they noticed its scent since the beginning.

Cillin rented a flying car from the automatic car rental center and chased after them immediately. Their opponent drove very quickly. Since there was a speed limit, they had been driving at the highest allowed speed limit with incredible skill. This alone showed that their opponents were no small fries.

Those people had switched flying cars midway. Tang Qiuqiu and Snowball were carried into a building, but a different flying car had flown out of another exit of the building afterwards. It was likely that Tang Qiuqiu and Snowball were inside that flying car.

Under Cillin and the gray cat's combined efforts, they finally tracked the kidnappers into a port. The port was one of the five biggest ports of the City of Trade.

It was obvious that their opponent had noticed that Cillin was tracking them too. They had made many efforts to conceal themselves after they arriving at this place. Right now, it was very difficult for them to keep track of the kidnappers based on the security monitors and scent alone.

Why on earth had the kidnappers taken Tang Qiuqiu? Did they belong to a certain force?

These were the questions that puzzled Cillin greatly.

“What do we do, Cillin? Should we split up and search around?” the gray cat asked.

Cillin didn’t answer it immediately. Now that he had calmed down, he quickly figured out some critical points of the kidnapping.

After arriving at a quiet corner of the port and falling silent for a dozen or so seconds, Cillin said, “No, we should stay together. It’s possible that we were targeted since the beginning. Our opponents had made a meticulous plan, and we would not find anything even if we were to investigate that sweet store or balloon. Czedow, remember to inform Cary and the commander about our situation. Scarlet Wind and I will chase them directly, or we will not be able to catch up to them anymore.”

“Scarlet Wind, follow me. Don’t take even a step away from me.” Cillin said to Scarlet Wind.

“Mm.” Scarlet Wind’s eyes were filled with anger and murderous intent. The long claws on his hands extended a little more without him noticing. However, he forcefully withdrew them after Cillin patted them softly. After all, there were a lot of people at this place.

“Czedow, go find the commander together with Wheeze.”

Cillin led Scarlet Wind into the port. Meanwhile, the gray cat and Czedow went inside their flying car and drove away.

Scarlet Wind followed Cillin closely, but he didn't understand Cillin's arrangement. Both Wheeze and Czedow were invaluable if they wanted to track down their opponent. But if that was the case, then why had he sent Wheeze and Czedow away?

Scarlet Wind didn't voice his opinions, however. He trusted in Cillin's judgment, so he obeyed his decisions even though he was puzzled by the arrangement.

"This is the direction, right Scarlet Wind?" Cillin asked.

Scarlet Wind nodded. He was very familiar with this smell; it was a disgusting smell that couldn't be removed even if it was washed with disinfectants. Although the opponent had made efforts to conceal it, Scarlet Wind only needed a bit more time to identify the direction where the scent was coming from.

The duo chased the scent all the way to a spaceplane parking lot. There weren't many people at this place. Scarlet Wind was just about to say something when every hair on his body suddenly stood on its end. His animal instincts informed him that there were danger, but his vigilance was quickly carried away by a powerful sedative. He wobbled once, twice, and collapsed onto the ground.

Cillin was also lying down on the ground beside Scarlet Wind in the same manner. Both of them were shot by an extremely thin

needle. This type of needle made almost no sound at all when it was fired, and it travelled at a tremendous speed. Moreover, the thin needle contained a surprisingly powerful sedative that could knock out even a Rank A genotype human.

A number of people came out of the surrounding spaceplanes after they'd collapsed. No one could've imagined that the surrounding spaceplanes that looked like they came from different places and forces parked in this area were in fact all under the same boss.

This area was cut off from the rest of the world before anyone realized it. No one here was an outsider, and although there were a few guards in the area they completely ignored whatever those people were doing. Instead, they left the area after exchanging brief glances with each other. The people that came out of the spaceplane confirmed that both Cillin and Scarlet Wind were knocked out after an inspection and carried them both into a spaceplane.

When the spaceplane took off into the air, no one noticed the two bumps that looked almost identical to their surroundings sticking at the bottom of the spaceplane.

They didn't notice that these two bumps were communicating with each other through a certain method that was completely undetectable by the spaceplane's security system.

It didn't take long before the spaceplane left the port and entered into space. There was a starship parked at a giant space station, and its logo was a number '6' that had been rotated 255 degrees

clockwise. It was also designed to have a bigger curve and longer tail.

Cillin would've been surprised to see this logo. This was because the people with this logo were the kind of people whom Shawton wanted to stay away from the most.

In a room on the starship, two people were conversing with each other.

"How dare you mobilize a test subject to capture people without permission!" a man dressed in black formal attire looking like he had just finished attending a party said with undisguised anger.

A middle-aged man sat across him. Right now this middle-aged man was looking at the data recorded in his electronic notebook. He showed no fear towards the black suited man's harsh words.

When he raised his head, the excitement in his eyes hadn't faded away completely, "Kedwell, I'm absolutely sure you cannot imagine what kind of life form we just got." the middle-aged man brought up a number of data and passed over the electronic notebook to Kedwell, who had just finished attending a large-scale auction.

Kedwell might be dissatisfied with the middle-aged man's methods, but his face instantly lit up the moment he saw the listed data. That being said, it was necessary for him to maintain a certain attitude as a part of the management staff. He straightened his expression and passed the electronic notebook back to the

middle-aged man, “Shelt, the higher-ups had said this many times already. This is not the time to create any noise. Someone has already informed the military about this, and certain political organizations are voicing dissenting opinions too. We must watch out and control our actions!”

“Of course I know. But since we coincidentally ran into such a rare and perfect specimen, I can’t possibly give up on it, can I? This specimen is several times better than the last batch of test subjects.” Shelt retrained his gaze onto the electronic notebook once more, skimming through the test data transmitted back to his device one after another.

“Which force do they belong to?” Kedwell loosened his collar and asked.

“I checked, they’re from Vanguard’s Sixth B Squadron.”

When Kedwell heard the name ‘Vanguard’, his eyebrows quickly became wrinkled. But when he heard the words ‘B Squadron’, they became relaxed again. It was just a B Squadron. The loss of a few personnel wouldn’t draw the ire of the A Squadrons.

“I’ll forget this this one time, but don’t you start another kidnapping as you like during this time. If this affects the whole ‘Miracle’, then all of your experiments will be obliterated!”

“Of course, I do know where my priorities lie.”

Shelt only mentioned Cillin and Scarlet Wind's capture briefly. Moreover, Scarlet Wind was another rare specimen to Shelt, so he had no intentions of telling too much and have his prize taken away from him. Luckily for him, Kedwell was rather busy today since the higher ups had instructed him to whitewash certain things. Therefore, he couldn't spare any more attention to the things Shelt had done today.

At the same time, inside a prison room on the starship. Cillin could feel the restraints placed around his limbs, but he neither moved nor opened his eyes. In fact, his body was maintained at the biological state of an unconscious person. The instrument beside him displayed the words 'Subject Unconscious'.

In reality, Cillin could've avoided that needle if he wanted to. He didn't because he had a plan in his mind. His opponent's appetite was very huge, since not only had they kidnapped Tang Qiuqiu, they seemed to have set their eyes on Scarlet Wind as well.

Although Cillin had outlined his plans back at the corner, that wasn't his real goal at all. Verbal communication was hardly the only channel of communication between him and the gray cat. The gray cat was sitting right on top of Cillin's shoulders, and their interaction neither needed words nor feared eavesdroppers at all. Moreover, the gray cat could communicate with Czedow through another method.

Before Scarlet Wind was knocked out, Cillin had already injected a kind of medicine into his body in secret. It was something Rikulab researched, and it could partially resist powerful stimulant drugs. Moreover, Cillin added a different kind of medicine into the

mix that would make Scarlet Wind emit a different kind of scent. As long as this scent existed, Cillin would be able to find Scarlet Wind no matter where he was.

Scarlet Wind and Cillin were separated after the spaceplane had entered the starship. Obviously, Scarlet Wind was given heavy attention, while Cillin was abandoned at another room alone and surrounded with monitoring devices.

Chapter 194: Miracle Co. Ltd

He was surrounded by reinforced steel walls, hidden weapons, and monitoring equipment with no blind angles. It was obvious that these people monitored Cillin – no, their test subjects – very strictly.

Right now, Cillin couldn't do anything. He was watched too closely, and the gray cat and Cillin needed some time to collect information about this place or they would be forced into passivity too much. Tang Qiuqiu was probably supervised just like him, whereas Snowball and Scarlet Wind were under even stricter supervision. That being said, they probably wouldn't be harmed just yet, and Cillin needed to ponder about his next move while there was still time left.

The starship arrived at another planet in Sector I. This space station at the outskirts of this planet and the orbiting satellites all shared the same logo.

Cillin was transferred onto a spaceplane and carried onto the planet.

There was a huge research base on the planet, and Cillin was transported to a certain area of the base. There were other common humans just like Cillin who were imprisoned in this place, but unlike him they were already injected with certain drug substances and grew scales, thorns, or wrinkles all over their bodies.

While Cillin was transported into a supervision room, one of the human test subjects went crazy due to the effects of the drug substances, hitting the surrounding walls with all he got. Every supervision room was shaped like a round pillar about 4 meters diameter. One quarter of the walls was made transparent so that the experimenters could see the effects of the drug substances on their test subjects. However, the test subjects couldn't see each other.

After Cillin was scanned by a scanner, he was injected with an unknown drug substance and tossed into a supervision room. The number displayed outside the supervision room was '6915'. This meant that Cillin was the 6,915th test subject who was experimented on for this type of experiment.

The people that dragged Cillin and Scarlet Wind from the trading center's port to the spaceplane all felt pretty strong to him. He could detect from the genes of the people who came into contact with him that they were all abnormal human beings. Their genes weren't completely human, and genes of other races had been mixed into their bodies. Moreover, these people had not spoken a word from beginning to the end, doing exactly as they were told to. They felt like puppets. They left after sending Cillin into the base. The people walking inside here were all experimenters who wore white work clothes.

Cillin had analysed and determined at the first moment that the drug substance injected into his body was something that tested his body's resistance and tolerance. The experimenters wanted to see just how far he could endure.

Cillin knew that this whole supervision room was an ‘operation table’. The experiment had begun from the moment he was tossed into this place. If you guys want a show…

In a room not far away from here, the monitors were displaying the general situation of each ‘operation table’. The relevant machines here were analysing every test subject’s drug reactions.

One of the experimenters was staring at the monitors. Suddenly, he let out an exclamation of surprise.

“Test subject 6915’s body temperature is unusual. It’s dropping rapidly after an initial rise!”

“That’s impossible. Everyone in here is a Rank A genotype. There’s no way he couldn’t hold on for even five minutes?!” another experimenters said.

“The data shows that his body temperature has already hit the lower limit already. If it goes down any further then this test subject is useless… something’s wrong. His body temperature has gone up again! He’s showing severe allergic reaction. His blood circulation has sped up and his heartbeat is rapid!”

Cillin began to writhe on the monitoring display.

The data displayed on the instruments supervising Cillin were all changing acutely. This meant that the target’s various vitals were all incredibly unstable, and that the entire human body system was

going haywire. The experimenters could already predict the outcome.

Ten seconds later, the heart displayed on the instrument stopped beating.

Half an hour later, nothing changed.

“Enough. Dispose him directly.” a researcher said expressionlessly. They’d seen plenty of such situations already.

What’s the test results on 6915’s blood?”

“We’ve analysed his DNA fully, but we’re not sure why this happened. Maybe it’s because of the drug’s influence.”

“Rank A genotypes are a troublesome lot. There is always unexpected shit happening when we experiment on them.” an experimenter muttered.

“There’s nothing we can do. Our experiment targets must be rank A genotypes. Still, isn’t this guy a bit too useless? Even that kid last time did better than him and held out for a full hour.”

“In short, this rank A test subject is trash. God knows where Shelt procured him from.”

Cillin, lying quietly and lifelessly on the ground was stuffed into

a long back and carried away from this area. They arrived at a waste disposal plant.

The waste processing plant was separated into two processing boxes. One was for lab equipment and relevant drug substances, whereas the other was for failed test subjects.

An experimenter dragged Cillin from the transport trolley and put him on the desk in front of the processing box. He was just about to press the processing button when a hand holding a thin syringe stretched out of the bag suddenly. Before the experimenter could react, the thin syringe was plunged into the back of his head.

The syringe was hidden inside the leaf ring earlier. That was why the scanners hadn't detected it just now.

Then drug substances inside the syringe swiftly entered deep into the experimenter's brain through his blood. His brain nerves were starting to be affected by the drug.

Cillin opened the bag and stood in front of the experimenter. His voice became deep and slow, and his tone contained a kind of rhythm and bewitching effect, "Remember, you have already processed the dead test subject."

The experimenter's eyes had no focus whatsoever. He repeated Cillin's words dumbly, "I have already processed the dead test subject..."

“Therefore, you will now head out, find a place to sleep, and begin working anew.”

“Sleep… begin working anew…”

As he watched the experimenter walk out of the processing plant, Cillin pressed the button next to the processing box where the long bag was put on the desk. The desk entered the processing box, and a white flash later the entire bag instantly turned to dust. When the processing was complete, the desk returned its the original position once more.

Cillin looked up and cast a glance at the monitoring device above the processing plant. Instead of looking away, he asked, “Are the monitoring images all dealt with?”

“They are. I guarantee that no one will know about it.” the gray cat walked in from outside with Czedow following behind it.

Czedow projected a light beam from his eyes and turned it into a hologram. He replayed the strip of monitoring images related to Tang Qiuqiu, Snowball and Scarlet Wind they intercepted one at a time.

“Miracle Co. Ltd?!”

Cillin looked a little surprised to see that logo.

There were plenty of base companies that conducted

biochemistry or genetic experiments, but only a few operated the way ‘Miracle’ did. ‘Miracle’ had an incredibly solid background, and they were supported not only by business organizations, but also political organizations and even the GAL military. No Hunter regiments would want to come in touch with a company like this because its background alone was a testament to the sheer number of taboo experiments and business deals it must have conducted.

After experiencing certain things and playing a role as a member of the four great Hunter regiments, it was easy to analyse and see why no one wanted to come in touch with this company. There was a dividing line between Hunters, political organizations and the military. It was a balance of non-involvement where both parties stayed on opposite sides of the line and snorted disdainfully at each other. Everyone knew about everyone’s backgrounds and dirty dealings. They just chose not to say anything about them.

With such a deep background, the sheer amount of profits this company earned everyday was unimaginable. Even if their experiments were unlawful and taboo, ‘Miracle’ could build a bright front for itself without problems.

‘Miracle’ was famed for its high end biological weapons and genetic drugs in GAL. There were many people who knew this company for these two products. They heard that ‘Miracle’s’ gene transformation drug had the highest success rate in the entire GAL. At the same time, it was also the most expensive out of all others.

However, how many innocents had paid with their lives to create the drug’s bright image of ‘highest transformation success rate’?

“Snowball and Scarlet Wind were sent to another side of the base, but Tang Qiuqiu is imprisoned not far away from where you were imprisoned.” the gray cat said while looking at the footages, “However, that there’s another force in this place, Cillin. We discovered them while we were copying some of the base’s security footages. Although they had concealed themselves well, they cannot escape my cat eyes.”

“Do you know who they belong to?”

The gray cat shook its head, “No. But you said before that the enemy of my enemy is my friend. Maybe we can cooperate with each other.”

“Let’s not make contact until we find Qiuqiu and the others first. They must have their own reason to lie low all this time.”

Saving Tang Qiuqiu was relatively easy, and the gray cat and Czedow could take care of the security system no problem. However, saving Tang Qiuqiu would most definitely alert the enemy too, and that would mean the task to save Scarlet Wind and Snowball on the other side of the base wouldn’t be as easy. Judging from the footages Czedow provided him, Scarlet Wind and Snowball were supervised even more strictly than they were. There were also a lot more guards too.

While Cillin was pondering, Czedow suddenly said, “There is a non-base personnel at the entrance of a passage five hundred meters away. He’s copying the footages of our area.”

“I’ll head over and take a look; you guys keep watch over Tang Qiuqiu. If you notice anything amiss, then cut off the electrical system in this whole area. Is there a problem?”

“None.” Czedow and the gray cat said at the same time.

If they were someone else, then they would probably be ridiculed for overestimating their capabilities. But for Czedow and the gray cat, the task wasn’t impossible.

Cillin sneaked his way towards the place Czedow had pointed him too. Thanks to Czedow’s help, the few guarded entrances he encountered along the way didn’t cause him any problems. He was able to pass through without needing to verify his ID.

Cillin saw the person at the passage when he reached there. He looked almost the same as the experimenters, dressed in white work clothes and wearing a pair of gloves. His back was facing Cillin, and he was arranging a drug shelf. He looked like he was attempting to deliver these drugs over to the processing box, but a few drug boxes had fallen off during the process. This person was picking up the drug boxes from the floor.

He didn’t sense any anxiety or urgency from him. This person acted very calmly just like the normal experimenters in this research base. When Cillin approached him, he didn’t reveal any anxiety or murderous intent just like before.

Cillin didn’t stop after he approached the person. Instead, he

continued to walk forwards as if he didn't notice anything. The person also continued to crouch on the floor and tidy the drug boxes that had fallen to the floor.

When Cillin passed by the person's back and took a few more steps forward, he suddenly came to a stop, turned around and said, "Hey, do you know that these two dangerous drug substances are usually carried around by robots?"

Chapter 195: Hello Again, Knight

Cillin had just finished speaking when three drug box fragments were thrown right at his eyes, heart and kidney area. At the same time, the attacker himself had charged towards him. A normal person wouldn't even notice a blur.

Cillin was prepared for this reaction when he said these words. It was just that this person gave him a very familiar feeling. After dodging the three fragments, Cillin raised an arm and blocked the fist flying towards his face.

The second his hand came into contact with the attacker's fist, Cillin immediately figured out his identity.

"Knight?!"

The attacker who was about start the next series of attacks stopped at the exclamation.

Knight swiftly backed away until he had put at least ten meters between himself and Cillin. Knight stared at him warily. He had not recognized Cillin because Cillin's appearance had changed far too much compared to how he looked at Seven Lights.

"Who are you?" Knight had already prepped the silent needles for fire while he was asking this question. The second he confirmed that this person wasn't on his side, he was going to kill him immediately.

Knight's reaction couldn't be faulted. After all, he remembered everyone who accompanied him here very well, and he would be able to identify them even if they had put on a disguise. But this person...

When Knight saw this person for the first time, he was sure he didn't recognize him. But after they clashed against each other briefly, he was assaulted by a strange sense of familiarity. Now that sense of familiarity was growing stronger and stronger, but he just couldn't find this person no matter how much he searched through his memory! Moreover, the person standing before him held no malice towards him at all. Even the look in his eyes was the kind that was shared among close companions only.

Who on earth is he? Knight thought conflictingly.

Cillin let out a low chuckle, "I knew you wouldn't recognize me."

It was at this moment the gray cat jumped into the open.

"Hey Cillin, are you done? We have a situation here. Should we start cutting off the power?'

Knight's eyes twitched the second he heard the name 'Cillin'. Then, his eyes slowly widened as he stared at him and froze on the spot. He looked like he wasn't sure how to react.

Cillin walked past Knight and looked at the hologram displayed on Czedow's hand.

A few experimenters were shown to have entered Tang Qiuqiu's supervision room. They were also holding syringes and test tubes.

Cillin was just about to say something when Knight came over with an annoyed look on his face, "Don't worry, we have some men over there."

While saying this, Knight tapped on the small round disc he wore on his hand a couple of times. It was a secret code they used within the ops team for communication.

Cillin nodded and motioned them to not cut off the electricity first.

Seeing that Cillin trusted the other party so easily, the gray cat cocked its head and looked at Knight, "Who is this enemy of our enemy?"

"He's Knight, one of my roommates back then just like Lung."

The second the gray cat heard that Knight was like Lung, it immediately jumped over with bright eyes and patted Knight with its paw, "Aiya, so you're one of us."

Knight: "..." Why is there a cat here?

Knight moved his gaze backwards and looked at Czedow, "And

who is he?”

The gray cat interrupted before Cillin could answer, “He’s called Czedow. We’re on the same side!”

“Czedow? That reminds me of Shadow X.”

Cillin looked at the gray cat, “See, I told you that ‘Shadow X’ is a good name.”

Knight raised his fist and pressed it against Cillin’s head, “Like hell it’s good. Do you have no shame, you bastard!”

If he wasn’t limited by the environment and circumstances, Knight would’ve beaten Cillin up already. Back then the method Cillin chose to depart pissed him off so much that he was angry for ten days straight. Even today that frustration was still stuck in his heart like an uncomfortable stone that just had to be removed. Once this mission was over, he was absolutely going to beat up this devious bastard. He knew on first sight that this bastard excelled at pissing people off.

“You guys are the ones who tinkered with the monitoring devices, aren’t you?” Knight asked. He might have phrased the line as a question, but his tone was very certain. No ordinary people could’ve tinkered with the monitoring devices, and that included the people in their small ops team as well. At best, they could only copy video footages off them.

Knight held a palm-sized device in his hand. With this device, they could copy all security camera records within a five hundred meter radius without needing to visit the security room. However, Cillin's group was even greater than he expected, capable of tinkering with the footages themselves in the area. 'Miracle's' supervision network was pretty high-end after all.

"Why did you guys come here?" Cillin asked.

"You should know a bit about 'Miracle's' black reputation, don't you? They've gone overboard in the recent years, and someone up there couldn't stand what they're doing, not to mention that some of 'Miracle's' backers had fallen from grace recently. Since someone wants to give 'Miracle' a big 'operation', we accepted this mission and came over to collect evidence."

They didn't know just how bad it was until they came, and no one in the team could calm down after seeing the witnessing the horrific tragedies that went on in this place everyday. Before 'Miracle', most of the experiments they saw involved animals, but every test subject here was basically human. If there were animals, they were of the extremely rare and precious kind.

The human test subjects ranged from embryos that weren't yet fully developed to humans of all stages of development. No one was exempt from atrocious treatment.

The experimenters cared nothing for their lives. To obtain one impressive data, they could sacrifice one, several, tens, hundreds or thousands of innocent lives without hesitation. When they couldn't find volunteers, they would grab one right off the street.

Knight's team once saw a newborn bleeding to death due to metabolic disorder after being injected with a certain drug before it was thrown away like trash by the experimenters.

After that, they killed two experimenters, and two of their companions disguised themselves as the two experimenters and infiltrated into their midst. Right now, the person giving Tang Qiuqiu an injection was one of those two spies.

"You know, Cillin. Back then I admired researchers a lot due to people like Ci Jincheng and Elder Mo. But after I met these people, I feel like their families should die with them."

At the same time, Tang Qiuqiu was trapped inside a pillar-like room similar to the supervision room Cillin was locked in earlier. All the human test subjects in this area were young kids, and most of them had been kidnapped directly.

"The test subject is showing signs of awakening, but she has not regained her mobility yet. Keep up the injection."

Tang Qiuqiu opened her eyes while listening to the unfamiliar voices around her. What entered her eyes were a few people dressed in white work clothes. One of them was holding a syringe and a test tube, while the other two were adjusting the instruments.

"I can't believe they would send in a non-rank A genotype kid in here this time. That said, this kid's drug resistance is pretty good. She should make a better test subject."

Tang Qiuqiu wanted to move, but she discovered that she had completely lost control over her muscles. Even breathing was somewhat difficult for her.

Right now, Tang Qiuqiu's vision was very clear. While she couldn't move, her mind was in a state of great clarity. She didn't scream even after noticing the unfamiliar surroundings. Instead, she kept quiet. Cillin once told her that the more dangerous things were, the calmer she should become.

However, she was just a kid after all. When she saw the syringe she did her utmost to move away her arm. However, she still couldn't move.

The person giving her the injection pierced the syringe into her arm, and the scarlet liquid inside the syringe flowed into her body. She could feel the liquid flowing to every corner of her body.

However, what puzzled Tang Qiuqiu was that the experimenter who gave her the injection had winked at her when she looked up. His eyes were smiling not in a malicious way, but an encouraging one.

The experimenters hadn't left for long before Tang Qiuqiu began to experience allergic reactions all over her body. Her temperature rose rapidly, and her heart stopped not long after that.

"Tsk, I should've known that trash genes are trash genes. A rank A genotype kid would do better." an experimenter sneered as he

stared at the data displayed on the monitor.

"Let's process her quickly. What a waste of drugs."

And so Tang Qiuqiu was sent to the waste processing plant as a failed test subject just like Cillin.

This time, Cillin acted even swifter than before. Just like before, he gave the experimenter who transported the failed test subject the hypnosis treatment. Right now, it wasn't time to stir things up just yet. While these hypnotised experimenters might recall some bits and fragments of memories later, it would be too late by then.

Cillin pulled open the bag's zipper. Knight injected another kind of drug into Tang Qiuqiu, and her heart began to beat again after a few minutes later, followed by the recovery of her vitals.

"Big brother Cillin, they took away Snowball." Tang Qiuqiu said with red eyes. It was because of her gluttony that it turned out like this. Tang Qiuqiu grew even more guilty after she learned that Scarlet Wind was taken away as well.

Cillin rubbed her head and said, "It's not your fault. They had their eyes on Snowball since the beginning. Even if they didn't grab it now, they still would've grabbed it later."

"They took away my gun, and my emblem too!!"

"It's okay. We just need to take it back."

While speaking, Cillin turned to Knight and asked, “Do you have a spare gun?”

When the military operated, their equipment were definitely customized to fit the mission. It was a lot more convenient to move around here with special guns.

Knight tossed a gun he was carrying directly to Cillin, but to his surprise Cillin tossed it into Tang Qiuqiu’s hands. He didn’t say anything other than raising an eyebrow, though. He might not understand why it was necessary to pass a gun into a kid’s hands, but it wasn’t the time to argue about this either.

“I’ll bring you guys to our hideout right now to research our next step. The important research facilities of the base aren’t easily infiltrated, and there’s no point getting anxious about it right now. We haven’t made any real progress ourselves even though we’ve been here for quite some time. That being said, we got some good news. According to our intel, the research on beast types on the other side are being temporarily halted because they’re lacking a kind of test drug. This gives us at least thirty hours to work with. Thirty hours later, the test drugs they bought would’ve arrived, once your two companions are injected with the drugs they’re basically no different from puppets. Those that failed to become puppets would be killed directly.”

Thirty hours. They didn’t have much time.

Knight led Cillin and his group to a small unit inside the base. It

wasn’t a secluded area at the edge of the base, but a technician’s hostel. The experimenter who originally lived here had already been killed by Knight and his team. One of them took over the experimenter’s identity. Speaking of which, the military definitely weren’t lacking in talent considering that they could take over a person’s identity without slipping up.

When Cillin walked inside, he was surprised to see two familiar figures. Although he hadn’t seen them for three years and they were wearing disguises, Cillin still recognised them at first glance.

“Yue Luo, Feng Haicao. Long time no see.”

Chapter 196: Brain Eating Parasites

When Knight brought Cillin's group over, the lab happened to be in a busy period. Therefore, there were basically no one in the staff hostel. They only needed to avoid the security cameras, and with the gray cat and Czedow around, they weren't a problem.

It was also because the lab was in a busy period that Yue Lou and Feng Haicao were the only ones left in the hostel among Knight's ten-man operation team. Everyone else was gathering information everywhere else.

At first, Yue Lou and Feng Haicao thought that Knight had brought a couple of rescued people into their hideout. However, they quickly dispelled such thoughts. They were not so blind that they couldn't distinguish between test subjects and outsiders.

However, their wariness turned into bewilderment when they heard Cillin's words. They believed that Knight wouldn't do something as stupid as revealing his own identity for no reason, but who on earth was this person who saw through them at first glance?

Yue Lou stopped playing with his gun and sat up from his bed. The isolated parts in the air became a whole gun once more the moment they fell back into his hands. Tang Qiuqiu's red eyes lit up when she saw Yue Lou's trick.

At first, Knight was pondering how best to introduce Cillin to his comrades. After all, Cillin was pronounced 'dead' back then. He

hadn't expected Cillin to expose himself on his own accord. This wasn't a bad choice, however. It was better for both parties to be privy of each other if they were to act in coordination. Although this operation to 'search for evidence' had been classified as a covert operation, that would not be the case once this case was closed in success. The public would be able to deduce certain things from the media.

Yue Lou and Feng Haicao simply let out a sigh of realization after hearing Knight's explanation. They weren't too surprised by Cillin's 'resurrection'.

"Yue Lou did say that there's no way someone like Cillin would die that easily." Feng Haicao smiled.

Knight was conflicted. How come he was the only idiot who thought Cillin had died back then? Wait a minute, there was also Lung. They were both idiots.

It wasn't their fault, though. Back then, they had witnessed Cillin's assassination with their own eyes as a bullet had pierced right through him before so many witnesses. He had bled profusely, and the instruments didn't pick up any life signals from him at all. It was no wonder they believed that he was killed.

When Tang Qiuqiu heard their conversation, she bit her finger and asked, "Are you talking about big brother Cillin being shot at Seven Lights back then?"

The trio turned to look at Tang Qiuqiu in unison. Their eyes were

inquiring.

Tang Qiuqiu continued to bite her finger, but didn't speak.

Cillin rubbed her head and said, "She was the one who fired the shot back then."

The trio's mouth turned into an O shape.

Knight came to realization when he looked at the gun Tang Qiuqiu was holding once more. If she really had such skills, then it was no wonder that Cillin would pass her the gun.

"I guess we have two expert marksmen in our group then." Feng Haicao said.

Tang Qiuqiu looked at Yue Lou. She knew from the moment she saw Yue Lou playing with his gun that his shooting skills were very good. It wasn't the trick, but the way he looked at his gun that revealed this to her.

It was obvious that Yue Lou was very interested in this young little expert markswoman too, "Let's compare skills when we have the chance."

"Okay."

During this period, Cillin discussed their future plans and actions

with Knight's group. With Czedow and the gray cat's help as well as the cooperation of Knight's ops team, this mission should become much easier.

"Our support squad should be arriving soon, and we're more or less done with collecting evidence. When they arrive, we would be able to send a message to them once we collected evidence from the critical area."

"Everyone should be able to leave this place safely as long as we follow the plan." Feng Haicao nodded.

While talking, another person walked into the room. It was someone Cillin didn't recognize.

"You returned, Luther."

Knight introduced Cillin and his group to Luther. He emphasized that Cillin's group was trying to save his companions, and that Cillin was Knight's old pal.

Luther simply nodded expressionlessly.

Cillin wasn't angered by Luther's reaction because he was practically brimming with negative energy. Anyone could see that he was feeling pretty down right now, or he would've at least questioned Cillin's background closely with his cautious temperament.

“What is it?” Feng Haicao asked.

Luther exhaled heavily and said, “Don’t count on the support squad to show up. They can’t. They’re obstructed, and they could only show up 40 to 50 hours later.”

“40 to 50 hours?! A new batch of alien beast puppets would’ve been produced by then!! How the f*ck are we even going to fight then!” Knight swore immediately the moment he heard Luther’s words.

It was not an uncounted possibility. The support squad was made up of a lot of people. Even if they managed to hide their intentions from ‘Miracle’, the old foxes among ‘Miracle’s’ managers would’ve caused them some problems just in case anyway. Plus, not everyone in the army sang the same tune. They could be annihilated and the support squad still might not arrive.

The gray cat lay on top on Cillin’s shoulder and swung its tail from side to side occasionally. Rather than worry, it seemed to be scheming a little something on the inside. When it heard that the support squad wouldn’t arrive, the gray cat cast a glance at Cillin and lowered its eyelids.

How could the gray cat’s reactions possibly escape Cillin’s eyes? After associating with the gray cat for such a long time, he knew what kind of shit it was about to dump from the angle of its tail alone.

Cillin rubbed the gray cat’s ears and told it to use that method if

there really wasn't any other choice.

The gray cat couldn't hold back its excitement and rubbed itself on Cillin's face immediately after a meow.

Knight's facial muscles twitched again and again. What the mother father f*ck! Is this really the time to show off your master and pet relationship?!

When the ops team members returned, Tang Qiuqiu saw the person who gave her the injection. It was a man called Rolin.

"Thank you, big brother. I'll treat you to sweets once we get out of here."

Rolin squeezed Tang Qiuqiu's face once with a smile and said, "Sure."

Now that they knew they had no reinforcements, the operation had became much harder.

"Shelt's test subjects are incredibly strong. It's useless even if you shoot them in the heart, so the only way to kill them is to shoot them in the head. These puppets had long since lost their minds and would obey only their 'master's' words." Knight explained the situation in the base to Cillin.

They could at least tamper with the defense system somewhat, but those puppets were just too difficult to deal with. Before those

test subjects were turned into puppets, they were already rank A genotypes in the first place. They became even stronger after they were transformed.

These transformed human beings basically made up the main body of the guards in this base, and part of them were even sold off at various places to fetch a high price. Whether it was the role of an assassin, a bodyguard or a combat personnel, these transformed human beings could fulfill them all very well. The situation was completely different for Knight's team, however. They were only ten-man strong, and even with the addition of Cillin's group, there was still no guarantee that they could escape this place. Without reinforcements, they were all doomed to die in this place unless they cancelled their mission in advance and hid until the support squad arrived. However, doing that also meant letting important evidences slip by and giving 'Miracle' time to conceal their dirty work. It would be difficult to find an opportunity to collect evidences if that happened.

Time waits for no one, and when he saw that they couldn't come up with a good idea, Cillin said, "I have a plan, but it will cause a lot of commotion."

"What plan? Tell us first." Knight asked Cillin.

Cillin took out a round-shaped object the size of a chicken egg.

"This is a kind of 'brain eating' parasite. There are thousands of parasite eggs inside this thing, and they feed on their host's brain in order to sustain themselves."

The faces of every man and woman in Knight's ten-man team twisted in response.

"Vanguard Sixth B Squadron? That was you?!" Rolin exclaimed.

Knight had only said that Cillin was a Hunter of a B Squadron in Vanguard. He didn't say exactly which B Squadron he belonged to. But the moment parasites were brought up, Rolin immediately recalled a news he heard earlier.

Rolin continued, "Someone once told me how Poison Fang and Skull King were killed back then."

Knight and the rest of the team immediately looked at Cillin.

"So it was you who did it!"

Vanguard's A Squadrons had purposely covered up certain key points in the Poison Fang incident such as the identity of the person who drove them to destruction back then, so not many people knew that it was someone from the Sixth B Squadron who did it. But not everyone was completely oblivious to the truth.

Skull King's death had been horrible to say the least. When some of them had employed certain methods to acquire a video of 'Skull King's' corpse, everyone's blood ran cold at the sight of it. They also know that parasites was the main reason behind the destruction of 'Skull King', and even 'Poison Fang' itself.

They never knew that parasites could rival the might of both biological weapons and high energy weapons.

All ten men took a step back in unison the moment they saw the ‘egg’ in Cillin’s hand.

“How… how can you guarantee that these parasites won’t attack us?” Knight gulped and asked.

Cillin took out a box of pills and tossed it directly to Knight, “These pills will make the parasites stay away from you.”

Although Knight fully trusted Cillin, the rest of the team were still withholding their judgment. However, Rolin was more excited than scared. Back then, he was already dissatisfied that he could only hear but not experience the tale himself, but now he had the chance to do exactly that.

A person well versed in pharmaceutics inspected the pill Cillin gave them briefly and confirmed that it would not bring harm to the human body. Moreover, the pill was effective only within a limited amount of time. When the effective period was over, the medicine would be broken down inside the body and removed by the discharge of bodily fluids or metabolism.

“The effective time is 50 hours. There aren’t many people here, and I have 30 pills in total. Just in case, everyone should take 2 pills with them. If anything unexpected happens we’ll decide what to do then.” Cillin took back the pill and said.

“That’s acceptable. But you must first prove that this medicine is actually effective.” someone said.

“Then let’s grab two people and give it a try.”

And so Luther went out to knock out two researchers before he returned. He covered up their mouths and locked them inside a small bedroom. Knight was also inside the bedroom.

Knight had volunteered to test the pill’s effectiveness. He folded his arms and leaned quietly against the bedroom walls after swallowing a pill.

There were three parasite eggs inside the bedroom. After the eggs had hatched, three ant-like organisms crawled out of the shells, paused, and crawled straight towards the researcher. Meanwhile, the parasite that hatched from the egg put next to Knight crawled away swiftly like a mouse who encountered a cat. It crawled towards the researcher at the other end of the bedroom.

Knight inside the bedroom and the ops team members outside the bedroom all let out a sigh. Then, they watched on the unconscious researcher closely.

Ten minutes later, the researcher began to writhe with blue veins popping up from his forehead. His breathing was starting to grow rapid too. Half an hour later, the researcher’s face turned a shade of green and was completely bloodless. His breathing started to slow as he continued to writhe all over.

Knight touched his forehead, and it was completely covered in cold sweat.

Chapter 197: The AI System With the Greatest Potential [Part 1]

The infected researcher's face turned a shade of red, white, and finally green. In the end, a couple of parasites burst out of the researcher's skull and caused blood to become splattered everywhere.

The splattered blood was not bright red in color. Instead, it was a dark, sticky substance that quickly congealed in a short time.

"These blood cells are all polluted. The toxin secreted by the parasites seeps into the blood and is carried throughout the body by the circulatory system. The brain is eaten at the same time too."

Cillin explained what happens after these parasites entered the human body. While Cillin's tone was very calm, the rest of the people were feeling a chill climbing up their spine already. They had faced alien beasts tens of times larger than a human being, and they had charged through hails of bullet rain in battle before. They had brushed past death for many times during their time as soldiers, but they couldn't help the chill in their hearts when they watched these parasites all the same. They couldn't shake the feeling that their own brains were starting to experience a similar reaction.

Knight sighed emotionally after killing all three long and many-limbed parasites, "Too fast. Their growth is too fast."

In just half an hour's time, these parasites had grown from the

size of an ant to a palm. He had to admit that their capacity for growth was shocking.

The reason these parasites could grow this swiftly was because Cillin had tinkered with their genes with this purpose in mind. Just like the previous two kinds of parasites that had eliminated 'Poison Fang', these parasites were injected with death inducing genes. Upon reaching a certain stage of growth and breaking point, these death inducing genes would activate and subject the parasites to programmed death. However, there was one difference: these 'brain eating' parasites couldn't reproduce. These parasites didn't exist naturally. Cillin had created and brought these parasites to life at the workshop Enji had left behind to him. Therefore, Cillin made sure that they had no reproductive ability to avoid a specie invasion.

Sometimes, Cillin thought that he himself wasn't much different from the researchers in this 'Miracle' research base. They were both sufficiently cold blooded to pull off their research. Back then, Cillin already noticed that he was an extremely apathetic person who could watch every person on Poison Fang's planet slowly succumb to the fear of death calmly.

A human's selfishness was inborn. He only wanted to treat himself and those he was acquainted with well, and tread his own path. That was all.

"I admit that this kind of parasite is extremely threatening, but this is a powerless researcher. How would they fare if they went up against those human puppets? What about the beast puppets?" a person asked.

“That’s easy. We just catch one and conduct another experiment.” Luther said expressionlessly.

“Time’s not enough.” Knight said, “We don’t have time to conduct an experiment specifically for this.”

“Then let’s draw up several plans now and alternate between them according to the circumstances while we experiment.”

Cillin agreed with Yue Lou’s plan. Right now, he wanted to rescue Snowball and Scarlet Wind as soon as possible, “We start a commotion. This base is mostly made up of human puppets, with the rest being researchers. The moment the human puppets fall into disorder, the guards would naturally deal with them on our behalf. Meanwhile, your team could collect more information and I could save my companions.”

After some brief thinking, the eleven people gathered in a circle and began discussing countermeasures while Tang Qiuqiu and Czedow stood at the side. At first, Tang Qiuqiu’s attention was drawn to the circle as she listened to their plans on how to rescue Snowball and Scarlet Wind. However, her gaze suddenly became attracted to the gray cat because it was wearing a weird look on its face.

Crouched on top of Cillin’s shoulders, the gray cat was currently pondering how to create some commotion of its own and eat some alien beast test subjects that hadn’t been injected with drugs yet. From what it gathered, these alien beasts were all of excellent

quality, so logically speaking they should be pretty tasty too. Slurp. It's been a while since I ate those...

An hour later.

Rolin and another team member disguised as a technician carried two parasite eggs that Cillin handed over to them into the key experiment area. Although entering that place required multiple ID checks and scans, Czedow was right behind them. Earlier, Czedow had hacked into the system to investigate the various information of the researcher who got his head blown off by the parasite, and he had everything from iris, fingerprint and genetic data. Without needing to disguise himself on purpose, Czedow could transform directly into that researcher's appearance. After putting on a set of work clothes, Czedow led the way not far ahead of Rolin and his team member.

Wherever Czedow went, all guarded entrances and scan system had ignored their presences. The doors opened on their own, and the scanners didn't trigger the alarm either.

Cillin and the rest of the team continued to hang out inside the staff hostel and watched as the situation unfolded on the displays.

Czedow and the group's movements were tracked on the displays. An in depth layout was displayed as well.

They didn't go deep into the area. They simply put the two parasite eggs onto the two human puppets guarding the outskirts of the area noiselessly and waited around a corner. Through the

live feed Czedow had intercepted and produced as a holographic image from the security camera at the corridor, they could see that two parasites had quietly hatched from their eggs on the human puppets' body and slipped inside.

"The parasites look extremely excited. Apparently, the human puppets are a lot more attractive to them than the average researcher." Cillin said as he stared at the screen.

This was without a doubt good news.

Although the human puppets had lost their ability to feel pain, their control over their brain region had also become more simplistic. Adding that to the fact that they were modified and enhanced, the parasites were absolutely thrilled to enter a brain environment like this.

It didn't take long before the two puppets' face began to writhe in response. However, their eyes were as empty, lifeless and emotionless as ever. They had lost their ability to feel pain already.

Ten minutes later, the human puppets' facial veins began to bulge. The bulging veins gave the them a sinister appearance, and their eyes were starting to turn red as well.

A drop of black blood seeped out of the puppet's eyes, slid off the faces filled with bulging veins and fell off. Then, it was followed by a second and third drop of blood...

By now the human puppets no longer looked as rigid as they were before. Their arms were trembling, and their heads were shaking slightly too. They looked like they were struggling with their thoughts or something.

Suddenly, one of the human puppets swung his arm horizontally and sent another human puppet flying away with a punch. However, the collapsed human puppet quickly climbed back to their feet. The red-and-black blood in the human puppet's eyes began to flow faster and faster, the blood that splattered on the ground while they were punched quickly congealed on the ground and emitted a pungent smell. Czedow controlled the defense system around this area and prevented it from sounding the alarm.

When Cillin saw the analysis data transmitted by Czedow, his eyes lit up, "The blood of the human puppets infected by the parasites contains a kind of volatile gas. Anyone who inhales too much of it will experiences unconsciousness, foaming, mental confusion or even severe cerebral contusion!"

Rolin and the other team member had already put on their gas masks at Czedow's cue. However, they felt a bit strange when they saw that Czedow hadn't bothered to take any kind of protective measures. Still, they chose not to ask after a brief thought. There were plenty of strange things and people in this world. This guy before them might be one of them.

They didn't realize that Czedow was a robot and not a human.

"Execute Plan B!"

After laying down the command, Knight led his ops team and split up to execute the operation. Meanwhile, Cillin, Tang Qiuqiu and the gray cat had also begun their next move.

Chapter 197: The AI System With the Greatest Potential [Part 2]

Inside the key lab facility, Shelt was laughing very happily as he watched Snowball and Scarlet Wind trapped inside their respective experimentation rooms through remote monitoring. The data displayed on the electronic notebook he was holding refreshed constantly. Although the drugs had not arrived yet, preliminary resistance testing had told him that these two specimens were excellent test subjects. They were far better than the one thousand or so beast type test subjects he had experimented on before.

That white animal's genes were extremely complex. At the very least, Shelt had not encountered a living being with its kind of genetic makeup until now. Its complex multi-helical DNA separated this birthday bear from the rest of his experimental beasts like heaven and earth.

As for that half-beastman made up of both human and canine genes, Shelt was going to prepare a different kind of drug and stimulate both types of genes at the same time. He wondered if its human gene or its canine gene would take dominance.

Besides that, he could also extract some strengthening substances from these two test subjects. However, it would probably be difficult to apply them properly onto a human body. He would have to scour for another batch of test subjects once the drugs had been delivered.

The alarm suddenly resounded while Shelt was making plans in his mind.

“A contaminant source has appeared at area XR. Preliminary detection reveals that it was brought in by a modified test subject.”

Shelt was slightly annoyed that his thoughts were disturbed when he listened to the AI system’s report. He frowned. As he thought, those modified test subjects were incapable of doing anything right. Not only were they not much stronger than they were before, they even brought in a contaminant source now.

Without checking for the contaminant source’s exact effects, Shelt said directly, “Dispose it immediately, Aier.”

This entire key facility was controlled by an AI system, and the only person who had control over this AI system was Shelt.

Shelt had always been a conceited person. He would neither think that someone had tampered with the human puppets, nor would he think that his AI assistant could be ‘blind’ sometimes.

“Okay.” the AI system named ‘Aier’ answered. Her soft voice caused his irritation to subside quite a bit.

At the same time, the two human puppets who were fighting each other until black blood was sprayed everywhere were frozen into ice sculptures by the ultra low temperature freeze guns that had appeared on the walls. After a sound wave attack by a sonic gun later, both ice blocks were shattered into icy bits. But despite the commotion, the system hadn’t detected the gas in the air at all. This was Czedow’s work.

Meanwhile, Knight and his teammates carried a few parasite eggs with them and sneaked step by step into the key lab facility.

Knight put a small block of ice at a secluded corner. Once this ice had melted, the parasite eggs inside would emerge and soon hatch many living parasites.

Cillin instructed the gray cat to stay together with Tang Qiuqiu while he went down a different path.

He looked at the time. The others should've completed the preparatory work already. It was time to move to the next step.

"Czedow, begin."

Czedow was already walking into the key lab facility near its heart, and after receiving Cillin's order he turned to look at a security camera.

The battlefield of electronic networks was made for Czedow the moment he was born. While he might not possess the gray cat's powerful offensive power or its ability to switch forms, he was no weaker than the gray cat on the battlefield of networking systems.

Right now the gray cat was still inexperienced, and in comparison Cillin's creation, Czedow was more cautious than the gray cat. He would extensively calculate every step and leave no hidden threats behind.

The alarm rang again inside the key lab facility. The AI system said, “Contaminant source discovered. Control over human puppets lost.”

Shelt stared at the display before him. On the display, the human puppets standing guard outside the lab at every passage were starting to go berserk. They completely ignored the AI system’s attempt to control them, and one of them had already torn an experimenter walking outside to shreds.

While Shelt was conversing with the AI system, and everyone else was paying attention to the displays due to the commotion outside, Czedow had sneaked into the place along with the experimenters who hastily made their way into the lab. Many newly hatched parasites were running towards the surrounding people.

Shelt was enraged by the scene of the human puppets rampaging outside, “Just get rid of them directly!”

“I’m very sorry, but there is a technical problem. Power in the system is inadequate.” the AI system replied.

Shelt was a mad scientist, but he was definitely not a good analyst. He had dedicated all of his intelligence on experiments, and as such his ability to analyze the situation around him was incomparable to his ability to perform experiments and researches. This was one of the factors Knight had considered when formulating their operation.

“Inadequate power? How can there possibly be inadequate power! Where are the energy blocks?! Send someone to get them already!! The lab cannot experience a power outage!”

“Boss, something’s wrong with test subject no.107!” a researcher said.

“What is going on?!” Shelt roared in anger. Every test subject in this lab was his heart’s blood. How could he possibly allow these test subjects to go wrong before he got a good result out of them?!

The animal that looked very much like a lion inside the monitoring and experimentation room no.107 was currently going berserk and scratching at the surrounding walls furiously. These were reinforced walls, and they were not so easily pierced through. However, the experimental beast began ramming its body against the wall instead when it thought that scratching from inside wouldn’t free it from its cell. The dull boom caused by a five meters tall body slamming heavily against reinforced walls caused even the surrounding air to shake along with it.

“Boss, this can’t go on like this!”

“You don’t say?!”

Shelt slapped the speaking experimenter right across the face and said, “Aren’t you the one who’s responsible for that experimental beast? Why the hell is this happening?!”

“I… I don’t know either…” the experimenter said timidly. While he might have vented his anger on this test subject many times everyday, they were all within the test subject’s limits. Nothing like this had happened until now.

“Aier!”

“According to the analysis report, experimental beast no.107’s nervous system is damaged. The air conducted by the life support system contain gaseous substances that poisons the nervous system.” the AI system analysed and reported the data of its observation unhurriedly.

Slap! Another slap was thrown across the experimenter’s face. If Shelt had a gun right now he would’ve shot the bastard in the face already. In his view, the error must’ve been caused by the experimenter.

“Restore the air to its original composition…”

Shelt hadn’t even finished saying his sentence when ‘Aier’ reported that the same thing had happened across several experimentation rooms too.

“B… boss, do you think that someone has infiltrated into our lab and is causing trouble?” an experimenter behind Shelt said in a low voice.

Slap! Another slap was thrown as Shelt said angrily, “Invaders?! Do you think Aier is here for show?!”

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The rest of the researchers bowed their heads in unison. Whether or not they were complaining on the inside was unknown.

Just when this one experimentation room was brought under control, the AI system reported that several experimental beasts in other experimentation rooms were experiencing abnormalities again.

Cillin had tampered with the experimentation room’s life support system and conducted the gaseous substances released by the human puppets after their blood became infected into the pipes. He hadn’t tampered with just experimental beast no.107 too. He had done the same thing to several other experimentation room.

The experimental beast incident wasn’t yet resolved when a researcher let out a bloodcurdling scream, clutched his head and crouched on the floor. He hugged his head so tightly that it looked like he would plunge all ten of his fingers into his own skull. Many blue veins popped out of his forehead as his eyes began to change too. The whites of his eyes were gradually being replaced by a red and black color.

This was just the beginning. When one after another researcher

fell to the same symptom, even Shelt understood that the situation was amiss.

“There’s a contaminant source here? Who brought it inside?! Aier, inspect for contaminant source!”

“Inspecting contaminant source... foreign contaminant sources discovered.”

The researchers carrying a contaminant source inside them were shown on the screen.

“Dispose them!” Shelt said mercilessly.

“Don’t kill me, boss!”

“Shelt, you can’t do this!”

“We can still be saved!”

...

Uncaring for the experimenters crying pleas, they were trapped by many transparent covers before turned into dust after a white flash later.

“Analyse type of contaminant source.” Shelt ordered.

“I’m very sorry, but this type of contaminant source cannot be determined.”

“How is that possible?!”

Before Aier could answer, the experimental beasts trapped inside the experimentation rooms were released from their imprisonment. The experimental beasts inside charged out and bit anyone they saw.

“Aier!” Shelt roared while escaping from the horde.

“I’m very sorry, but I am unable to control them.” the AI system Aier answered.

Bloodcurdling screams rang again and again. But how could these researchers possibly resist against these newly released experimental beasts?

Czedow slipped into a control room while no one was paying attention to him.

Zzzt ——

Czedow looked to where the sound came from.

There stood a person, no, a hologram created by the system. It

was a beautiful girl clad in white dress, but she didn't look completely human. Her eyes were lidded vertically and not horizontally, and she had a pair of snow white wings behind her back. She looked like a certain character in 'Genesis Mythos'.

"Shelt said that I am the best AI system." the girl looked at Czedow and said. There were neither joy nor anger in her tone. Her tone was rather gentle and as soft as the wind.

After looking at the hologram once, Czedow turned away and continued to walk deeper into the control room. While walking, he said, "But Cillin said that I am the AI system with the greatest potential. I thought so too."

The girl's hologram began to flicker as Czedow replied to her. Then, it became extinguished completely.

Czedow opened all the doors of the experimentation rooms and set the experimental beasts free. A while later, he opened the experimentation rooms where Snowball and Scarlet Wind resided. Cillin walked inside and was just about to carry their unconscious bodies out of the room when the communicator rang. It was Knight.

"What is it?" Cillin asked.

"We have bad news. An informer told us that one of 'Miracle's' higher-ups Kedwell had just ordered this base to be destroyed and turn it into an 'accident'."

Chapter 198: Hiding On the Goddess' Skirt [Part 1]

"We have bad news. An informer told us that one of 'Miracle's' higher-ups named Kedwell had just ordered this base to be destroyed and turn it into an 'accident'."

"How much time do we have left?" Cillin asked.

"I don't know, but it'll be best if you leave the base within ten minutes. We'll meet up at the 'Goddess of Miracle'."

"Got it."

"Cillin... Be careful." although Cillin's 'death' back then wasn't real, Knight still couldn't help but feel that there was a heavy stone in his chest every time he recalled that scene.

"I know. You guys be careful too."

After cutting off the comm, Cillin carried the unconscious Scarlet Wind and Snowball out of the lab and passed them to Czedow.

"Take them to the goddess' statue. Qiuqiu and Wheeze are already heading towards there. You need to leave this place immediately since it will soon be 'wiped clean'."

"What about you?" Czedow asked.

“You guys go first. I’ll be right behind you.”

Czedow nodded and stopped asking questions. He put on a gas mask each on Scarlet Wind and Snowball before carrying them each with one arm and running towards outside.

Czedow had released all of the experimental beasts trapped inside research base. Although the parasites didn’t like these experimental beasts too much, the volatile gas discharged by the infected blood of the human puppets could cause them to go crazy.

The crazed experimental beasts, the security guards, and the infected human puppets that had lost control clashed against one another inside the research base. Blood and torn limbs could be seen everywhere. The sounds of gunshots, angry yells, bloodcurdling screams and beastial roars all became mixed together to form a cacophony of noise.

Czedow activated a defensive shield around his body. Right now, his main objective was to escape the base and not attack his enemies. Therefore, Czedow nimbly passed through the gaps between the large experimental beasts, and if human puppets were to block his way then he would run into them and knock them right out of his path. Metaphorically speaking, Czedow was a cannonball that ran over all those human puppets like a tank.

The gray cat had led Tang Qiuqiu away from this place through a secluded path after receiving Cillin’s message. This path was originally used to transport medical supplies, and it was a little

tight even for adults. Therefore, it was impossible for the large experimental beasts and human puppets to come after them. Since the parasites cared nothing for them too, Tang Qiuqiu and the gray cat had escaped the place rather smoothly.

Tang Qiuqiu had sniped a few experimenters and a dozen or so human puppets. She had also found and collected her badge from a storage room. Tang Qiuqiu had displayed a level of calmness that far exceeded another peer in face of these inhuman-looking human puppets and aggressive experimental beasts. Her childhood had never been easy to begin with, and she had experienced many things after joining the Sixth Squad. Her personality had already become much more tempered and tenacious than before.

Tang Qiuqiu didn’t ask how the others were doing. Instead, she had followed the gray cat wordlessly and swiftly after it told her that they were leaving this place. The greatest aid a squad member could provide to their team in a Hunter regiment was to perform to the best of their role.

Cillin looked at the time, left the lab and walked down another passage.

Thanks to Czedow, every guarded entrances in this area had been completely nullified, with all passages open to access. Cillin ran down a particular direction.

Cillin had been getting a strange feeling every since he walked into this area. There was a kind of attraction that was calling out to him somewhere in this area.

It was an Aurelio starmap piece!

The piece he had obtained from the traitor of ‘Heaven’s Jail’ hunter regiment back at Sector S was resonating with this other mysterious piece. Right now, both pieces were pulling at each other clearly like magnets even though one of them was currently stored inside a subspace.

A human puppet covered in red and black blood charged towards him, and Cillin stepped right onto its head and jumped far, far away. He then popped out his wrist blade and cut off the head of a human puppet blocking his way.

Before him, there was an experimental beast were wrestling with a couple of human puppets at the passage entrance. The narrow space of the passage had limited the experimental beast’s ability to fight, and the numbers and the human puppets enhanced abilities post modification enabled them to fight the beasts into a draw. The experimental beasts stepped on some of the fallen human puppets repeatedly, causing more than half of their bodies to be crushed into meat paste. However, the human puppets whose heads were still intact were somehow still able to open and close their mouth despite their condition. Their faces covered in bulging veins and red and black blood was extremely eerie.

Cillin slipped through an opening like a nimble fish and left before the human puppets or the experimental beast could react.

I’m almost there!

Cillin circled around a corner and saw a room. The room's door was shut, meaning that it didn't fall under 'Aier's' control even though it was clearly within 'Aier's' area of network. This goes to show just how special this room was, and the starmap piece Cillin sought after was inside that room.

Since Cillin didn't know if the room required retina, fingerprint, genes or other factors before to grant access, he didn't use the information Czedow had collected directly.

Cillin took out an object the shape of a button and attached it to a scanner. A holographic screen popped up and displayed some symbols before his eyes. Cillin's fingers danced across the screen, and the symbols vanished one line after another as they were decoded. They slowly turned into a double helix shape...

Mitochondrial DNA?

Inside the room, a blood drenched Shelt was attempting to connect a call while receiving treatment from the medical machine. He was gasping for air.

However, no one had picked up the call on the other side of the communicator. Right now, Shelt was feeling colder and colder and more and more worried. When this worry rose to a certain level, it turned into extreme fury.

Although Shelt was an idiot when it came to anything that didn't involve an experiment, right now he was experiencing a rare

moment of epiphany.

Kedwell, are you trying to destroy this whole research base?!!

The hand Shelt used to grab the communicator was trembling. He muttered to himself, “You can’t do this, you can’t... these are all rare research data, they can’t be lost, they absolutely can’t be lost...”

Beep——

The door opened.

Shelt abruptly turned his head towards the door. A pungent smell and distant roars and gunshots came in from outside.

He saw no one outside the door.

“Who... who’s there?!” Shelt asked with a slightly raspy voice that was full of panic.

There were no response.

Shelt barely pushed himself to his feet, and his gun hand was trembling even now. The broken bones and damaged muscles around certain parts of his body made even the slightest bit of movement incredibly difficult to execute. The fact that he was able to survive and crawl into this place was a feat of exceptional luck

already.

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Pu!

A needle entered Shelt’s neck, and the toxin coated around the needle swiftly entered into his body. When Shelt collapsed to the ground, he could only catch a blurry figure standing in front of him. Although the toxin had invaded his system at an incredible rate, his years of research boosted his drug resistance by a fair amount. He didn’t faint immediately, and he was able to point at a cabinet and say, “… Take it…”

Shelt was gone after he said this.

The cabinet was also password protected, but this time it didn’t take Cillin too long to break it. He opened the thick alloy cabinet and found that there was only one metallic box inside it. The password of the metallic box was none other than Shelt’s gene sequences.

Cillin discovered a starmap piece inside the metallic box after he opened it. There was also a chip inside too.

Cillin didn’t investigate what was inside this chip. There was no time. After briefly searching through the room, Cillin walked out and ran into a hologram right away.

It was ‘Aier’. The hologram was projected by the system. She was a beautiful girl dressed in white clothes who possessed a unique countenance. The white wings behind her back reminded Cillin of the Goddess of Miracles, Alvinia, in ‘Genesis Mythos’.

Right now, ‘Aier’s’ hologram was unstable. It would flicker from time to time.

“Are you Cillin? Are you the creator of that AI?” Aier asked.

Cillin frowned. It would seem that the AI system in this research base had a backup somewhere. It survived even though it was mostly killed off by Czedow.

Cillin didn’t answer her, but ‘Aier’ continued to speak, “I am only here to tell both of you that I am not my father’s proudest invention. I am just a wash out father gifted to Shelt.”

“Who is your father?”

“I only know that they call him Juno. He is the true creator of the strongest AI system in this world, not you…”

Aier’s hologram vanished along with her final sentence.

Who is Juno?

Chapter 198: Hiding Under the Goddess' Skirt [Part 2]

Cillin put his doubts at the back of his mind. Right now, the most important thing was to escape this place. He had only three minutes left going by Knight's ten minutes deadline.

Inside the research base, panic and chaos continued to spread everywhere. The parasites consumed one human puppet brain after another crazily as if they were entering many hotbeds. The human puppets were even crazier since the only thoughts remaining in their heads were murder. The experimental beasts charged towards all directions as the gaseous substance in the environment caused them to grow more and more irritated.

The experimenters became the sacrifices of the battle between both sides. The bodyguards also decided to forget about their duties and leave this place once they'd seen through the situation.

On the other side of the planet, there was a prosperous city.

Amidst a clump of skyscrapers, Kedwell stared at the huge goddess statue at the edge of the city and said softly, "Some people are destined to become sacrificial lambs. There is no doubt that Shelt has brought a huge amount of profit to 'Miracle', but in face of such circumstances, his fate still cannot be altered. He had nothing but his own conceit and refusal to listen to advice to blame."

For the past many years, the things Shelt did caused many people

to feel unhappy at ‘Miracle’s’ actions. Alone they were nothing, but when accumulated, all that unhappiness had ultimately exploded in their faces today.

Kedwell might have said this with pretentious dignity, but in reality there was no way Shelt could’ve done what he did without the management’s acquiescence.

“Boss, everything is ready.”

“Let us begin.”

“Got it!”

Kedwell looked at the display he was holding his his hands. A loud bang resounded from the base, and something that looked like a tornado slowly spread to the surroundings and engulfed everything inside. It twisted and crushed everything it consumed, causing the entire research base to be turned into dust after the loud bang.

The tremendous blast of dust and debri caused by the explosion rolled towards the city, but judging from its momentum, it would most likely weaken into a normal endurable sandstorm not far away from the gigantic goddess statue.

However, the sand and dust, as far as the eyes could see, did limit the vision of some people.

The gigantic goddess statue sculpted in the image of ‘Genesis Mythos’’ Goddess of Miracle, Alvinia, looked like she would endure all of mankind’s miseries with the wings on her back. Her open arms and the smile she wore in her unique countenance were said to be able to bring forth a miracle. The clean, white petticoat that covered her ankles looked like they would dance under the assault of the sandstorm.

On this gigantic statue, there were many dust covered people lying in the folds of the goddess’ skirt.

“F*ck me, pooh! It went into my mouth!”

“Cough, cough, cough. Damn, that was too close. Thank goodness we escaped quickly, or we would’ve been blown away by the storm.”

“Cut the squealing. Is everybody here?” Knight said into the communicator as he lay down and crouched inside the folds of the skirt.

All ten men inside his team reported their own conditions. The goddess statue was huge, and there were a lot of creases around its skirt. They hadn’t arrived here at the same time, nor gathered at the same spot. After confirming their respective locations, they slowly gathered towards Knight’s spot.

The gray cat, Tang Qiuqiu, as well as the unconscious Scarlet Wind and Snowball carried by Czedow had already found a spot for themselves to crouch in, but Cillin was nowhere to be seen.

“Cillin, are you there?” Knight called out to the communicator once more. He would call out to Cillin once every while, but he had not gotten a response from the man at all. In the end, Knight’s temper flared up, “Where the hell are you? Can’t you make some goddamn sounds at least?!”

Just as Knight was roaring into the communicator, a grappling hook suddenly flew right towards his face. Knight moved his head sideways and dodged out of the way.

Ding! The hook clung onto a bulge as the thin thread attached behind the hook contracted. Then, a figure and slammed into Knight heavily, nearly knocking the latter down the statue.

“What the… f*ck!” Knight skidded and rolled on his head once before he managed to steady himself. Then, he sent a kick flying towards the culprit, “Can’t you find a better place to come in, bastard?!”

“Cough, cough,” Cillin wiped the dust on his face and leaned sat down against the bulge of the crease where the grappling hook had clung onto. He paid no heed to Knight’s kick and smiled at him, “Sorry, sorry. This shitty environment blocked my sight.”

“Bullshit! If your sight is really blocked then why did you jump on me?!” Knight kicked him a few more times while speaking, “That claw of yours nearly smashed into my head.”

“You’re not Knight if you get hit that easily.”

Knight humphed and sat down next to Cillin, “What took you so long?”

“I ran into a little trouble, but I got something good out of it.”

Cillin felt a lot more relaxed now that he knew that everyone was here.

“My dad always told me that I’m a restive person, but you’re even worse than me, sonny.”

Cillin threw a punch right at him, “Who are you calling sonny?”

“Come on, call me daddy, sonny.”

“F*ck you.”

Cillin’s communicator beeped while they were chatting with each other. It was Czedow.

“What’s wrong?” Cillin asked.

“Something’s wrong with Scarlet Wind and Snowball. They’ve been injected with stimulating drugs, and they’re starting to react to it.”

“I’m coming over right away.”

Cillin turned around to inform Knight about the situation before heading towards Czedow’s spot. He used the grappling hook again because it was pretty difficult to climb while a sandstorm was raging. The grappling hook was the less time consuming option anyway.

When Cillin arrived, he saw that Scarlet Wind and Snowball were writhing on the ground. Tang Qiuqiu was watching them both in worry not far away, and the gray cat stood in front of her protectively. Czedow was kneeling beside Scarlet Wind and Snowball.

“This is the analysis result of the drug’s components and effects.” A small transparent window that displayed the molecular formula and relevant data of the drug appeared before Czedow.

The sandstorm had covered up the sun and cast Cillin and the others in darkness. Therefore, their surroundings were illuminated when the window had winked into existence. Snowball’s pupils shrank and expanded abruptly at the stimulation, and in a second it turned aggressive, bared its fangs and pounced towards Czedow.

-> if(detectDevice() != 'desktop') { googletag.cmd.push(function() { googletag.display('div-gpt-ad-VN_InContent_B'); }); }

Cillin used the energy behind Snowball’s pounce, raised his leg and kicked into its side. Snowball was launched against the

goddess' walls, and he seized the opportunity to wrap the rope in his hands several times around Snowball. However, Snowball easily broke free of the restraint.

"Czedow!" Cillin yelled.

Czedow transformed both his arms into many tentacles and restrained Snowball tightly. Although Snowball had struggled greatly against Czedow, it wasn't able to break free in a short time. Cillin quickly used the short time window to analyze the drug.

However, Scarlet Wind had fully awakened not long after. His claws were sharper than ever before, and it left many deep marks on the goddess' body. Long hair grew out of his skin, making Scarlet Wind look more animalistic than human.

Cillin restrained Scarlet Wind's pouncing movements and shouted loudly at him, "Scarlet Wind, look at me! Look at my eyes!"

Scarlet Wind's struggling body and gnashing teeth slowly stopped after he looked into Cillin's eyes. It was as if there was an energy that was controlling him.

"Look at my eyes, Scarlet Wind. Look at my eyes..." Cillin deep voice brought Scarlet Wind into another world amidst the howling sandstorm.

"Scarlet Wind, do you remember what you told me before you

joined Vanguard? Tell me your answer again. Do you wish to be a human, or a hellhound?”

Scarlet Wind looked into Cillin’s eyes, but there were no focus behind them. When Scarlet Wind heard Cillin’s question, he paused for a second before saying, “A... human...”

“Good! If you want to become a human, then suppress the animal inside your body and don’t let it control your body. Suppress it, control it!”

“Suppress... control...”

Scarlet Wind repeated Cillin’s words, and when Cillin let go of his claws Scarlet Wind no longer attempted to attack him. His eyes slowly closed as he collapsed onto the ground.

Cillin let out a sigh of relief, “The fact that hypnosis still works a little means that the drug hasn’t completely taken over yet.”

After analysing the drug and combining it with Czedow’s partial findings, Cillin quickly figured out a temporary solution.

He took out a few reagent bottles and mixed some drugs at a calculated ratio before injecting them into Snowball and Scarlet Wind’s body. He finally relaxed after seeing their vitals slowly returning to normal.

“This will have to do for now. We’ll cure them completely once

this mission is over. Our choices are limited right now, and we still have a situation in our hands."

"What happened to them?" the gray cat walked over and asked.

"Part of their genes were excessively activated to the point where their dominant consciousness became weakened. It's almost like going berserk, but their condition is slightly better than that." Cillin explained.

"How much longer will this mission last?"

"I don't know. We'll see. At least we won't be alone."

The research base was destroyed alright, but some of the parasites were still alive. There was also the poisonous gas rolling towards their direction following the blast.

Chapter 199: The Secret Inside the Chip [Part 1]

Looking at the scale of the research base, the sandstorm caused by this level of destruction would continue for at least an hour.

The sky was still covered in sand, and the wind was still as strong as ever. Without a gas mask, it would be difficult to even breathe in this environment. They would inhale sand the second they opened their mouths.

“Czedow, read this chip for a bit.”

Cillin passed the chip inside the metallic box to Czedow. This item must be incredibly important If Shelt had stored it in the same spot as the Aurelio star map piece. At the very least, it was incredibly important to Shelt.

“Okay.”

Czedow accepted the chip, and a port appeared on his arm. He pushed the chip inside as light shot out of his eyes and created a hologram before him.

At first, there were some readable data inside the chip. A large majority of them contained Shelt’s research efforts after working for ‘Miracle’ in this research base for many years. They were records of all kinds of experimental bodies be it the successful or failed ones. Five digits of human lives that were progressing

steadily towards six digits were sacrificed for the sake of Shelt's research. The number of animals sacrificed was even bigger. Both large-sized animals and all kinds of precious alien beasts were sacrificed in great numbers.

It could be said that this chip was Shelt's research records and an important piece of evidence. GAL could officially sue Miracle Co., Ltd with this, and the higher ups would be driven greatly to up their games and reform their ranks.

However, as Czedow continued to read further into the chip, the latter content became riddled with characters. It looked like some kind of code.

Every time he tried to read further into the chip, he would be stopped by these codes.

Czedow attempted to decode them, but made no progress at all after attempting a couple of different methods.

Cillin stared at these characters and fell silent.

He wasn't unfamiliar with these characters. There were plenty of domains that used these few types of characters, but the characters also represented a different kind of meaning in each area. If that was the case, what would be inside this chip?

Cillin read through these disrupting characters closely. Suddenly, he thought that they looked somewhat familiar.

Why was that?

Cillin wasn't able to recall the object that triggered this sense of familiarity. The incidents as of late had caused his mind to clutter up a little. There were times when he experienced a clear sense of inspiration, but was unable to grasp it within his palm.

While thinking, the gray cat walked over and brushed itself lightly across Cillin's hand. It had enjoyed a full meal back at the research base, devouring practically all of the experimental beasts Tang Qiuqiu had encountered along the way. Of course, it spat out those that were untasty. As a result it was now incredibly full, and when it was full it would going to sleep no matter the environment or circumstances.

Cillin cast a glance at the fellow that brushed itself across his hand and understood that it was going to sleep again. He scratched the gray cat's chin and said, "Good cat. Do find another place to sleep, will you? I need to think on something."

The gray cat purred twice in disatisfaction. This sculpture was unsuited for napping! After turning its head and casting a sweeping glance across its surroundings once, the gray cat saw Tang Qiuqiu lying beside Snowball and Scarlet Wind. And so it walked over, grabbed Scarlet Wind's tail and pressed its body against Snowball's. Snowball's soft and round body, thick hair and Scarlet Wind's tail made a good temporary bed.

Once it was satisfied with its handiwork, the gray cat curled itself

into a ball and began sleeping.

When Cillin saw the gray cat curling itself into a ball, a memory suddenly entered his mind.

If I use that sequence...

It fits. It actually fits!

Cillin began connecting the sequences in his mind to these disrupting characters. His fingers worked deftly across the window as he reordered and realigned these characters to its proper place.

“Correct, pass.”

“Correct, pass.”

“Correct, pass.”

...

Czedow’s eyes flashed a series of ‘pass’ passed by the screen in succession. Ever since he encountered ‘Aier’, his desire to absorb new technology had become akin to that of a human’s. The reason Cillin said that Czedow was the AI system with the greatest potential was because Czedow had self-autonomy within a certain baseline.

“Not all codes could be decoded using the conventional decoding

methods. Sometimes, you must make decision based on a case-by-case or person-by-person basis."

"These characters are in fact derived characters commonly used in abbreviation of amino acid transcribed from Shelt's mtDNA."

As these characters were decoded one after another, they slowly transformed into a helix similar to Shelt mtDNA.

Once the helix was formed completely, the image changed and displayed some information instead. It was a brief introduction to the latter half content of the chip. Several representative names were recorded inside this content, and they were all people that were related to 'Miracle'. There were government officials, military personnel, and several famous GAL business groups. Besides that, Cillin also saw a familiar name – Juno!

He was the person who created the AI system 'Aier'. Cillin didn't have the time to analyse 'Aier's' final words back then, but he had to admit that they shook him greatly.

If what 'Aier' said was the truth, then Juno had created her well enough to be used in the research base of Miracle Co., Ltd. Her capabilities as an AI were undeniable, and yet 'Aier' said that she was just a disqualified product by Juno. If that was the case, then where were the rest of the qualified AI systems?

He looked at the names displayed on the window. They were just a small part of the whole list. The latter half of the chip's content most definitely involved more secrets involving Miracle Co., Litd

and even more people. Shelt had not definitely not mistaken the chip's value and given it the proper regard.

Originally, Cillin was going to pass over this chip to Knight. However, he had to change his mind now not because he couldn't trust Knight, but because he couldn't trust the military. He had to insure his safety.

Cillin had also thought of requesting Czedow to copy part of the chip's content and create a new chip for Knight, but he quickly denied the idea. With Knight and his team's abilities, they had obtained more or less all of the research content they could get. The chip wouldn't add much value to the cause, and it might even trigger some people's suspicion.

There was no doubt that this chip was very important to the higher ups of 'Miracle'. Right now, Cillin couldn't expose the fact that he possessed this chip, or it would be very difficult for him to return to Vanguard.

Cillin decided not to tell Knight about the chip after fully mulling over the matter.

Chapter 199: The Secret Inside the Chip [Part 2]

When Cillin came back from his thoughts, he couldn't help but sigh at Shelt's madness: to think that he would hide all these important information in his own mtDNA!!

Looking at the data comparison and mitochondrial sequence profile analysis, it was obvious that Shelt's current mtDNA didn't follow its original sequence. His current mtDNA sequence contained many flaws, and the illnesses they caused meant that he had to rely on medical instruments often to function in daily life.

This also meant that Shelt had modified his own mtDNA in order to preserve these data in secret, even if the modification caused him a physical defect. What kind of madness was this?!

There was no doubt that Shelt was a pretty extreme person. He reminded Cillin of Horay. Back then, Horay had worked underground all year and employed a convoluted and primitive method in his research to avoid the planet judiciary's investigation. He had even modified himself to have an inhuman appearance.

One must never underestimate the madness of researchers such as them. They were ruthless towards others, and they were even more ruthless towards themselves.

When he had decoded this segment of Shelt's mtDNA and read all of the data inside, the last piece of information shocked Cillin

greatly.

Not only did Shelt modify his own mtDNA, he had even modified his own genetic material. The modification was made to conceal data rather than to improve his genes. As a result, the modification caused his constitution and genotype rank to drop several ranks lower than their initial state. Currently Shelt's genotype rank was rank C, and his initial genotype rank have might very well been rank A. A man who could modify his own genotype to drop from rank A to rank C had to be unusually ruthless.

"Czedow, have you collected all of Shelt's genetic information?" Cillin asked.

"I did. Just in case, I've also collected some tissues samples and preserved them, including his somatic cells and gonadotropic cells."

Cillin's eyes twitched at his answer. Gonadotropic cells... how on earth did he get that?

"However... I discovered that his gonadotropic tissue samples contained two different sets of DNA. One of them was similar to his somatic tissue samples, but the other one was different."

Cillin was astonished. It was true that there were some other races in GAL who were born this way, but such circumstances rarely happened among normal human beings, and there was no doubt that Shelt was a normal human being.

“If that’s the case, then the amount of information stored at the latter half of the chip is double what I’d initially imagined.”

All this time he thought that Shelt was just one of the many important researchers in ‘Miracle’, but now it would appear that Shelt possessed a wealth of information that far exceeded what he should have had for his post. But if he were to rate Shelt’s status in ‘Miracle’ based on the amount of information he possessed, then it didn’t make sense for ‘Miracle’s’ higher up to bomb the research base with Shelt in it so carelessly.

Suddenly Cillin thought of ‘Aier’, the AI system Juno had gifted to Shelt.

It would appear that most of these information had been gathered by ‘Aier’.

Cillin recalled Shelt’s final words, the meaning behind them and the hatred in his eyes. His hatred had not been directed at Cillin, but at the manager Kedwell who had ordered the destruction of the research base. Shelt had given up the chip to Cillin in order to take revenge against Kedwell.

He put away the chip safely and told Czedow to keep this record a secret. He contacted Knight after comforting Tang Qiuqiu and inspecting the condition of Snowball and Scarlet Wind for a bit.

At first, he was prepared to discuss the next grueling battle they were about to face with Knight. However, Knight had brought him some good news. The military’s reinforcements would be arriving

six hours later, so they would survive as long as they could hold on for six hours.

Since the army would be showing up in six hours, Cillin decided against releasing the remaining parasite eggs.

Once the sandstorm had passed, there was no doubt Cillin and the others would be facing Kedwell's killers sent over to perform their 'cleanup' duties.

The environment slowly brightened as the sand covering the sky thinned over time. The wind was slowing down too.

"What do we do with Snowball and Scarlet Wind?" Tang Qiuqiu asked.

"The drugs could suppress the excitation drugs inside their system temporarily for twenty hours. I'll inject them with a different kind of drug later so they'd be awake for what comes next. With the excitation drugs temporarily suppressed, they wouldn't go crazy like before." Cillin answered.

Ten minutes later, Cillin received the action signal from Knight and gave Scarlet Wind and Snowball an injection.

After they woke up, both Scarlet Wind and Snowball felt as if there was a blank period in their memories. However, Cillin didn't give them the time to recollect their memories. They mobilised after he had informed everyone about the things to pay attention

and their route.

If the sandstorm were to come to a complete stop, they would be completely exposed. If that happened they would be put on the defensive, so they might as well leave this place sooner, find a new place to hide in and engage in sniper and counter-sniper warfare.

Cillin and Knight had worked together in Seven Lights before. Although there was a lull of almost four years, the duo still worked pretty smoothly with each other. A hand gesture was all that's needed for either party to know which path they should advance stealthily into next.

Cillin produced a map of the nearby city and terrain after scanning their surroundings. Cillin informed Tang Qiuqiu and the rest of the gang of their planned route.

The gray cat opened its blurry eyes and let out a yawn. It threw a glance at the city covered up by the sandstorm while still crouched at the edge of the wall and said quietly, "Actually, there's a safer way than this."

"What way?"

Both Cillin and Tang Qiuqiu turned to look at the gray cat.

The gray cat licked its paws and said calmly, "We dig a hole."

Cillin: "..."

“Our main objective is to delay until the military’s support troops show up and not attack them anyway. So as long as we hide underground and do a little bit of ‘surgery’ to their underground detection devices, six hours is not a problem.”

The truth is that you’re too lazy to move, aren’t you? Cillin complained on the inside.

“You can dig underground, sure, but what about the rest of us?”

The gray cat looked at Czedow, “This guy here is an excavator.”

Cillin cast a glance at Czedow. That actually makes... a bit of sense.

“Where will we be more hidden?” Cillin asked.

The killers might pay attention to the ground surface while they were ‘cleaning’. Wouldn’t it be obvious that something’s off if they saw a hole on the ground?

The gray cat looked at their surroundings once before declaring affirmatively with a whisker shake, “We will hide right under the goddess statue’s skirt!”

“...”

-> if(detectDevice() != 'desktop') { googletag.cmd.push(function() { googletag.display('div-gpt-ad-VN_InContent_B'); }); }

Two minutes later, Knight looked up from beside the goddess' leg. At a corner where the skirt had hidden it from view, there was a hole that was just wide enough for one people to pass through. He was tongue-tied for a very, very long time.

In reality, they were prepared to fight a tough six-hours war. However, Yue Lou agreed with Cillin's plan and insisted that the most important thing in a mission was the results and not the process. Their mission was to protect the evidence and turn it in to the support troops once they showed up, and they would do just that.

The hole on the ground surface was a little tight because it was necessary to keep themselves hidden. However, once they'd gone underground the hole was widened a little for easier and more comfortable access. The tunnel stretched all the way to the bottom of a certain tall building inside the city.

Once the hole entrance beneath the goddess statue's skirt was covered up, it would be very difficult for anyone to find it unless they scanned it using an instrument or looked at it closely.

The remaining scent and minor tracks they left at the goddess statue were also blown away by the sandstorm.

"This isn't a bad place." Yue Lou nodded in satisfaction after he passed through the temporary underground tunnel and entered

their temporary underground hideout.

They'd all carried a portable oxygen equipment with them for their operation. Therefore, they were in no danger of suffocation even if this place was sealed.

"We may have shielded ourselves from their scans, but we still don't know what's happening up there." Feng Haicao frowned and said.

They were all a little worried because they couldn't get a grip on the situation.

"Czedow, head up and see how things are going." Cillin said.

"Don't you think that's a little unsafe?" Someone in Knight's operation team disagreed.

They didn't know that Czedow was a robot, and they were worried that his presence up there would expose all of them.

"Don't worry, it'll be fine."

After looking at Cillin once, Knight stopped the two people inside his team that were about to speak up, "Let's do it this way then. Czedow, please."

As usual, Czedow gave him a slightly gentlemanly nod and began

digging a hole through the ground.

They couldn't see his hand movements. The stones and soils just parted to Czedow's left and right sides as he dug forwards and maintained a walking pace. So little noise was generated throughout the process that it didn't sound like he was digging at all.

Everyone in the army acknowledged those people who possessed real abilities, much less a comrade whom they had gone through thick and thin together. Czedow's image among Knight's team was instantly improved to a new level.

They hadn't noticed how he dug through the ground when they were following behind Czedow earlier, but now that they saw his handiwork they couldn't help but sigh in astonishment and admiration. At first, they thought that Czedow was working with a high tech digging machine, but now they realized that all Czedow did was putting his hands into the soil and pulling it apart.

He sure doesn't look like it. This guy's pretty good!

After Czedow had gone up, he avoided the security cameras at a secluded corner at the basement of the building and transformed his body. He then stuck himself close to the surrounding metallic objects. If someone were to walk in and look around, they wouldn't notice at all that there was an invader inside.

Czedow began transmitting what was happening around the building through the security network to Cillin.

Some of the polluted gas had swept into the city after the research base was destroyed. As a result, some people's nervous system were affected, and a number of manpower had to be split out to take care of these people. There weren't many remaining parasites, and they were quickly taken out by Kedwell's men.

Some of the research base's security guards that managed to escape were all sniped and killed. The people, beasts and other creatures that managed to escape the lab were also killed after they were distributed accordingly around the city.

However, Kedwell was extremely angry at a certain tall building inside the city because he still hadn't found those infiltrators. He wasn't stupid enough to think that they were blown to dust along with the research base.

"Increase the amount of people and keep searching! Comb through every inch of the place and investigate every guard thoroughly! We cannot let anyone suspicious people live even if it turns out to be a mistake later!" Kedwell roared angrily.

The army would show up in just a few hours. If those little rats managed to produce some unsavory evidences when that happens, then his future would be very dim.

However, one hour passed, two hours passed, three hours...

There was more and more sweat on Kedwell's forehead. His communicator rang, and a person clad in military uniform and

wearing a rear admiral's badge stood on the other side of the communicator.

"Mr. Kedwell, long time no see."

Chapter 200: Feigler Fernando and Zweig Feihang's Arrival [Part 1]

The soldier wearing a rear admiral's badge looked young, but it was obvious from the steadiness displayed in his every movement and the sharpness hidden within his eyes that he was no ordinary person.

"Feigler Fernando!"

Kedwell nearly let out a low roar when he uttered this name. He had always fumed with rage whenever he heard or saw this name.

Fernando Feigler was ten years older than Knight. He joined the military at a very young age due to his family background, and he had been killing enemies on the battlefield before Knight had even entered the military. His outstanding individual abilities and sparkling achievements allowed him to ascend to a rear admiral's military rank at a young age.

The reason Kedwell was so angry at Fernando was because this wasn't the first time the man had targeted them. Since Kedwell had suffered a lot of hidden losses thanks to Fernando, he showed unbridled hatred and fear towards the man the second he saw him.

Contrary to Kedwell's reactions, Fernando looked very calm. In fact, he was even wearing a hint of smile on his face, causing Kedwell to feel annoyed no matter how he looked at it.

The name of the military leader he heard coming over to perform a ‘regular inspection’ this time was definitely not Feigler Fernando!!

Had the leader been anyone else, Kedwell wouldn’t have lost his cool this badly. However, there was no denying the fact that Feigler Fernando had come over, and that this man gave no quarters the moment he smelled blood!

“Why is it you!” Kedwell gripped the armrest of his chair so tightly that he left behind deep finger marks. All of Kedwell’s possessions were of superior quality, so the fact that this handrail was crushed like it was made out of mud showed just how bad Kedwell was feeling right now.

Fernando simply smiled at Kedwell’s question. His smile made Kedwell itched to stomp on Fernando’s face with his foot.

“What can I do? I couldn’t stand the work efficiency of certain people, so I came myself.”

Cillin’s group were tucked in nice and comfy underground when Kedwell had sent his men all over the planet to scour for them. In fact, they were even receiving a live broadcast thanks to Czedow’s efforts.

“Knight, it’s almost time. Should we contact the military and check out the situation now?” someone asked.

Knight shook his head and said, “We don’t know who’s leading the reinforcements yet. If someone reveals our location to Kedwell, then we are dead for sure.”

With Kedwell’s temperament, it would take him only one circumstantial evidence to bring forth all the destruction he was capable of.

According to the plan, the army’s reinforcements shouldn’t have been delayed. This meant that the voices inside the army weren’t fully unified, and that there were people who supported ‘Miracle’. Knight wasn’t going to give out his trust easily until he confirmed who was the team leader.

There was nothing worse than being stabbed in the back.

Cillin checked on Scarlet Wind and Snowball’s condition. Right now, the two fellows were feeling pretty bad mentally. Although the drugs had suppressed the stimulating drugs’ effects, it also made them feel tired and exhausted. He could only hope that this incident would end as soon as possible so they could be given full treatment later on.

“Make sure put your impulses under a tight leash. There may not be someone to help you in case something similar happens in the future.” Cillin said to Scarlet Wind and Snowball.

Scarlet Wind nodded through gritted teeth. The tuft of hair above his head had grown long again, and his eyes were hidden when he lowered his head. No one could see clearly what was going

on behind his eyes.

Cillin rubbed Scarlet Wind's head and moved himself closer to him. It was a kind of soundless encouragement and reassurance.

Snowball and Tang Qiuqiu were stuck closer to each other. Tang Qiuqiu was combing Snowball's hair with her hands.

The gray cat was lying inside Cillin's lap. Suddenly, its ears flicked, and it turned its head slightly towards a certain direction while its eyes were still closed. No one else noticed this tiny detail, but Cillin understood the gesture since he was very familiar with the gray cat. The army had probably arrived. If it was Kedwell's men, the gray cat wouldn't have kept up its lazy appearance.

As expected, Czedow quickly sent over a message informing them that the army was approaching the planet.

"Let's stay in here until we see who's the leader of the reinforcement." Knight stopped the members of his squad from rising and said.

"Czedow, pay attention and find out who's leading the troops." Cillin instructed.

"Yes."

Czedow hacked into the security systems of some buildings. Originally, he was planning to hack into the satellite network

itself, but Cillin told him not to take the risk this time. Therefore, Czedow had only hacked into some planetary information networks.

The light screen before Cillin displayed the military's battleships. The battleships were painted with the GAL army's emblem.

Unlike the starships of Cillin's Hunter regiment, the military's battleships had descended directly on the planet's surface. They looked incredibly stately and intimidating.

Moreover, numerous numbers of fighters flew out from inside the battleship before it descended on the surface, spreading out towards the distance in dense formations. Some spaceplanes had also flown out solo. It was very likely that they had all been assigned with respective missions beforehand, which was why they departed without any hesitation whatsoever.

Out of the three battleships that had arrived on this planet, two had descended while the third hovered beyond the planet to prevent certain accidents or important 'Miracle' personnel from escaping this planet.

After the battleships had descended, all sorts of armored vehicles, war vehicles and teams of infantries exited into the open.

Then, Fernando slowly walked out while bringing a couple of men with him.

Fernando stared at the city not far away from them and said, “Action.”

“Yes sir!”

A lieutenant commander saluted him and departed with his men.

“Weird. We still haven’t received any news from those kids. Our trackers couldn’t locate their position either.”

A person standing behind Fernando stared at the light screen that had popped up on top of a round disc inside his palm, scanned his surroundings one time and voiced his doubts.

“If they aren’t annihilated, then they must have hidden themselves extremely well.”

“Do you think they might have been completely annihilated?” the person stared at Fernando.

“No way! There’s no way a member of the Feigler Family would fall this easily.”

That person simply chuckled at Fernando’s absolutely confident tone and said, “Let’s head out and find those kids then. I have a feeling that they’re right here in this city. It’s just that Kedwell and us weren’t able to find them just yet.”

While Fernando was leading his men towards the city, the group hiding underground were experiencing all kinds of different reactions.

“Why are they here?” Yue Lou asked in puzzlement. Logically speaking, those two shouldn’t need to arrive personally for a mission at this level.

“They probably took over during the latter half of the mission. Otherwise, there’s no way their squad would be delayed or bogged down by trivialities.” Feng Haicao said. While these two men didn’t exactly hold very high military ranks, the force they represented were at a completely different level. Even if there were many different voices inside the army, no one would dare defy these two people openly when they appeared at the same time.

They were no easy pickings, and the people backing them up were even less so. This also meant that the ‘Miracle’ incident had come to a certain conclusion.

“There’s nothing to worry about if it’s them.” Rolin stood up, stretched and finally set down the stone in his heart. He looked a lot more relaxed than he was before.

Cillin glanced at Knight after he saw the rear admiral on the display. The two of them looked a little similar to each other.

Knight let out a soft curse after he saw the two people on the screen, “F*ck, you can’t even find them when you want to normally. Why have they shown up together at this place?”

That was what he said, but the smile in his eyes was deep and unmistakable. His previous doubts and guard had been put down completely.

Chapter 200: Feigler Fernando and Zweig Feihang's Arrival [Part 2]

"Who are they?" Cillin asked.

Knight pointed at the guy who shared some of his countenance and said, "This is my cousin, Fernando. He's ten years older than me, and he's a rear admiral now." Knight then pointed at the guy next to Fernando, "As for this guy... don't you think he looks familiar?"

Cillin gave the guy a look. He did seem like a certain proud fellow.

"Is he someone from the Zweig Family?"

Knight gave him a thumbs up, "He's the second brother of that brat Pride, Zweig Feihang. He's only a few years ahead of us, but he's already a commander. He rose through the ranks pretty quickly."

"What about you?" Cillin smiled and asked.

"Ahem, unfortunately this humble one is only a lieutenant..." Suddenly, Knight recalled something and gave Cillin a punch, "Didn't Lung tell you all of these stuff before?!!"

"He did."

“Then why are you even asking this!”

“Just asking. It’s almost been a year, so who knows if you’ve gotten a higher rank since then?”

“Hmph. I will get a promotion once I get back this time, and I’ll fight to become a ranked officer within a year!”

“In that case, I’ll congratulate your promotion in advance.”

GAL army’s promotions were all fought with blood. For example, if Knight and his team hadn’t run into Cillin this time, they would’ve been embroiled in a difficult bloody battle.

“Are we going out now?” Cillin asked.

Knight looked at the time and said, “Let’s wait for another hour.”

Knowing Fernando, Knight figured that he would take an hour to finish dealing with whatever was on the surface. That would be the best timing to go out and meet them. Of course, Knight also wanted to know if Fernando and Zweig Feihang could find them out in an hour’s time. If they couldn’t, it could only mean that Cillin’s men were extremely capable.

Fernando had already met with Kedwell up there. This time there would be no mercy, and Kedwell would be shot and killed

directly if he dared to resist. Since Fernando had been given full permission by the higher-ups, no one would say anything even if he were to blow up the entire planet.

Kedwell didn't want to die yet, which was why he hadn't resisted capture. There was no way he was going to contact the killers he sent out, since it would only allow Fernando to press more evidences on him if he was found out.

What Kedwell didn't know was that Fernando would eventually learn about this one way or the other. Moreover, his revenge would only be fiercer and more painful than he imagined since Kedwell's target included a member of the Feigler Family.

After detaining Kedwell and all of Miracle's management staff at this place, Fernando looked at Kedwell, who was still maintaining his aloof and proud appearance and said indifferently, "Do not expect anyone to plead on your behalf. You are nothing but an abandoned pawn."

His words were without a doubt the equivalent of a sharp blade plunged straight into Kedwell's heart. The irony was tangible. Previously he was mocking Shelt as an abandoned pawn, and several hours later it was his turn to play out that role.

As an abandoned pawn, Kedwell knew very well how the people behind 'Miracle' worked. There was no way they would allow him to live until the final trial!

"You can't do this to me! You can't!! I want to see..." Kedwell

failed to spit out the last few words because Fernando had motioned for one of his soldiers to knock him out directly.

The main focus of the instructions Fernando received wasn't on the people behind 'Miracle'. He had received plenty of hints earlier, and he understood that there was no need to bring light to what should remain *. After all, there were some things that need not be said. While the others might not know who were the people behind 'Miracle', there was no way that person in the Feigler Family wouldn't.

Asking Knight to come looking for evidence was just a just and honorable reason to shake them up a little, and even this whole mission was just a disguise. It was only when Fernando had accepted this mission did he find out that the true objective and the reason behind the army's abrupt unified voices.

"Go look." Fernando gave Zweig Feihang a meaningful glance.

Zweig Feihang nodded and walked out while holding a small box in his hands.

It didn't take long before Zweig Feihang returned with his box. On the surface it looked like nothing had happened, but in reality Zweig Feihang and Fernando had exchanged a brief look with each other. It meant that everything went smoothly, and they had obtained what they came for.

Getting what they wanted also meant that the main objective of this operation had been achieved.

“We should inform the little ones to come out now that we’ve gotten the goods, right?” Zweig Feihang put away the box securely while smiling, “That being said, they are pretty capable. I still can’t get an exact location even now. I only know that they’re still inside this city.”

Fernando checked the time and said, “It won’t be long now.”

Everyone within the Feigler Family more or less knew each other to a certain extent, not to mention that Knight and Fernando were rather familiar with each other’s style.

Fernando had just said this when the disc-shaped detector on Zweig Feihang’s hand displayed a powerful signal.

“Yoho, you’re right. I didn’t think they would be here though. The report I received mentioned that this place had been investigated thoroughly, but somehow they still managed to fool us.”

Ten minutes later, Knight brought everyone and met up with Fernando.

“I didn’t think that the two of you would come over.” Knight raised his hand and bumped fists with Zweig Feihang, but he only called out ‘bro’ to Fernando who was sitting cross legged on a chair. Then, he pulled over a nearby chair and sat down.

“How distant. If we didn’t look alike someone else might even think that Zweig Feihang’s your real older brother.” Fernando said.

Knight shrugged and said, “What can I do? You set out too early, and so the generation gap between us is too big. Back when brother Feihang took us out for battles you were settling riots at Sector V.”

Fernando swept a glance across the group of people brought over by two troops of soldiers. Finally, his gaze settled on Cillin as he said, “Knight, would you introduce these people to us?”

Cillin’s group had animals, half-animals and even a little girl. It was an awkward composition especially when one thought of the previous situation.

Knight briefly introduced Cillin and spoke of his identity and his objective on this planet directly. He didn’t go deep into certain details.

It was at this moment Fernando received a report from his subordinates that the Third and Sixth B Squadron’s starships were coming to this planet.

“Your friends are here to receive you.” Fernando cast a glance at the two starships on the monitor and said this.

Not only did Fernando not trouble Cillin’s group, he even instructed a military spaceplane to take them home. That being

said, it wasn't that he didn't want to inquire deeper into things, but he couldn't. Knight had shot glares at him several times already.

As for Zweig Feihang, his gaze at Cillin was deep and meaningful the moment he heard the name 'Cillin'. The earliest moment Zweig Feihang had heard of Cillin's name was from his younger brother Pride. If even someone as proud as Pride could rate Cillin as highly as he did, naturally Zweig Feihang had to regard him highly as well. However, it would appear that he wouldn't have the chance to understand Cillin better this time. The 2 B Squadrons of the Hunter regiment he belonged to were asking for their men, and they couldn't just keep them here and not release them.

Cillin hadn't shown any special expression when he faced Fernando and Zweig Feihang. He didn't look nervous, nor did he purposely alienate himself from them. His attitude was just calm, and he even gave them both a somewhat sincere smile for Knight's sake. However, his smile and his current countenance made him look silly in Knight's eyes no matter how he looked at it. His mouth had twitched continuously at the sight.

Cillin led Tang Qiuqiu and the others into the spaceplane sent out by Fernando. The spaceplane arrived at the space station outside the planet where a different spaceplane was already waiting for them.

Shawton, Cary and a few others were all standing there waiting for them. They all let out a sigh of relief when they saw that everyone was safe and unhurt.

Shawton stopped Cary before he could blurt out a question and said, “We’ll talk once we get back to the ship.”

After bidding Knight goodbye through the communicator, Cillin followed Shawton back to the Sixth B Squadron’s starship. The first thing he did the moment he got back was to call for Tico and Rikulab to give Scarlet Wind and Snowball a full medical checkup and corresponding treatment.

He busied himself with the duo’s treatment for almost fifty hours before he finally came out. After exiting the medical room, Cillin briefly explained to everyone what happened on that planet. Regardless of what had happened, Shawton was able to let out a sigh of relief since everyone was safe in the end. However, he immediately expressed great anger at ‘Miracle’ Co., Ltd’s actions. He would never imagine that they would be so bold as to kidnap Tang Qiuqiu and the others even though they knew about their identities. If it had been the A Squadron, not even Miracle would have dared to touch them, would they? It would appear that the Sixth B Squadron was still in need of rapid development.

Cillin was dead tired after working for such a long time. After he settled everything and took a bath, he lay down on the bed to get a good day’s rest. However, there was still one more thing to do before he replenished his sleep.

He scooped over the gray cat who was pretending to be asleep at the edge of the bed and rubbed its tummy, “Talk. You’ve been holding it in for several days, you haven’t slept well and your appetite has fallen off considerably. Even your fat’s decreasing.”

The gray cat humphed and opened its eyes, complaining, “I wanted to say it since a while ago, but you’ve been busy and I couldn’t find the chance to tell you!”

After switching to a comfortable posture, the gray cat said, “I sensed something familiar when we were at Knight’s brother’s place.”

“What is it?”

“I sense an Aurelio starmap piece. It’s different from your starmap piece, but I dare say that it must be an Aurelio starmap piece!”

Although different Aurelio starmap pieces didn’t attract each other, the gray cat didn’t need this attraction to sense them. As long as they shared even a bit of similarity to each other, and as long as the gray cat had memorized a particular starmap’s ‘feeling’, it would be able to detect any Aurelio starmap pieces within a certain area. Not only could the gray cat detect them, it could even differentiate if they belonged to the same starmap.

Thanks to the gray cat’s revelation, Cillin was able to figure out a lot of things following this line of thought. No wonder those two would appear at the same time. No wonder the military had unified their voices so quickly in regards to ‘Miracle’.

The gigantic machine called the GAL military could never be underestimated.